HYMNS & TUNES
OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
OF WALES



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OF THE

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OLD NOTATION.

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PREFACE.

This book of Hymns and Tunes has been prepared by a Committee appointed by the General Assembly, consisting of the following members:—The Revs. T. J. Wheldon, B.A., T. G. Owen, M.A., Messrs. John Edwards, J. C. Gittins, E. Hurren Harding, Mus. Bac., D. Jenkins, Mus Bac., Owen Owen, M.A., Tom Price, J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., and David Ware.

Great labour was bestowed by the Rev. T. G. Owen, M.A., upon the general editorial supervision of the work, both in its composition and in its passage through the press, while the Musical revision of the whole was intrusted to the hands of Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., Cantab., Professor of Music in the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

The Hymns are those of the Revised Edition of the Connexional Hymn Book, published in 1892, the numbers in both books corresponding exactly.

The Hymn Book, owing to the large number of peculiar metres, has necessitated a large selection of Tunes.

This book is sent forth with the fervent prayer that the Services of the Sanctuary may be still further enriched, to the glory of God and to the edification of His people. "Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us."

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CONTENTS.

	HYMNS
I. GOD.	
1. The Holy Trinity	1—7
2. God in Nature	8—11
3. God in Providence	12—27
4. God in Redemption	28—34
5. God—His Praise and Attributes	35—59
II. THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.	
1. His Incarnation	60—71
2. His Life and Example	72—79
3. His Sufferings and Death	80—93
4. His Resurrection	94—101
5. His Ascension and Intercession	102—108
6. His Second Advent and Judgment	109—124
7. His Reign	125—140
8. His Praise and Glory	141—163
9. His Love and Sympathy	164—179
10. His Character and Titles	180—193
III. THE HOLY SPIRIT	194—212
IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	213—221
V. THE GOSPEL.	
1. Its Character	222—226
2. Its Invitations	227—241
VI. CHRISTIAN MISSIONS	242—265
VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.	
1. Its Beginnings: Repentance	266—287
2. Its Progress	288—304
3. Its Graces: Faith and Hope	305—322
4. Trust and Submission	323—336
5. Love	337—343
6. Peace and Joy	344—354
7. Its Duties: Gratitude	355—364
8. Consecration and Service	365—394
9. Its Privileges: Adoption and Regeneration	395—397
10. Divine Presence	398—408
11. Divine Guidance	409—419
12. Divine Light	420—423
13. Divine Protection	424—436
14. Its Conflicts and Trials	437—449
15. Prayer for Divine Help	450—469

	HYMNS
VIII. HEAVEN	470—487
IX. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.	
1. Its Unity and Fellowship	488—493
2. Its Glory and Safety	494—496
3. Its Ministry	497—503
4. Public Worship: Worship	504—529
5. Close of Worship	530—534
6. The Sabbath Day	535—552
7. Morning and Evening...	553—577
8. Its Ordinances: Baptism	578—588
9. The Lord's Supper	589—605
10. Special Services: Prayer Meeting	606—623
11. Harvest Thanksgiving	624—635
12. Almsgiving	636
13. Evangelistic Services	637—647
14. Temperance Meetings	648—651
15. Foundation and Opening of Places of Worship	652—658
16. Marriage	659—662
17. National Hymns	663—667
18. For those at Sea	668—669
19. Funeral Services	670—683
X. CHILDREN'S HYMNS	684—717
XI. TIMES AND SEASONS.	
Beginning and End of a Year	718—726
XII. MISCELLANEOUS	727—738
XIII. DOXOLOGIES...	739—749
Ancient Hymns and Canticles	750—751

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Abchurch, 135	7.8.7.8.7.7. ...	Edward John Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818 –
Abends, 186, 244, 423, 572 ...	L.M.	Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley, Mus. Doc., 1830—
Aberavon, 335, 396	7.7.7.7. ...	John Henry Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Aberdare, 365	S.M.D. ...	German.
Abergele, 211, 274, 330, 593, 645	C.M.	John Ambrose Lloyd, Senr., 1815—1874.
Abermenai, 548	7.6 7.6. D. ..	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Abertawe (Swansea), 224, 455 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ..	Claude Goudimel, 1510—1572.
Aberystwyth, 463	S.M.	Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., 1825—1889.
Aberystwyth, 74, 540	7.7 7.7. D. ...	Joseph Parry, Mus. Doc., 1841—
Abridge, 202	C.M.	Isaac Smith, 1735—1800.
Adela, 544	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. B. Birkbeck.
Adelaide (Tabor), 12, 485 ...	8.8.8.8.(Peculiar)	Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826—
Adeste Fideles, 69	Irregular ...	John Reading, 1677—1764.
Adoration (St. John), 138, 158, 242, 535	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Rev. William Henry Havergal, M.A., 1793—1870.
Aeron, 159	C.M. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Agape, 525, 579	7.7.7.7. ...	Anon.
Agnus Dei (Atonement), 600 .	7.6 7.6.7.8.7.6.	Bohemian Chorale, 1566.
Agnus Dei, 309	8.8.8.6. ..	Rev. William Blow.
Alcester, 720	7.7.7.7. ..	Charles Harford Lloyd, Mus. Doc., 1849—
Aldersgate, 264	S.M.	Rev. G. P. Merrick, M.A., Mus. Bac.
Alexander, 677	8.7.8 7. D. ...	John Roberts, 1806—1879.
Alford, 118	7.6.8.6. D. ..	Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Alfred, 454	6.4.6.4.. with Refrain	William Davies, 1859—
Alla Trinita Beata (Chrysostom), 739	8.7.8.7. D. ...	From "Laudi Spirituali," 1336.
All for Jesus, 655	8.7.8.7. ...	Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc , 1840—
Allhallows, 41	C.M.	Samuel Webbe, Senr., 1740—1816
All Saints, 174	8.7.8.7.7.7. ...	Störl's Würtemberger Gesangbuch, 1711.
All Saints, 200, 436	8.8 8.8.8.8.	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
Alma St., 686	6 5.6.5., 12 lines	Thomas Price, 1857—
Almsgiving, 21, 57	8.8.8.4. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Alstone, 364, 578, 713	L.M.	Christopher Edwin Willing, 1830—
Altona (Breslau), 77, 405, 602 ...	L.M.	German.
Alun, 165	6 6.6.6.8 8. .	J. A. Lloyd, Senr., 1815—1874.
Ambleside, 64, 701	6.5.6 5., 12 lines	Albert Lowe.
Ambrose, 468, 613	7.7.7.5. ..	Gregorian.
Amerton, 446	S.M.	William Haynes, 1829—
Anatolius (Brown), 573	7.6.7.6.8.8.	A. H. Brown, 1830—
Anatolius (Dykes), 573	7.6.7.6.8.8.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Angelic Songs, 294	11.10 11.10.9.11.	J. Walch, 1837—
Angels' Hymn, 14, 364, 503 ..	L.M.	Orlando Gibbons, Mus. Doc., 1583—1625.
Angel's Story, 557, 694	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Arthur Henry Mann, Mus. Doc., 1850—
Angelus, 613	7.7.7 5. ...	Robert Jackson, 1840—
Angelus, 222, 370, 555	L.M.	Johann Scheffler, 1677.
Antwerp, 243, 554, 598	L.M.	William Smallwood, 1831—
Arcadelt, 433	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Jacques Arcadelt, 1495—1575.
Ardudwy, 83	8 7.8.7.8 7 ...	Rev. John Roberts(Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
Ardwyn, 681	7.7.7.7.8.8. ...	T. Price, 1857—
Argyle, 362	7 6.7.6. ...	Edmund Hart Turpin, Mus. Doc., 1835—
Armageddon, 394...	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	Adapted by Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc. 1800—1880.
Armageddon, 643	S.M.	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., 1793—1870
Arnold's, 736	C.M.	Samuel Arnold, Mus. Doc., 1740—1802.
Arnsberg, 47	8.8.7. D. ...	Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, 1670—1739.
Arundel, 604	8 7.8.7. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Arweiniad, 421	10.4.10.4.10 10.	R. Mills.
Ascension, 740	7.7.7.7. D. ...	Henry Boys, 1806—1851.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Ascension, 103	L.M.D.	Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Athens, 696...	P.M.	Greek Air.
Attolle Paulum, 52	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ...	German.
Atonement, *See* Agnus Dei.		
Auchincairn, 51	11.10.11.10. ...	James Kim Scott, 1839—1883.
Audite, Audientes Me, 348 ...	C.M. D. ...	Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Aurelia, 98, 219, 375, 496, 541, 632	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Austria, 143, 261, 494	8.7.8.7. D. ..	Franz Josef Haydn, 1732—1809.
Avondale, 577	C.M.	Josiah Booth, 1852—
Aynhoe, 264, 506	S.M.	James Nares, Mus. Doc., 1715—1783.
Babel, 155	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Old English Melody.
Bab lon, 270, 320	L.M.	Thomas Campion, Mus. Doc., 1575—1619.
Baca, 369	6.6.6.6.6.6. ...	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., 1793—1870.
Baden, 34	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	Severus Castorius, 1675.
Baden, 336	8.7.8.7.4.4 8.8.	S. Castorius, 1675.
Balducci, 304	8.7.8.7. D. ...	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc., 1850—
Ballerma, 340	C.M.	Robert Simpson, 1792—1832.
Balstad, 466	8.7.8.7. ...	Anon.
Bangor, 211, 274, 596	C.M.	Welsh Melody.
Barmouth, 363	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Walter Macfarren, 1826 –
Barrington, 285	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc , 1823—1876.
Barton, 297	7.6.7.6. ...	Justus Hein Knecht, 1752—1817.
Bath, 676	6.6.8.6.8.8. ...	W. H. Cooke.
Bathurst (Cambridge), 303, 499,	S.M.	J. Bathurst.
Bathurst (Cambridge), 644 ...	S.M.	Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1747—1810.
Battishill (Melton), 290, 373, 582	7.7.7.7. ...	Jonathan Battishill, 1738—1801.
Bavaria, 304, 411	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Baynard, 30	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	J. Booth, 1852—
Beaminster, 50, 85, 179	8.7.8.7. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, 18 5—1876.
Beatitudo, 19, 160, 201, 327, 477, 744	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Beccles (Oldenburg), 382, 580 ...	L.M.	German Chorale.
Bedford (1st Form), 113... ...	C.M.	William Wheale, Mus. Doc., 1690—1745.
Bedford (2nd Form), 113, 381, 397	C.M.	W. Wheale, Mus. Doc., 1690—1745.
Beersheba, 319	11.11.11.11. ...	Johann Georg Christian Störl, 1676—1743.
Beethoven, 335	7.7 7.7. ...	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Belgrave, 245	C.M.	William Horsley, Mus Doc , 1774—1858.
Belmont, 25, 357, 597	C M.	Samuel Webbe, Junr., 1770—1843.
Benediction (Corinth), 255 ...	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	S. Webbe, Senr., 1740—1816.
Benediction (Corinth), 743 ...	8.7.8.7. D ...	S. Webbe, Senr., 1740—1816
Benediction (Ellers), 341, 392, 534	10.10.10.10. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Ben Rhydding, 313	S.M.	Alexander Robert Reinagle, 1799—1877.
Bentley, 354	7 6.7.6. D. ...	John Pyke Hullah, LL.D., 1812—1884.
Berlin (Orleans), 232	7.7.7.7 7.7. ..	German.
Berlin, 351	11.10.11.10. ...	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Bethany, 260, 411, 459	8 7.8 7. D. ...	Henry Smart, 1813—1879.
Bethlehem, 23	S.M.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Bethlehem, 665	C M.D.	C. E. Willing, 1830—
Beverley, 535	6 6.6.6.8 8. ...	Anon.
Beverley, 121	8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7.	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889
Beza, 9. 170. 490, 504, 505 ..	L.M.	C. Goudimel, 1510—1572.
Bickley, 190	8.8 8 S.8.8. ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889.
Bilby, 692...	7.7.6., with Chorus	T. Bilby.
Bishopthorpe, 216	C.M.	Jeremiah Clarke, 1670—1707.
Blackbourne, 22, 345, 498 ...	C.M.	Anon.
Blaencefn, 501	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	John Thomas, 1839—
Blodyn, 62	11.10.11.10. ...	Arthur O. Roberts, 1869—
Bonn (Festus), 443, 627	7.7.7.7. ...	German Chorale.
Bonn (Festus), 146, 382	L M.	German Chorale.
Bontnewydd, 536, 553	10.10.10.10. ...	Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
Borrowdale, 638	7.6.7.6. D. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Boston, 213. 491, 537, 587 ...	L.M.	Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792—1872.
Boylston, 617	S.M.	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Brandenburgh, 135	7.8.7.8 7.7. ...	Johann Crüger, 1598—1662.
Bread of Heaven, 590	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. William Dalrymple Maclagan, D.D., 1826—

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Bremen (Munich), 349, 453, 472	7.6.7.6. D. ...	German Melody.
Breslau, *See* Altona.		
Brightest and Best, 62	11.10.11.10. ...	Kitty Davies.
Bristan, 660	7.6.7.6. D. ...	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc., 1850—
Britain's Lament, 677	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Broadlands, 334	6.6.6.6. D. ...	Arr. by Edward Francis Rimbault, LL.D 1816—1876.
Broncastell, 299	8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus	David Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Bryntirion, 738	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Heinrich Roth.
Budleigh, 338	6.4.6.4.10.10. ...	Thomas Molleson Mudie, 1809—1876.
Bugail Israel, 302	8.7.8.7. ...	T. Price, 1857—
Burford, 80, 218, 276, 585 ...	C.M.	Henry Purcell, 1658—1695.
Burry Port, 162	8.7.8.7. D. ...	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Burton Agnes, 176	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Byzantium, 377, 585	C.M.	Thomas Jackson, 1715—1781.
Caersalem, 410	8.7.8.7.8.7 ...	Welsh Melody.
Calm, 488	8.8.8.4. ...	Anonymous.
Calvary, 637	S.M., with Chorus	L. Hartsough.
Cambridge, *See* Bathurst.		
Campden, 684	C.M., with Chorus	William Hutchins Callcott, 1807—1882.
Campden, 47	8.8.7. D. ...	Charles Edward Kettle, 1833—
Canaan, 484	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Cantone, 582	7.7.7.7. ...	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc., 1850—
Capel Tygwydd, 674	6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Capernaum (St. Dunstan) 272, 429, 469, 525	7.7.7.7. ...	Richard Redhead, 1820—
Capetown, 199, 609	7.7.7.5. ...	Friedrich Filitz, 1804—1876.
Cardiff, 51	11.10.11.10. ...	M. L. Bradshaw.
Carey, 76	L.M.	Henry Carey, 1685—1743.
Carfax, 483...	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.	W. Davies, 1859—
Carlisle, 142, 495, 571	S.M.	Charles Lockhart, 1744—1814.
Carlton, 260, 302, 678	8.7.8.7. D. ..	Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838—1896.
Carmel, 187	8.7.8.7. D. ...	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Carno. 453, 601	7.6.7.6. D. ...	T. Price, 1857—
Carrow, 360	8.4.8.4.8.4. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Cassell, 492, 528	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	German.
Castell Newydd, 291	8.7.8.7.7.7. ..	David Emlyn Evans, 1843—
Castle Rising, 706	C.M. D. ..	Rev. Frederic Alfred John Hervey, 1846—
Caswall (Derby), 594	6.5.6.5.	F. Filitz, 1804—1876.
Ceylon, 539	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Samuel Reay, Mus. Bac., 1826—
Chalvey, 470, 670	S.M. D.... ..	Rev. Leighton George Hayne, Mus. Doc., 1836—1883.
Chamouni, 237, 586	8.7.8.7. D. ...	George Lomas, Mus. Bac.
Chandos (Germany) 646 ..	S.M.	George Friedrich Handel, 1685—1759.
Cheshire, 266, 275, 298, 432 ...	C.M.	Este's Psalter.
Chicago, 217, 489...	C.M.	George Frederick Root, Mus. Doc., 1820—
Chiselhurst, 545	S.M.	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
Christ Chapel, 608	7.7.7.7. ...	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826—
Christchurch, 91, 188	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826—
Christchurch, 632, 746	C.M.	Anonymous.
Christmas Carol, 48, 66	7.7.7.7 D. ..	Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc., 1800—1880.
Christmas Hymn, 66	7.7.7.7. D., with Refrain	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Christ's Crown, 714	8.6.8.5., with Chorus	G. F. Root, Mus. Doc., 1820—
Christus, 203, 368, 549 579 ..	7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. W. Blow.
Chrysostom, *See* Alla Trinita Beata.		
Churchill, 279	8.7.8.7.8.8.7 ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Church Triumphant, 567 ...	L.M.	James William Elliott, 1833—
Claremont, 597	C.M.	John Foster.
Clarion, 237	8.7.8.7. .	Rev. W. Sloane Sloane-Evans
Cleveland, 288	6.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar)	Dr. L. Mason, Mus. Doc., 1792—1872.
Clifton, 331	8.8.8.4 ...	W. L. Reynolds.
Clifton Street, 241	10.10.10. ...	George Bull.
Clitheroe, 414	8.7.8.7.4.4.7. ...	Angelo Forrest.
Clive Vale, 629	8.8.8.8.4.4.8. . .	George Merritt.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Coburg, 624	7.7.7.7. D. ...	H.R.H. Prince Albert, 1819—1861.
Cœna Domini, 353, 619	10.10.	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Come unto Me, 229	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Compton, 220, 709, 737	C.M.	William Croft, Mus. Doc., 1677—1727.
Consecration, 419	6.4.6.4.6.6 6 4.	Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., 1826—
Consecration, 391...	7.7.7.7	George Mursell Garrett, Mus. Doc., 1834—
Consecration, 230	L.M.	J. Booth, 1852— [1897.
Consolator, 562	7.7.7.5	A. Croit Falconer, 1850—
Constance, 339	8.7.8.7. D. (Peculiar)	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Corinth, *See* Benediction.		
Corpus Christi, 591	9.8.9.8. ...	Anonymous.
Craig yr Oesoedd, 267, 434 ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	J. Richards (Isalaw), 1843—
Croft's 148th, 724	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	W. Croft, Mus Doc., 1677—1727.
Cross and Crown, 162	8.7.8.7. D. ...	J. W. Elliott, 1833—
Crüger, 250...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.
Crug-y-bar, 476	9.8.9.8. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Crux Beata, 93	L.M.	J. Booth, 1852—
Crux Salutifera, 464	7.7.7.7. D. ...	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
Culbach, 130, 631	7.7.7.7. ...	C. H. Dretzell
Culford, 391, 406	7.7.7.7. D. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Cullingworth, 351...	11.10.11.10. ...	Edwin Moss, 1838—
Cyril, 227	8.5.8.3. ...	A. R. Reinagle, 1799—1877.
Dale, 148	C.M.	Isaac Phillips.
Dalehurst, 167, 330	C.M.	Arthur Cottman.
Dalkeith, 284	10.10.10.10.10. ...	Thomas Hewlett, Mus. Bac., 1845—1874.
Darwell, 101	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Rev. John Darwell, 1731—1789.
David, 485	8.8.8.8 (Peculiar)	G. F. Handel, 1685—1759.
David's Harp, 171, 289, 556 ...	L.M.	J. Daniell.
Day of Praise, 550	S.M.	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826—
Day of Rest, 383, 541	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. W. Elliott, 1833—
Day Star, 420	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Deerhurst, 261, 371, 678, 718 ...	8.7.8.7. D. ...	James Langran, 1835—
Denbigh, 559	6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ...	Welsh Melody.
Derby, *See* Caswall.		
Dettingen, 120, 133	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. .	Melody of the 15th century. Harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685—1750.
Deva, 701	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Diademata, 129	S.M. D. ...	Sir George Job Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816—1893.
Dies Iræ, 110	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ...	J. Parry, Mus. Doc., 1841—
Dies Iræ (1st Tune), 750 ...	8.8.8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Dies Iræ (2nd Tune), 750 ...	8.8 8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Dijon, 708	8.7.8.7. ...	German.
Diligence, 650	7.6.7.5. D. ...	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Dinas, 277, 610	C.M.	W. Davies, 1859—
Diniweidrwydd, 445, 677 ...	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Dismissal, 254, 414, 501, 532 ...	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Anonymous.
Dismission, 731	8.7.8.7. D. ...	S. Webbe, Senr., 1740—1816.
Dix, 61, 372, 420, 612, 662 ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Conrad Kocher, Ph.D., 1786—1872.
Dole, 195, 550	S.M.	J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., 1857—
Dolgelley, 209	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Welsh Melody.
Dominica, 545	S.M. ...	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc., 1830—
Dominus regit me, 34	8.7.8.7. (Peculiar)	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Donnington, 404	6.6.4. D. ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Dorothy, 448	C.M. D. ...	J. Booth, 1852—
Dorothy, 678	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Rev. C. Hylton Stewart, M.A.
Dresden, 635	7.6. 7.6.7.6.7.6. 6.6.8.4.	Johann Abraham Peter Schultz, 1747—1800.
Dudley, 158	6 6.6 6.8.8. ...	E. F. Rimbault, LL.D., 1816 –1876.
Dundee (French), 20, 26, 214 ...	C.M.	Scotch Psalter, 1615.
Dura, 584	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.,1805—1876.
Durham (Innocents), 18, 627 ...	7.7.7.7. ...	Church Melody.
Dusseldorf, 468	7.7.7.5. ...	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.
Dusseldorf, 152	8.7.8.7. D. ...	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Dyfrdwy, 34	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	John Jeffreys, 1800—
Dymuniad, 442, 679	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	Hugh Jones (Penyborth), 1772. Harm. by R. H. Williams.
Easter Hymn (Carey), 97 ...	7.4.7.4. D. ...	Lyra Davidica, 1708.
Easter Hymn (Monk), 97 ...	7.4.7.4. D. ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Eastham, 219	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Mus. Doc., 1825—1889.
Eden, 9, 222, 235, 312, 425, 588	L.M.	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Eden Grove, 712	8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.	Samuel Smith, 1821—
Edina, 126, 338	6.5.6.5. D. ...	Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc., 1830—
Edward, 387	8.7.8.8.7. ...	T. Price, 1857—
Eidduned, 442	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	Rev. J. R. Jones, 1765—1822.
Ein' Feste Burg, 28	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.	German.
Eisenach, 171	L.M.	Johann Hermann Schein, 1586—1630.
Elah, 440	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	F. J. Haydn, 1732—1809.
Eli, 549	7.7.7.7. ...	Sir Michael Costa, 1810—1884.
Elijah, 203, 272, 282, 608 ...	7.7.7.7. ...	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Elim (Rest), 350	C.M. D... ...	W. H. Callcott, 1807—1882.
Ellacombe, 557	7.6.7.6. D. ...	German.
Ellacombe, 448	C.M. D... ...	German.
Ellers, *See* Benediction.		
Ellingham, 373, 391, 393, 465 ...	7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. S. N. Godfrey.
Elliot, 476	9.8.9.8. D. ...	John Ellis, 1750—1834.
Elvey, 107	6.6.10. D. ...	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816—1893.
Ely, 92, 364	L.M.	Rev. Dr. Thomas Turton, 1780—1864.
Emmanuel, 437	C.M.	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Ems, 682	13.11 13.12. (Irregular)	German Chorale.
Endsleigh, 379, 548	7 6.7.6. D. ...	S. Salvatori, 1774. Adapted by J. Turle
Engedi, 29, 136, 727	C.M.	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Enon, 699	6.5 6.5. ...	Rev. Oswald Mosley Fielden, 1837—
Entreaty, 334	6.6.6.6. ...	Anonymous.
Epenetus, 262	Irregular ...	Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836—1879.
Epiphany, 62	11.10.11.10. ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Epiphany Hymn, 62	11.10.11 10. ...	Rev J. F. Thrupp, 1848.
Erin, 654	C M.	Irish Melody.
Ernan, 479, 512, 583	L.M.	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Eucharist, 592	8.8.8.4. ...	A. C. Falconer, 1850—
Eudoxia, 648, 704	6.5.6.5. ...	Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A., 1834
Evan, 19, 148, 226, 397, 620	C.M.	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., 1793-1870.
Evelyn, 460	7.7.7.6. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—
Evening Hymn, 311	8.8.7. D. ...	William Jackson, 1816—1860.
Evening Prayer (Stainer), 702 ...	8.7.8.7. ...	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840
Evening Prayer (Stebbins), 569	8.7.8.7. ...	George Coles Stebbins, 1846—
Even me, 640	8.7.8.7., with Refrain	William Batchelder Bradbury, 1816—1868.
Evensong, 322	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	Thomas Bishop Southgate, 1814—1868.
Eventide, 461, 553	10.10.10.10. ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889.
Ewing, 169, 473	7.6.7.6 D. ...	Lieut.-Col. Alexander Ewing, 1830—1895.
Exemplar, 82	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Old Latin Melody.
Exeter, 242...	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Edward Jesser.
Faben, 49, 152	8.7.8.7. D. ...	J. H. Willcox
Fairford, 717	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Franz Peter Schubert, 1797—1828.
Faith, 309	8.8.8.6. ...	H. Ford Benson.
Falcon Street, 506	S.M.	I. Smith, 1735—1800.
Farningham, 125, 202, 407 ...	C.M.	C. E. Kettle, 1833—
Farrant, 13, 35, 184, 475, 478, 645	C.M.	R. Hilton
Fatherland, 37, 413	5.5.8.8.5.5. ...	Frederick Charles Maker, 1844
Faversham, 358	C.M.	William Charles Filby, 1836—
Felix, 178	C.M.	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Fenton Court, 413	8.7.8.7.4.4.7. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818
Ferrier, 683	7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823-1876.
Festus, *See* Bonn.		
Fiducia, 335	7.7.7.7. ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Flavian, 10, 377, 489, 603 ...	C.M.	Day's Psalter, 1562.
Fleury, 722	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	Gioacchino Antonio Rossini, 1792—1868.
Florence, 735	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Italian Melody.
Fortitude, 651	11.11.11.11., with Chorus	Horatio Richmond Palmer, Mus. Doc., 1834—
Fortunatus, 100	11.11.11.11.11.	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—
Franconia, 315	6.5.6.5. D. ...	Anonymous.
Franconia, 208, 303, 311, 332 ...	S.M.	German Melody, 1738.
Frankfort, 428	7.7.7.7. D. ...	J. Gill.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
French, *See* Dundee.		
Friend of Sinners, 622	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Charles Crozat Converse, 1834—
Gabriel, 159	C.M. D. ...	Arr. by Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842–1900
Galilee, 233	8.7.8.7. ...	William Herbert Jude, 1851—
Gateshead, 663	11.10.11.9. ...	Charles Francis Lloyd, Mus. Bac.
German Hymn, 102, 631 ...	7.7.7.7. ...	Ignaz Josef Pleyel, 1757—1831.
Gerontius, 33	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Gethsemane (Ouseley), 82 ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Mus. Doc. 1825—1889.
Gethsemane (Schop), 191 ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Johann Schop, 1605.
Gethsemane (Tye), 82, 268 ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ..	Christopher Tye, 1572. Har. by W. H. Monk
Gilbert (Thanksgiving), 251 ...	7.7.7.7. D. ...	Walter Bond Gilbert, Mus. Doc., 1829—
Gilbert, 410	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc., 1829—
Glancert, 90	8.7.8.7 (Peculiar)	D. Emlyn Evans, 1843—
Glanlliedi, 316	8 8.6. D. ...	J. A. Lloyd, Senr., 1815—1874.
Glebe Field, 406	7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Gloria, 145	6.6.4.6.6 6.4..with Refrain	Anonymous.
Gloria in Excelsis, 54	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.	J. W. Elliott, 1833—
Gloria Patri, 749	Irregular ...	William Jackson, 1730—1803.
Glory, 684	C.M., with Chorus	Anonymous.
Gloucester, 11, 24, 127, 300 ...	C.M	Ravenscroft's Psalter.
Golgotha (St. Cross), 88, 119, 230, 281, 318	L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823–1876
Goodwick, 326	8.5.8.3. ...	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Goppa, 558	8.3.3.6. ...	John Roberts (Henllan), 1807 1876.
Gopsal, 165, 452, 515	6 6.6.6.8.8. ..	G. F. Handel, 1685—1759.
Goshen (Pastor Bonus), 184, 329. 352	6.5.6 5. D. ...	Anonymous.
Goss, 32, 134	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc., 1800—1880.
Gotha, 6	8.7 8.7. ...	H.R.H. Prince Albert, 1819—1861.
Gottingen, 726	7.7 7.7. D. ..	John Sebastian Bach, 1685—1750.
Gounod, 174, 575	8.7.8.7.7.7. ...	Charles François Gounod, 1818—1893.
Grace, 412	S.M.	Anonymous.
Gratias Agimus, 13, 612... ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
Grafenberg, 240, 308	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Hans Kugelmann, 1500.
Greenland, 248	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Lausanne Psalter.
Greenwood, 507, 710	6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ...	Ebenezer Prout, Mus. Doc., 1835—
Gröningen, 510	6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6	Joachim Neander, 1640—1680.
Gwilym, 442	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	T. Price, 1857—
Gwladys, 667	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Welsh Melody.
Hafodwen, 413	5.5.8.8.5.5. ...	P. Maurice.
Halle, 384	8.8.8.8.6. ...	H. Kugelmann, 1500.
Hampstead, 490, 523, 542 ...	L.M.	W. Smallwood, 1831.
Hanford, 78	8.8.8.4. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Hanover, 44, 163, 517	10.10.11.11. ...	W. Croft, Mus. Doc., 1677—1727.
Happy Land, 483	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.	Indian Air.
Harcourt, 214	C.M.	Cheetham's Collection.
Harrow, 369	6.6.6.6.6.6. ...	John Farmer, 1836—
Hartley, 637	S.M., with Chorus	W. Davies, 1859—
Hart's, 180, 359, 630, 689 ...	7.7.7.7. ...	Benjamin Milgrove, 1731—1810.
Hayes, 207	L.M. D. ...	L. van Beethoven. Arr. by W. R. Braine
Heathlands, 509	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
Heaven, 487	8.7 8.8.7. ...	Joseph Mainzer, Ph.D., 1801—1851.
Heavenly Dove, 422, 514, 580 .	L.M.	Thomas Worsley Staniforth, 1845—
Heber, 236, 511, 513	8.7.8.7.4.7.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Heidelberg, 365	S.M. D. ...	Anonymous.
Heinlein, 72, 282, 427, 616 ...	7.7.7.7. ...	Paul Heinlein, 1626—1686.
Henffordd, 150	8.8.6. D. ...	German Melody.
Henryd, 445	8.7 8.7. D. ...	J. A. Lloyd, Senr., 1815–1874.
Heolybont, 441	7 6.7.6. D. ...	John Ellis, 1750—1834.
Hermas, 329	6.5.6 5. D. ...	F. R. Havergal, 1836—1879.
Hermas, 131	6.5.6 5., 12 lines	F. R. Havergal, 1836—1879.
Hesperus (Whitburn), 2, 73, 77, 425, 572	L.M.	Henry Baker, Mus. Bac., 1835—
Hilderstone, 2	L.M.	Philip Hart, 1657—1749.
His for ever, 339	8.7.8.7. D. (Peculiar)	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Hispania, 418	10.10.	Anonymous.
Hollingside, 206, 406, 428 ...	7.7.7.7. D. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Holly, 197, 376, 664	L.M.	George Hews, 1806—1873.
Hollybourne, 99	6.6.6.6.8 S. ...	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
Holy Church, 601...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Arthur Henry Brown, 1830—
Holy Cross, 687	C.M.	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Holy Name, 408	8.7.8.7. ...	R. Watson.
Holy Nativity, 71...	5.5.8. D., with Refrain	A. C. Falconer, 1850—
Holy Rood, 256	S.M.	A. H. Brown, 1830 —
Holy Trinity, 167, 177, 193, 621...	C.M.	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
Honddu, 651	11.11.11.11., with Chorus	Hadley Watkins.
Hope, 475	S.M.D.... ...	T. Price, 1857—
Hope, 510	6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Mus. Doc., 1825—1889.
Horbury, 403	6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Horsley, 226. 323, 621, 711 ...	C.M.	W. Horsley, Mus. Doc., 1774—1858.
Houghton, 307, 517	10.10.11.11. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Huddersfield, 196, 223, 446 ...	S.M.	Anonymous.
Huddlestone, 696	P.M.	Arthur Berridge.
Hull, 150, 316	8.8.6. D. ...	Old Melody.
Hullah, 175, 399, 533	8.8.8.8.8.8. ..	J. P. Hullah, LL.D., 1812—1884.
Humility, 551	8.8.8.6. ..	William Best.
Hungary, 263, 633...	6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ...	German.
Hursley, 8, 185, 370, 497, 572 ...	L.M.	Peter Ritter, 1760—1846.
Hushed was the Evening Hymn, 693	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Hyfrydol, 128	8.7.8.7. D. ...	R. H. Pritchard, 1813 -1887. Harm. by W. J. H.
Hyfrydol, 459	8.7.8.7. D. ...	R. H. Pritchard, 1813—1887. Harm. by D. Jenkins.
I love to hear the story, 694 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Immanuel's Land, 480	7.6.7.6 7.6.7.5.	Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., 1852 —
Incarnation, 162	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Rev. Thomas Griffiths Owen, M.A., 1859 —
I need Thee, 454	6.4.6.4., with Refrain	Rev. R. Lowry, D.D., 1826—
Infant Praises, 695	6.5.6.5. ..	Dr. Friedrich Silcher, 1789—1860.
In Memoriam, 712	8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
In Memoriam, 592	8.8.8.4. ..	F. C. Maker, 1844—
Innocents, *See* Durham.		
Intercession, 527	7.5.7.5. D., with Refrain	W. H. Callcott, 1807—1882.
Invitation, 482	6.6.6.6. D. ...	F. C. Maker, 1844—
Ipswich, 607	S.M.	Rev. J. J. Waite, 1868.
Irene, 199	7.7.7.5. ...	Rev. Clement Cotterill Scholefield, 1839 —
Islwyn, 474	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	D. Lewis, 1828—
Italy (Moscow), 145 649 ...	6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ...	Felice de Giardini, 1716—1796.
Jaazaniah, 527	7.5.7.5. D., with Refrain	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
Jabez, 520	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Jazer, 127, 183, 398	C.M.	A. E. Tozer.
Jehovah, 51	11.10.11.10. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Jenner, 472...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Rev. Bp. Henry Lascelles Jenner, 1820—
Jerusalem, 189	7.6.7.6. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Jerusalem, 122	8.9.8.8.9.8. 6.6.4.8.8.	Edward Henry Thorne, 1834—
Jesse, 336	8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8.	T. Price, 1857—
Jesu, Magister Bone, 433 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Jesus bids us shine, 698... ...	10.11.10.10. ..	E. O. Excell.
Jesus loves me, 700	7.7.7.7., with Chorus	W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.
Joanna, 319	11.11.11.11. ...	Welsh Melody.
Jordan, 245, 477	C.M.	Anonymous.
Joseph, 187, 622	8.7.8.7. D. ...	T. Price, 1857—
Joyful, 692	7.7.6., with Chorus	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Just as I am, 314	8.8.8.6. ...	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840 —

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Kendale, 519	8.7.8.7. ...	A. H. Mann, Mus.Doc., 1850—
Kensington New (Lewisham), 32, 134, 255	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	James Tilleard, 1827—1876.
Kent, 164	L.M.	Johann Friedrich Lampe, 1703—1751.
Kilmorey, 234, 433	7.6.7.6. D. ...	John Ambrose Lloyd, Junr.
King's College, 172	8.8.6. D. ...	Rev. E. C. Walker.
Kingston, 396	7.7.7.7. ...	W. E. Belcher.
Kirby Bedon, 559...	6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ...	Edward Bunnett, Mus. Doc., 1834
Kirkbraddan, 388	6.5.6.5. D. ...	Rev. E. C. Walker.
Kirk Braddan, 142, 522, 607, 646	S.M.	G. Lomas, Mus. Bac.
Kuruman, 346, 446	S.M.	Rev. Stanley Rogers.
Lacrymae, 599	7.7.7.	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Lammas, 619	10.10.	A. H. Brown, 1830—
Lancaster, 426, 620	C.M.	Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc., 1710—1782.
Lasus, 186	L.M.	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc., 1850—
Laudate Dominum, 44	10.10.11.11. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Laudate Pueri, 631	7.7.7.7. ...	Frederick G. Edwards.
Laudes Domini, 576	6.6.6.6.6.6.	Sir J. Barnby, Mus. Doc., 1838—1896.
Lauds, 164	L.M.	R. Redhead, 1820—
Lausanne, 205, 273, 408, 519, 561, 604	8.7.8.7. ...	Rev. Dr. César Henri Abraham Malan, 1787—1864.
Ledbury, 609	7.7.7.5. ...	Alfred King, Mus. Doc., 1837—
Ledforth, 445	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Johann Rosenmüller, 1615—1685.
Leeds, 108, 309	8.8.8.6. ...	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Leipsic, *See* Mendelssohn.		
Leipsic, *See* Neumark		
Leominster, 365, 670	S.M. D. ...	G. W. Martin.
Leoni, 55	6.6.8.4. D. ...	Hebrew Melody. Har. by Sir M. Costa, 1810—1884.
Leonora, 196, 311...	S.M.	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Lewes, *See* Randall.		
Lewisham, *See* Kensington New.		
Lincoln, 716	6.7.8.6.8.8.11.	W. Davies, 1859—
Linton, 221	8.6.8.4 ...	H. J. E. Holmes, 1852—
Litany, 464	7.7.7.7. D. ...	William Spark, Mus. Doc., 1825—
Litany, 511	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Walter Newport, 1839—
Liverpool, 419	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.	Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
Llanfair, 97	7.4.7.4. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Llangan, 466	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Welsh Melody.
Llangoedmor, 45	8.8.8.8.8.8. (Triplets)	Welsh Melody.
Llaniestyn, 231	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Owen Owen, M.A.
Lledrod, 139, 733	L.M.	Welsh Melody.
Llef, 270, 376	L.M.	Griffith Jones (Gutyn Arfon).
Llyday, 240, 280, 455	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Breton Melody.
Lo! He comes, 114	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	William Thomas Best, 1826—
London New, 656	C.M.	Scotch Psalter.
Lord of the Harvest, 628 ...	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
Love, 399, 533	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	H. F. Benson.
Low Fell, 241	10.10.10. ...	C. F. Lloyd, Mus. Bac.
Lowliness, 161	7.7., with Chorus	Rev. Benjamin Runsel Hanby, 1833—1867.
Lowton, 205	8.7.8.7. ...	A. Lowe.
Lubeck, 657	7.7.7.7. ...	German.
Ludwig, 80. 177, 277, 618 ...	C.M.	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Luther, 110, 120	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ...	Klüg's Collection.
Luther's Chant, 170, 543, 666 ...	L.M.	Martin Luther, 1483—1546.
Luther's Hymn, 29	L.M.	German.
Luton, 552	L.M.	Rev. George Burder, 1752—1832.
Lux Beata, 415, 421	10.4.10.4.10.10	Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844—
Lux Benigna, 415	10.4.10.4.10.10	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Lux Eoi, 128, 265, 459	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Lux Mundi, 234	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Lymington, 109, 155, 379 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	R. Jackson, 1840—
Lyndhurst, 704	6.5.6.5. D. ...	Anonymous.
Lyte, 292	S.M.	John B. Wilkes.
Magdeburg (Oberlin), 385 ...	8.8.8.8.6. ...	Magdeburg Choral Book, 1540.
Maidstone, 521	7.7.7.7. D. ...	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc., 1829—

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Mainzer, 105, 244, 382, 500, 502	L.M.	Joseph Mainzer, Ph.D., 1801—1851.
Maitland, 279	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	A. E. Tozer.
Malvern, 145, 310, 507	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	English Melody.
Mamre, 17, 479, 556, 730	L.M.	G. F. Handel, 1685—1759.
Manchester (Vienna), 53, 290	7.7.7.7.	German Chorale.
Mannheim (Passion Chorale), 89, 280	7.6.7.6. D.	Hans Leo Hassler, 1564—1612.
Mannheim, 402, 581	8.7.8.7.8.7.	F. Filitz, 1804—1876.
Manoah, 687	C.M.	G. A. Rossini, 1792—1868.
Margaret, 405, 503, 623	L.M.	Thomas J. Price, 1875—
Mariners, 708	8.7.8.7.	Anonymous.
Marlborough, 351	11.10.11.10.	Anonymous.
Marlow, 11, 154, 198, 620	C.M.	Anonymous.
Martyrdom, 306, 462, 486, 610	C.M.	Hugh Wilson, 1764—1824.
Mary, 34	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	J. A. Lloyd, Senr., 1815—1874.
Maryton, 8, 367, 570	L.M.	Rev. Canon H. Percy Smith, 1825—
Mayfield, 691	5.6.6.4.	Anonymous.
Meinhold, 683	7.8.7.8.7.7.	German.
Meirionydd, 155	7.6.7.6. D.	Welsh Melody.
Melai, 474	8.7.8.7.4.7.	William H. Roberts.
Melcombe, 380, 514, 567, 653	L.M.	S. Webbe, Senr., 1740—1816.
Melita, 190, 200, 399, 436, 668	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Melton, *See* Battishill.		
Mendelssohn (Leipsic), 690	7.6.7.6. D.	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Mercy's Hour, 239	6.4.6.4.	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Merthyr Tydvil, 421	10.4.10.4.10.10.	T. J. Price, 1875—
Merville, 572	L.M.	J. B. Fortay, 1856—
Messiah, 717	7.6.7.6. D.	G. F. Handel, 1685—1759.
Miles' Lane, 125	C.M. (Peculiar)	William Shrubsole, 1760—1806.
Milton's Hymn, 429	7.7.7.7.	David Rizzio, 1530—1566.
Miserere, 464	7.7.7.7. D.	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889
Misericordia, 212, 314	8.8.8.6.	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
Missionary, 117, 248, 354	7.6.7.6. D.	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Mizpah, 719	5.5.5.11. D.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Mizpah, 741	7.7.7.7.	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Moab, 674	6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5	Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
Monkland, 630, 657, 720	7.7.7.7.	German Melody. Arr. by John B. Wilkes.
Montgomery, 92	L.M.	Charles John Stanley, Mus. Bac., 1713—1786.
Morganwg, 90	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	Arr. by Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
Moriah, 81	5.5.11. D.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Moriah, 356, 655	8.7.8.7. D.	Welsh Melody.
Morning Hymn, 556	L.M.	François Hippolite Barthélémon, 1741—1808.
Morningside, 289	L.M.	John Montgomerie Bell, 1837—
Morning Star, 182	8.8.7.8.8.7.4.4.4. 4.8.	German.
Morwellham, 325	8.6.8.6.8.6.	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826—
Moscow, *See* Italy.		
Mountmellick, 697	6.5.6.5., with Chorus	Thomas Richard Gonzalvez José, Mus. Doc., 1853—
Mount of Olives, 310, 633, 710	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	Dr. L. Mason, 1792—1872.
Mount Olivet, 605	7.7.7.7.7.7.	J. B. Fortay, 1856—
Mount Zion, 363	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Munich, *See* Bremen.		
Mylon, 397	C.M.	Anonymous.
Narenza, 374, 522	S.M.	Ancient Chorale.
Nashville, 40	8.8.8.8.8.8. (Triplets)	Strazburg Collection.
Nassau (Newport), 215, 363, 492	7.7.7.7.7.7.	J. Rosenmüller, 1615—1685.
National Anthem, 649	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	Harm. by E. J. Hopkins, 1818—
Nativity, 132, 144, 252, 546, 727	C.M.	Henry Lahee, 1826—
Navarre (Toulon), 284, 392	10.10.10.10.	C. Goudimel, 1508—1572.
Neander, 134	8.7.8.7.8.7.	J. Neander, 1610—1680.
Nearer Home (Pilgrim), 475	S.M.D.	Isaac Baker Woodbury, 1819—1858. Arr. by Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Necessitas, 454	6.4.6.4., with Refrain	Alfred P. Morgan.
Ne derelinquas me, 318	L.M.	C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Doc., 1849—

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Nesta, 714	8.6.8.5., with Chorus	Lewis J. Roberts, M.A.
Neumark (Leipsic), 119, 251, 287	L.M.	George Christian Neumark, 1621—1681.
Neumark (Leipsic), 115	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	G. C. Neumark, 1621—1681.
Newcastle, 36	8.6.8.8.6. ...	Henry L. Morley.
New Cross, 67	8.7.8.7., with Hallelujah	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Newland, 395	S.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Newport, *See* Nassau.		
Newton Ferns, 703	8.7.8.7. ...	S. Smith, 1821—
New Year Hymn, 719	5.5.5.11. ...	Anonymous.
Nicæa, 4	11.12.12.10. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Noël, 68	C.M.D. ...	Harm. by Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Norham, 632	7.6.7.6. D. ...	H. J. E. Holmes, 1852—
Normal College, 233	8.7.8.7. ...	E. Hurren Harding, Mus. Bac.
Normandy, 7	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Anonymous.
North Coates, 648, 699	6.5.6.5. ...	Rev. Timothy Richard Matthews, B.A., 1826—
Northrepps, 330, 565, 585 ...	C.M.	J. Booth, 1852—
Norwood, 267, 363, 434, 590 ...	7.7.7.7.7.7. ...	R. Redhead, 1820—
Nottingham, 130, 391	7.7.7.7. ...	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756—1791.
Nun Danket, 361	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.
Oberlin, 384	8.8.8.8.6. ..	Stephen Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1805—1860.
Oberlin, *See* Magdeburg.		
O grant us light, 422	L.M.	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Oh, how He loves, 173	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	Hubert Platt Main, 1839—
Oh, so bright, 481...	8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.	Anonymous.
Oldenburg, 90	8.7.8.7.(Peculiar)	German Chorale.
Oldenburg, *See* Beccles.		
Old 100th, 58, 247, 564, 505, 556, 729, 742	L.M.	Genevan Psalter, 1551.
Old 104th, 321	10.10.11.11. ...	Ravenscroft.
Old 112th, 436	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	Martin Luther, 1483—1546.
Olivet, 106, 271, 479	S.M.D.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Olmutz, 221	8.6.8.4	Arr. by Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc., 1800—1880.
Ombersley, 42, 112, 185, 253, 451, 491, 538	L.M.	William Henry Gladstone, M.A.
Oriel, 83, 410, 685	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Ancient *Tantum Ergo.*
Oriel College, 642	8.5.8.5., with Chorus	W. Davies, 1859—
Orleans, *See* Berlin.		
Oswestry, 524	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Oxwich, 473	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A., 1826—
Palmæ, 139	L.M.	William George Cusins, 1833—
Passion Chorale, *See* Mannheim.		
Pass me not, 642	8.5.8.5., with Chorus	William Howard Doane, Mus. Doc., 1831—
Pastor Bonus, *See* Goshen.		
Pater Omnium, 430, 628, 728 ...	8.8.8.8.8.8. ..	H. J. E. Holmes, 1852 ·
Pax Dei, 534	10.10.10.10. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Pax Tecum, 353	10.10.	G. T. Caldbeck.
Pearsall, 46	7.6.7.6. D. ...	German.
Pembroke, 172	8.8.6. D. ...	J. Foster.
Penitentia, 461	10.10.10.10. ...	Edward Dearle, Mus. Doc., 1806—
Penlan, 240...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Pennant, 432, 589, 618, 672 ..	C.M.	J. A. Lloyd, Junr.
Perseverance, 16	8.7.8.7. ...	H. F. Benson.
Petersham, 238	C.M.D. ...	Clement William Poole, 1828 ·
Philippi, 559, 731	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	Johann Georg Ebeling, 1635—1676.
Pilgrim, *See* Nearer Home.		
Pilgrims, 294	11.10.11.10.9.11.	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
Pisa, 189, 362, 471...	7.6.7.6. ...	W. H. Jude, 1851—
Pontmorlais, 133	8.7.8.7.8.8.7. ...	T. Price, 1857—
Port Penrhyn, 604	8.7.8.7. D. ...	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Praetorium, 344	8.8.7. D. ...	Zinck, 1801.
Preswylfa (Holyhake), 314. ...	8.8.8.6. ...	A. O. Roberts, 1869
Proclamation, 669	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	A. L. Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844—

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Propior Deo, 423	6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ..	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Providence, 354, 544	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. B. Fortay, 1856—
Prydain, 665	C.M. D. ..	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.
Purleigh, 316	8 8.6. D. ...	A. H. Brown, 1830—
Pwllheli, 638	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. Francis, 1789—1843.
Quam dilecta, 526	6.6.6.6. ..	Rev. Bp. H. L. Jenner, 1820—
Ramah, 601	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Anonymous.
Ramoth, 158	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Rev. J. R. Jones, 1765—1822.
Ramoth, 516	7.7.7.7. D. ...	John Baptiste Calkin, 1827—
Randall (Lewes), 96, 254 ...	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	John Randall, Mus. Doc., 1715—1799.
Ratisbon, 612	7.7.7.7.7. ..	German.
Ravendale, 172	8 8 6. D. ...	W. Stokes, 1847—
Rawdon, 309	8.8.8.6. ..	Anonymous.
Redemption, 114, 259	8.7.8.7.8.7. ..	C. F. Gounod, 1818—1893.
Redhead, No. 66 (Waveney), 151, 340. 355	C.M.	R. Redhead, 1820—
Regent Square, 39	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
Rejoice and be glad, 156 ..	11 11., with Refrain	Anonymous.
Rejoice to-day, 54...	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.	German.
Remember Me, 193	C.M.	Asa Hull.
Requiem, 228	8.7.8.7.7.7. ...	Wilhelm Schulthes, 1816—1879.
Requiem, 681	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	W. Schulthes, 1816—1879.
Requiescat, 681	7.7.7.7.8.8.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Rest, 301	7 6 7 6. D. with Chorus	W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.
Rest, *See* Elim.		
Rest, 570, 587, 623	L.M. . ..	Montague Smith.
Rest, 157	9.9.9.9. ...	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Resurgam, 682	13.11.13.12. (Irregular)	E. Prout, Mus. Doc., 1835—
Reudsburg, 84, 275	C.M. .	A. Kruger, 1628—1666.
Reynoldstone, 605	7.7.7.7.7.7. ..	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A., 1826—
Rhyd y Bedd, 409, 561	8.7.8.7. ...	J. Roberts (Henllan), 1807—1876.
Riseholme, 283, 488	8.8.8.4 .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Rivaulx, 1, 451, 723, 747	L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Roath, 151, 484	C.M. ...	Melsom D. A. Gee.
Rockingham, 1, 93, 602	L.M. .	Edward Miller, Mus. Doc., 1731—1807.
Rock of Ages, 366, 434, 605 ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.	Rev. Ellis Edwards, M.A., 1844—
Room for Thee, 71 ...	5 5 8. D., with Refrain	Ira David Sankey, 1840—
Royal Fort, 36	8.6.8.8.6.	E. J. Orchard.
Russia, 665	11 10.11.9	Alexis Feodorovitch Lvoff, 1799—1870.
Ruth, 315, 529	6.5.5.5. D.	S. Smith, 1821—
Ruth, 131	9.5.9.5. 12 lines.	S. Smith, 1821—
Rutherford, 480	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.	Chretien D'Urhan, 1790—1845.
Rutherford, 343, 520	7.6.7.6 D. .	C. D'Urhan, 1790—1845.
Rylstone, 571, 607	S.M. .	C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Doc., 1849—
Sabbath, 679	8.7.8.7. Peculiar	John Williams, 1740—1821.
Sacrifice, 189	7.6.7.6.	H. Lahee, 1826—
St. Aëlred, 347	8.8.8.5 .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Agnes, 10, 75, 151, 176, 198, 327, 435, 493, 625	C.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876
St. Agnes, 392, 595	10.10.10.10	J. Langran, 1835—
St. Alphege, 189, 258, 471 ..	7.6.7.6.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
St. Anatolius (Brown), 573 ..	7.6.7.6.8.8. .	A. H. Brown, 1830—
St. Anatolius (Dykes), 573 ..	7.6.7.6.8.8. .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Andrew, 400	S.M.	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
St. Angelus, 294	11.10.11.10	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
St. Ann, 15, 22, 450	C.M. .. .	W. Croft, Mus. Doc., 1677—1727.
St. Ann, 448	C.M. D. ...	W. Croft, Mus. Doc. Arr. by Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
St. Anslem, 240	7.6.7.6. D.	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
St. Augustine, 31, 446	S.M. . .	Pierre Abelard, 1120.
St. Asaph, 641	12.11.12.11.	A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc., 1850—
St. Barnabas, 271... ...	S.M. D. ...	J. H. Schein, 1586—1630.
St. Bees, 337	7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
St. Bernard, 79, 355, 614 ...	C.M.	William Richardson, 1680.
St. Boniface, 440	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	Henry Robert Gadsby, 1842—
St. Bride, 208, 269, 286, 328, 463	S.M.	S. Howard, Mus. Doc., 1710—1782.
St. Catharine, 324	S.M.	Fred. Cook Atkinson, Mus. Bac., 1841—
St. Catherine, 30, 168, 285, 430, 629	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	J. G. Walton, 1821—
St. Cephas, 458	6.5.6.5. D. ...	Rev. Howard A. Crosbie, 1844—
St. Christopher, 308, 349 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	F. C. Maker, 1844—
St. Christopher, 424	7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.	F. C. Maker, 1844—
St. Chrysostom, 168, 342 ...	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
St. Clement, 591	9.8.9.8. D. ...	Alfred Robert Gaul, Mus. Bac., 1837—
St. Columba, 574	6.4.6.6. ...	Herbert Stephen Irons, 1834—
St. Constantine, 458	6.5.6.5. ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889.
St. Cross, *See* Golgotha.		
St. Cuthbert, 210	8.6.8.4. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Cyprian, 536	10.10.10.10. ...	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
St. Cyr, 356, 718	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Richard Samuel Hughes, 1855—1893.
St. Drostane, 139...	L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Dunstan, *See* Capernaum.		
St. Edmund, 295	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
St. Edmund, 495	S.M.	Edmund Gilding, 1782.
St. Elwyn, 238	C.M. D. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
St. Fabian, 212	8.8.8.6. ...	J. Summers.
St. Fulbert, 216, 478	C.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
St. Garmon, 236, 259	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	E. M. Price.
St. George, 124, 389, 545, 659 ...	S.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
St. George, 56, 357	C.M.	Nicolaus Hermann, 1480—1561.
St. George's, Windsor, 95, 251, 624	7.7.7.7. D. ...	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816—1893.
St. Gertrude, 444	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—
St. Goar, 287	L.M.	Anonymous.
St. Godric, 138, 209, 401, 724 ...	6.6.6.6.8.8. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Guron, 608	7.7.7.7. ...	Rev. Charles John Dickinson, M.A., 1822—
St. Helen's, 326	8.5.8.3 ...	Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, Mus. Doc., 1825—1894.
St. James, 192, 296, 345	C.M.	Raphael Courteville, 1630—1675.
St. John, *See* Adoration.		
St. John, 123	8.8.6. D. ...	Adapted by Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
St. John, Westminster, 43, 493, 589, 610	C.M.	James Turle, 1802—1882.
St. Jude, 387	8.7.8.8.7. ...	C. Vincent, Mus. Doc., 1852—
St. Keverne, 166	10.10.10.10.4.	A. H. Brown, 1830—
St. Lawrence, 703	8.7.8.7. ...	Ferris Tozer, 1857—
St. Leonard, 38, 220, 425, 606 ...	C.M.	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
St. Leonards, 305, 350	C.M. D. ...	Henry Hiles, Mus. Doc., 1826—
St. Louise, 438	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.	Frank Spinney.
St. Luke, 508	L.M.	Anonymous.
St. Luke, 319	11.11.11.11. ...	Anonymous.
St. Mabyn, 16, 237, 390	8.7.8.7. ...	A. H. Brown, 1830—
St Magnus, 27, 140, 252 ...	C.M.	Jeremiah Clarke, 1669—1707.
St. Margaret, 725	7.6.7.6. ...	Rev. William Statham, 1832—
St. Margaret, 385	8.8.8.8.6. ...	A. L. Peace, Mus. Doc., 1844—
St. Mary, 80, 276, 596	C.M.	W. Blow.
St. Mary Magdalene, 457 ...	6.5.6.5. D. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Mary Magdalene, 74, 206 ...	7.7.7.7. D. ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—
St. Matthew, 305	C.M D. ...	W. Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678—1727.
St. Matthias, 175, 524, 533, 584...	8.8.8.8.8.8. ..	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—
St. Michael, 23, 31, 124, 195, 463	S.M.	Day's Psalter.
St. Nicholas, 295	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.	Anonymous.
St. Nicholas, 407	C.M.	Anonymous.
St. Nicholas, 143, 748	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Sir John Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., 1844—
St. Oswald, 85, 179, 302	8.7.8.7. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Peter, 183, 218, 358	C.M.	A. R Reinagle, 1799—1877.
St. Peter, 231, 410, 456, 513 ...	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	Old Melody.
St. Philip, 258	7.6.7.6. ...	Anonymous.
St. Philip, 599	7.7.7.	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889.
St. Philip, 675	10.10.10.4. ...	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
St. Raphael, 705	L.M.	Rev. Edward Seymour, M.A., 1830—
St. Regulus, 241	10.10.10. ...	A. C. Falconer, 1850—
St. Saviour, 65, 136, 154, 225, 431, 634	C.M.	Frederick George Baker, 1840—

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
St. Serf, 103	L.M. D. ...	H. Lahee, 1826—
St. Stephen, 437, 450	C.M.	Rev. William Jones, 1726—1800.
St. Sylvester, 273, 569	8.7.8.7. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Sylvester, 673...	8.7.8.7., last Verse, 8.8.8.9.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
St. Theodulph, 141	7.6.7.6., with Chorus	Melchior Teschner, 1613.
St. Theodulph, 98, 250, 441 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ...	M. Teschner, 1613.
St. Theresa, 686	6.5.6.5., 12 lines	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
St. Werburgh, 249	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	S. Webbe, Senr., 1740—1817.
St. Werburgh, 449	8.8.8.8.8.8. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Salem, 263	6.6.4.6.6.6.4. ...	Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt) ,1822—1877.
Salem, 716	6.7.8.6.8.8.11.	Arranged by A. Rhodes.
Salome, 104	8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar)	Welsh Melody.
Salvator, 181, 467, 569	8.7.8.7. D. ...	J. P. Jewson.
Salve Festa Dies, 100	11.11.11.11.11.	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
Samson, 721	L.M.	G. F. Handel, 1635—1759.
Sanctissimus, 518	12.10.12.10. ..	W. H. Cooke.
Sanctuary, 50, 467, 586	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Sanctus, 6, 181	8.7.8.7. D. ...	J. Richards (Isalaw), 1843—
Sandon, 415	10.4.10.4.10.10.	Charles Henry Purday, 1799—1885.
Sarah, 346	S.M.	S. Arnold, Mus. Doc., 1740—1802.
Sardis, 561	8.7.8.7. ...	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Sarum, 331...	8.8.8.4. ..	Adapted by J. P. Hullah, LL.D., 1812—1884.
Saviour, 707	8.7.8.7.8.7. ..	W. B. Bradbury, 1816—1868.
Savoy Chapel, 343	7.6.7.6. D. ...	J. B. Calkin, 1827—
Sawley, 149, 381, 620 ..	C.M.	J. Walch, 1837—
Saxby, 213, 367, 386	L.M.	Rev. T. R. Matthews, B.A., 1826—
Saxony, 363, 745	8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar)	Lutheran.
Scopas, 162...	8.7.8.7. D. ...	Charles Hancock, Mus. Bac., 1852—
Selborne, 543	L.M. ...	Ancient Melody.
Semper Aspectemus, 431 ...	C.M.	J. Hornsey Casson.
Sharon, 16	8.7.8.7. ..	William Boyce, Mus. Doc., 1710—1779.
Shawmut, 223, 286, 617 ...	S.M.	J. Mason.
Sherborne, 582, 611	7.7.7.7. ..	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809—1847.
Sheriff Hill, 121	8.7.8.7.7.7. ...	C. F. Lloyd, Mus. Bac.
Shipley, 416	8.8.8.4.8.8.8. ..	E. Moss, 1838—
Silchester, 264, 522, 643	S.M.	Rev. Dr. C. H. A. Malan, 1787—1864.
Sincerity, 707	8.7.8.7.8.7. ...	H. F. Benson.
Sleepers, wake, 122	8.7.8.8.7.8. 6.6.4.8.8.	Philipp Nicolai, 1556—1608.
Slingsby, 325	8.6.8.6.8.6. .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Southwell, 269	S.M. . ..	Denham's Psalter.
Southwell, 111, 478	C.M.	H. S. Irons, 1834—
Spain, 509	7.7.7.7.7.7. ..	Anonymous.
Spes Coelestis, 705	C.M. D. ..	W. A. Smith.
Spire, 37	5.5.8.8.5.5. ..	Anonymous.
Spohr, 306	C.M.	Louis Spohr, 1784—1859.
Spohr, 87	8.6.8.6.8.6. ...	L. Spohr, 1784—1859.
Springfield, 338	6.4.6.4.10.10.	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Stafford, 631	7.7.7.7. ...	Samuel Wesley, 1766—1837.
Stainciiffe, 566	L.M.	Robert William Dixon.
Stand up for Jesus, 447 ...	7.6.7.6. D. ..	George James Webb, 1803—1887.
Steggall, 560	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc., 1826—
Stella, 449. 533	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Anonymous.
Stephanos, 227	8.8.8.3. ..	Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. Arr. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Stoneleigh, 291, 575	8.7.8.7.7.7. .	Charles Sherwood Jekyll, 1842—
Stuttgart, 16, 85, 356, 409 ..	8.7.8.7. ...	German.
Substitution, 87	8.6.8.6.8.6.	I. D. Sankey, 1840—
Sunderland, 389	S.M.	H. Smart, 1813—1879.
Sunnyside, 518	12.10.12.10. ..	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Suppliant, 680	6.6.4. D. ...	Myles Birket Foster, 1851—
Sursum Corda, 35, 435, 606 ...	C.M.	G. F. Handel, 1685—1759.
Swabia, 293, 324, 374	S.M. ...	German Melody.
Swanland, 343	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
Swansea, *See* Abertawe.		
Syria, 3	7.7.7.7. D. ..	Anonymous.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Tabor. *See* Adelaide.		
Taliesin, 101	[illegible] Peculiar	J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., 1857—
Tallis, 194, 202, 603, 625 ...	[illegible]	Thomas Tallis, 1530—1585.
Tallis' Canon, 312, 378, 554	[illegible]	T. Tallis, 1520—1585.
Talyllyn, 354	[illegible]	Welsh Mel dy.
Tanycastell, 371, 604	[illegible]	Rev. John Jones (Talysarn), 1796—1857.
Taunton, 5 ...	[illegible]	Olinthus R. Barnicott, M.A., LL.D.
Te Deum Laudamus, 751	Irregular	Henry Lawes, 1595—1662, and R. Cooke.
Temple, 322	[illegible]	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Tender She, herd, 683	[illegible]	H. Elliot Button, 1861—
Tersanctus, 3	[illegible]	E. Silas.
Tetworth, 387	[illegible]	G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc., 1834—1897.
Thanet, 558	[illegible]	Rev. Joseph Jowett, 1784—1856.
Thanksgiving, *See* Gilbert.		
Thanksgiving, 671	L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
The Blessed Home, 482	6.[illegible]	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
The Golden Chain, 52, 133	S.[illegible]	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
The Grove, 424	[illegible]	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
The National Anthem, 649, 732	6.[illegible]	Harm. by E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
The Ninety and Nine, 647	[illegible] Irregular	I. D. Sankey, 1840—
Theodora, 157	[illegible]	Alfred Legge, 1843—
The Old Story. 639	[illegible] Chorus	W. C. Fischer.
Thetford, 86, 278, 400, 636	S.M.	F. C. Atkinson, Mus. Bac., 1841—
Thou knowest, Lord, 333	[illegible]	O. R. Barnicott, M.A., LL.D.
Tichfield, 516	7.7.7.7. D.	Anonymous.
Tiverton, 33, 530 ...	C.M.	Rev. F. Joseph Grigg, 1768.
Toulon, *See* Navarre.		
Tours, 715 ..	7.6.7.6. D.	Berthold Tours, 1838—1897.
Trallwm, 90	8.7.8.7. Peculiar	J. A. Lloyd, Senr., 1815—1874.
Trecastell, 55	6.6.8.4. D.	D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., 1849—
Trepton, 552	[illegible]	Anonymous.
Trewen, 288	8.8.8.8. D. Peculiar	D. Emlyn Evans, 1843—
Trinity, 4	11.12.12.10.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Trinity College, 383	7.6.7.6. D.	Alan Gray, Mus. Doc., 1855—
Trisagion, 4	11.12.12.10.	Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., 1793—1870.
Triumph, 60, 116, 259	8.7.8.7.8.7.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Troyte's Chant, 21, 331, 488	8.8.8.4.	Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte, M.A., 1811—1857
Troyte's Chant (No. 1), 553	10.10.10.10.	A. H. D. Troyte, M.A., 1811—1857.
Truro, 243 ...	[illegible]	Charles Burney, Mus. Doc., 1726—1814.
Trust, 314	[illegible]	Rev. George William Torrance, M.A., 1835—
Tuam, 313, 395, 499	[illegible]	Dr. William Mason, 1829—
Tudor, 56, 398, 462	[illegible]	J. P. Jewson.
Turle, 147 ...	[illegible] with Refrain	J. Turle, 1802—1882.
Tydfil, 501	[illegible]	Rev. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt), 1822—1877.
Tyndal, 452	[illegible]	T. Tallis, 1520—1585. Harm. by Rev. Edward Stephen (Tannymarian), 1822—1885.
Tytherton, 142, 346, 412...	S.M.	Rev. Lewis Renatus West, 1753—1826.
University College, 18, 443	7.7.7.7.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1805—1876.
Upsal, 569 ...	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.
Upton, 137 ...	C.M.	H. F. Benson.
Upton, 299 ...	8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus	J. A. Lloyd, Junr.
Uxbridge, 593	C.M.	J. H. Roberts, Mus. Bac., 1848—
Valete, 342	8.8.8.8.8.8.	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., 1842—1900.
Valour, 443		H. F. Benson.
Vaughan, 81	5.5.11. D.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1818—
Veni Cito, 115	8.8.8.8.8.6	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Veni Emmanuel, 342	8.8.8.8.8.8	Latin Melody.
Ventnor, 307, 321	10.10.11.11	E. Moss, 1838—
Verona, 259	8.7.8.7.8.7	Italian Melody.
Vesper, 562...	7.7.7.5.	Sir J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., 1840—
Vespers, 352, 388	6.5.6.5. D.	H. A. Prothero.

NAME OF TUNE AND NO. OF HYMN.	METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.
Via Crucis, 334	6.6.6.6... ...	Sir J. Barnby, 1838—1896.
Vienna, *See* Manchester.		
Vienna, *See* Austria.		
Vigil, 483	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4...	Arthur Patton, 1853—
Vigilate, 439	7.7.7.3... ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1823—1889.
Vigilate et orate, 439	7.7.7.3... ...	J. B. Fortay, 1856—
Vox Angelica, 294	11.10.11.10.9.11.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Vox dilecti, 348	C.M. D. ...	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823—1876.
Wakefield, 611	7.7.7.7... ...	Anonymous.
Waldrons, 217	C.M.	Charles Edward Miller, 1856 –
Waltham, 423, 568, 705, 734 ...	L.M.	J. B. Calkin, 1827—
Walton, 139, 257, 386, 626 ...	L.M	L. van Beethoven, 1770—1827.
Walton Breck, 404	6 6.4. D. ...	Rev. T. G. Owen, M.A., 1859—
Wardlaw, 256	S.M.	J. Booth, 1852—
Wareham, 537, 658	L.M.	William Knapp, 1698 - 1768.
Warrington, 153, 253, 320, 497...	L.M.	Rev. R. Harrison, 1747—1810.
Waterstock, 246, 667	6.6.6.6.8.8 ...	Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc., 1800—1880.
Waveney, *See* Redhead, No. 66		
Weaverthorpe, 702	8.7.8.7	Edwin George Monk, Mus. Doc., 1819 –
Weber, 393, 396, 579, 688 ...	7.7.7.7... ...	Carl Maria von Weber, 1786—1826.
Wells, 191, 204, 282, 372, 709 ...	7.7.7.7 7.7 ...	Russian Melody.
Wentworth, 360	8.4.8.4.8.4 ...	F. C. Maker, 1844—
Wesley, 188	6.6.6.6.8.8 ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Westbury, 60	8.7.8.7.4.7 ...	J. Booth, 1852—
Westerham, 284	10.10.10.10. ...	W. C. Filby, 1836—
Westminster, 43, 137	C.M.	J. Turle, 1802—1882.
Weston, 413	5.5.8.8.5.5. ...	J. Booth, 1852—
Weston, 633	6.6.4.6.6.6.4....	Arthur Edwin Dyer, Mus. Doc , 1843—
Whitburn, *See* Hesperus.		
Whitewell, 565	C.M.	Charles James Yates.
Willerby, 416	8.4.8.4.8.8.8....	E. Prout.
Wilton Square, 89	7.6.7.6. D. ...	Margaret Watts-Hughes.
Wiltshire, 390, 317, 565, 577 ...	C.M.	Sir George Thomas Smart, 1776—1867
Winchester New, 153, 317 ...	L.M.	Bartolomaeus Crasselius, 1667—1721.
Winchester Old, 59, 70, 317, 417	C.M.	Este's Psalter, 1592.
Windsor, 84, 606, 615	C.M.	Este's Psalter, 1592.
Winscott, 502	L.M.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1810—1876.
Wirksworth, 278	S.M.	Maurice Green, Mus. Doc., 1695—1755
Wirtemburg, 94	7.7.7.7.4. ...	German.
Wynnstay, 173	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	J. A. Lloyd, Senr., 1815—1874.
Y Delyn Aur, 474	8.7.8.7.4.7. ...	Welsh Melody. Harm. by W. H. Roberts.
Yet there is room, 241	10.10.10. ...	I. D. Sankey, 1840—
York, 245, 486	C.M.	Hart's Psalter, 1615.
Yorkshire, 63	10.10.10.10.10.10.	John Wainwright, 1710—1768.
Zürich, 86...	S.M.	Hans Georg Nägeli, 1768—1836.

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

St. Louise 438

5.5.5.11.

New Year Hymn 719

5.5.5.11. D.

Mizpah 719

5.5.8. D., with Refrain.

Holy Nativity 71
Room for Thee 71

5.5.8.8.5.5.

Fatherland 37, 413
Hafodwen 413
Spire 37
Weston 413

5.5.11. D.

Moriah 81
Vaughan 81

5.6.6.4.

Mayfield 691

6.4.6.4.

Mercy's Hour 239

6.4.6.4., with Refrain.

Alfred 454
I need Thee... 454
Necessitas 454

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Horbury 403
Propior Deo 403

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Consecration 419
Liverpool 419
St. Edmund... 295
St. Nicholas 295

6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

Carfax 483
Happy Land 483
Vigil 483

6.4.6.4.10.10.

Budleigh 338
Springfield 338

6.4.6.6.

St. Columba 574

6.5.6.5.

Caswall (Derby) 594
Derby, *See* Caswall.
Enon 699
Eudoxia 648, 704
Infant Praises 695
North Coates ... 648, 699
St. Constantine 458

6.5.6.5., with Chorus.

Mountmellick 697

6.5.6.5. D.

Edina... ... ... 126, 388
Franconia 315
Goshen (Pastor Bonus), 184, 329, 352
Hermas 329
Kirkbraddan 388
Lyndhurst 704
Pastor Bonus, *See* Goshen.
Ruth 315, 529
St. Cephas 458
St. Mary Magdalene ... 457
Vespers 352, 388

6.5.6.5., 12 lines.

Alma St. 686
Ambleside 64, 701
Armageddon 394
Deva 701
Elah 440
Fleury 722
Hermas 131
Ruth 131
St. Boniface 440
St. Gertrude 444
St. Theresa 686

6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.

Capel Tygwydd 674
Moab 674

6.6.4. D.

Donnington 404
Suppliant 680
Walton Breck 404

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Denbigh 559
Greenwood 507, 710
Hungary 263, 633
Italy (Moscow) ... 145, 649
Kirby Bedon 559
Malvern ... 145, 310, 507
Moscow, *See* Italy.
Mount of Olives 310, 633, 710
Philippi 559, 731
Salem... 263
The National Anthem 649, 732
Weston 633

6.6.4.6.6.6.4. with Refrain.

Gloria 145

6.6.6.6.

Entreaty 334
Quam dilecta 526
Via Crucis 334

6.6.6.6.6.6.

Baca... 369
Harrow 369
Laudes Domini 576

6.6.6.6. D.

Broadlands 334
Invitation 482
The Blessèd Home ... 482

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Adoration (St. John) 138, 158, 242, 535
Alun 165
Beverley 535
Christchurch ... 91, 188
Croft's 148th 724
Darwell 101
Dolgelley 209
Dudley 158
Exeter 242
Gopsal ... 165, 452, 515
Gwladys 667
Hollybourne 90
Hushed was the Evening Hymn 693
Normandy 7
Ramoth 158
St. Godric ...138, 209, 401, 724
St. John, *See* Adoration.
Tyndal 452
Waterstock 246, 667
Wesley 188

6.6.8.4. D.

Leoni... 55
Trecastell 55

6.6.8.6.=S.M.

Aberystwyth 463
Aldersgate 264
Amerton 446
Armageddon 643
Aynhoe 264, 506

Bathurst (Cambridge) 303, 499, 644
Ben Rhydding 313
Bethlehem 23
Boylston 617
Cambridge, *See* Bathurst.
Carlisle ... 142, 495, 571
Chandos (Germany) ... 646
Chiselhurst 545
Day of Praise 550
Dole 195, 550
Dominica 515
Falcon Street 506
Franconia ... 208, 309, 311, 332
Germany, *See* Chandos.
Grace 472
Holyrood 256
Huddersfield .. 196, 223, 446
Ipswich 607
Kirk Braddan 142, 522, 607, 646
Kuruman 346, 446
Leonora 196, 311
Lyte 292
Narenza 374, 522
Newland 395
Rylstone 571, 607
St. Andrew 400
St. Augustine ... 31, 446
St. Bride 208, 269, 286, 328, 463
St. Catherine . .. 321
St. Edmund 495
St. George 124, 389, 515, 659
St. Michael 25, 31, 124, 1[illegible], 16[illegible]
Sarah 346
Shawmut ... 223, 286, 617
Silchester ... 2[illegible], 522, 6[illegible]
Southwell 269
Sunderland 389
Swabia ... 293, 324, 374
Thetford ... 96, 275, [illegible], 636
Tuam 313, 395, 499
Tytherton .. 142, 3[illegible], 412
Wardlaw 256
Wirksworth 278
Zürich 86

6.6.8.6.—S.M., with Chorus.

Calvary 637
Hartley ... . 63[illegible]

6.6.8.6. D. S.M D.

Aberdare ... . 36[illegible]
Chaivey ... ... 170, 6[illegible]
Diademata 129
Heidelberg ... ... 36[illegible]
Hope 475
Leominster 305, 670
Nearer Home (Pilgrim) ... 475
Olivet ... 106, 271, 470
Pilgrim, *See* Nearer Home.
St. Barnabas 271

6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6.

Gröningen 510
Hope 510

6.6.8.6.8.8.

Bath 676

6.6.10. D.

Elvey 107

6.6.11.5.6.10. (Irregular).

Adeste Fideles 69

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

Nun Danket 361

6.7.8.6.8.8.11.

Lincoln 716
Salem 716

7.4.7.4. D.

Easter Hymn (Carey) ... 97
Easter Hymn (Monk) ... 97
Llanfair 97

7.5.7.5. D., with Refrain.

Intercession... 527
Jaszanish 527

7.6.7.5. D.

Diligence 650

7.6.7.6.

Argyle 362
Barton 297
Jerusalem ... ... 18[illegible]
Pisa 189, 362, 471
Sacrifice 189
St. Alphege ... 189, 258, 471
St. Margaret 225
St. Philip 255

7.6.7.6., with Chorus.

St. Theodulph 141

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

Immanuel's Land 480
Rutherford 480

7.6.7.6. D.

Abermenai 548
Abertawe (Swansea) 221, 46[illegible]
Adela 544
Angel's Story .. 557, 691
Arcadelt 433
Aurelia 95, 219, 275, 476, 511, 63[illegible]
Babel 155
Bentley ... . [illegible]
Borrowdale ... ... [illegible]
Bremen (Munich) 543, 1[illegible] [illegible]
Bristan 660
Carno ... ... 4[illegible], 691
Ceylon 539
Come unto Me 220
Crüger 250
Day of Rest ... 383, 511
Eastham 219
Ellacombe 557
Endsleigh ... ... 379, 6[illegible]
Ewing ... ... 109, 4[illegible]
Fairford 717
Grafenberg 240, 308
Greenland 248
Heolybont 441
Holy Church 661
I love to hear the story ... 694
Jabez 510
Jenner 472
Jesu Magister Bone ... 433
Kilmorey 234, 433
Leipsic, *See* Mendelssohn.
Llyday ... 240, 280, 455
Lux Mundi 234
Lymington ... 109, 155, 379
Mannheim (Passion Chorale) ... 89, 280
Meirionydd 155
Mendelssohn (Leipsic) ... 690
Messiah 717
Missionary ... 117, 248, 354
Munich, *See* Bremen.
Norham 632
Oxwich 473
Passion Chorale, *See* Mannheim.
Pearsall 46
Penlan 249
Providence 354, 544
Pwllheli 638
Ramah 601
Rutherford 343, 520
St. Anselm 240
St. Christopher ... 308, 349
St. Theodulph 98, 250, 441
Savoy Chapel 343
Stand up for Jesus... ... 447
Swanland 343
Swansea, *See* Abertawe.
Talyllyn 354
Tours... 715
Trinity College 383
Wilton Square 89

7.6.7.6. D., with Chorus.

Rest 301
The Old Story 639

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.8.4.

Dresden 635

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

Taunton 5

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

Agnus Dei (Atonement) ... 600

7.6.7.6.8.8.

St. Anatolius (Brown) ... 573
St. Anatolius (Dykes) .. 573

7.6.8.6. D.

Alford 118

7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

St. Christopher 424
The Grove 424

7.7., with Chorus.

Lowliness 161

7.7.6., with Chorus.

Bilby 692
Joyful 692

7.7.7.

Lacrymae 599
St. Philip 599

7.7.7.3.

Vigilate 439
Vigilate et orate 439

7.7.7.5.

Ambrose 468, 613
Angelus 613
Capetown 199, 609
Consolator 562
Dusseldorf 468
Irene 199
Ledbury 609
Vesper 562

7.7.7.6.

Evelyn 462

7.7.7.7.

Aberavon 335, 396
Agape 525, 579
Alcester 720
Battishill (Melton) 290, 373, 582
Beethoven 335
Bonn (Festus) ... 443, 627
Cantone 582
Capernaum (St. Dunstan) 272, 429, 469, 525
Christ Chapel 608
Christus ... 203 368, 549, 579
Consecration 391
Culbach 130, 631
Durham (Innocents) 18, 627
Eli 549
Elijah ... 203 272, 282, 608
Ellingham ... 373, 391, 393, 465
Ferrier 688
Festus, *See* Bonn.
Fiducia 338
German Hymn ... 102, 631
Glebe Field 406
Hart's ... 180, 350, 633, 689
Heinlein ... 72, 282, 427, 616
Innocents, *See* Durham.
Kingston 396
Laudate Pueri 631
Lubeck 657
Manchester (Vienna) 53, 290, Melton *See* Battishill.
Milton's Hymn 429
Mizpah 741
Monkland ... 630, 657, 720
Nottingham ... 130, 391
St. Bees 338
St. Dunstan, *See* Capernaum.
St. Guron 608
Sherborne 582 611
Stafford 631
University College 18, 443
Valour 443
Vienna, *See* Manchester.
Wakefield 611
Weber ... 393, 396, 579, 688

7.7.7.7., with Chorus.

Jesus loves me 700

7.7.7.7.4

Wittenburg 94

7.7.7.7.7.

Barmouth 363
Berlin (Orleans) 232
Bread of Heaven 590
Cassell 492, 528
Craig yr Oesoedd ... 267, 434
Day Star 420
Dix ... 61, 372, 420, 612, 662
Exemplar 82
Gethsemane (Ouseley) ... 82
Gethsemane (Schop) 191
Gethsemane (Tye)... 82, 268
Gratias Agimus ... 13, 612
Heathlands 509
Mount Olivet 605
Mount Zion 363
Nassau (Newport) 215, 363, 492
Newport, *See* Nassau.
Norwood 267, 363, 434, 590
Orleans, *See* Berlin.
Ratisbon 612
Reyno'dstone 605
Rock of Ages 366, 434, 605
Spain 509
Wells ... 191, 204, 232, 372, 509

7.7.7.7. D.

Aberystwyth ... 74, 540
Ascension 740
Christmas Carol ... 48, 66
Coburg 624
Crux Salutifera 464
Culford 391, 406
Frankfort 428
Gilbert (Thanksgiving) ... 251
Gottingen 726
Hollingside ... 206, 406, 428
Litany 464
Maidstone 521
Miserere 464
Ramoth 516
St. George's Windsor 95, 251, 624
St. Mary Magdalene 74, 206
Syria 3
Tersanctus 3
Thanksgiving, *See* Gilbert.
Tichfield 516

7.7.7.7. D., with Refrain.

Christmas Hymn 66

7.7.7.7.8.8.

Araiwen 681
Requiescat 681

7.8.7.8.7.7.

Abchurch 135
Brandenburgh 135
Meinhold 683
Tender Shepherd 683

8.3.3.6.

Goppa 558
Thanet 558

8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.

Oh, so bright 481

8.4.8.4.8.4.

Carrow 360
Wentworth 360

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.

Shipley 416
Willerby 416

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

Evensong 322
Oh, how He loves 173
Steggall 560
Temple 322
Upsal 560
Wynnstay 173

8.5.8.3.

Cyril 227
Goodwick 326
St. Helen's 326
Stephanos 227

8.5.8.5., with Chorus.

Oriel College 642
Pass me not... 642

8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Eden Grove... 712
In Memoriam 712

8.6.8.4.

Linton 227
Olmutz 221
St Cuthbert 210

8.6.8.5., with Chorus.

Christ's Crown 714
Nesta... 714

8.6.8.6.=C.M.

Abergele 211, 274, 330, 593, 645
Abridge 202
Allhallows 41
Arnold's 736
Avondale 577
Ballerma 340
Bangor ... 211, 274, 596
Beatitudo 19, 160, 201, 327, 477, 744
Bedford (1st Form) ... 113
Bedford (2nd Form) 113, 381, 397
Belgrave 245
Belmont ... 25, 337, 595
Bishopthorpe 216
Blackbourne 22, 345, 498
Burford ... 80, 218, 276, 585
Burton Agnes 176
Byzantium 337, 585
Canaan 484
Cheshire ...265, 275, 298, 432
Chicago 217, 489
Christchurch ... 652, 746
Claremont 597
Compton ... 220, 703, 737
Dale... 148
Dalehurst 267, 330
Dinas 277, 610

Dundee (French) ... 20, 26, 214
Emmanuel 437
Engedi ... 20, 136, 727
Erin 654
Evan ... 19, 148, 226, 397, 620
Farningham 125, 202, 407
Farrant 15, 35, 154, 178, 498, 645
Faversham 358
Felix 178
Flavian ... 10, 377, 489, 603
French, *See* Dundee.
Gerontius 33
Gloucester ... 11, 24, 127, 300
Harcourt 214
Holy Cross 687
Holy Trinity 167, 177, 193, 621
Horsley 226, 323, 621, 711
Jazer ... 127, 183, 398
Jordan 245, 477
Lancaster 426, 620
London, New 656
Ludwig ... 80, 177, 277, 618
Manoah 687
Marlow ... 11, 151, 198, 620
Martyrdom .. 306, 462, 486, 610
Mylon 397
Nativity 132, 144, 252, 546, 727
Northrepps ... 330, 565, 585
Pennant ... 432, 589, 618, 672
Redhead No. 66 (Waveney) 151, 340, 355
Remember Me 193
Reudsburg 84, 275
Roath 151 484
St. Agnes 10, 75, 151, 176, 198, 327, 435, 493, 625
St. Ann 15, 22, 450
St. Bernard ... 79, 355, 614
St. Fulbert 216, 478
St. George 56, 357
St. James ... 192, 296, 345
St. John, Westminster 43, 493, 589, 610
St. Leonard 38, 220, 426, 626
St. Magnus ... 27, 140, 252
St. Mary ... 80, 276, 590
St. Nicholas 497
St. Peter ... 183, 218, 356
St. Saviour ... 65, 136, 154, 225, 421, 634
St. Stephen 437, 450
Sawley ... 149, 381, 620
Semper Aspectemus ... 431
Southwell 111, 478
Spohr 306
Sursum Corda 35, 435, 606
Tallis 194, 202, 603, 625
Tiverton 33, 530
Tudor ... 56, 398, 462
Upton 137
Uxbridge 593
Waldrons 217
Waveney, *See* Redhead, No. 66.
Westminster ... 43, 137
Whitewell 565
Wiltshire ...300, 317, 565, 577
Winchester, Old 59, 70, 317, 417
Windsor ... 84, 606, 615
York 245, 486

8.6.8.6.—C.M. (Peculiar).

Miles' Lane 125

8.6.8.6.=C.M., with Chorus.

Campden 684
Glory 684

8.6.8.6.8.6.

Morwellham 325
Slingsby 325
Spohr 87
Substitution 87

8.6.8.6 D.=C.M. D.

Aeron... 159
Audite, Audientes Me ... 348
Bethlehem 665
Castle Rising 706
Dorothy 448
Elim (Rest) 350
Ellacombe 448
Gabriel 159
Noël 68
Petersham 238
Prydain 665
Rest, *See* Elim.
St. Ann 448
St. Elwyn 238
St. Leonards ... 305, 350
St. Matthew 365
Spes Cœlestis 706
Vox dilecti 348

8.6.8.8.6.

Newcastle 36
Royal Fort 36

8.7.8.7.

All for Jesus... 655
Arundel 604
Balstad 466
Beaminster 50, 85, 179
Bugail Israel 302
Clarion 237
Dijon 708
Evening Prayer (Stainer) 702
Evening Prayer (Stebbins) 569
Galilee 233
Gotha... 6
Holy Name 468
Kendale 519
Lausanne ...205, 273, 468, 519, 561, 604
Lowton 205
Mariners 708
Newton Ferns 703
Normal College 233
Perseverance 16
Rhyd y Bedd ... 409, 561
St. Lawrence 703
St. Mabyn ... 16, 237, 390
St. Oswald ... 85, 179, 302
St. Sylvester ... 272, 569
Sardis 561
Sharon 16
Stuttgart ... 16, 85, 356, 409
Weaverthorpe 702

8.7.8.7. (Peculiar).

Baden 34
Dominus regit me... ... 34
Dyfrdwy 34
Dymuniad 442, 679
Eidduned 442
Glanceri 90
Gwilym 442
Mary 34
Morganwg 90
Oldenburg 90
Sabbath 679
Trallwm 90

8.7.8.7., with Refrain.

Even me 640

8.7.8.7., with Hallelujah.

New Cross 67

8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

Dismissal 414

8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8.

Baden 336
Jesse 336

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Heber... ... 236, 511, 513
Islwyn 474
Lo! He comes 114
Melai 474
Westbury 60

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

Ein' Feste Burg 28
Gloria in Excelsis 54
Rejoice to-day 54

8.7.8.7.7.7.

All Saints 174
Castell Newydd 291
Gounod 174, 575
Requiem 228
Stoneleigh 291, 575

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Ardudwy 83
Benediction (Corinth) ... 255
Blaencefn 501
Bryntirion 738
Caersalem 410
Clitheroe 414
Corinth, *See* Benediction.
Dismissal ... 254, 501, 532
Feniton Court 414
Gilbert 410
Goss 32, 134
Kensington, New (Lewisham) ... 32, 134, 255
Lewes, *See* Randall.
Lewisham, *See* Kensington, New.
Litany 511
Llaniestyn 231
Mannheim 402, 581
Neander 134
Oriel 83, 110, 685
Randall (Lewes) ... 66, 254
Redemption... ... 114, 259
Regent Square 39
Requiem 581
St. Garmon... ... 256, 259
St. Peter ...231, 410, 456, 513

St. Werburgh 249
Saviour 707
Sincerity 707
Triumph ... 60, 116, 259
Tydvil 501
Verona 259
Y Delyn Aur 474

8.7.8.7. D.

Alexander 677
Alla Trinita (Chrysostom) 739
Austria ... 143, 261, 494
Balducci 304
Bavaria 304, 411
Benediction (Corinth) ... 743
Bethany ... 260, 411, 459
Britain's Lament 677
Burry Port 162
Carlton ... 260, 302, 678
Carmel 187
Chamouni 237, 586
Chrysostom, *See* Alla Trinita.
Corinth, *See* Benediction.
Cross and Crown 162
Deerhurst ... 261, 371, 678, 718
Diniweidrwydd ... 445, 677
Dismission 531
Dorothy 678
Dusseldorf 152
Faben 49, 152
Florence 735
Friend of Sinners 622
Henryd 445
Hyfrydol 128, 459
Incarnation 162
Joseph 187, 622
Ledforth 445
Llangan 466
Lux Eoi ... 128, 265, 459
Moriah 356, 655
Port Penrhyn 604
St. Cyr 356, 718
St. Nicholas 143, 748
Salvator ... 181, 467, 569
Sanctuary ... 50, 467, 586
Sanctus 6, 181
Scopas 162
Tanycastell 371, 604
Vienna, *See* Austria.

8.7.8.7. D. (Peculiar).

Constance 339
His for ever 339

8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus.

Broncastell 299
Upton 299

8.7.8.7., last Verse 8.8.8.9.

St. Sylvester 673

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Atolle Paulum 52
Churchill 279
Dettingen 120, 133
Dies Iræ 110
Luther 110, 120
Maitland 279
Pontmorlais 133
The Golden Chain ... 52, 133

8.7.8.8.7.

Edward 387
Heaven 487
St. Jude 387
Tetworth 387

8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.

Beverley 121
Sheriff Hill 121

8.8.6. D.

Glanlliedi 316
Henffordd 150
Hull 150, 316
King's College 172
Pembroke 172
Purleigh 316
Ravendale 172
St. John 123

8.8.7. D.

Arnsberg 47
Campden 47
Evening Hymn 344
Praetorium 344

8.8.7.8.8.7.4.4.4.8.8.

Morning Star 182

8.8.8.

Dies Iræ (1st Tune) ... 750
Dies Iræ (2nd Tune) ... 750

8.8.8.3.

St. Aëlred 347

8.8.8.4.

Almsgiving 21, 57
Calm 488
Clifton 331
Eucharist 592
Hanford 78
In Memoriam 592
Riseholme 283, 488
Sarum 331
Troyte's Chant 21, 331, 488

8.8.8.6.

Agnus Dei 309
Faith 309
Humility 551
Just as I am 314
Leeds 108, 309
Misericordia ... 212, 314
Preswylfa (Hoylake) ... 314
Rawdon 309
St. Fabian 212
Trust 314

8.8.8.8. L.M.

Abends ...186, 244, 423, 572
Alstone ... 364, 578, 713
Altona (Breslau) 77, 405, 602
Angels' Hymn 14, 364, 503
Angelus ... 222, 370, 555
Antwerp ... 243, 554, 598
Babilon 270, 320
Beccles (Oldenburg) 382, 580
Beza 9, 170, 490, 505
Bonn (Festus) ... 146, 387
Boston ... 213, 491, 537, 582
Breslau, *See* Altona.
Carey 76
Church Triumphant ... 567
Consecration 230
Crux Beata 93
David's Harp 171, 289, 556
Eden 9, 222, 235, 312, 425, 588
Eisenach 171
Ely 92, 564
Ernan ... 479, 512, 583
Festus, *See* Bonn.
Golgotha (St. Cross) 88, 119, 230, 281, 318
Hampstead ... 490, 523, 542
Heavenly Dove 422, 514, 580
Hesperus (Whitburn) 2, 73, 77, 425, 572
Hilderstone 2
Holly 197, 376, 664
Hursley 8, 185, 370, 497, 572
Kent 164
Lasus 186
Lauds 164
Leipsic, *See* Neumark.
Lledrod 139, 733
Llef 270, 376
Luther's Chant 170, 543, 666
Luther's Hymn 29
Luton 552
Mainzer 105, 244, 382, 500, 502
Mamre ... 17, 479, 556, 730
Margaret ... 405, 503, 623
Maryton 8, 367, 570
Melcombe ... 380, 514, 567, 653
Merville 572
Montgomery 92
Morning Hymn 556
Morningside 289
Ne derelinquas me ... 318
Neumark (Leipsic) 119, 281, 287
O grant us light 422
Oldenburg, *See* Beccles.
Old 100th 58, 247, 504, 505, 556, 729, 742
Ombersley 42, 112, 185, 253, 451, 491, 538
Palmæ 139
Rest 570, 587, 623
Rivaulx ... 1, 451, 723, 747
Rockingham ... 1, 93, 602
St. Cross, *See* Golgotha.
St. Drostane 139
St. Goar 287
St. Luke 508
St. Raphael 705
Samson 721
Saxby ... 213, 367, 386
Selborne 543
Staincliffe 566
Tallis's Canon 312, 378, 554
Thanksgiving 671
Trepton 552
Truro 243
Waltham ... 423, 568, 705, 734
Walton ... 139, 257, 386, 626
Wareham 537, 658
Warrington ... 153, 253, 320, 497
Whitburn, *See* Hesperus.
Winchester, New 153, 547
Winscott 502

8.8.8.8. (Peculiar).

Adelaide (Tabor) ... 12, 485
David... 485
Tabor, *See* Adelaide.

8.8.8.8.—L.M., with Refrain.

Turle 147

8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

Clive Vale 629

8.8.8.8.6.

Halle 384
Magdeburg (Oberlin) ... 385
Oberlin 384
Oberlin, *See* Magdeburg.
St. Margaret ... ...

8.8.8.8.8.8.—L.M., 6 lines.

All Saints 200, 436
Barrington 285
Baynard 30
Bickley 190
Dura 584
Hullah 175, 399, 533
Leipsic, *See* Neumark.
Lord of the Harvest ... 62
Love 399, 533
Melita ... 190, 200, 399, 436, 668
Neumark (Leipsic) 11
Old 124th 4
Oswestry 524
Pater Omnium ... 62, 628,
Proclamation 669
St. Catherine 30, 108, 285, 436, 629
St. Chrysostom ... 168, 342
St. Matthias 175, 524 533, 584
St. Werburgh 44
Stella 449, 533
Valete 342
Veni Cito 115
Veni Emmanuel 342

8.8.8.8.8.8. (Triplets).

Llangoedmor 45
Nashville 40

8.8.8.8. D L.M. D.

Ascension 103
Hayes 207
St. Serf 103

8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar).

Cleveland 288
Salome 104
Saxony 563, 745
Taliesin 104
Trewen 288

8.9.8.8.9.8.6.6.4.8.8.

Jerusalem 122
Sleepers, wake 122

9.7.9.7.9.9. (Irregular).

The Ninety and Nine ... 617

9.8.9.8.

Corpus Christi 591

9.8.9.8. D.

Crugybar 476
Elliot 476
St. Clement 591

9.9.9.9.

Rest 157
Theodora 157

10.4.10.4.10.10.

Arweiniad 421
Lux Beata 415, 421
Lux Benigna 415
Merthyr Tydvil 421
Sandon 415

10.10.

Coena Domini ... 353, 619
Hispania 418
Lammas 619
Pax Tecum 353

10.10.10.

Clifton Street 241
Low Fell 241
St. Regulus 241
Yet there is room 241

10.10.10.4.

St. Philip 675

10.10.10.10.

Benediction (Ellers) 341, 392, 534
Bontnewydd ... 530, 553
Dalkeith 284
Ellers, *See* Benediction.
Eventide 461, 553
Navarre (Toulon) ... 284, 392
Pax Dei 534
Penitentia 461
St. Agnes 392, 565
St. Cyprian 536
Toulon, *See* Navarre.
Troyte's Chant (No. 1) ... 78
Westerham 284

10.10.10 10.4.

St. Keverne 166

10.10.10.10.10.10.

Yorkshire 63

10.10.11.11.

Hanover 44, 163, 517
Houghton 307, 517
Laudate Dominum ... 44
Old 104th 321
Ventnor 307, 321

10.11.10.10.

Jesus bids us shine 698

P.M.

Athens 696
Huddiestone 696

11.10.11.9.

Gateshead 663
Russia 663

11.10.11.10.

Auchincairn... 51
Berlin 351
Blodyn 62
Brightest and Best ... 62
Cardiff 51
Cullingworth 351
Epiphany 62
Epiphany Hymn 62
Jehovah 51
Marlborough 351

11.10.11.10.9.11.

Angelic Songs 294
Pilgrims 294
St. Angelus 294
Vox Angelica 294

11.10.11.10.10.10.

Thou knowest, Lord, ... 333

11.11., with Refrain.

Rejoice and be glad ... 156

11.11.11.11.

Beersheba 319
Joanna 319
St. Luke 319

11.11.11.11., with Chorus.

Fortitude 651
Honddu 651

11.11.11.11.11.

Fortunatus 100
Salve Festa Dies 100

11.12.12.10.

Nicæa 4
Trinity 4
Trisagion 4

12.10.12.10.

Sanctissimus 518
Sunnyside 518

12.11.12.11.

St. Asaph 641

13.11.13.12. (Irregular).

Ems 682
Resurgam 682

Irregular.

Adeste Fideles 69
Epenetus 262
Gloria Patri... 749
Te Deum Laudamus ... 751

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A

	HYMN
A charge to keep I have	365
A debtor to mercy alone	288
A few more years shall roll	670
A little child the Saviour came	578
A safe stronghold our God is still ...	28
Abide among us with Thy grace ...	398
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide...	553
Above the clear blue sky	470
According to Thy gracious word ...	589
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	80
All as God wills, Who wisely heeds ...	323
All glory, laud, and honour	141
All hail the power of Jesu's Name ...	125
All people that on earth do dwell ...	504
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	554
All praise to Thee Who safe hast kept— PART II.	556
All that I *was*,—my sin, my guilt ...	355
All ye that pass by	81
Almighty God! Thy word is cast ...	530
Almighty Maker of my frame	671
Angels, from the realms of glory ...	60
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat ...	606
Are we the soldiers of the Cross ...	727
Arise, O King of grace, arise	652
Arise, O Lord, and shine	242
Arm of the Lord! awake! awake! ...	243
Around the throne of God in heaven ...	684
Art thou weary, art thou languid? ...	227
Ascribe to God, ye sons of men	35
As helpless as a child who clings ...	305
As high as the heavens, and as vast ...	12
As pants the hart for cooling streams ...	306
As with gladness men of old	61
At even, ere the sun was set	555
At evening time when day is done ...	728
At the Name of Jesus	126
At Thy feet, our God and Father ...	718
Awake! all-conquering arm, awake! ...	244
Awake! and sing the song	142
Awake, awake, O Zion	109
Awake, my soul, and with the sun— PART I.	556
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	164
Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve ...	437
Awake our souls; away, our fears ...	289
Awake, ye saints, awake	535

B

Be near me, Lord, my light and stay ...	399
Be present at our table, Lord	729
Be with us, gracious Lord, to-day ...	653
Before Jehovah's awful throne	505
Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near ...	307
Behold! a Stranger's at the door ...	222
Behold! the mountain of the Lord ...	245
Behold the throne of grace	607
Behold, what wondrous grace	395
Beneath the Cross of Jesus	424
Beyond the glittering starry skies ...	127
Blessèd Father! Great Creator... ...	685
Blest are the pure in heart	400
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	246
Bread of heaven, on Thee I fee't... ...	590
Bread of the world, in mercy broken ...	591
Breast the wave, Christian	438
Brethren, let us join to bless	180
Brief life is here our portion	471
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	62
Brightly gleams our banner	686
Brightness of the eternal Glory	143
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	592
By cool Siloam's shady rill	687
By the Cross of Jesus standing	344

C

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ...	345
Children of the heavenly King	290
Christ the Lord is risen again	94
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	95
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies ...	420
Christian, seek not yet repose	439
Christian, work for Jesus	648
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	63
Clouds and darkness round about Thee	291
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ...	194
Come, Holy Spirit, come	195, 196
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	197, 198
Come, let us anew	719
Come, let us join our cheerful songs ...	144
Come, let us join our friends above ...	672
Come, let us sing together	557
Come, let us to the Lord our God ...	266
Come, my Redeemer, come	401
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	608
Come, sound His praise abroad	506
Come, Thou Almighty King	507
Come, Thou fount of every blessing ...	356
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus ..	128
Come to Calvary's holy mountain ...	228
Come to our poor nature's night... ...	199
Come unto Me, ye weary	229
Come, we that love the Lord	346
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed...	230
Come, ye saints, look here and wonder...	96
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched ...	231
Come, ye thankful people, come	624
Command Thy blessing from above ...	508
Commit thou all thy griefs	324
Creator Spirit! by Whose aid	200
Crown Him with many crowns	129
Crowns of glory ever bright	130

D

Day of wrath! O day of mourning ...	750
Days and moments quickly flying ...	673
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear ...	654
Deep Jordan's banks I tread	674
Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove...	730
Dwell in me richly, blessèd word ...	213

HYMN

E

Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord ... 201
Ere another Sabbath close 549
Ere I sleep, for every favour 558
Eternal Father, strong to save 668
Eternal God! we look to Thee 450
Eternal Light! eternal Light 36
Eternal Spirit! by Whose power ... 202

F

Far above earth's cloudy regions ... 474
Far from my heavenly home 292
Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet... 536
Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy love 8
Father! I know that all my life 325
Father of all! from land and sea... ... 488
Father of eternal grace 72
Father of heaven! Whose gracious hand 451
Father of heaven! Whose love profound 1
Father of love and power 559
Father of mercies; bow Thine ear ... 497
Father of mercies, condescend 498
Father of mercies! in Thy word... ... 214
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost 366
Father, throned on high 37
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep... 347
Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God ... 38
Fix, O Lord, a tent in Goshen 655
For all the saints, who from their labours rest 675
For ever here my rest shall be 593
"For ever with the Lord!" 475
For mercies countless as the sands ... 357
For the beauty of the earth 13
For thee, O dear, dear country 472
For Thy mercy and Thy grace 720
"Forward!" be our watchword 440
Fountain of mercy, God of love 625
Friend after friend departs 676
Friend of sinners! hear my cry 267
From all that dwell below the skies ... 217
From Egypt lately come 293
From every stormy wind that blows ... 425
From Greenland's icy mountains ... 248
From heavenly Jerusalem's towers ... 476
From the cross uplifted high 232
From the eastern mountains 64

G

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild 688
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us 409
Gird Thy sword on, mighty Saviour ... 249
Give thanks to God; He reigns above 14
Give to our God immortal praise ... 29
Glorious things of thee are spoken ... 494
Glory be to God the Father 39
Glory be to Jesus 594
Glory, glory, glory be to the Father ... 749
Glory to God on high 145
Glory to God Whose love has given ... 2
Go forward, Christian soldier 441
Go, labour on: spend, and be spent ... 367
Go to dark Gethsemane 82
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet 146
God bless our native land 731
God bless our Temperance band 649
God is love: His mercy brightens ... 16
God moves in a mysterious way... ... 15

HYMN

God, my Father, hear me pray 268
God of mercy, God of grace 509
God of mercy, hear our prayer 579
God of mercy, throned on high 689
God of pity, God of grace 629
God of that glorious gift of grace ... 580
God reveals His presence 510
God save our gracious Queen 732
God the All-terrible! King Who ordainest 663
God, Who hath made the daisies ... 690
God, Who made the earth 691
God, Who madest earth and heaven ... 560
Golden harps are sounding 131
Grace! 'tis a charming sound 223
Gracious Lord, as Thou hast taught us 511
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd ... 581
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine 203
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me 204
Great God, as seasons disappear ... 626
Great God, attend while Zion sings ... 537
Great God of wonders! all Thy ways ... 30
Great God, we sing that mighty hand ... 721
Great God! what do I see and hear ... 110
Great King of nations, hear our prayer 665
Great Redeemer, Friend of sinners ... 677
Great Ruler of the land and sea 669
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ... 733
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah ... 410

H

Hail! the day that sees Him rise ... 102
Hail! Thou once despisèd Jesus ... 181
Hail to the Lord's Anointed 250
Hallelujah! joyful raise 740
Happy the souls to Jesus joined ... 489
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs ... 294
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord 337
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes 65
Hark! the herald angels sing 66
Hark! the song of Jubilee 251
Hark the sound of holy voices 678
Hark! the voice of love and mercy ... 83
Hark! what mean those holy voices ... 67
Have mercy, Lord, on me 269
Heal us, Immanuel, hear our prayer ... 610
Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry ... 270
Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father ... 561
Heavenly Father, may Thy love ... 582
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face 595
Here we suffer grief and pain 692
High in the heavens, Eternal God ... 17
Holy Father, cheer our way 562
Holy Father, Thou hast given 215
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness 205
Holy Ghost, with light divine 206
Holy, holy, holy Lord 3
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty 4
Holy, holy, holy, Lord, in the highest ... 396
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive 368
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear ... 111
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn ... 148
Hosanna to the living Lord! 147
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord ... 426
How beauteous are their feet 499
How bright these glorious spirits shine 477
How brightly shines the Morning Star 182
How condescending and how kind ... 84
How dare we pray Thee dwell within ... 207
How pleasant, how divinely fair 512
How precious is the book divine ... 216

	HYMN
How shall I follow Him I serve? ...	73
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds...	183
How welcome to the saints, when prest	731
How welcome was the call	659
Hushed was the evening hymn	693

I

I am not worthy, holy Lord	596
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	326
I am waiting for the coming	735
I bring my sins to Thee	452
I could not do without Thee	453
I gave My life for thee	369
I heard the voice of Jesus say	348
I hear Thy welcome voice	637
I lay my sins on Jesus	638
I lift my heart to Thee	338
I love the Lord, He lent an ear	358
I love to hear the story	694
I love to tell the story	639
I my Ebenezer raise	359
I need Thee every hour	454
I need Thee, precious Jesus	455
I think, when I read that sweet story of old	696
I was a wandering sheep	271
I'll praise my Maker with my breath ...	40
I'm a little pilgrim	695
I'm but a stranger here	295
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend	339
I've found a joy in sorrow	349
If I come to Jesus	697
In Christ and His abasement	221
In heavenly love abiding	308
In memory of the Saviour's love ...	597
In my every gift and passion	456
In the Cross of Christ I glory	85
In the hour of trial	457
In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling ...	513
It came upon the midnight clear ...	68
It is the Lord—enthroned in light ...	327
It is Thy hand, my God	328
It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine	166

J

Jerusalem, my happy home	478
Jerusalem the golden	473
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb	373
Jesus, all our guilt we lay	272
Jesus! and shall it ever be	370
Jesus bids us shine with a pure clear light	698
Jesus, blessèd Saviour	722
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	233
Jesus can make a dying bed	736
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	97
Jesus! encouraged by Thy word ...	583
Jesus, full of all compassion	273
Jesus, grant me this, I pray	427
Jesus, high in glory	699
Jesus, I love Thy charming Name ...	149
Jesus, I my cross have taken	371
Jesus, I will trust Thee	329
Jesus, immortal King, arise!	252
Jesus is all my hope	165
Jesus is our Shepherd	184
Jesus King of glory	701
Jesus, lead us with Thy power	411
Jesus lives! no longer now	135
Jesus, lover of my soul	428
Jesus loves me! this I know	700
Jesus, Master, Whose I am	372
Jesus, meek and gentle	458
Jesus, my chiefest Friend	412
Jesus, our best-beloved Friend	490
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee we raise ...	150
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ...	253
Jesus, still lead on	413
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ...	702
Jesus, the Lord of glory, died	132
Jesus, the very thought of Thee... ...	151
Jesus, the wondrous Rock on high ...	185
Jesus, these eyes have never seen ...	167
Jesus! Thou art the sinner's Friend ...	274
Jesus, Thou didst bear for me	74
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts ...	598
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me ...	168
Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes ...	112
Jesus, Thy love unbounded	169
Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness ...	186
Jesus, to Thy table led	599
Jesus, we Thy promise claim	611
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet ...	514
Join all the glorious names	188
Just as I am, without one plea	309

K

Kind Author and Ground of my hope ...	563

L

Lamb of God, our souls adore Thee ...	187
Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love ...	600
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace ...	217
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	415
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us ...	414
Let every heart exulting beat	170
Let God arise, and let His foes	133
Let me be with Thee where Thou art ...	479
Let us with a cheerful voice	18
Let us with a gladsome mind	627
Lift up to God the voice of praise ...	41
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart ...	113
Light of the world! Whose kind and gentle care	421
Light of them that sit in darkness ...	254
Light up this house with glory, Lord ...	656
Lo! He comes with clouds descending...	114
Long as I live I'll bless Thy Name ...	19
Look upon me, Lord I pray Thee ...	402
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious ...	134
Lord, a little band and lowly	703
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee ...	75
Lord, before Thy throne we bend ...	612
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	531, 532
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	208
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing ...	640
Lord! in the strength of grace	374
Lord, it belongs not to my care	330
Lord of all being, throned afar	42
Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise ...	657
Lord of mercy and of might	613
Lord of the harvest, once again	628
Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail ...	629
Lord of the living harvest	375
Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows ...	538
Lord of the vast creation	539
Lord of the worlds above	515
Lord, remove the veil away	540
Lord, speak to me that I may speak ...	376
Lord, take my heart, just as it is... ...	377

	HYMN
Lord, teach us how to pray aright ...	614
Lord, we come before Thee now ...	516
Lord, when beside the grave we mourn	679
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	615
Lord! with reverence and with fear ...	616
Love divine, all loves excelling	459
Love that caused us first to be	460
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep	429
Lowly and solemn be	680

M

May the grace of Christ our Saviour ...	739
Meet and right it is to sing	5
Mercy alone can meet my case	275
Mercy and goodness, O my God	430
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee ...	152
Mighty Lord! extend Thine empire ..	255
My dear Redeemer and my Lord ...	76
My faith looks up to Thee	310
My Father, for another night	736
My God and Father, while I stray ...	331
My God, how endless is Thy love ...	564
My God, how wonderful Thou art! ...	43
My God, I love Thee, not because ..	340
My God! I thank Thee, Who hast made	360
My God, the covenant of Thy love ...	296
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right ...	378
My heart is resting, O my God	350
My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene ...	416
My Shepherd will supply my need ...	417
My song shall be of mercy	379
My soul in deep that calls to deep ...	442
My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His Name	44
My soul, repeat His praise—PART II ...	31
My spirit on Thy care	311
"My times are in Thy hand"	332

N

Nearer, my God, to Thee	403
No more, my God, I boast no more ...	312
Not all the blood of beasts	313
Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art	461
Not what these hands have done ...	86
Now, from the altar of my heart... ...	565
Now from the world withdrawn	617
Now may He Who from the dead ...	741
Now thank we all our God	361
Now the day is over	704
Now the labourer's task is o'er	681
Now to the Lamb that once was slain ...	744
Now to the Lord a noble song	153

O

O bless the Lord, my soul—PART I. ...	31
O blest is he who never walks	380
O Bread to pilgrims given	601
O Christ, our hope, our hearts' desire ...	136
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head	87
O come, all ye faithful	69
O come and mourn with me awhile ...	88
O come to the merciful Saviour Who calls you	641
O day of rest and gladness	541
O Father, all-creating	661
O Father, in Thy Father's heart... ...	584
O for a closer walk with God	381
O for a heart to praise my God	397
O for a thousand tongues to sing ...	154

	HYMN
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand ...	20
O God of families, we own	566
O God of God, in Whom combine ...	45
O God of love, how blest are they ...	431
O God of love, O King of peace	664
O God of mercy, God of might	602
O God, the Rock of Ages	46
O God unseen, yet ever near	618
O grant us light, that we may know ...	422
O happy band of pilgrims	297
O happy day that fixed my choice ..	382
O help us, Lord, each hour of need ...	462
O holy Lord, content to live	705
O holy Saviour! Friend unseen! ...	314
O Jesu! Thou art standing	234
O Jesus Christ! the holy One	603
O Jesus, ever present	189
O Jesus, I have promised	383
O Jesus, King most wonderful	137
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace... ...	567
O Jesus, Saviour of the lost	432
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	418
O Lamb of God! still keep me	433
O let him whose sorrow	315
O Light, Whose beams illumine all ...	190
O Lord, behold us at Thy feet	585
O Lord, how good, how great art Thou	11
O Lord, how happy should we be ...	316
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see	491
O Lord! I look to Thee	463
O Lord, I would delight in Thee... ...	317
O Lord of all, we bring to Thee	706
O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea ...	21
O Lord our God, arise	256
O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart ...	384
O Lord, turn not Thy face away... ...	276
O Love divine and golden...	660
O Love divine, how sweet thou art ...	172
O Love divine, that stooped to share ...	318
O Love, how deep! how broad! how high!	171
O Love that will not let me go	385
O quickly come, dread Judge of all ...	115
O sacred Head! now wounded	89
O Saviour, bless us ere we go	533
O Saviour, may we never rest	298
O Saviour, precious Saviour	155
O Spirit of the living God	257
O strong to save and bless	404
O that the Lord's salvation	258
O that the Lord would guide my ways...	218
O Thou by Whom we come to God ...	737
O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows	277
O Thou that hearest prayer	209
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend ...	108
O Thou, the true and only Light ...	423
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	405
O Thou Who camest from above ...	386
O Thou, Whose mercy found me ...	362
O timely happy, timely wise	568
O when my righteous Judge shall come	123
O Word of God incarnate	219
O worship the King, all-glorious above	517
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	518
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave	319
Object of my first desire	406
O'er the distant mountains breaking ...	116
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness ...	259
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe	443
Oh, be with us, gracious Father ...	519
Oh, do not, blessed Lord, depart... ...	407

	HYMN
Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river	351
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow ...	387
On our way rejoicing	352
Once more Thy courts I enter	520
One there is above all others,—Oh, &c.	173
One there is above all others,—Well, &c.	174
Onward, Christian soldiers	444
Onward march, all-conquering Jesus ...	260
Onward, pilgrims, through the desert ..	299
Oppressed with sin and woe	278
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed ...	210
Our day of praise is done	550
Our God, our help in ages past	22
Our Helper, God, we bless His Name ...	725
Our Lord is risen from the dead ...	103
Out of the depths I cry to Thee ...	279

P

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	642
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin	553
Pleasant are Thy courts above	521
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ...	500
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow	742
Praise Jehovah! bow before Him ..	47
Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits ...	9
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ...	32
Praise, O praise our God and King ...	630
Praise the God of all creation	74
Praise the Lord, His glories show ...	48
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him	40
Praise to God, immortal praise	631
Praise to our God, Whose bounteous hand	666
Praise to the Holiest in the height .	33
Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator ...	50
Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy	51
Pray, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads	619

R

Rejoice, all ye believers	117
Rejoice and be glad! the Redeemer has come	156
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord	300
Rejoice, the Lord is King	138
Rejoice to-day with one accord	54
Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad ..	137
Return, O wanderer, return	235
Revive Thy work, O Lord ... 643,	644
Ride on, ride on in majesty	139
Rock of Ages, cleft for me...	434
Round the Lord in glory seated	6

S

Safely through another week	528
Salvation! O the joyful sound	225
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	534
Saviour, blessed Saviour	388
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing ...	569
Saviour! I follow on	419
Saviour, let Thy sanction rest	662
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	707
Saviour, look on Thy beloved	445
Saviour of them that trust in Thee ...	570
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	261
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	464
Saviour, while my heart is tender ...	708
Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding ...	586
See, Lord, a needy sinner	280
Shall hymns of grateful love	158
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve ...	620
Shepherd of Israel, from above	709
Shepherd of tender youth	710
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive ...	281
Sinful, sighing to be blest	282
Sing praise to God Who reigns above ...	52
Sing to the Lord of harvest	632
Sinners lost—behold your Saviour ...	236
Soldiers of Christ, arise	446
Sometimes a light surprises	354
Son of God, Thy blessing grant	465
Son of God, to Thee I cry	191
Songs of praise the angels sang	53
Souls of men, why will ye scatter ...	237
Sow in the morn thy seed	389
Speak, I pray Thee, gentle Jesus ..	466
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them	901
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers ...	211
Spirit of God! Almighty One	212
Spirit of God! descend upon my heart ...	341
Spirit of holiness, descend...	645
Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee ...	502
Stand up and bless the Lord	522
Stand up! stand up for Jesus	447
Still with Thee, O my God	571
Summer suns are glowing...	529
Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear ...	572
Sweet is the solemn voice that calls ...	523
Sweet is the work, my God, my King ...	542
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing ...	604

T

Take me, O my Father, take me... ...	390
Take my life, and let it be...	391
"Take up thy cross!" the Saviour said	77
Teach me, O Lord, to follow Him Who trod	392
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King	262
Ten thousand times ten thousand ...	118
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled ...	683
Thanks to Thy Name, O Lord, that we	543
That day of wrath, that dreadful day ...	119
The billows swell, the winds are high ...	320
The chiefest theme of heavenly song ...	90
The church of God below...	495
The church's one foundation	496
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath ...	544
The day is past and over	573
The day of Resurrection	98
The God of Abraham praise	55
The God of harvest praise...	633
The happy morn is come	99
The head that once was crowned with thorns	140
The King of love my Shepherd is ...	34
The Lord is rich and merciful	238
The Lord my Shepherd is	23
The Lord of earth and sky	724
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow ...	120
The mercies of my God and King ...	24
The race that long in darkness pined ...	70
The Sabbath-day has reached its close...	551
The sands of time are sinking	480

	HYMN
The Saviour to glory is gone	104
The Son of God goes forth to war ...	448
The Son of man is gone on high ...	105
The Spirit breathes upon the word ...	220
The Spirit in our hearts	646
The sun is sinking fast	574
The year is swiftly waning	725
Thee, Jehovah, Thee adoring	467
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	342
There is a better world, they say ...	481
There is a blessèd home	482
There is a book, who runs may read ...	10
There is a fountain filled with blood	226
There's a Friend for little children ...	712
There is a green hill far away	711
There is a happy land	483
There is a holy sacrifice	283
There is a land of pure delight	484
There is a Name I love to hear	176
There is a safe and secret place	435
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light ...	621
There were ninety and nine that safely lay	647
Thine for ever! God of love	393
This God is the God we adore	745
This is the day of Light	545
This is the day the Lord hath made ...	546
This stone to Thee in faith we lay ...	658
Thou art coming, O my Saviour... ...	121
Thou art gone to the grave	682
Thou art gone up on high...	106
Thou art near, yes, Lord, I feel it ...	408
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone ...	192
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb ...	193
Thou didst leave Thy throne	71
Thou Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ...	587
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness ...	547
Thou God of love and mercy, hear ...	588
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height	436
Thou hidden source of calm repose ...	175
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow	333
Thou, Lord, art love, and everywhere ...	25
Thou Who art Thy people's guardian ...	738
Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed ...	468
Thou Who didst stoop below	107
Thou Whose Almighty word	263
Though often here we're weary	301
Though troubles assail	321
Through all the changing scenes of life	26
Through good report and evil, Lord ...	78
Through the day Thy love hath spared us	575
Through the love of God my Saviour ...	322
Through the night of doubt	302
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess...	634
Thy presence, gracious God, afford ...	524
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	334
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	91
"Till He come!" Oh, let the words ...	605
'Tis a pleasant thing to see	492
'Tis gone!—the sacred day is o'er ...	552
To bless Thy chosen race	264
To-day the Saviour calls	239
To-day Thy mercy calls me	240
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ...	746
To God be glory, peace on earth ...	56
To God the Father, God the Son ...	747
To God the only wise	303
To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God ...	159
To Thee, my God and Saviour	548
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	343
To Thee, O God, we render thanks ...	221
To Thee, our God, we fly	667
To Thy temple I repair	525
Try us, O God, and search the ground...	493

V

Visit, Lord, a helpless pilgrim	304

W

Wake, awake! for night is flying ...	122
We are but little children weak	713
We cannot always trace the way ...	57
We give immortal praise	7
We give Thee but Thine own	636
We love the place, O God	526
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	177
We plough the fields and scatter ...	635
We praise Thee, O God	751
We praise, we worship Thee, O God ...	58
We sing the praise of Him Who died ...	92
We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God ...	160
We speak of the realms of the blest ...	485
Weary of earth and laden with my sin...	284
Weary of wandering from my God ...	285
"Welcome, happy morning!"	100
What a Friend we have in Jesus ...	622
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	79
Whate'er my God ordains is right ...	336
When all Thy mercies, O my God ...	27
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend ...	623
When from the silent realm of shade ...	59
When gathering clouds around I view ...	449
When He cometh, when He cometh ...	714
When, His salvation bringing	715
When I can read my title clear	486
When I survey the wondrous cross ...	93
When life's long pilgrimage is past ...	487
When morning gilds the skies	576
When mothers of Salem	716
When our heads are bowed with woe ...	469
When overwhelmed with grief	286
When the dark waves round us roll ...	335
When the weary, seeking rest	527
When this passing world is done ...	363
While evening shades are closing round	577
While with ceaseless course the sun ...	726
Who is He in yonder stall?	161
Who is on the Lord's side?	394
Who is this, so weak and helpless? ...	162
With broken heart and contrite sigh ...	287
With cheerful hearts and voices	717
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend ...	503
With joy we meditate the grace	178
With mind and heart in glad accord ...	364
Work, for the night is coming	650
Worship, honour, glory, blessing ...	748

Y

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	163
Ye servants of the Lord	124
Yes, for me, for me He careth	179
Yes! the Redeemer rose	101
"Yet there is room!"	241
Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin	651

Z

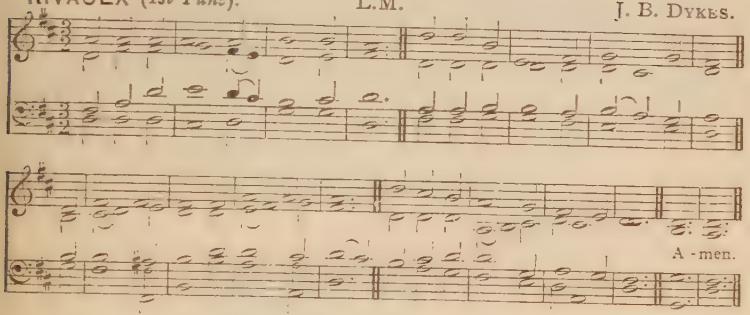
Zion's King shall reign victorious ...	265

HYMNS AND TUNES.

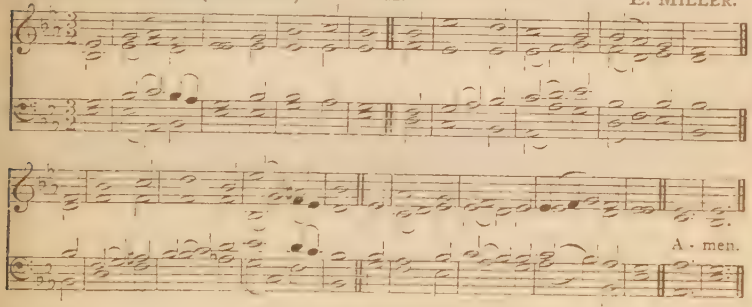
I.—GOD.

1.—*THE HOLY TRINITY.*

RIVAULX (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



ROCKINGHAM (*2nd Tune*). L.M. E. MILLER.



See also "St. Cross," No. 88.

1

"God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness."—Ps. xlvii. 8.

mf 1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr. To us Thy pardoning love extend.

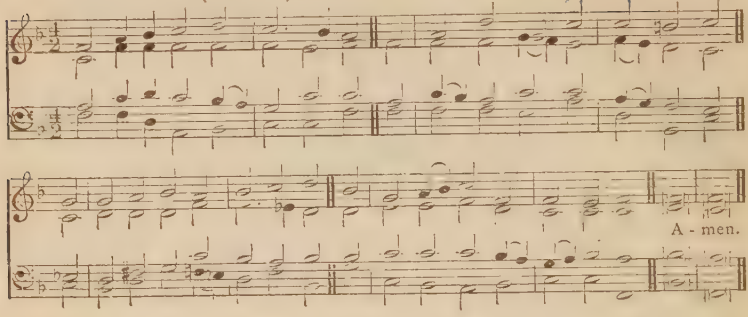
mf 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr. To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr. To us Thy quickening power extend.

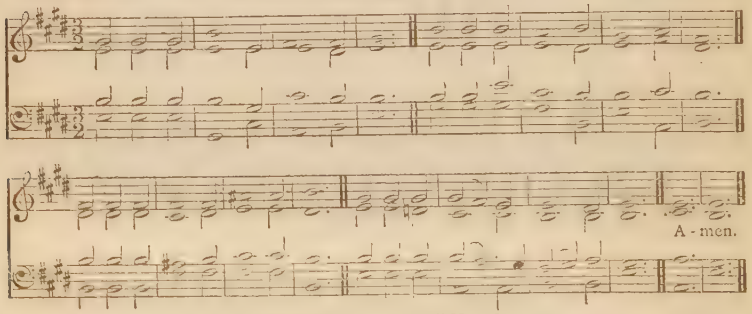
mf 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
p Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
cr. Grace, pardon, life, to us extend. Amen.

E. COOPER.

HILDERSTONE (*1st Tune*). L.M. P. HART.



HESPERUS (WHITBURN) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. H. BAKER.



See also the "Old 100th," No. 58.

2 "*Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.*"—1 Tim. i. 17.

f 1 GLORY to God whose love has given
In Christ, His Son, the Life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

mf 2 All praise to Him, in grace who came
dim. To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
cr. Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

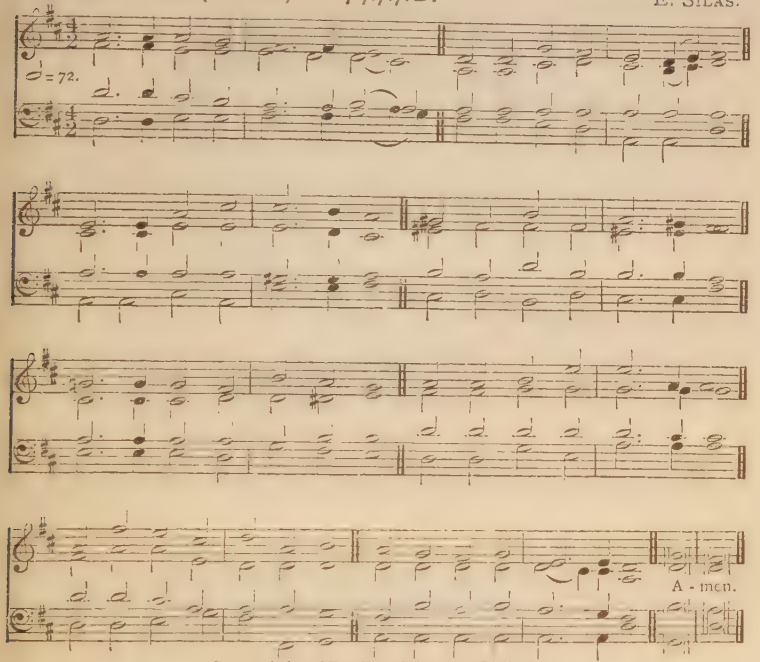
3 Praises to Him the chains who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives, glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.

f 4 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

f 5 To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
The hand we lift, the knee we bow,
To Jah-Jehovah thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise. Amen.

H. BONAR.

TERSANCTUS (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7.D. E. SILAS.



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3

"*When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.*"—Job xxxviii. 7.

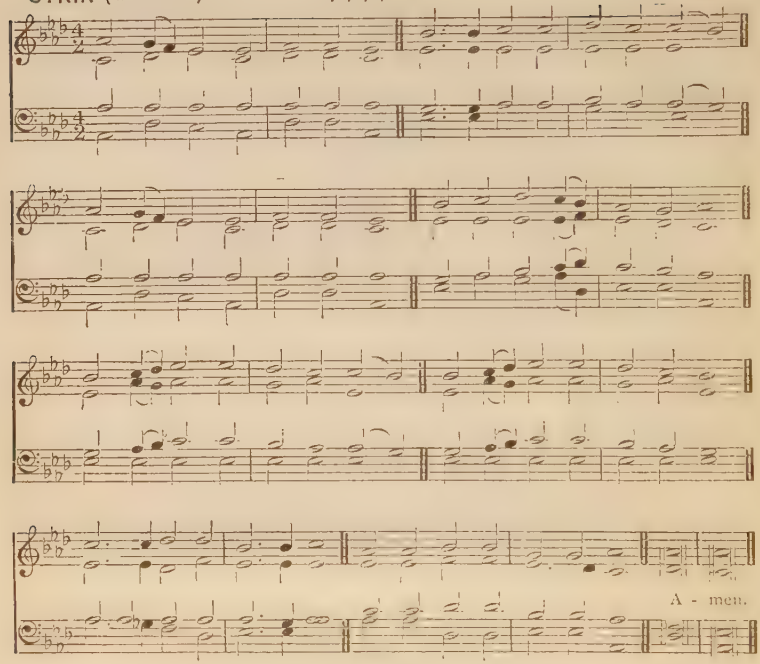
mp 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
cr. Issued into glorious birth,
f All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with sweet accord,
dim. "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

mf 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
cr. From that world by Thee redeemed,
f Sing we here, with glad accord,
dim. "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

f 3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
mf When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!" Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

SYRIA (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. D. Anon.



3

"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—Job. xxxviii. 7.

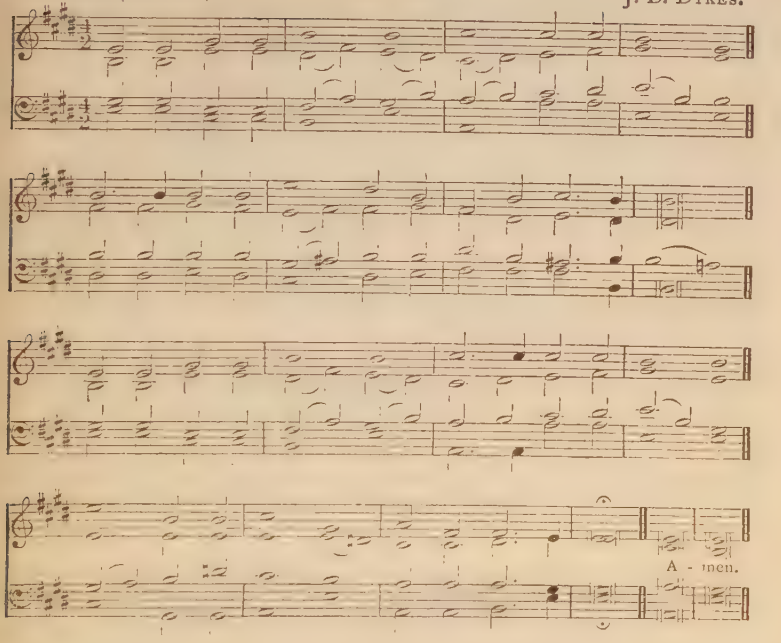
mp 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
cr. Issued into glorious birth,
f All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with sweet accord,
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mf 2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
p Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
cr. From that world by Thee redeemed,
f Sing we here, with glad accord,
dim. "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

f 3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
mf When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
f Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!" Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

NICÆA (*1st Tune*). 11.12.12.10. J. B. DYKES.



4 *"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy."*—Rev. iv. 8.

* *p* 1 HOLY, holy, holy! (*cr.*) Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning } our song shall rise to Thee:
Gratefully adoring }
p Holy, holy, holy! (*cr.*) Merciful and Mighty!
f God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

p 2 Holy, holy, holy! (*f*) all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
ff Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

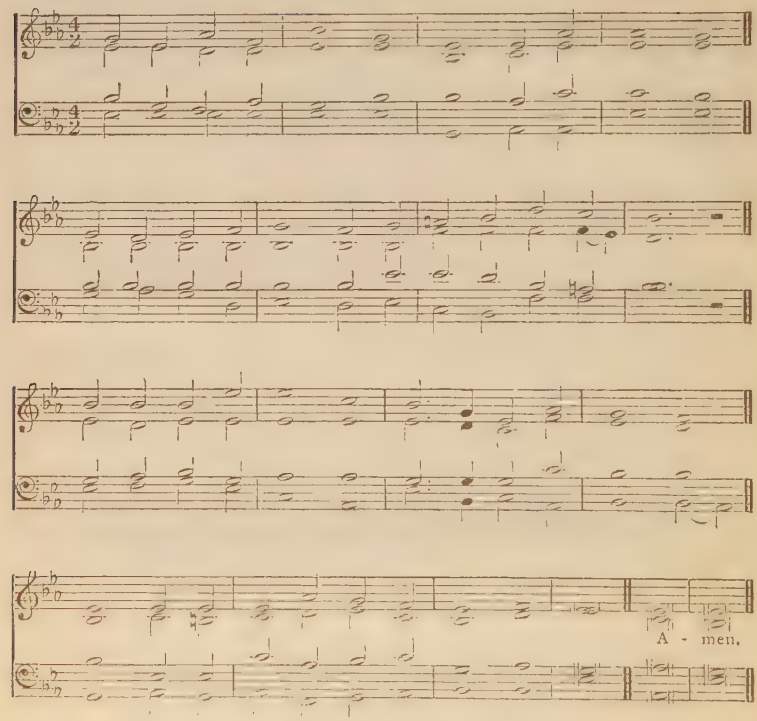
p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
cr. Only Thou art holy: (*f*) there is none beside Thee
ff Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p 4 Holy, holy, holy! (*cr.*) Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
ff Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

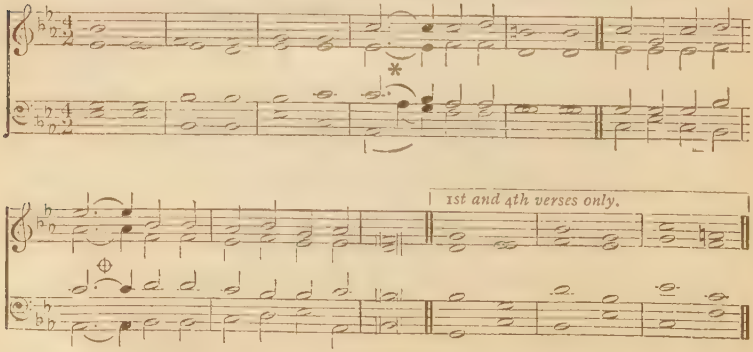
R. HEBER.

* In verse 1 "Gratefully adoring" may be used, when required, instead of "Early in the morning."

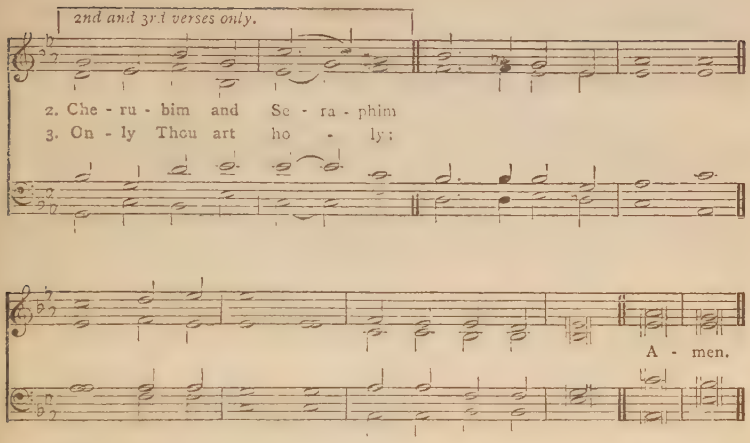
TRINITY (*2nd Tune*). 11.12.12.10. S. S. WESLEY.



TRISAGION (*3rd Tune*). 11.12.12.10. W. H. HAVERGAL.



* For verses 2 and 3 omit ties and slurs. ⊕ Ties for verse 1 only.



4

"*They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy.*"—Rev. iv. 8.

* *p* 1 HOLY, holy, holy! (*cr.*) Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning / Gratefully adoring } our song shall rise to Thee:
p Holy, holy, holy! (*cr.*) Merciful and Mighty!
f God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

p 2 Holy, holy, holy! (*f*) all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
ff Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

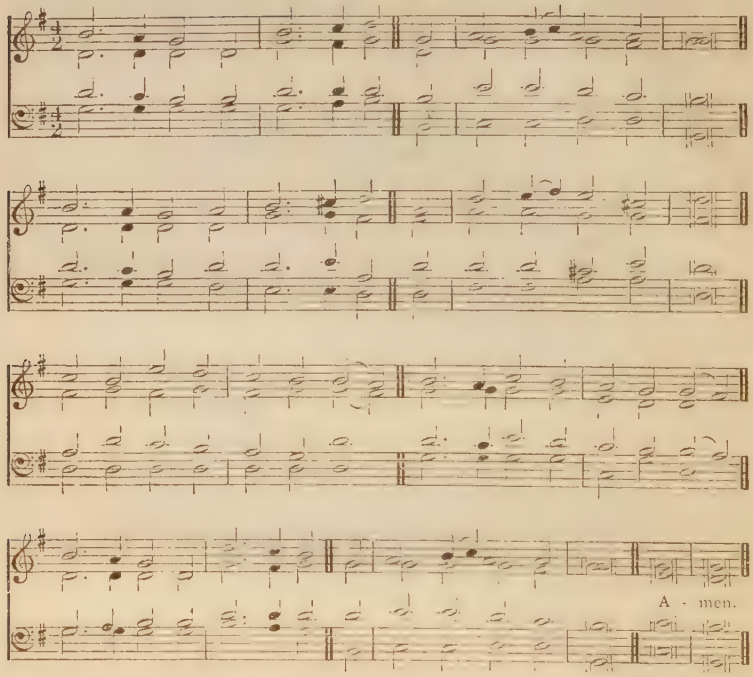
p 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
cr. Only Thou art holy: (*f*) there is none beside Thee
ff Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p 4 Holy, holy, holy! (*cr.*) Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
ff Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity. Amen.

R. HEBER.

* In verse 1 "Gratefully adoring" may be used, when required, instead of "Early in the morning."

TAUNTON. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. O. R. BARNICOTT.



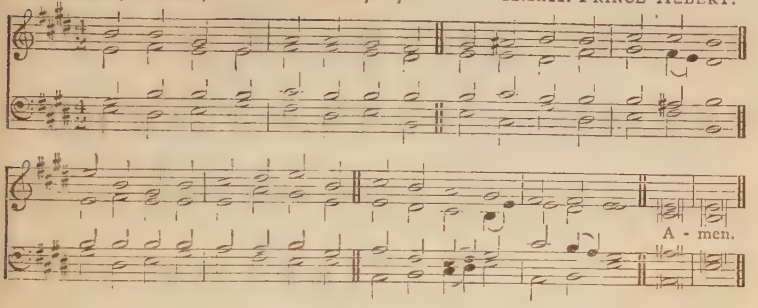
5 "*Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.*"—Ps. cxlvii. 1.

mf 1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
f Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
p Holy, holy, holy Lord!
f Eternal praise be Thine!

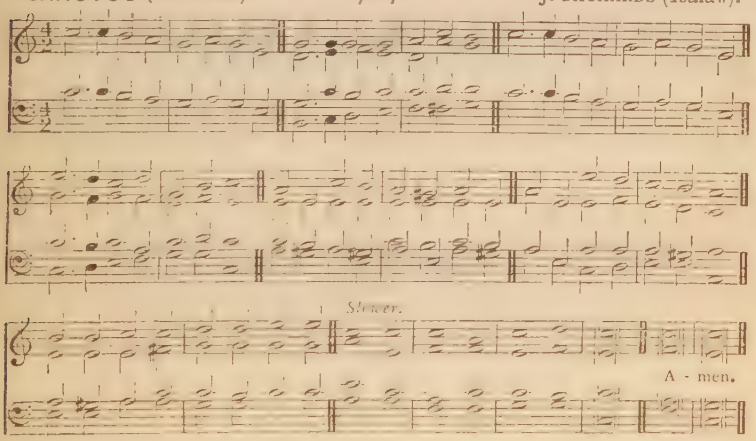
mf 2 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
p Which gave Thy Son to die;
mf Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike, we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
cr Praise by all to Thee be given,
f Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

GOTHA (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.



SANCTUS (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. RICHARDS (Isalaw).



6 *"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory."*—Isa. vi. 3.

mf 1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn;—

f 2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

f 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
mf "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
f "Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most
High."

*[*f* 4 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"]

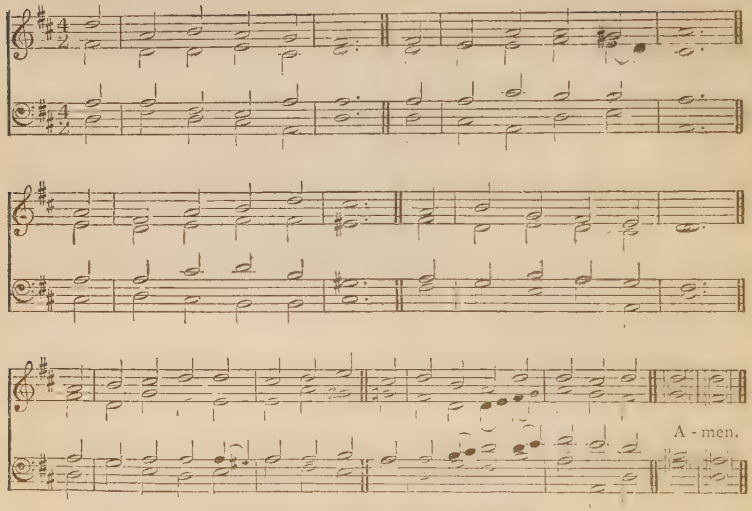
mf 5 With His seraph-train before
Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

f 6 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
rall. Holy, holy, holy Lord!" Amen.

R. MANT.

* Verse 4 is not printed in the book of Hymns alone.

NORMANDY. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Anon.



See also "Adoration" (St. John), No. 138.

7 "*To God only wise, be glory, through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen.*"—Rom. xvi. 27

f 1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son,
mp To die for sins that man had done.

f 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
mp Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
f And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

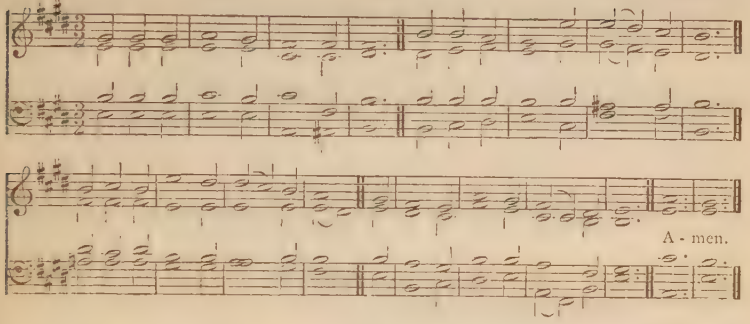
f 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

f 4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
p And the mysterious One:
cr. Where reason fails, with all her powers,
f There faith prevails, and love adores. Amen.

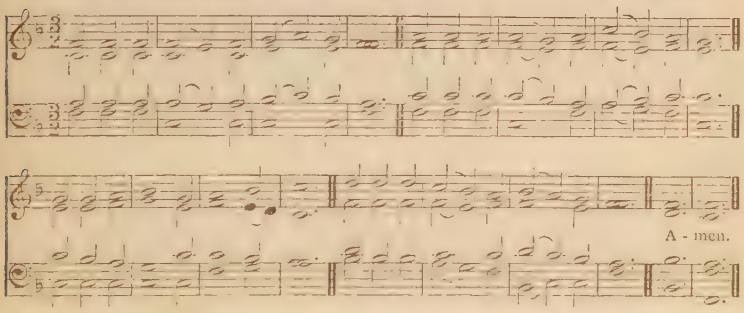
I. WATTS.

2.—*GOD IN NATURE.*

MARYTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. P. SMITH.



HURSLEY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. P. RITTER.



8

"*The heavens declare the glory of God.*"—Ps. xix. 1.

mf 1 FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see;
cr. Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

mp 2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
cr. Reignest the Lord of life and light.

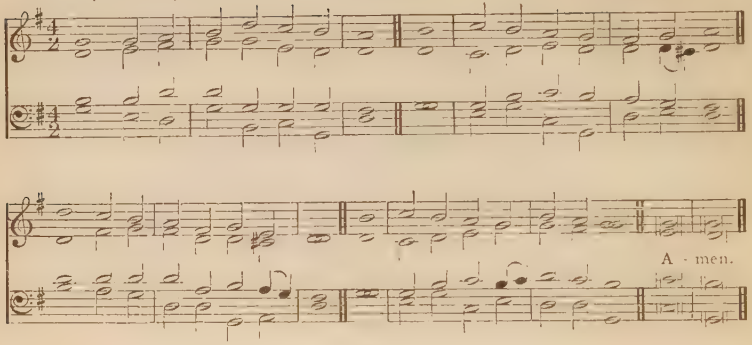
mp 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
cr. But *this* we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.

mf 4 And through the various ways of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow Thy career sublime,
mp And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

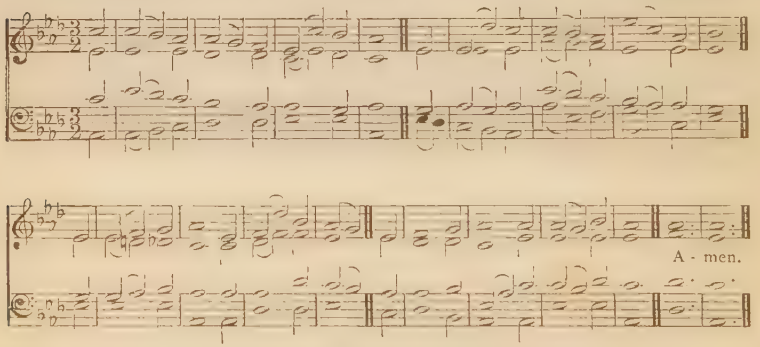
f 5 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

BEZA (*1st Tune*). L.M. C. GOUDIMEL.



EDEN (*2nd Tune*). L.M. L. MASON.



9

"*Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion.*"—Ps. lxv. 1.

mf 1 PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits,
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

mp 2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
cr. O Thou that hearest prayer descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

mf 3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

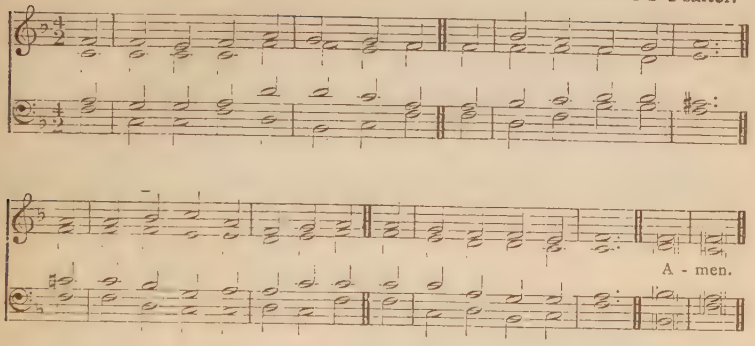
f 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

f 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned; [around;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles and owns her King.

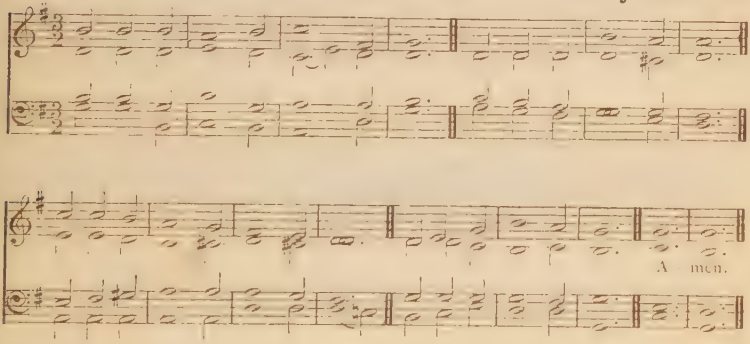
mf 6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:
cr. The moral waste within restore:
f O let Thy love our springtide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.
Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

FLAVIAN (*1st Tune*). C.M. DAY'S Psalter.



ST AGNES (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



10 *"For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen."*—Rom. i. 20.

mf 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

mf 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

f 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

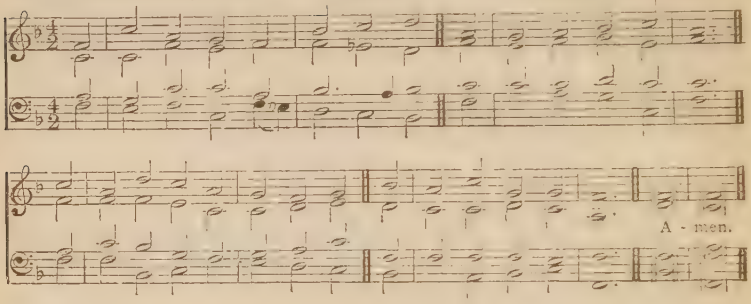
f 4 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

f 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
mp But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

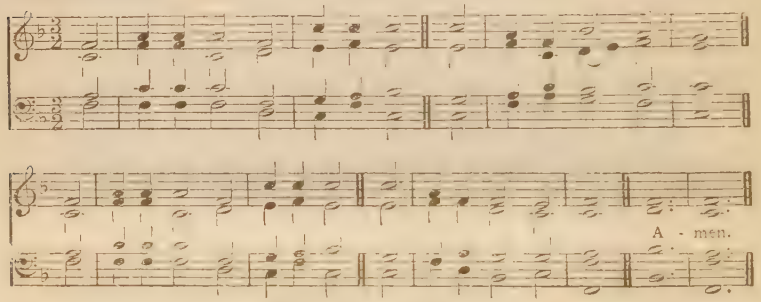
mf 6 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
cr. Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

GLOUCESTER (*1st Tune*). C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



MARLOW (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



See also 'St. Ann," No. 15.

11 "*O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.*"—Ps. viii. 1.

1 O LORD, how good, how great art Thou!
In heaven and earth the same;
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

mf 2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
mp O, what is man! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee!

mf 3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy throne with him to live,
p For him in pain to die.

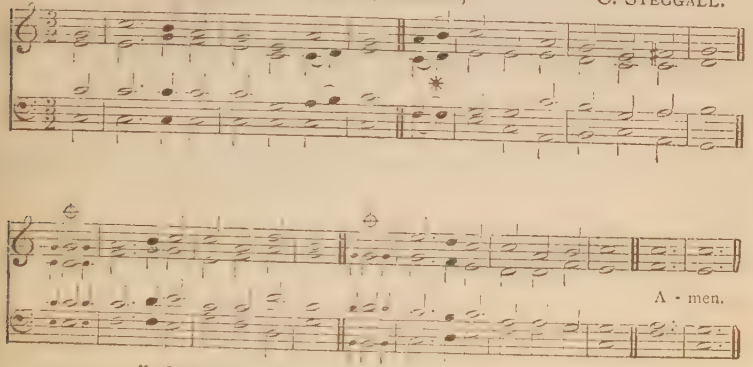
mf 4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod;
And all beside are serving him
That he may serve his God.

f 5 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

8.—*GOD IN PROVIDENCE.*

ADELAIDE (TABOR). 8.8.8.8. (Peculiar.) C. STEGGALL.



✱ Omit slurs in verse 5. ⊕ Two notes in verses 3 and 5.

See also "David," No. 485

12

"*Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens.*"—Ps. xxxvi. 5.

f 1 AS high as the heavens, and as vast,
Thy mercy, O God, has no bound:
Thy laws like the mountains stand fast;
Thy judgments no plummet can sound.

mf 2 All creatures Thy providence share,
Thy bounty how sovereign and free!
To Thee, as the Hearer of prayer,
All mortals for refuge may flee.

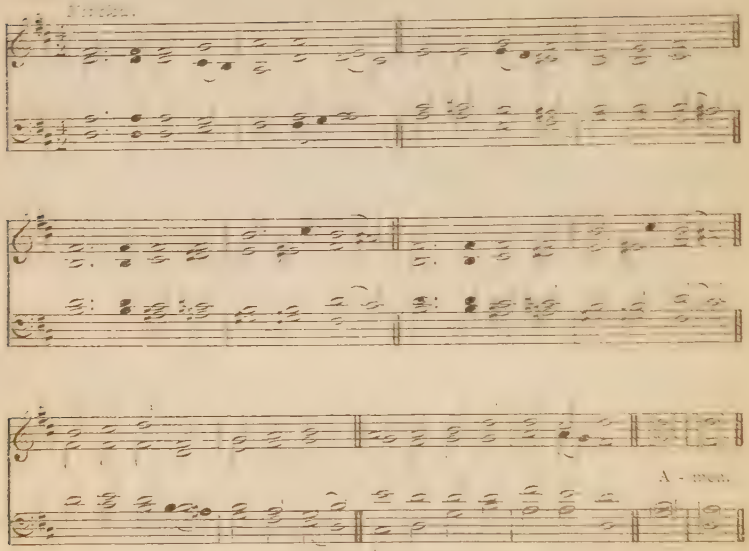
mf 3 The poor in Thy house are supplied,
Where freely Thy gifts are bestowed;
And they drink the pure waters that glide
Through the courts of Thy hallowed abode.

f 4 With Thee is the fountain of life;
mp Lord, grant us to drink of that spring;
And o'er the world's sorrow and strife
cr. The light of Thy promises fling.

mf 5 Continue Thy love to Thy saints;
To the just Thy protection extend;
On the wicked impose Thy restraints,
And the weak from oppression defend. Amen.

J. CONDER.

GRATIAS AGIMUS. 7-7-7-7-7-7. J. STAINER.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

See also "Dix," No. 61.

13 *"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above."*—James i. 17.

mf 1 FOR the beauty of the earth.
For the beauty of the skies,
f For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
ff Father, God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
ff Father, God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

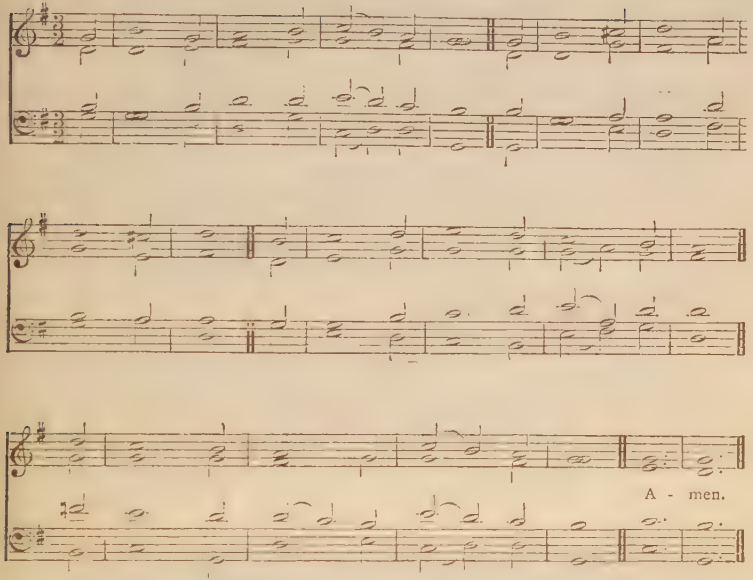
mf 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart's and mind's delight,
mf For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
ff Father, God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

mf 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
ff Father, God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

f 5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,
ff Father, God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise. Amen.

F. S. PIERPOINT (*alt.*).

ANGELS' HYMN. L.M. O. GIBBONS.



14 *"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."*—Ps. cvii. 8.

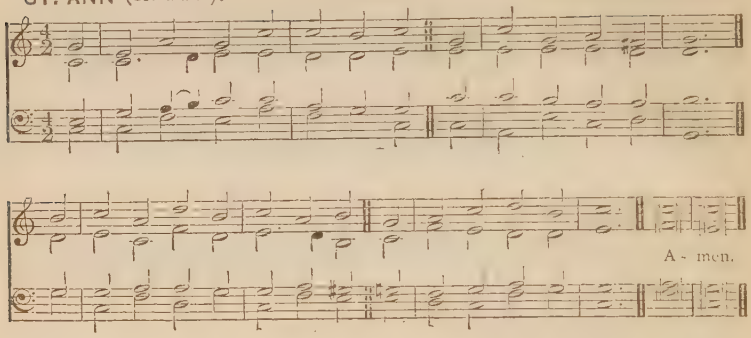
f 1 GIVE thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages yet to come shall own.

f 2 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

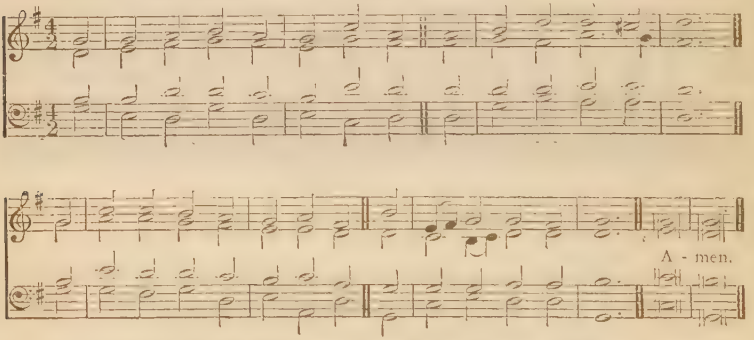
f 3 O let us all with joy record
The trûth and goodness of the Lord
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. ANN (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. CROFT.



FARRANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. HILTON.



15 "*Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.*"—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

mf 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

mf 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

mf 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
cr. Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

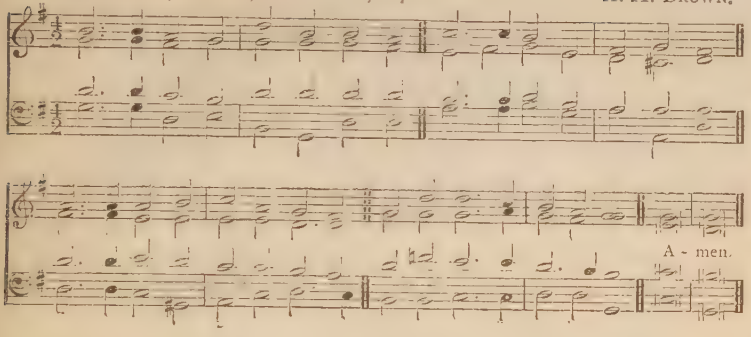
mf 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
p Behind a frowning providence
cr. He hides a smiling face.

mf 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
p The bud may have a bitter taste,
cr. But sweet will be the flower.

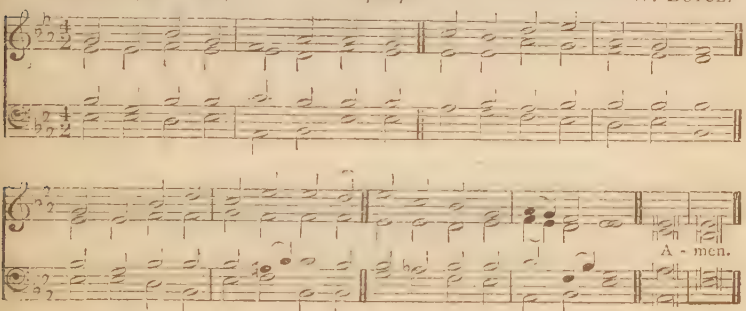
mf 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cr. God is His own Interpreter,
f And He will make it plain. Amen

W. COWPER.

ST. MABYN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. A. H. BROWN.



SHARON (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. W. BOYCE.



16

"*God is Love.*"—1 John iv. 8.

mf 1 GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
cr. Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

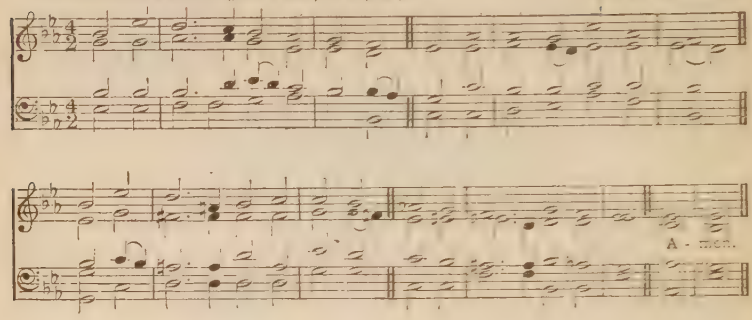
mp 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
cr. But His mercy waneth never;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

mp 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
cr. From the gloom His brightness streameth;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

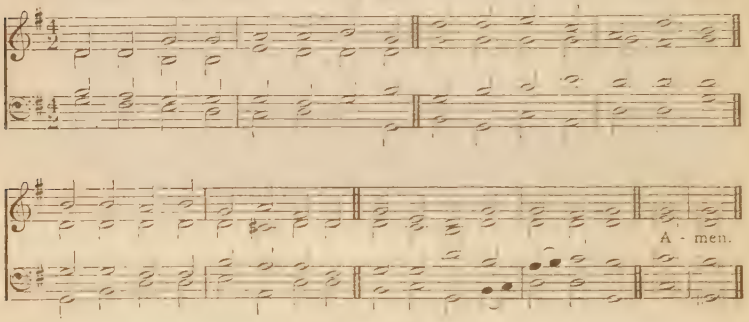
mp 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
cr. Everywhere His glory shineth;
f God is wisdom, God is love. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

PERSEVERANCE (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. H. F. BENSON.



STUTTGART (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7. German.



16

"*God is Love.*"—1 John iv. 8.

mf 1 GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
cr. Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

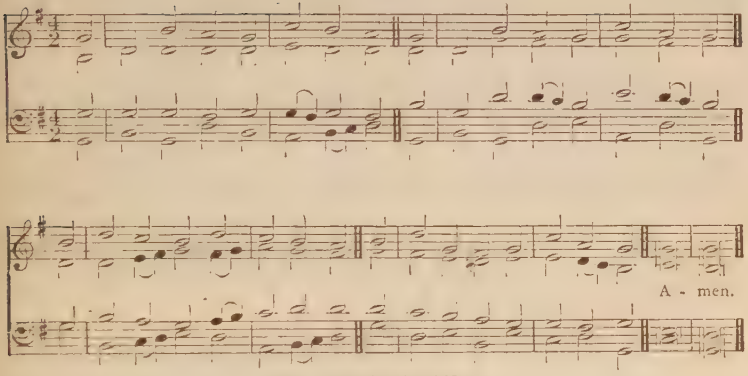
mp 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
cr. But His mercy waneth never;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

mp 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
cr. From the gloom His brightness streameth;
f God is wisdom, God is love.

mp 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
cr. Everywhere His glory shineth;
f God is wisdom, God is love. Amen.

J. BOWRING.

MAMRE. L.M. G. F. HANDEL.



See also "Ombersley," No. 42.

17 *"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds."*—Ps. xxxvi. 5.

mf 1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
cr. Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
mp That veils and darkens Thy designs.

f 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

f 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

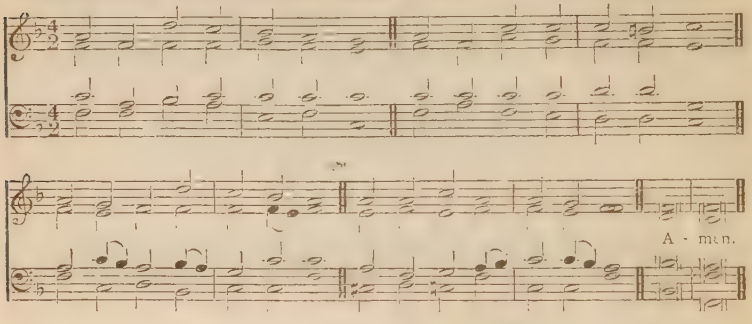
f 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
mp The sons of Adam in distress
cr. Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

mf 5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
cr. There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

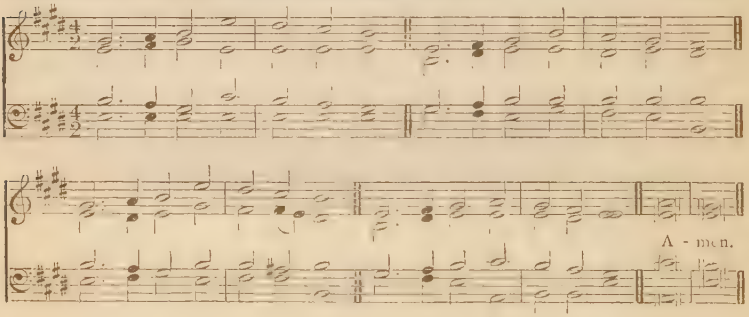
f 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word. Amen.

I. WATTS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



DURHAM (INNOCENTS) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. Anon.



See also "Valour," No. 443.

18

"*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*"—Phil. iv. 4.

f 1 LET us with a cheerful voice,
In the Lord our God rejoice;
cr. Let us with thanksgiving raise
ff Loud hosannahs to His praise.

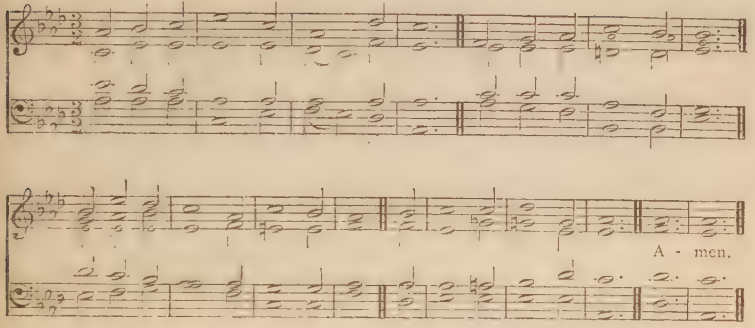
f 2 Praise the Lord, whose loving hand
Guides us through this pilgrim land,
From whose boundless mercy springs
Daily helpful comfortings.

f 3 Let us praise Him, who has given
Hope, through Christ, of rest in heaven;
By whose blessing life may be
Full of sweet tranquillity.

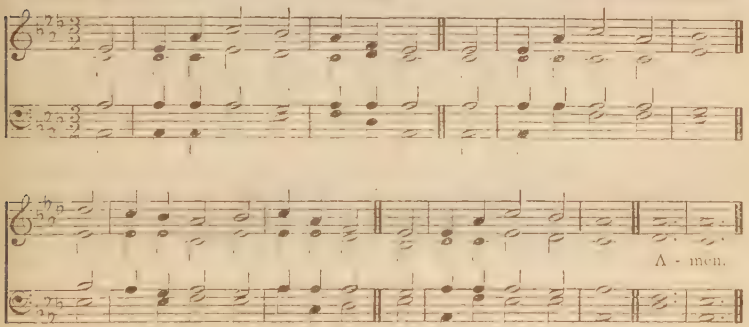
f 4 Let us all with gladness sing
Praises to our God and King,
And with thankful heart and voice
In the love of God rejoice. Amen.

H. BATEMAN.

BEATITUDO (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



EVAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



19

"*I will extol Thee, my God, O King.*"—Ps. cxlv. 1.

f 1 LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

f 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne;
Thy works of grace repeat.

f 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

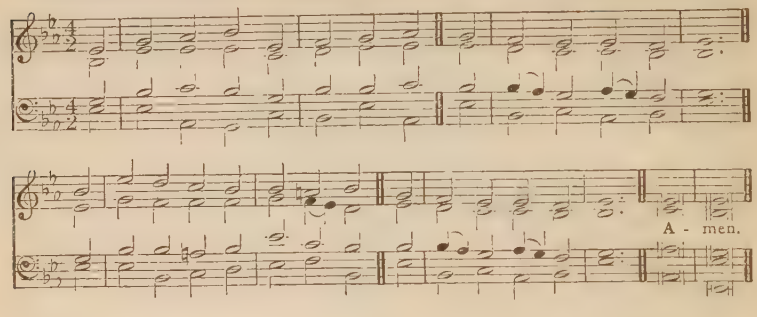
f 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

f 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

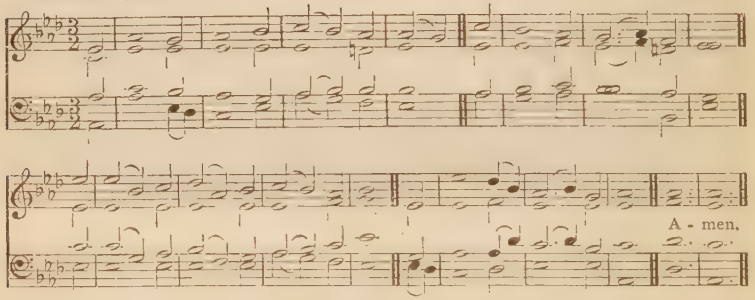
f 6 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

DUNDEE (FRENCH) (*1st Tune*). C.M. Scotch Psalter.



ENGEDI (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



See also "Farrant," No. 15.

20

"*And he called the name of that place Bethel.*"—Gen. xxviii. 19.

mf 1 O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

mp 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
cr. God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

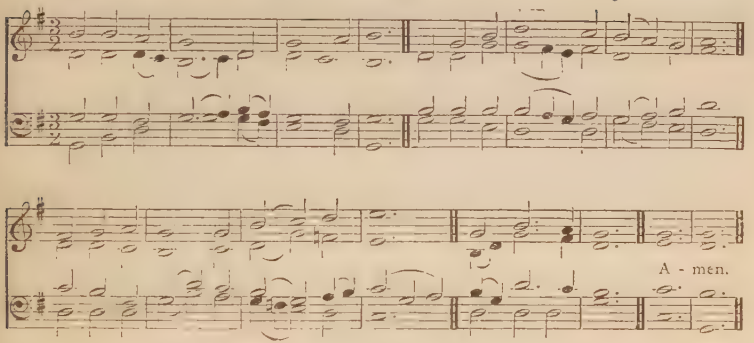
mp 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
cr. Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

cr. 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace!
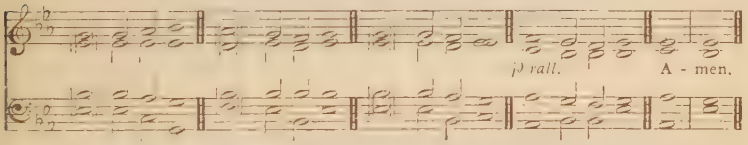
mp 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
f And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE, *alt. by* J. LOGAN.

ALMSGIVING (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.4. J. B. DYKES.



TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.4. A. H. D. TROYTE.



21 "*All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.*"—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

f 1 O LORD of heaven, and éarth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glóry be!
How shall we show our lóve to Thee,
Giver of all?

mf 2 The golden sunshine, vérnal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy lóve declare;
cr. Where harvests ripen, Thóu art there,
Who givest all.

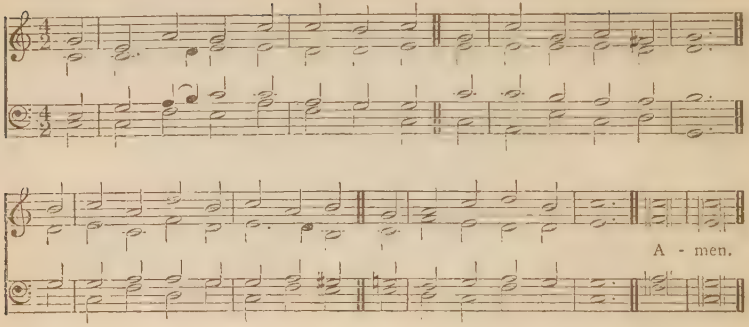
mf 3 For peaceful homes, and héalthful days,
And all the blessings éarth displays,
cr. We own Thee thankfulnéss and praise,
Giver of all.

p 4 Thou didst not spare Thine ónly Son,
But gav'st Him for a wórld undone,
f And freely with that Bléssèd One
Thou givest all.
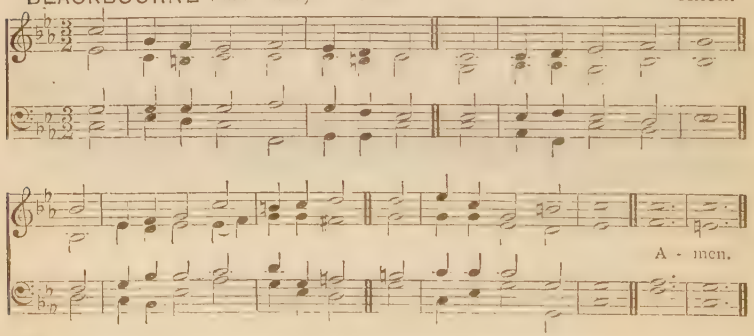
f 5 To Thee, from Whom we áll derive
Our life, our gifts, our pów'r to give:
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all! Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

ST. ANN (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. CROFT.



BLACKBOURNE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



22

"*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*"—Ps. xc. 1.

mf 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

mf 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
cr. Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

f 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

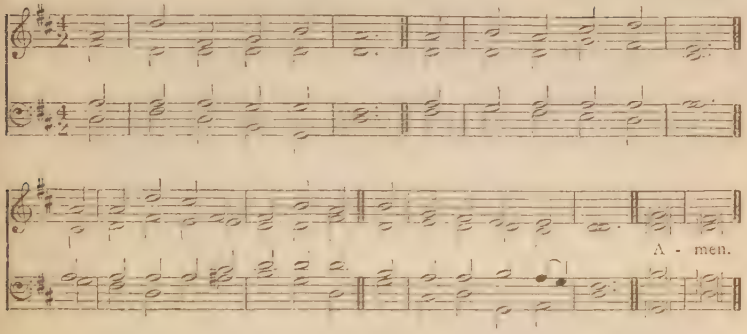
p 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

p 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
dim. Dies at the opening day.

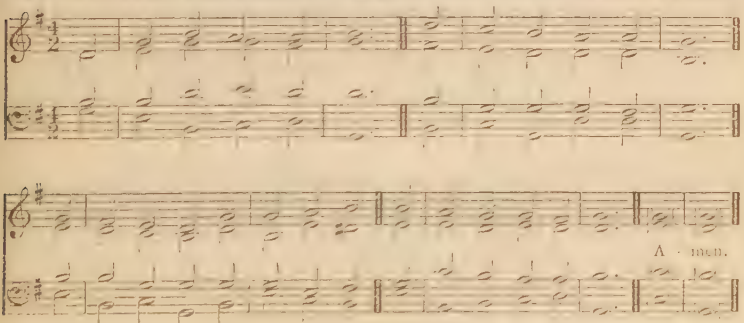
mf 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
cr. Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
f And our eternal home! Amen.

I. WATTS.

BETHLEHEM (*1st Tune*). S.M. S. WESLEY.



ST. MICHAEL (*2nd Tune*). S.M. DAY'S Psalter.



23

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

mf 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
cr. Since He is mine and I am His
What can I want beside?

mf 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

p 3 If e'er I go astray,
mf He doth my soul reclaim;
cr. And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

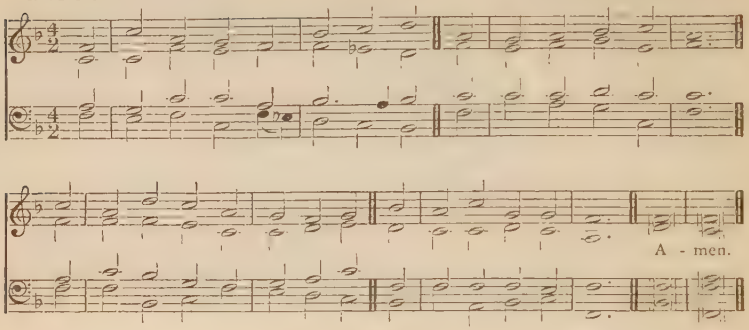
mf 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
mp Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
cr. My Shepherd's with me there.

f 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

f 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days,
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

GLOUCESTER. C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



See also "Farrant," No. 15.

24

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever."—Ps. lxxxix. 1.

f 1 THE mercies of my God and King,
My tongue shall still pursue:
O happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

f 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy truth shall run,
And chance and change defy.

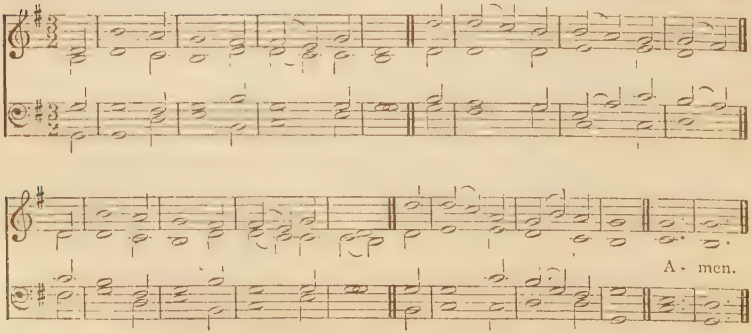
f 3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure:
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

f 4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will;
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.

mf 5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
f O spread the gospel of Thy love,
Till all, Thy glories see. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

BELMONT. C.M. S. WEBBE, Jun.



25

"*God is Love.*"—1 John iv. 8.

mf 1 THOU, Lord, art Love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.

mf 2 Thy word is Love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold;
The gospel shows Thy face.

mf 3 Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight:
They wind through darkness to their end,
cr. In everlasting light.

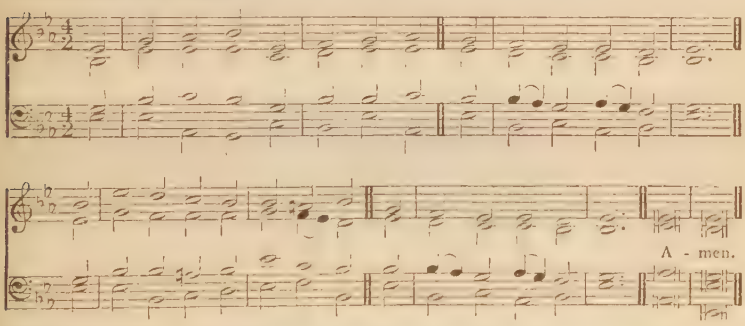
mp 4 Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find;
cr. His Love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

mp 5 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

mf 6 Thy heaven is the abode of love!
cr. O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee! Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

DUNDEE (FRENCH). C.M. Scotch Psalter.



26

"*I will bless the Lord at all times.*"—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

mf 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
cr. The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

mf 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

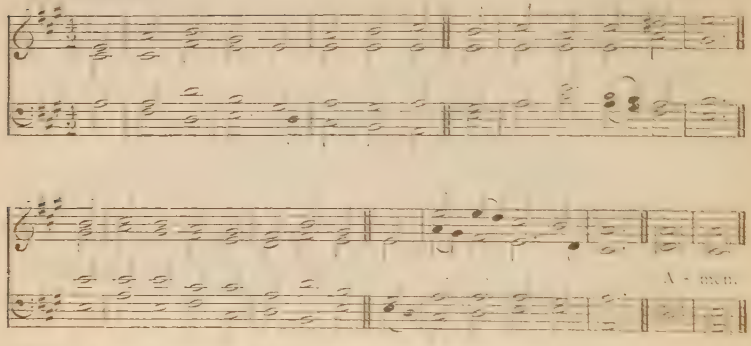
f 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
mp When in distress to Him I called,
cr. He to my rescue came.

mf 4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
cr. How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!

mf 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
cr. Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care. Amen.

N. TATE and N. BRADY.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. J. CLARKE.



27 *"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."*—Deut. viii. 2.

f 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

mf 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed

mp 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
cr. Thine unseen arm conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

mp 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
cr. With health renewed my face;
mp And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
cr. Revived my soul with grace.

f 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

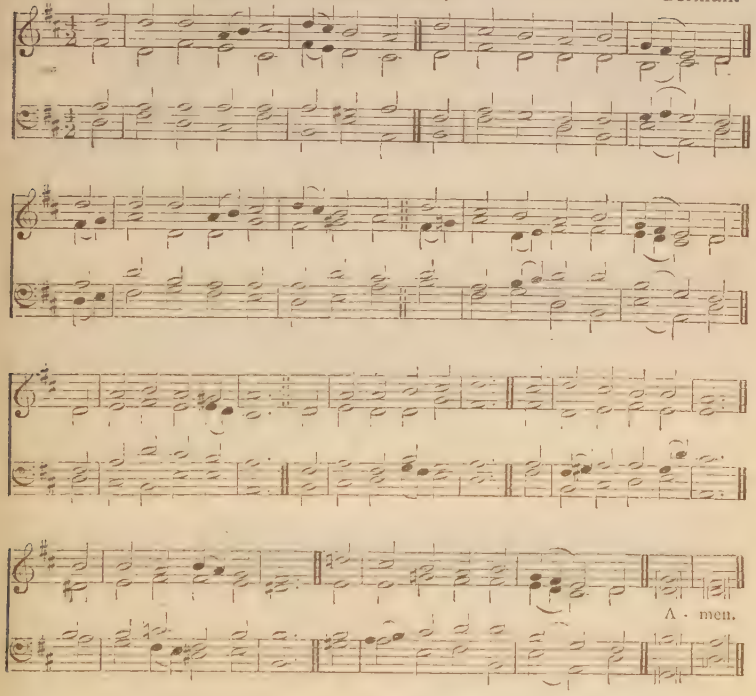
mf 6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
cr. And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

f 7 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise! Amen.

J. ADDISON.

4.—*GOD IN REDEMPTION.*

EIN' FESTE BURG. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6 6.7. German.



28

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. xlvi. 1.

f 1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
mf The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

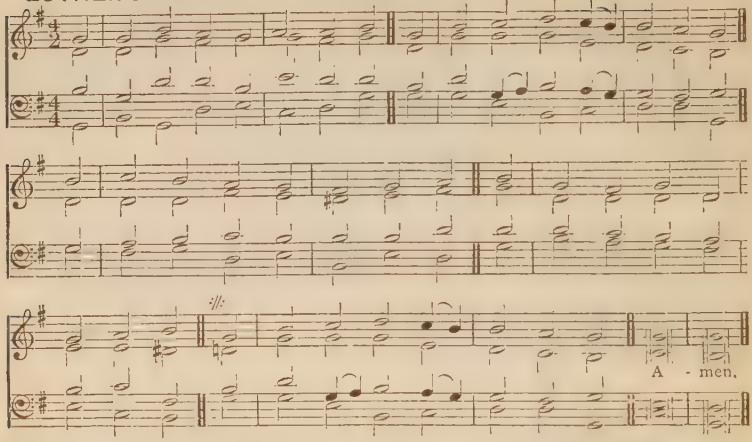
mp 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
cr. But for us fights the proper Man,
f Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
ff Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

mf 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
f And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
ff A word shall quickly slay him.

mf 4 God's word, for all their craft and
One moment will not linger, [force
But, spite of hell, shall have its
'Tis written by His finger. [course;
p And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
cr. Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
ff The city of God remaineth. Amen.

M. LUTHER, *tr.* T. CARLYLE.

LUTHER'S HYMN. L.M. German.



29

"Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works."—Ps. cv. 2.

mf 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
cr. Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
cr. His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

mf 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
cr. Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

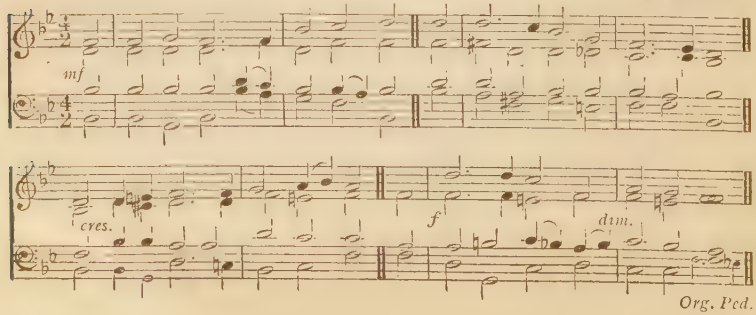
mf 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
cr. His mercies ever shall endure,
dim. When suns and moons shall shine no more.

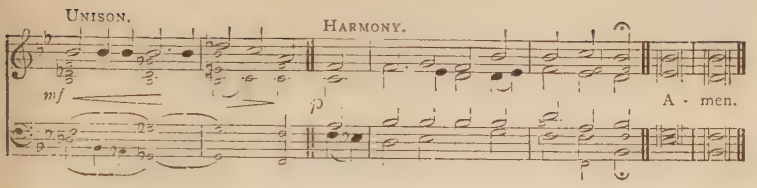
mf 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
cr. Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

mf 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
cr. His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more. Amen.

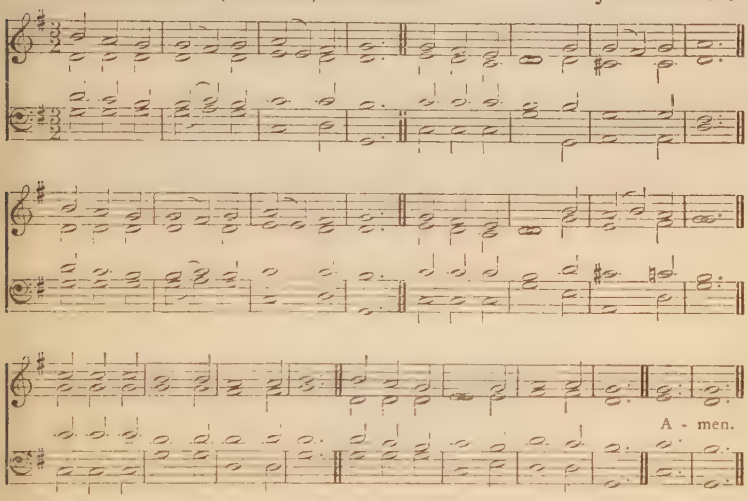
I. WATTS.

BAYNARD (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. BOOTH.





ST. CATHERINE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. G. WALTON.



30

"Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage?"—Mic. vii. 18.

f 1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

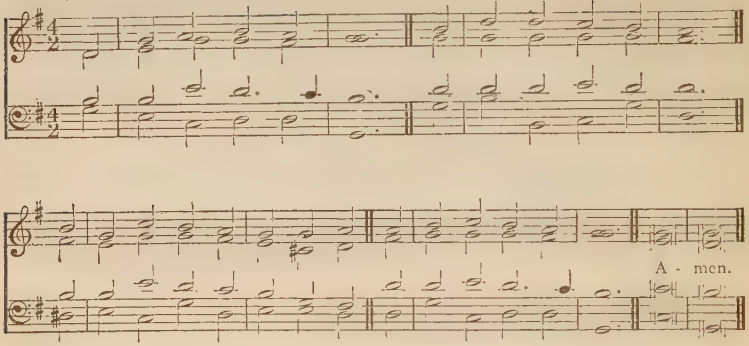
mp 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,—
cr. This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mp 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

mf 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
Amen.

S. DAVIES.

ST. AUGUSTINE. S.M. P. ABELARD.



31 "*Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.*"—Ps. ciii. 1.

PART I.

f 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

f 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

mf 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.

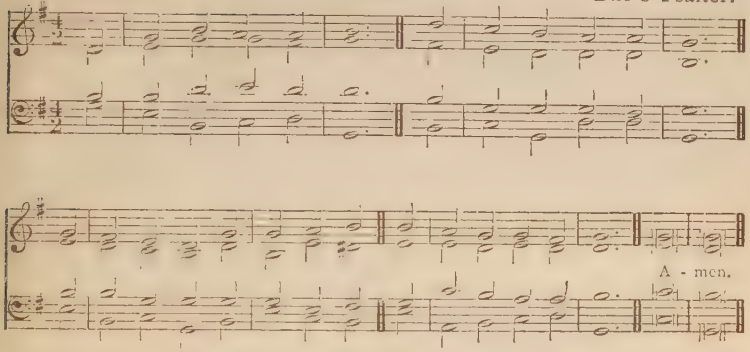
f 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

f 5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress.

f 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. MICHAEL. S.M. Day's Psalter.



31 *"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting."*—Ps. ciii 17.

PART II.

f 1 MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

mp 2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

f 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

f 4 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

mp 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
dim. He knows our feeble frame.

p 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

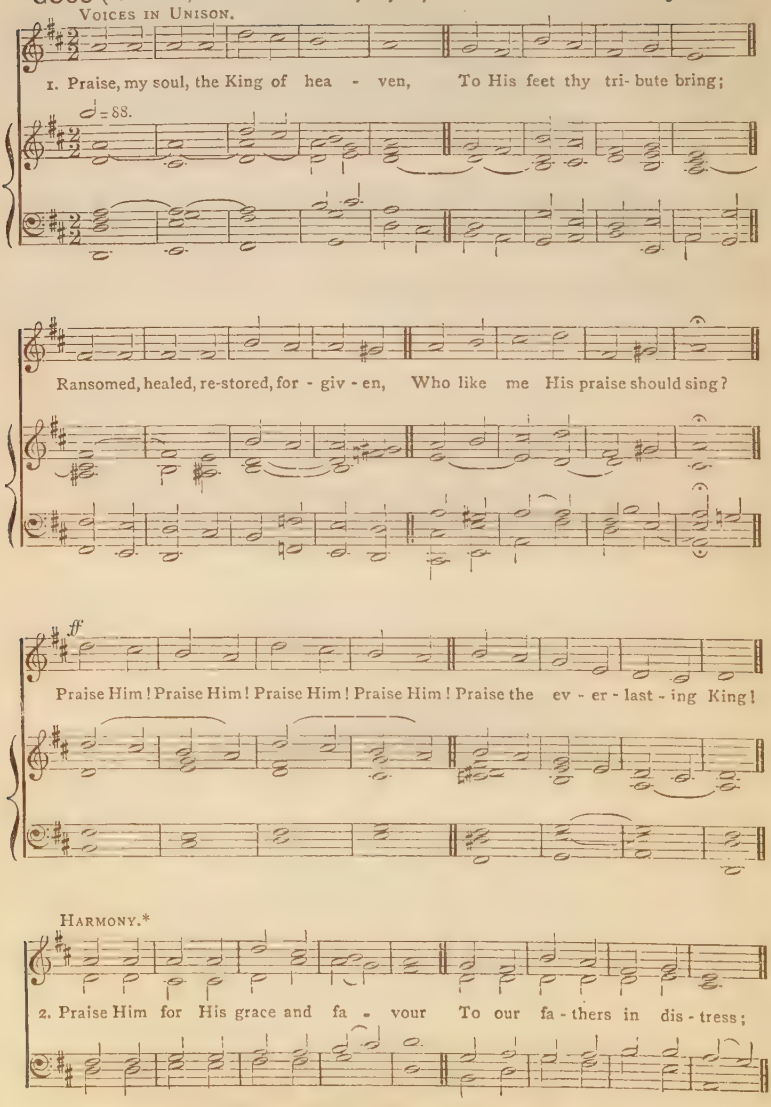
p 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

mf 8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
f And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. Amen.

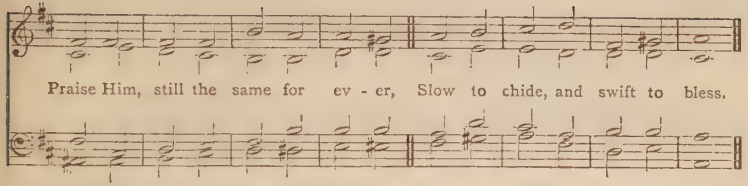
I. WATTS.

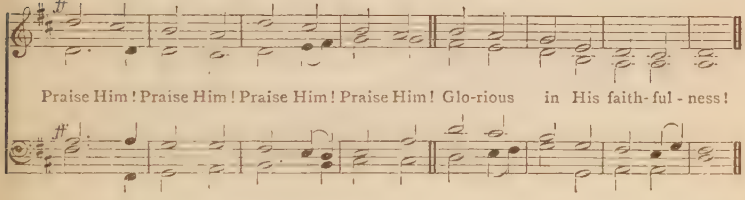
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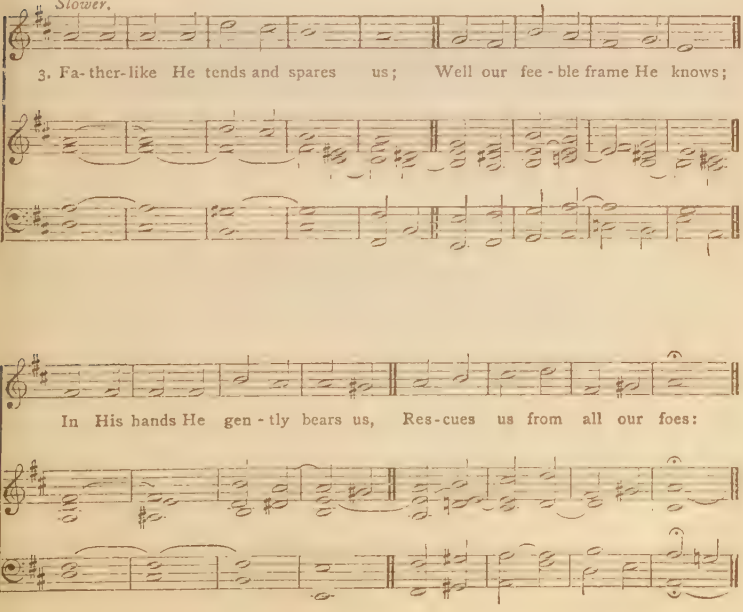
GOSS (*1st Tune*).* 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. Goss.

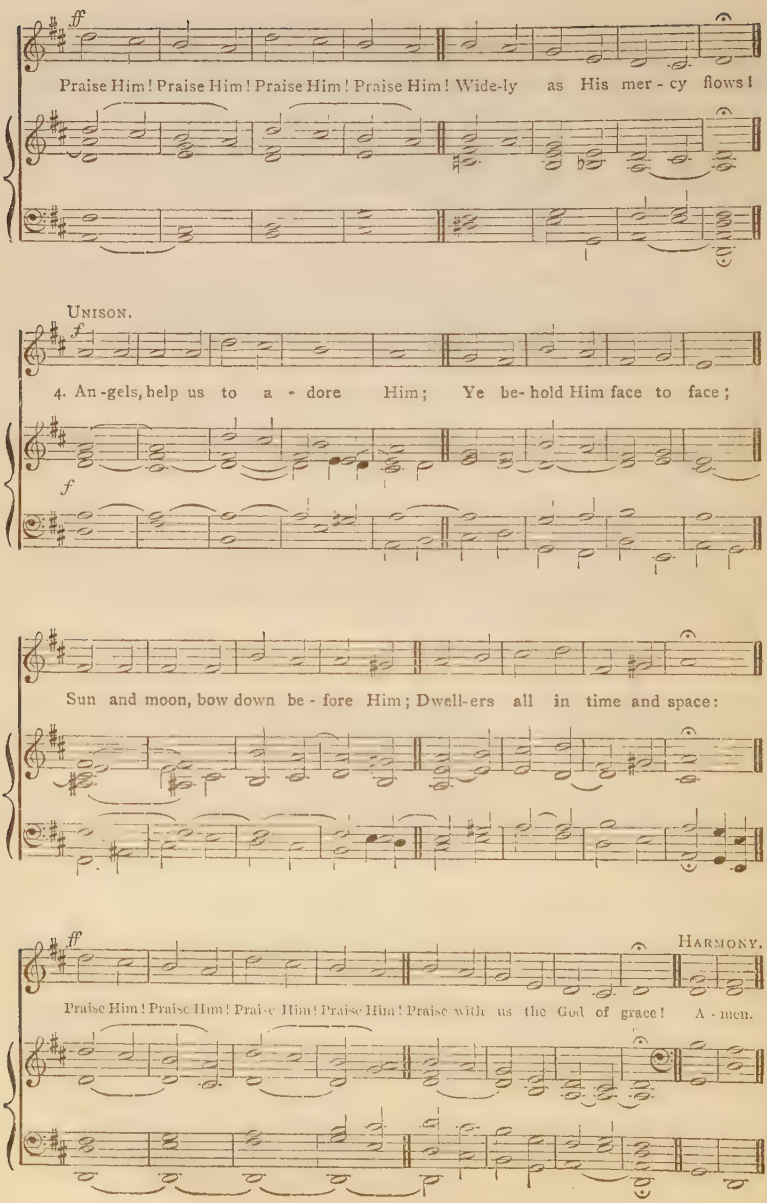


* N.B.--If so desired, the music of Verse 2 may be used for the Hymn throughout.

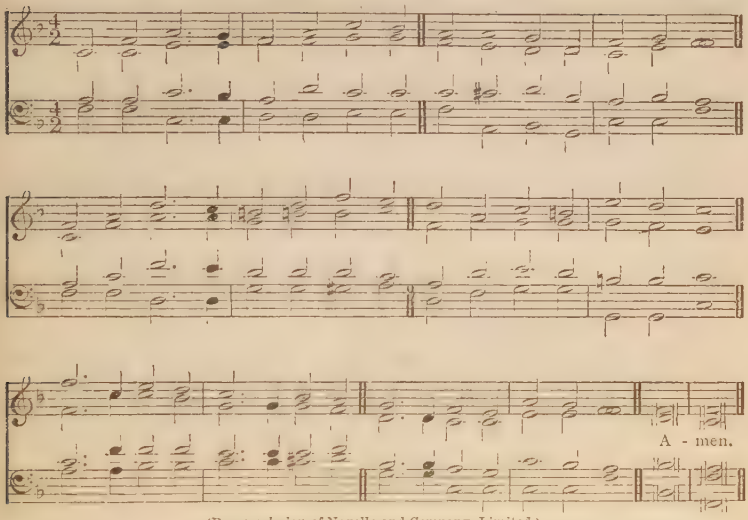

Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.


ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glo-rious in His faith-ful - ness!


TREBLES ONLY.
Slower.
3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes:


ff
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide-ly as His mer - cy flows!
UNISON.
f
4. An-gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be-hold Him face to face;
f
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell-ers all in time and space:
ff
HARMONY.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Prai-e Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A - men.

LEWISHAM (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. TILLEARD.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

32 "*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*"—Ps. ciii. 2.

f 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

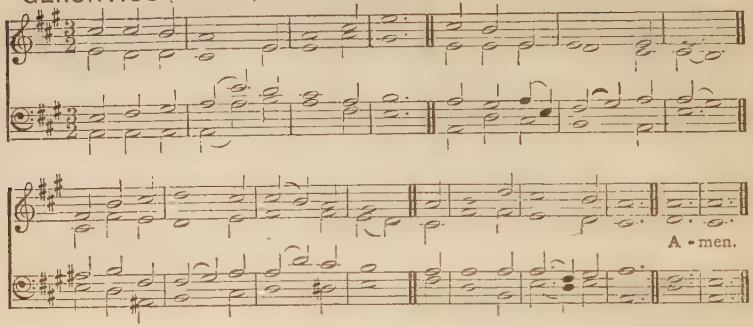
mf 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

mp 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

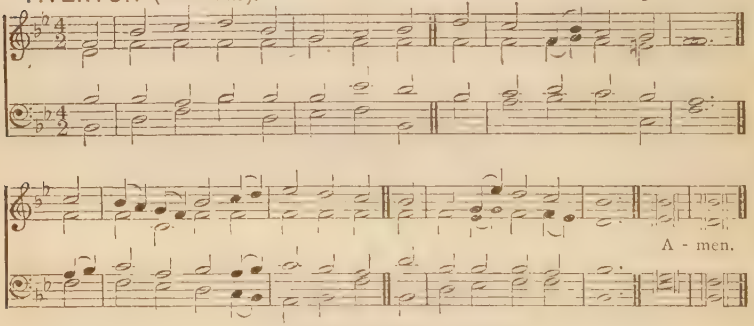
f 4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space:
ff Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

GERONTIUS (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



TIVERTON (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. GRIGG.



33

"*The second Man is the Lord from heaven.*"—1 Cor. xv. 47.

f 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

mf 2 Oh, loving wisdom of our God!
dim. When all was sin and shame,
cr. A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

mf 3 Oh, wisest love! that flesh and blood,
dim. Which did in Adam fail,
cr. Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail!

mf 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
mp God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all-divine!

mf 5 Oh, generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
mp The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

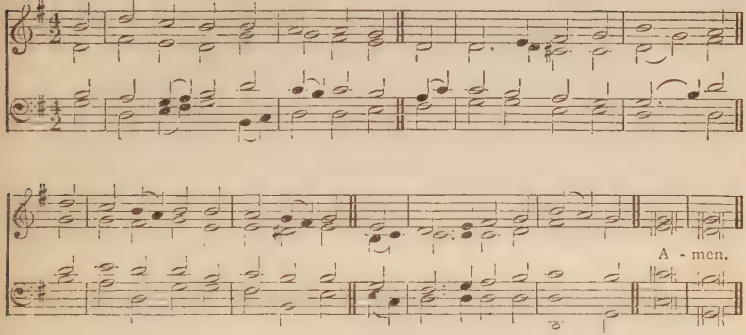
mp 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
dim. To suffer and to die!

[**f* 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!] Amen.

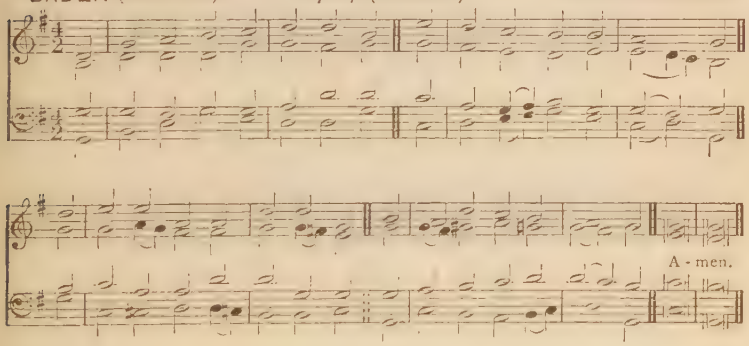
J. H. NEWMAN.

* N.B.—Verse 1 should be repeated at the close of this Hymn as directed.

DOMINUS REGIT ME (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar.) J. B. DYKES.



BADEN (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar.) S. CASTORIUS.



34

"*The Lord is my Shepherd.*"—Ps. xxiii. 1.

mf 1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

mf 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

mp 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed;
cr. But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

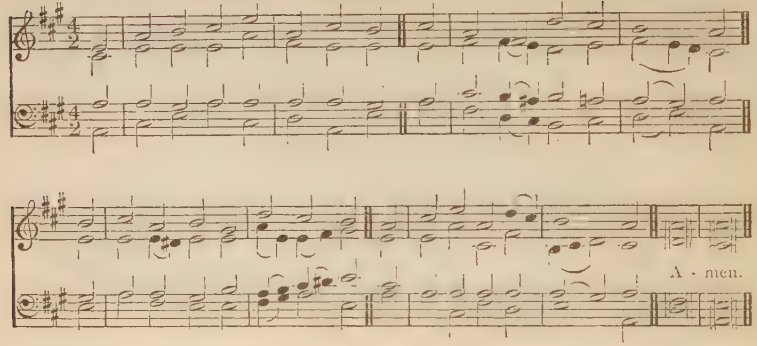
mf 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

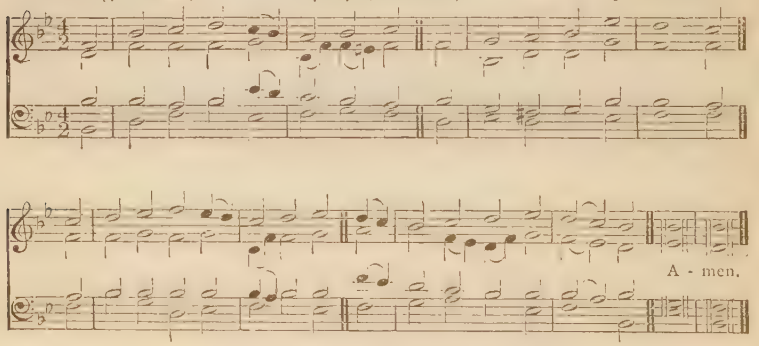
mf 6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
cr. Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
f Within Thy house for ever! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

DYFRDWY (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar.) J. JEFFREYS.



MARY (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar.) J. A. LLOYD.



34

"*The Lord is my Shepherd.*"—Ps. xxiii. 1.

mf 1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

mf 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

mp 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed;
cr. But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

mf 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

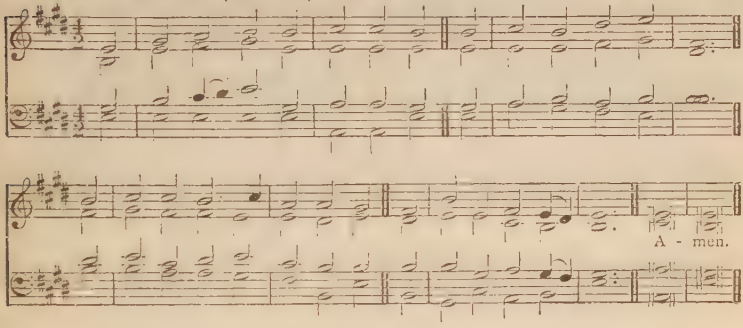
mf 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
f And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

mf 6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
cr. Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
f Within Thy house for ever! Amen.

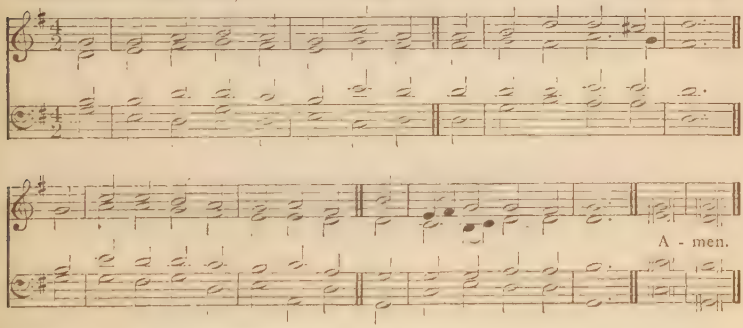
H. W. BAKER.

5.—*GOD. HIS PRAISE AND ATTRIBUTES.*

SURSUM CORDA (*1st Tune*). C.M. G. F. HANDEL.



FARRANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. HILTON.



35 "*Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength.*"
—Ps. xxix. i.

f 1 ASCRIBE to God, ye sons of men,
Ascribe with one accord,
All praise and honour, might and strength,
To Him the living Lord!

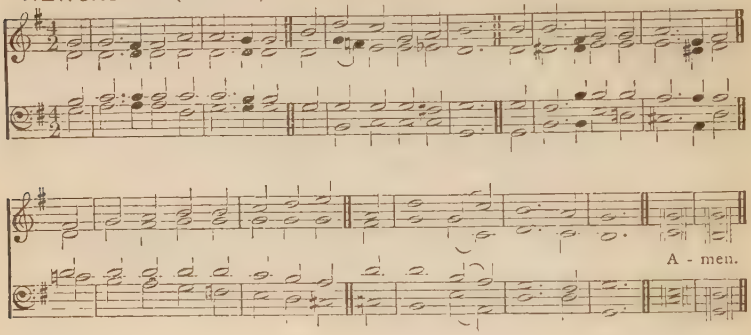
mf 2 Give glory to His holy name,
And honour Him alone;
Give worship to His majesty,
mp And bow before His throne.

mf 3 The Lord doth sit upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
cr. He reigns above, both Lord and King,
And evermore shall reign.

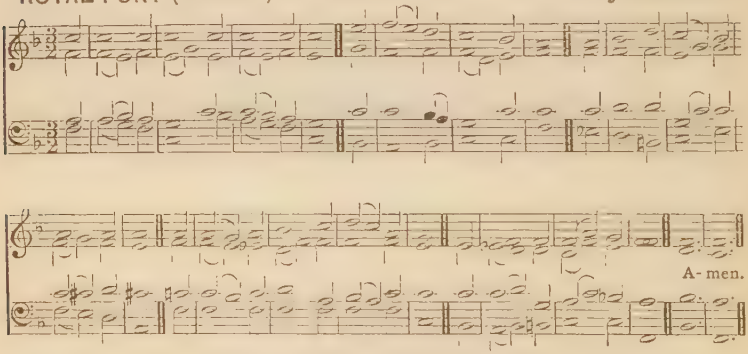
f 4 The Lord shall give His people strength,
And bid their sorrows cease;
The Lord shall bless His chosen race
With everlasting peace. Amen.

STERNHOLD.

NEWCASTLE (*1st Tune*). 8.6.8.8.6. H. L. MORLEY.



ROYAL FORT (*2nd Tune*). 8.6.8.8.6. E. J. ORCHARD.



36

"*God is Light.*"—1 John i. 5.

mf 1 ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When placed within Thy searching sight,
cr. It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live and look on Thee!

mf 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
dim. But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

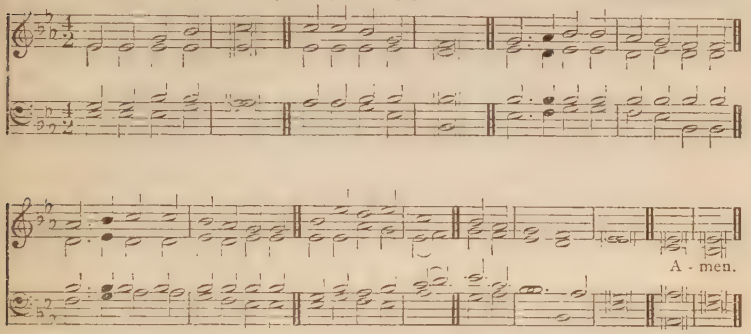
p 3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

mf 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

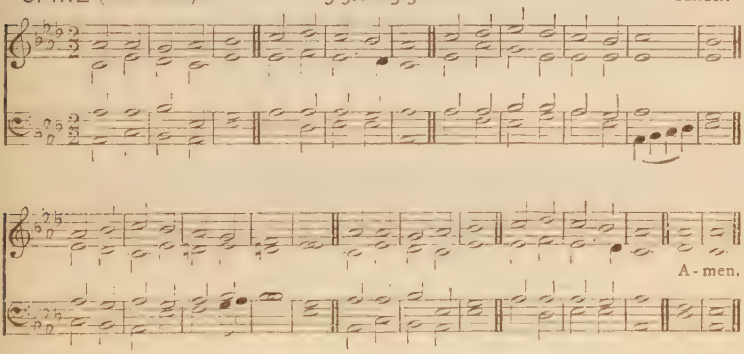
f 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
cr. The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light
ff Through the Eternal Love. Amen.

T. BINNEY.

FATHERLAND (*1st Tune*). 5 5.8.8.5.5. F. C. MAKER.



SPIRE (*2nd Tune*). 5.5.8.8.5.5. Anon.



37 *"I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."*—Isa. lvii. 15.

mf 1 FATHER throned on high,
Thou to us art nigh;
mf With the heavenly hosts before Thee,
We in spirit would adore Thee:
cr. And with rapture raise
f Hymns of love and praise.

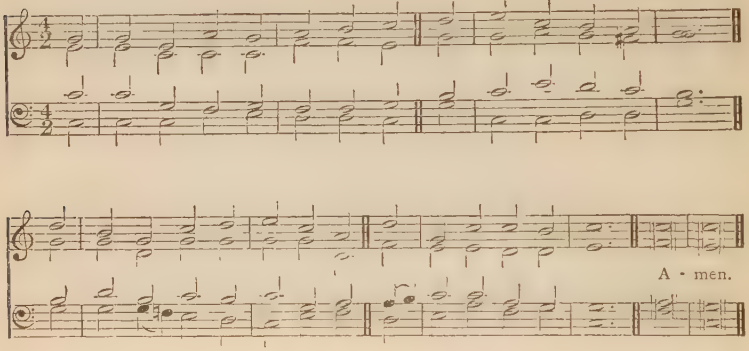
mf 2 O Eternal Word,
Our Incarnate Lord;
cr. We to Thee thanksgiving render—
Thee Thy people's strong Defender,
f And as Sovereign own
None but Thee alone.

mf 3 Spirit of all grace,
Source of holiness,
Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,
And from Satan's vengeance shieldest;
cr. 'Tis by Thee we live,
f Praise to Thee we give.

mf 4 Had we angel-tongues,
With seraphic songs,
cr. Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
Triune God, we would adore Thee,
f In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain. Amen.

NYBERG and LATROBE.

ST. LEONARD. C.M. H. SMART.



38 *"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name."*
—Ps. ciii. 1.

f 1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God.
In every part with praise,
cr. That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

mf 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
cr. I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

mf 3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
dim. However small and mean.

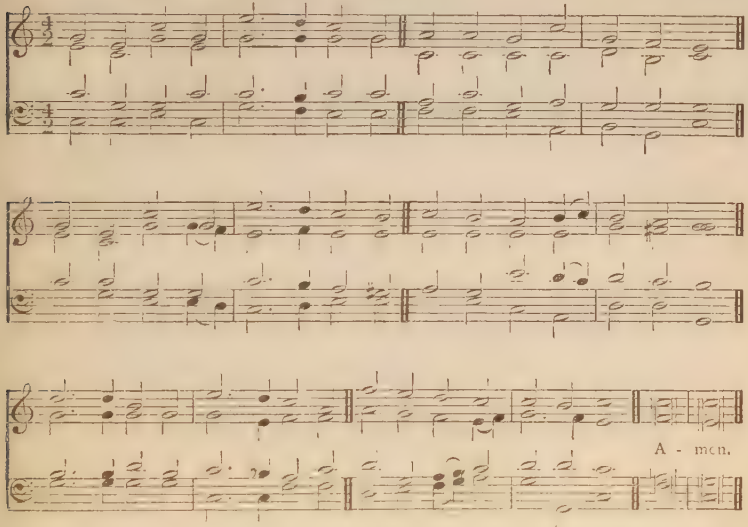
f 4 Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord,
dim. Poor though I be, and weak.

f 5 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

mf 6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
f But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee. Amen.

H. BONAR.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. SMART.



39 *Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*—Rev. i. 5, 6.

f 1 GLORY be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

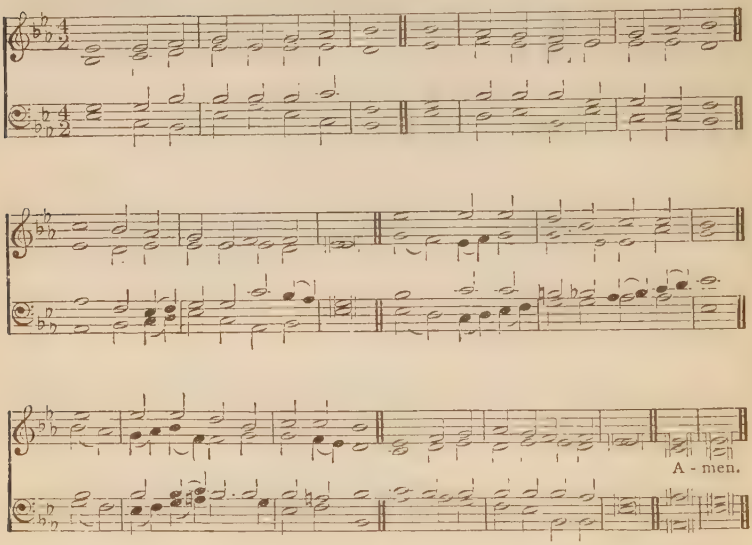
f 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

f 3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

f 4 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings:
"Honour, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings.
ff Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! Amen.

H. BONAR.

NASHVILLE. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. (Triplets.) Strazburg Collection.



40

"*While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.*"—Ps. cxlvi. 2.

mf 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
f My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

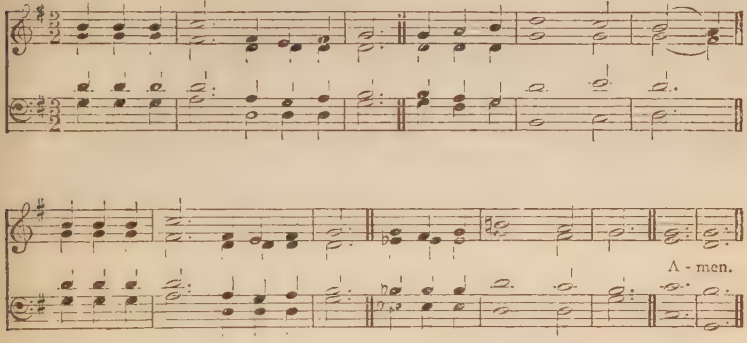
mf 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
f His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

mf 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

mf 4 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
p But turns the wicked down to hell;
cr. Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
f Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ALLHALLOWS. C.M. S. WEBBE.



41

"*Lift up thy voice with strength.*"—Isa. xl. 9.

f 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
ff Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

f 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
mf Whose tender care sustains
dim. Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.

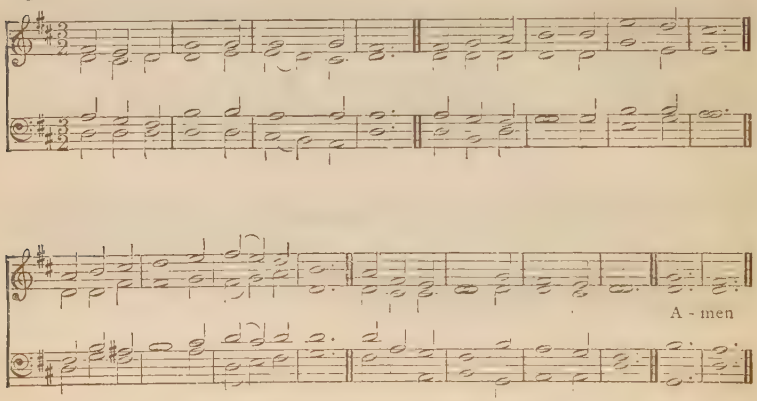
f 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

f 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From Whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

f 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day. Amen.

R. WARDLAW.

OMBERSLEY. L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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42

"*By Him all things consist.*"—Col. i. 17.

mf 1 LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

mf 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softening light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

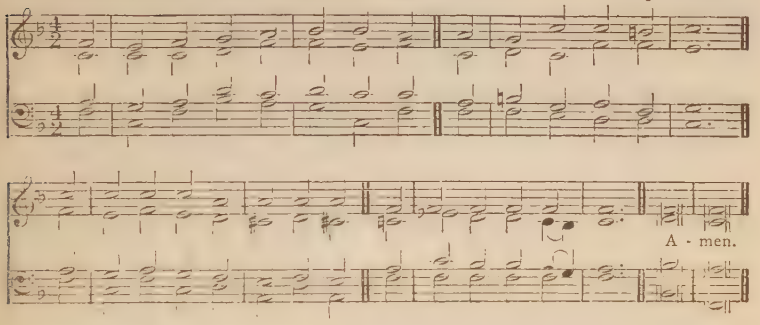
mp 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
cr. Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

mf 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

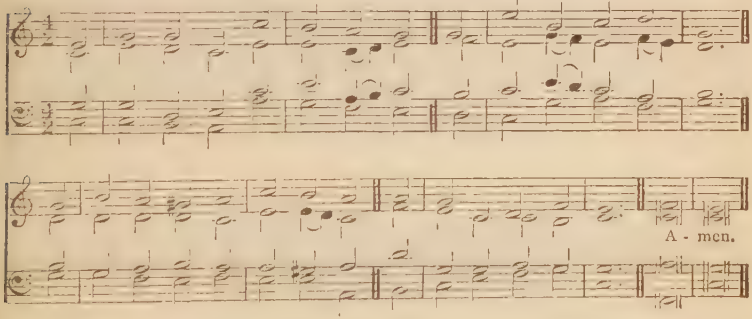
mp 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
cr. Till all Thy living altars claim
f One holy light, one heavenly flame. Amen.

O. W. HOLMES.

ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. TURLE.



WESTMINSTER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. TURLE.



43 *"I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."*—Isa. lvii. 15.

mf 1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

mp 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

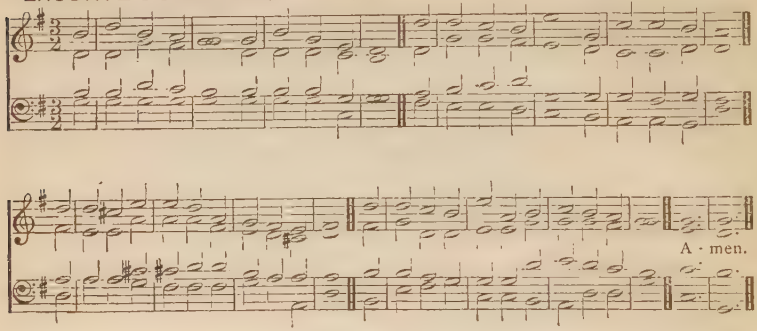
mf 3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

mp 4 O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

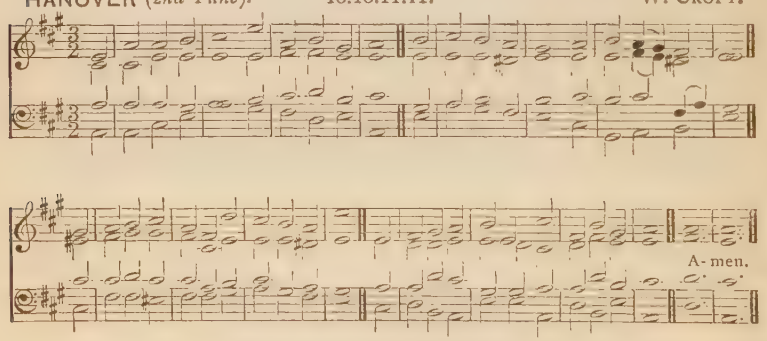
mf 5 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art:
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

LAUDATE DOMINUM (*1st Tune*). 10.10.11.11. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



HANOVER (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.11.11. W. CROFT.



44

"*Bless the Lord, O my soul.*"—Ps. ciii. 1.

f 1 MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name;
His mercies record, His bounties proclaim,
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

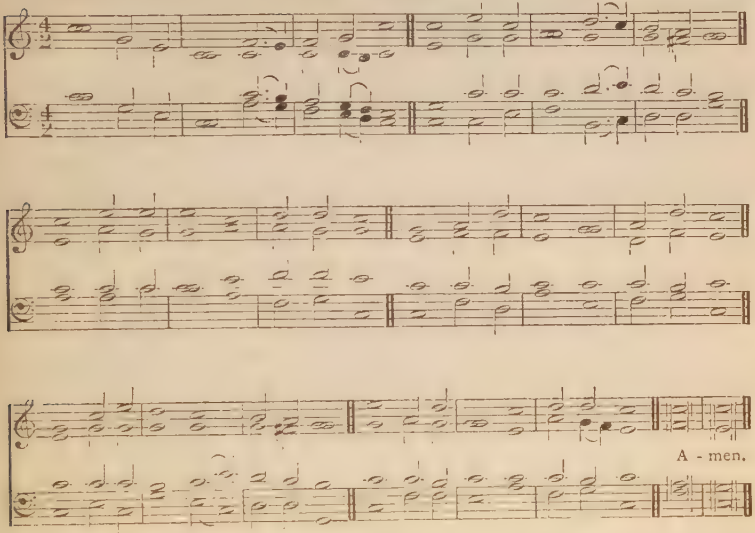
mf 2 Though hidden from sight, God sits on His throne,
Yet here by His works their Creator is known:
cr. The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

mf 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs the earth with gracious design.
O'er beast, bird, and insect His providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

mf 4 And man, His last work, with reason endued,
mp Though fallen through sin, by grace is renewed:
cr. To God, his Redeemer, let man ever raise
f The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise. Amen.

PARK.

LLANGOEDMOR. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. (Triplets.) Welsh Melody.



45 *"As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."*—Ps. xvii. 15.

f 1 O GOD of God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing;
mp To Thee our longing souls aspire,
cr. In fervent flames of strong desire;
p Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.

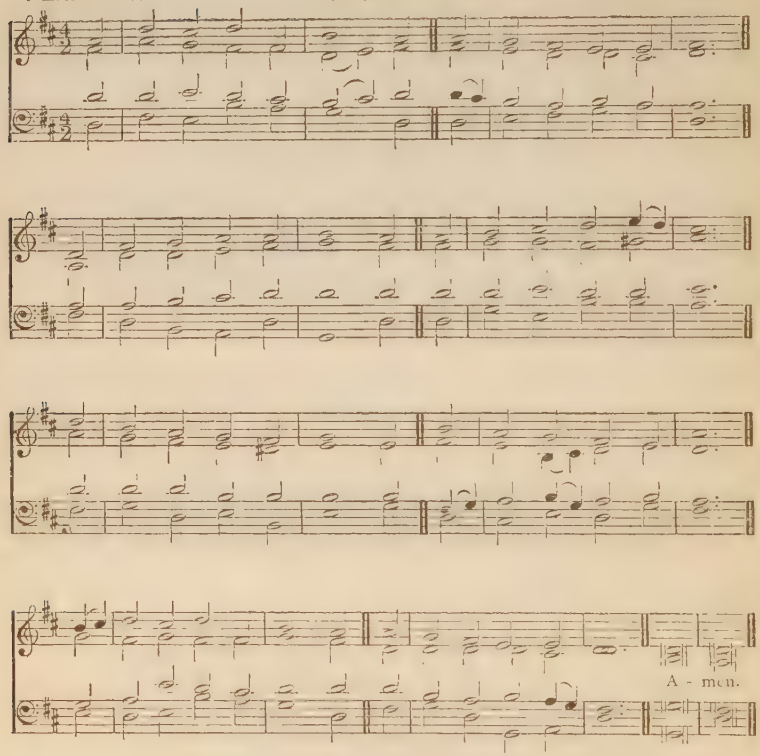
mf 2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in Thee:
p All nature trembles at Thy voice:
With awe even we Thy children prove
cr. Thy power: O let us taste Thy love!
f So evermore shall we rejoice.

f 3 O powerful Love, to Thee we bow,
Object of all our wishes Thou;
p Our hearts are naked to Thine eye.
To Thee, who from th' eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

mf 4 Be heaven, even now, our soul's abode;
Hid be our life with Christ in God;
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine:
cr. Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
And filled with Thee be all our thought,
f Till in us Thy full likeness shine. Amen.

P. GERHARD, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

PEARSALL. 7.6.7.6. D. German.



46

"*Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*"—Ps. xc. 1.

mf 1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
cr. Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

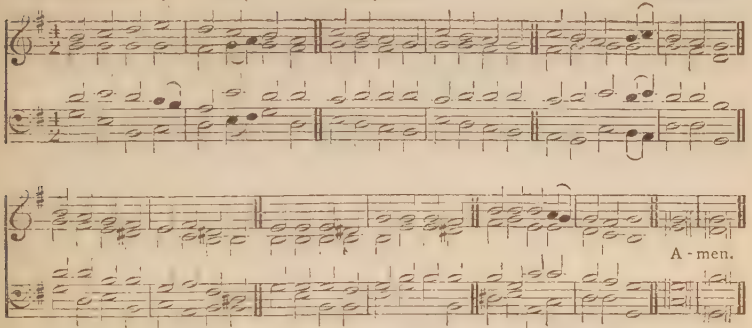
mp 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

mf 3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten!
On us Thy goodness rest!
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed!

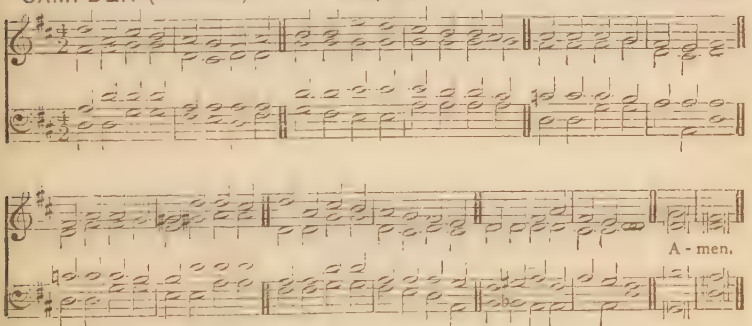
mf 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
f A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

ARNSBERG (*1st Tune*). 8.8.7. D. German.



CAMPDEN (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.7. D. C. E. KETTLE.



47

"*O sing unto the Lord a new song.*"—Ps. xcviii. 1.

f 1 PRAISE Jehovah! bow before Him;
O be joyful! saints adore Him,
Evermore His deeds proclaim:
He is mighty in creation,
He is good in His salvation,
Ever magnify His name.

f 2 By His providence directed,
We are guided and protected,
We receive our daily bread:
He sustaineth each that liveth,
All that we enjoy He giveth,
From His hand we all are fed.

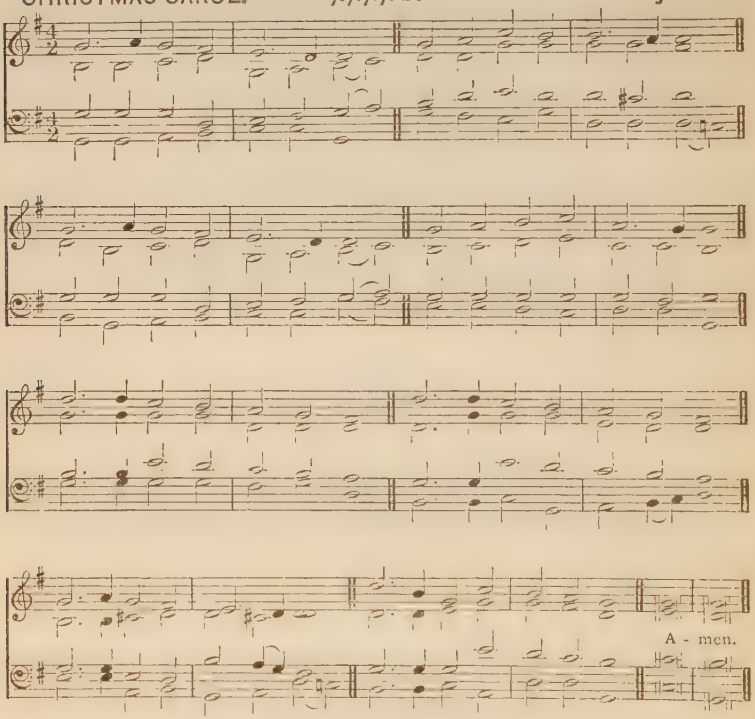
mp 3 Ye, who from His ways have turnèd,
Ye, who His commands have spurnèd,
cr. Come, and His commands obey;
mp Sinners, when He draweth near,
dim. Shall like darkness disappear,
Heaven and earth shall flee away.

mf 4 But the righteous who revere Him,
Shall remain for ever near Him,
Evermore before His face;
cr. They that through much tribulation
Waited here His great salvation—
Heaven shall be their dwelling place.

f 5 There with saints and angels blending
Hallelujahs never ending,
All their griefs shall turn to joy!
Joy that shall be never-ceasing,
Everlasting, still increasing,
Happiness without alloy. Amen.

W. BARTHOLOMEW.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. 7·7·7·7. D. J. Goss.



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48

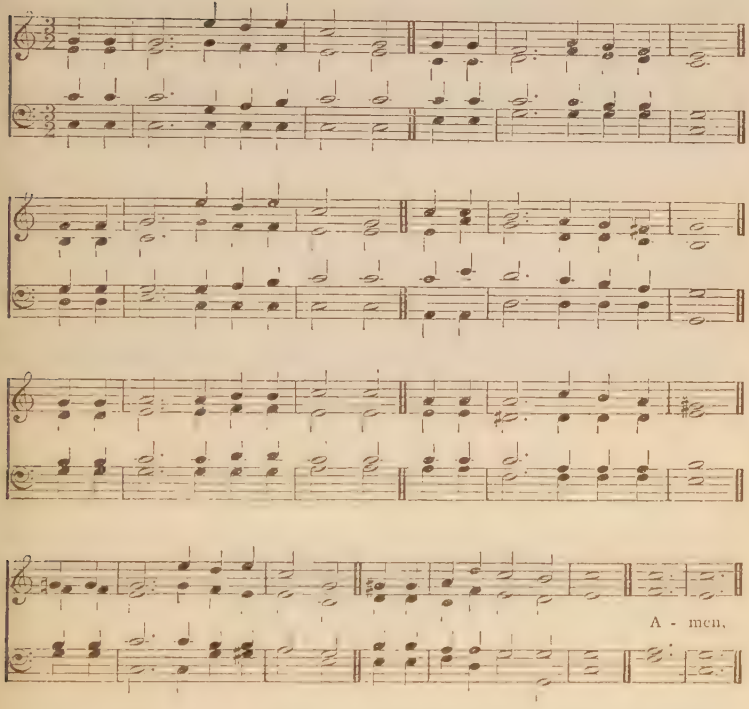
"*Praise our God, all ye His servants.*"—Rev. xix. 5.

f 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show;
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
cr. Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
ff Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

f 2 Praise the Lord; His mercies trace,
Praise His providence and grace,
mf All that He for man hath done,
cr. All He sends us through His Son.
f Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
ff All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

FABEN. 8.7.8.7. D. J. H. Willcox.



49 "*Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights.*"—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

f 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

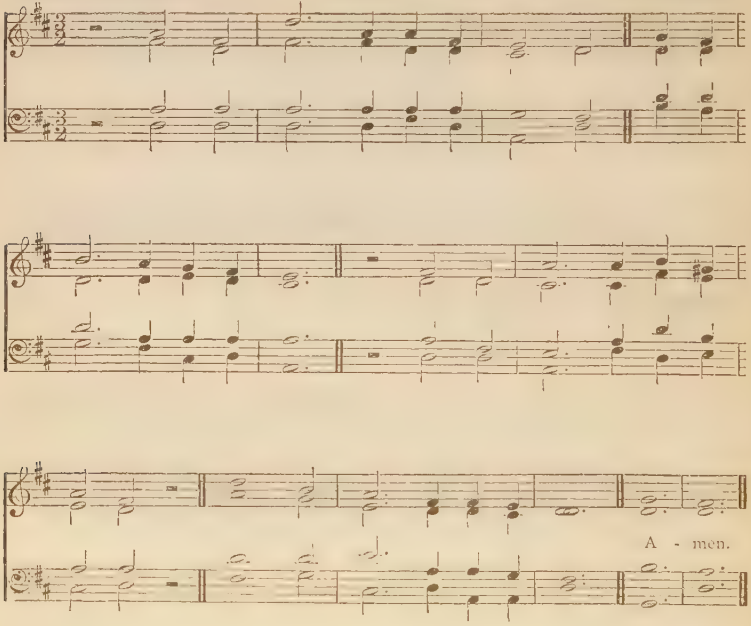
f 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

f 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
Never shall His promise fail.
cr. God hath made His saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

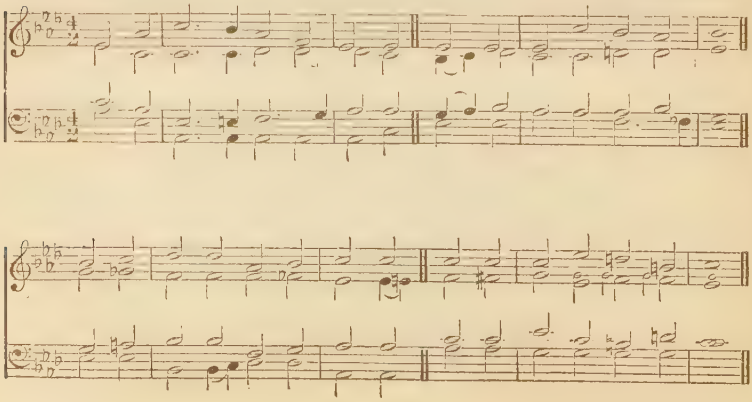
f 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
ff Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His name. Amen.

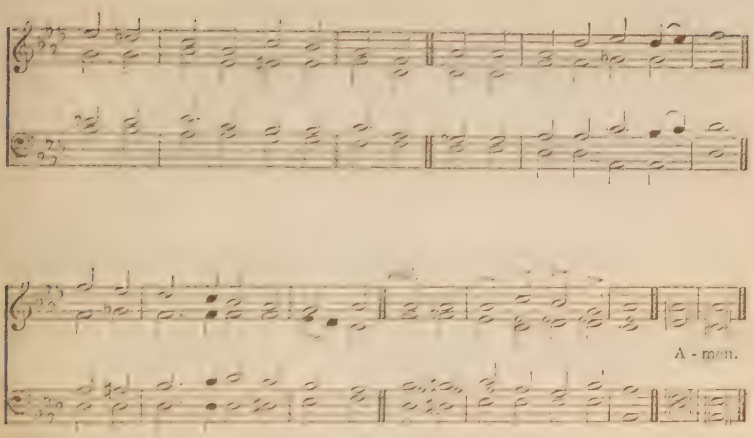
FOUNDLING CHAPEL COLL.

BEAMINSTER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. J. WAITE.



SANCTUARY (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. B. DYKES.





See also "Chester," No. 678.

50

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things."—Rev. iv. ii.

1.

f PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2.

mf Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
f Hail! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

3.

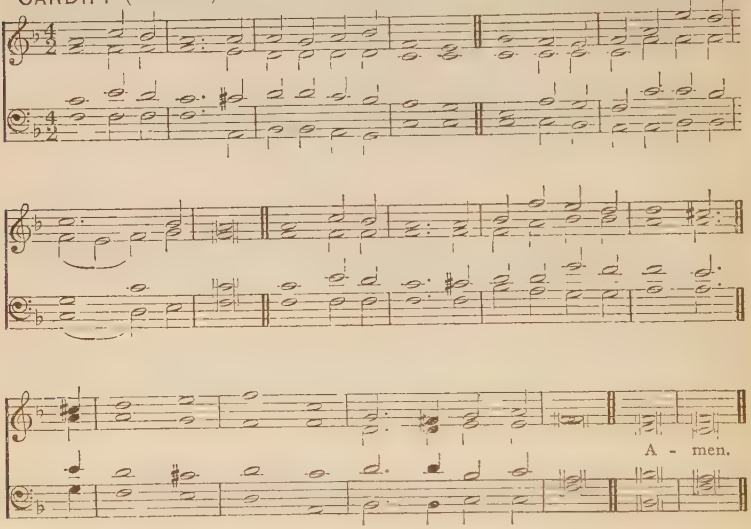
f For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high:

4.

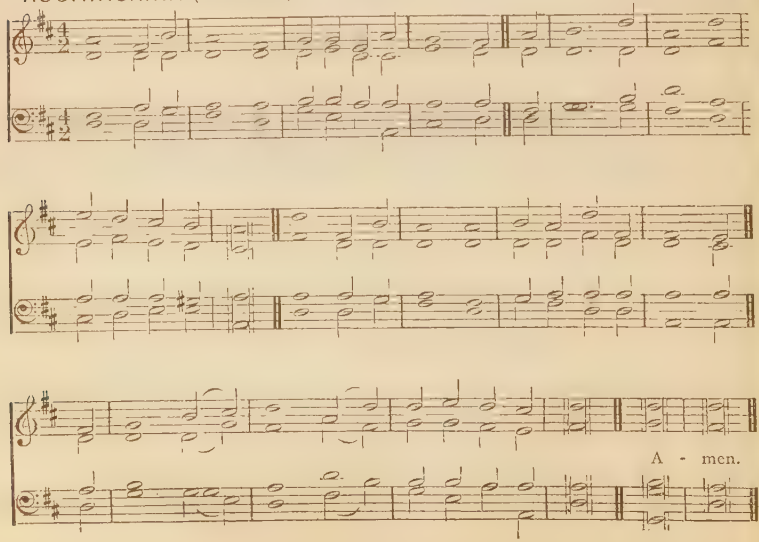
f Joyfully, on earth adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

J. FAWCETT.

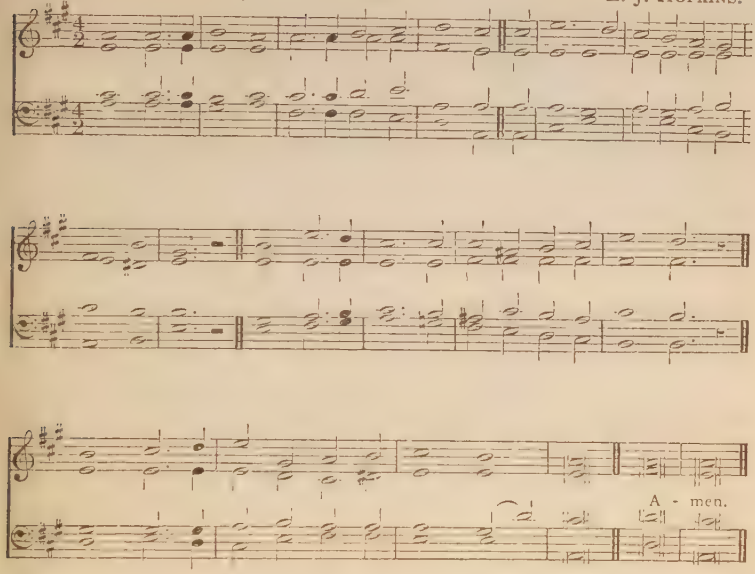
CARDIFF (*1st Tune*). 11.10.11.10. M. L. BRADSHAW.



AUCHINCAIRN (*2nd Tune*). 11.10.11.10. J. K. SCOTT.



JEHOVAH (*3rd Tune*). 11.10.11.10. E. J. HOPKINS.



51 *"Sing forth the honour of His name; make His praise glorious."*—Ps. lxvi. 2.

f 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

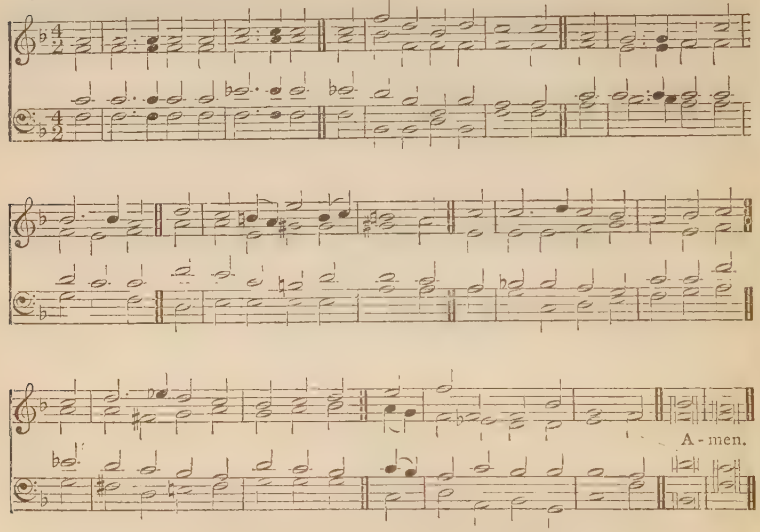
f 2 Praise ye Jehovah! for His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

f 3 Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

f 4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One! Amen.

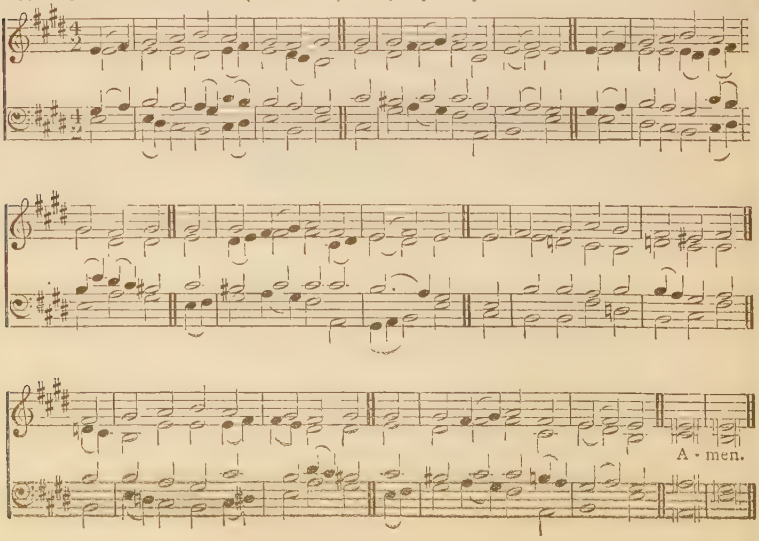
M. C. CAMPBELL.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. BARNBY.



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ATTOLLE PAULUM (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. German.



52

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."—Ps. cvii. 8.

f 1 SING praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
mp With healing balm my soul He fills,
cr. And every faithless murmur stills:
f To God all praise and glory!

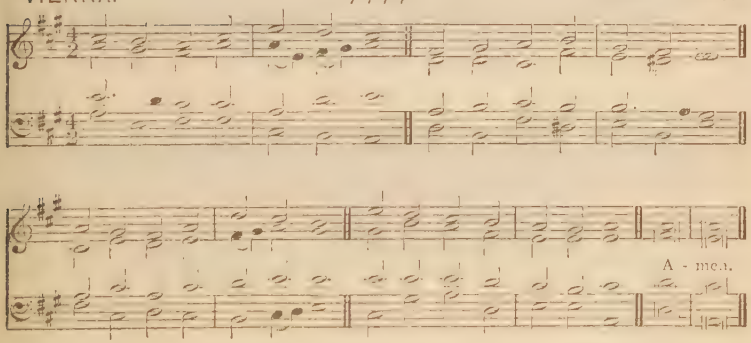
f 2 The angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span
And power which formed creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory!

mf 3 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
cr. Within the kingdom of His might,
f Lo! all is just and all is right:
To God all praise and glory!

mf 4 O ye who name Christ's holy Name,
Give God all praise and glory!
All ye who own His power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story;
f Cast each false idol from His throne,
The Lord is God, and He alone:
ff To God all praise and glory!
Amen.

J. J. SCHUTZ, *tr.* F. E. COX.

VIENNA. 7·7·7·7. German Chorale.



53

"Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises."—Ps. xlvii. 6.

f 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

f 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

mf 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
cr. Songs of praise shall crown that day.
f God will make new heavens, new earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

mp 4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
f No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

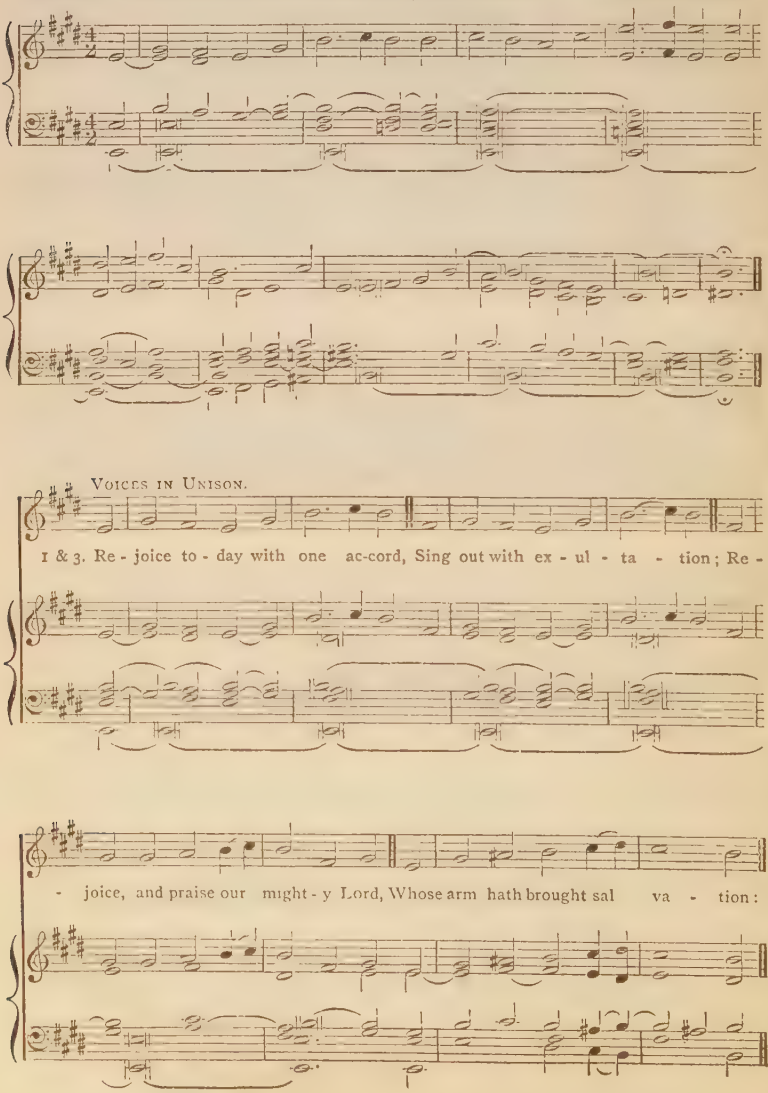
mf 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
cr. Learning here, by faith and love,
f Songs of praise to sing above.

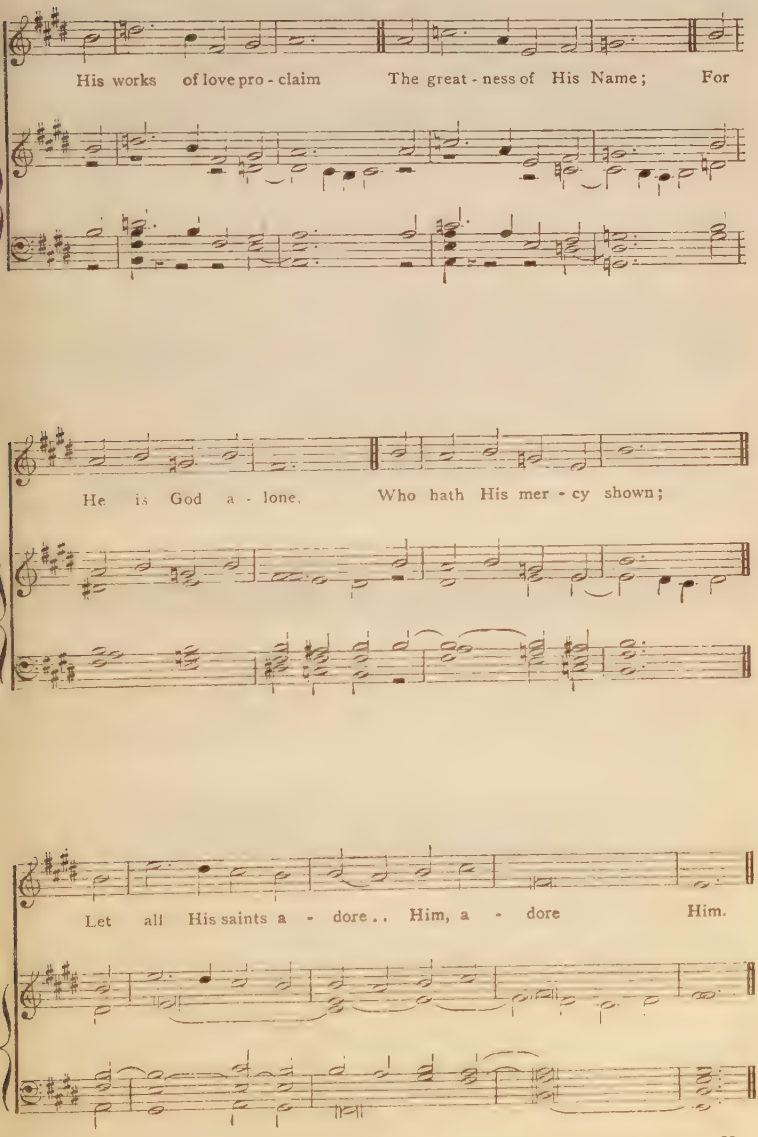
mf 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
cr. Songs of praise shall conquer death:
f Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

54 *"Praise ye the Name of the Lord; praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord."*—Ps. cxxxv. 1.

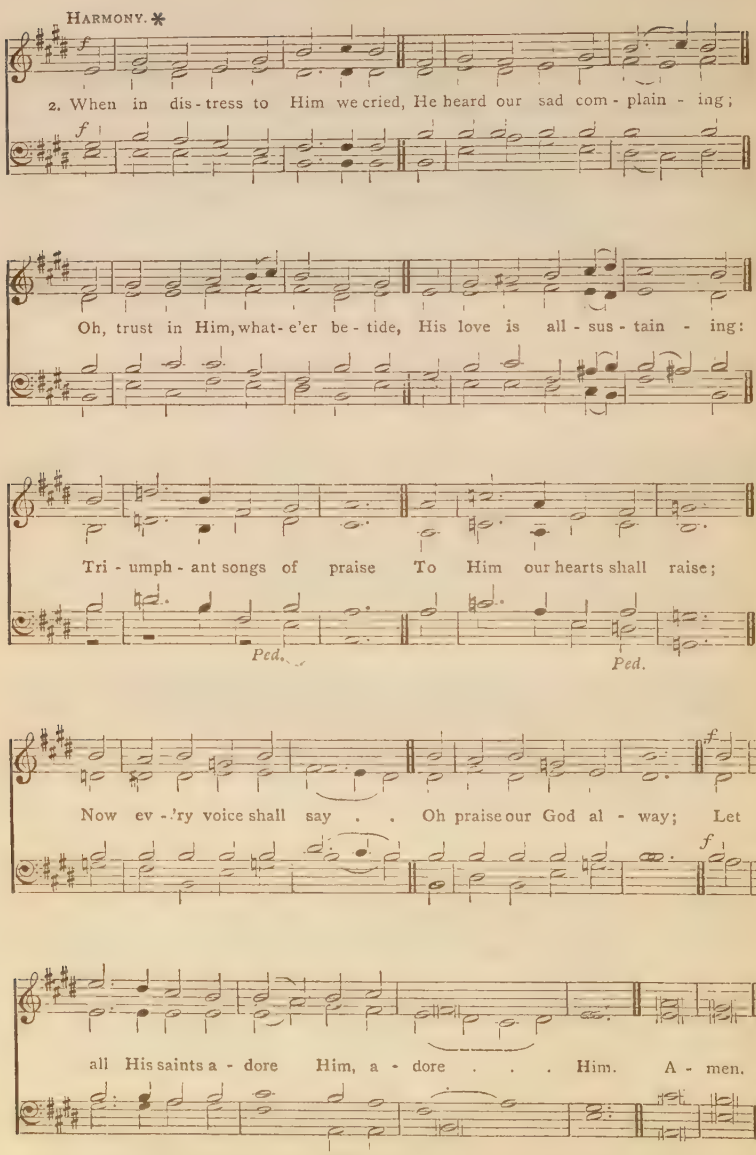
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. 6.6.6.6.7. J. W. Elliott.





[For Verse 2 see over, p. 66.

HARMONY. *

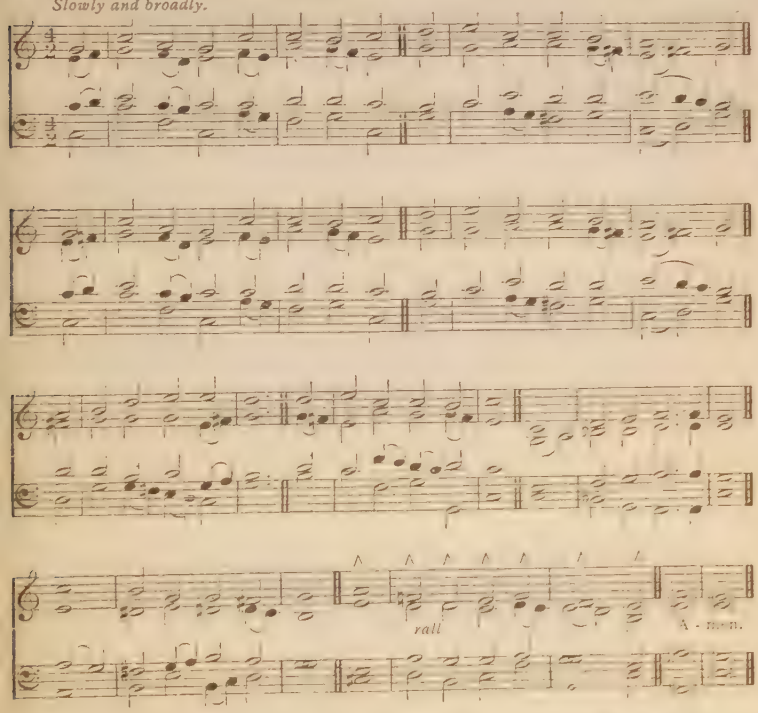


[For Verse 3, which is the same as Verse 1, see p. 64.

* If so desired, the music of Verse 2 may be used for the Hymn throughout.

REJOICE TO-DAY (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. German.

Slowly and broadly.



54

"*Praise ye the Name of the Lord; praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord.*"—
Ps. CXXXV. 1.

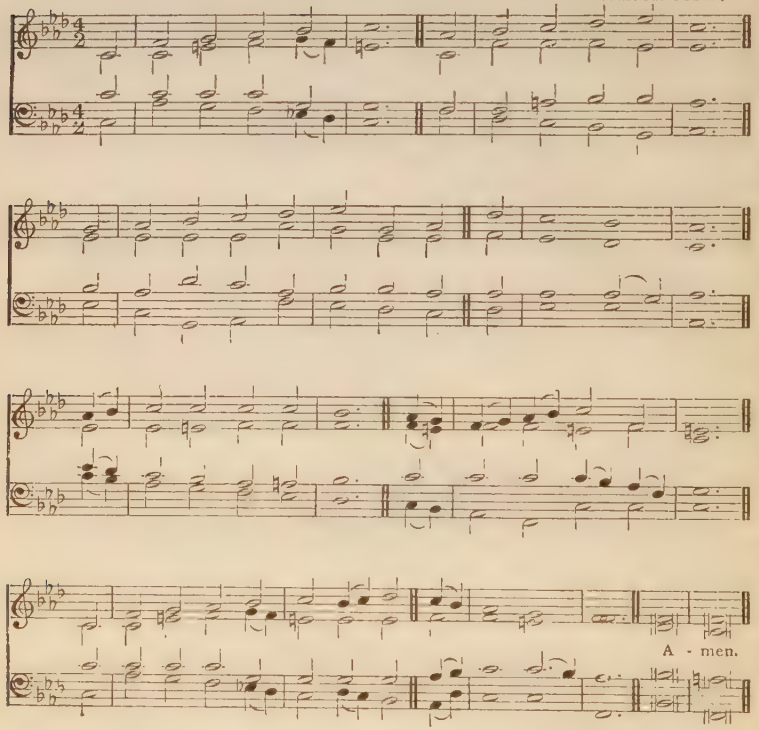
f 1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
mf For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
f Let all His saints adore Him.

mp 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
cr. Oh, trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining:
f Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now ev'ry voice shall say
O praise our God alway;
Let all His saints adore Him.

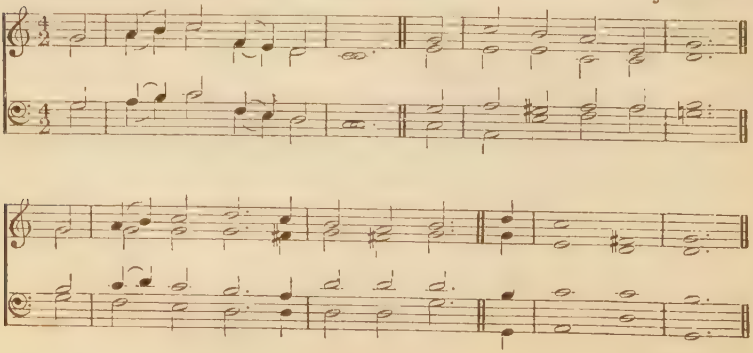
f 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
mf For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown;
ff Let all His saints adore Him. Amen.

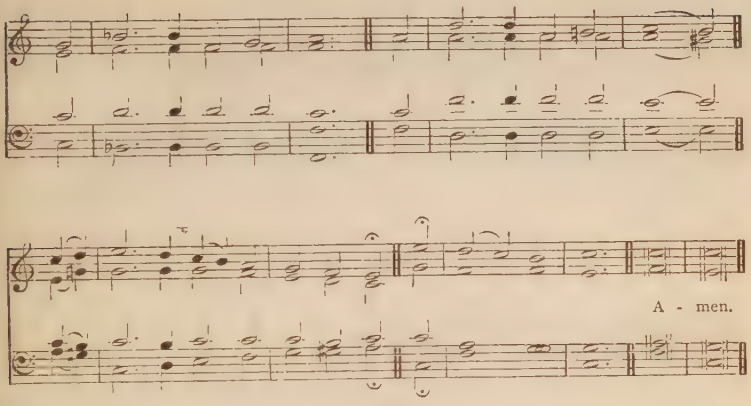
H. W. BAKER.

LEONI (*1st Tune*). 6.6.8.4. D. Hebrew Melody.
Har. M. Costa.



TRECASTELL (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.8.4. D. D. Jenkins.





55

"*I am the God of Abraham.*"—Matt. xxii. 32.

f 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed:
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

f 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power:
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

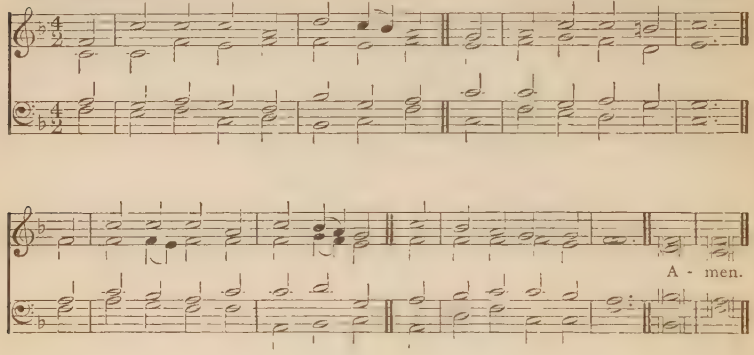
f 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all His ways.
mp He calls a worm His friend!
cr. He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

mf 4 He, by Himself, hath sworn;
I on His oath depend,
cr. I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

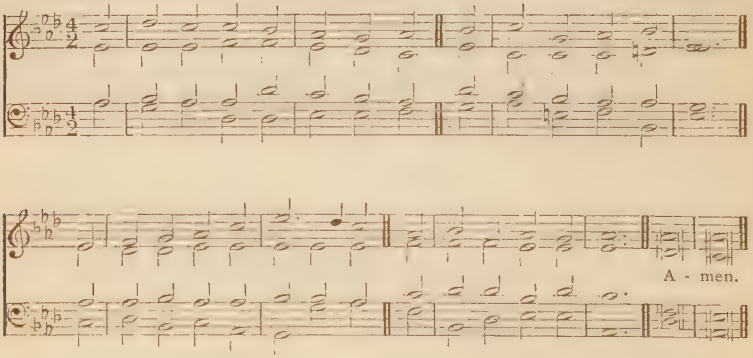
f 5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
ff Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

T. OLIVERS.

ST. GEORGE (*1st Tune*). C.M. N. HERMAN.



TUDOR (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. P. JEWSON.



56 "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.*"—Luke ii. 14.

f 1 TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind, good will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still:

f 2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might:—

f 3 And Thou begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun:
Thou Lord and God, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son.

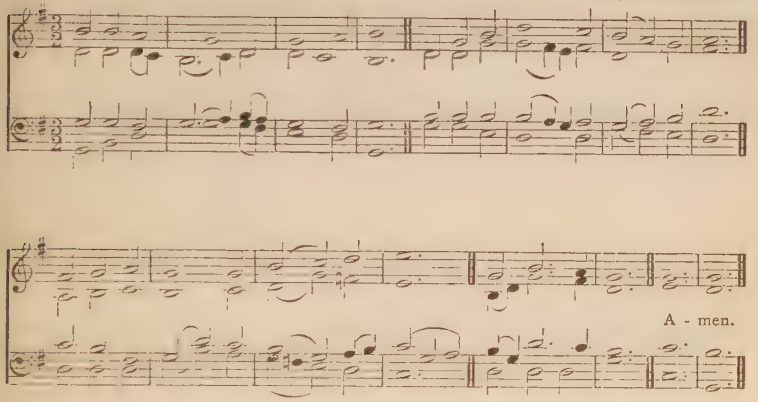
mf 4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all mankind away;
p Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray.

mf 5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne:
p Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
The everlasting Son.

f 6 Thou, Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore. Amen.

ANCIENT HYMN.

ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. J. B. DYKES.



57 *"They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."*—Ps. ix. 10.

mp 1 WE cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move;
cr. But we can always surely say
f That Thou art Love.

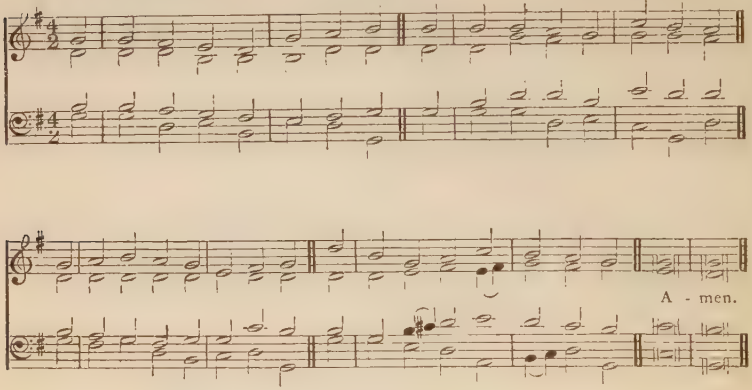
mp 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring;
f For Thou art Love.

mp 3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path.
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
cr. In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
f That Thou art Love.

f 4 Yes! Thou art Love; a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is Love! Amen.

J. BOWRING.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. Genevan Psalter.



58 "*Praise ye the Lord. . . . Praise ye Him, all His hosts.*"—Ps. cxlviii. 1, 2.

mf 1 WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad:
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the Eternal Father, own.

f 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

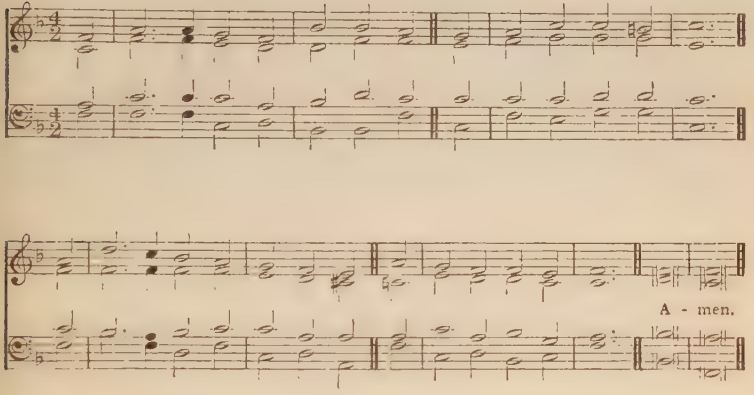
p 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord:
cr. Thou God of Hosts, by all adored:
f Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

f 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

f 5 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore. Amen.

MCALL'S COLL.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



59 "*When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory.*"—Ps. cii. 16.

mp 1 WHEN from the silent realm of shade,
Sprang forth the world so fair,
cr. In robes of brilliancy arrayed,
What power divine was there!

mp 2 When He who gave His guiltless Son
A guilty world to spare,
cr. Restored to life the Holy One,
What love divine was there.

mf 3 When forth from its Creator's hand,
The earth in beauty stood,
cr. All decked with light at His command,
He saw and called it good.

f 4 But still more lovely in His sight,
The Church now stands renewed,
Since He, the Lamb, hath made it white
mp In His atoning blood.

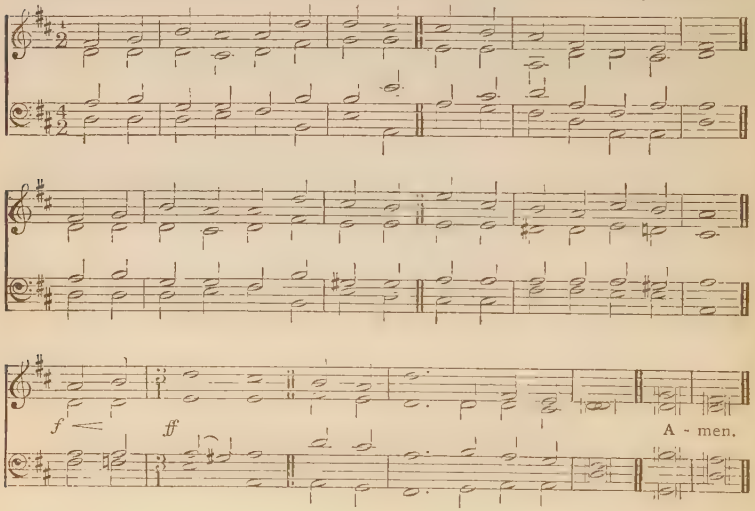
mf 5 O holy, blessed Three in One,
May Thy pure light be given,
That we the paths of death may shun
And keep the way to heaven. Amen.

I. WILLIAMS *(alt.)*.

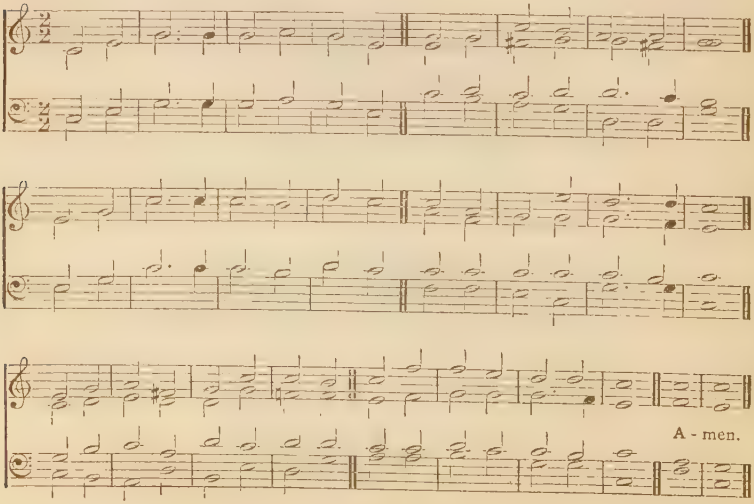
II.—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

1.—*HIS INCARNATION.*

WESTBURY (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. J. Booth.



TRIUMPH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. J. Gauntlett.



60

"*They . . . worshipped Him.*"—Matt. ii. 11.

mf 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
cr.
f Come and worship;
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.

mf 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
cr. God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.

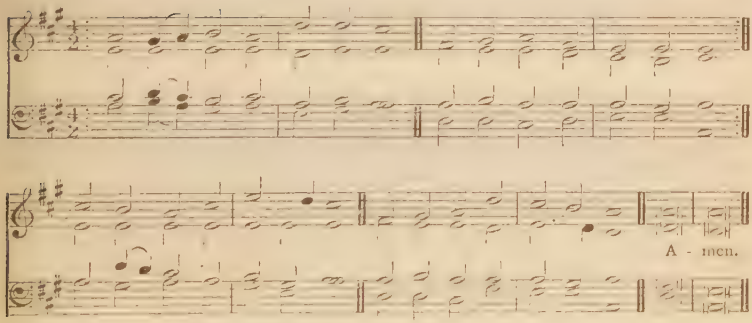
mf 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal-star;
f Come and worship;
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.

mp 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear;
f Come and worship;
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.

mp 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
cr. Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
f Come and worship;
Worship CHRIST the new-born King. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

DIX. 7·7·7·7·7·7· C. KOCHER.



61

"*When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*"—Matt. ii. 10.

f 1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

mf 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed;
mp There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom heav'n and earth adore:
cr. So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

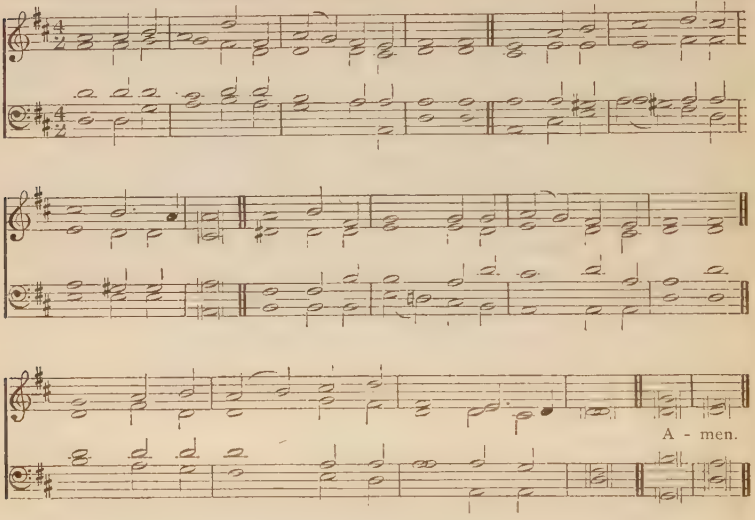
mf 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
f All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

mp 4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr. And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
f Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

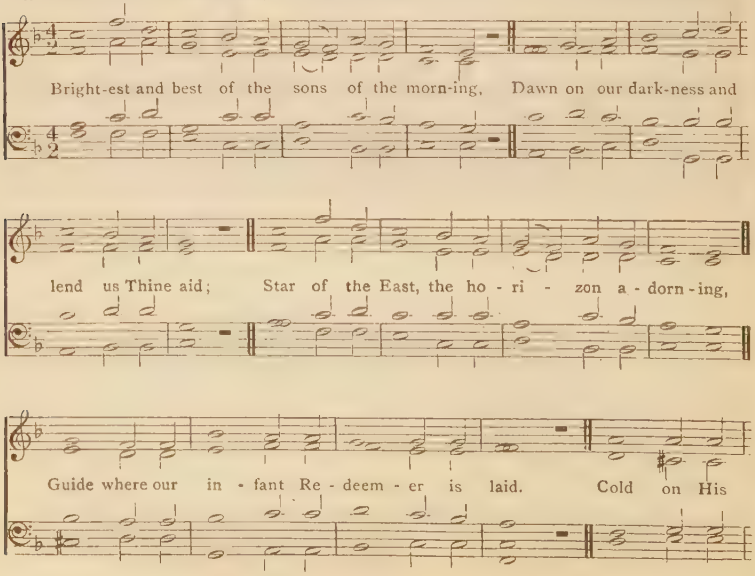
f 5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou, its Sun, which goes not down;
ff There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

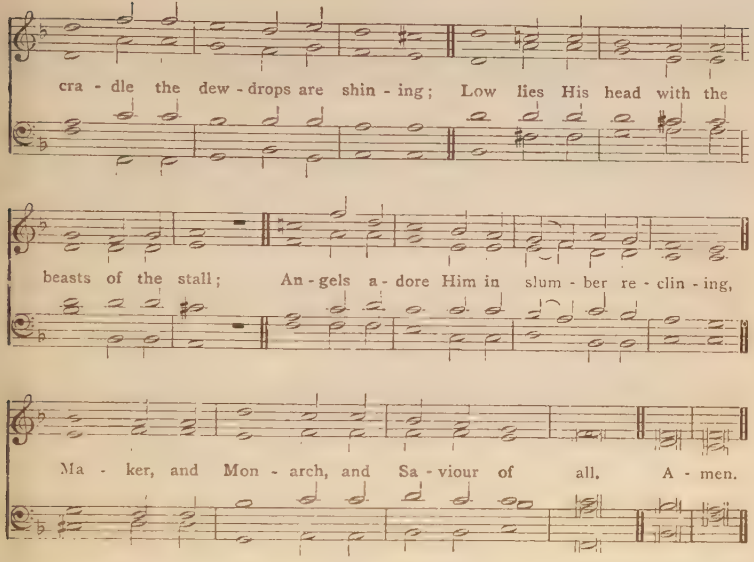
W. C. DIX.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST (*1st Tune*). 11.10.11.10. K. DAVIES.



* EPIPHANY (*2nd Tune*). 11.10.11.10. S. S. WESLEY.





62 "*We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.*"—Matt. ii. 2.

mf 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

p 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cr. Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
f Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

mf 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

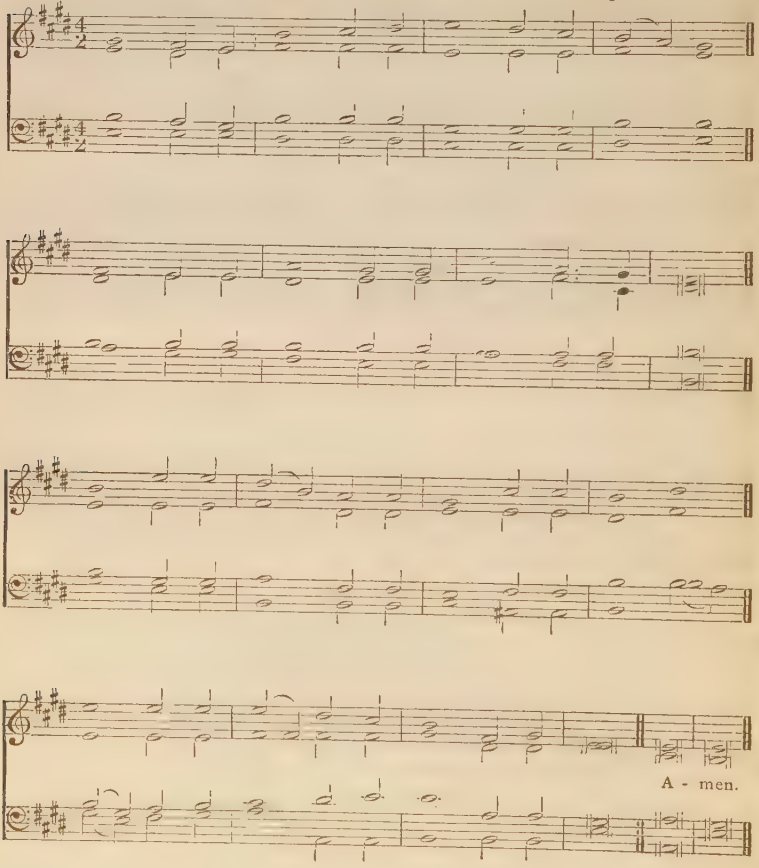
mp 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
cr. Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

f 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

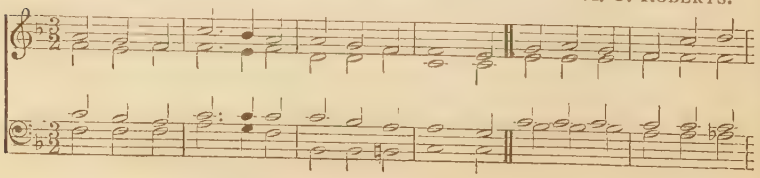
R. HEBER.

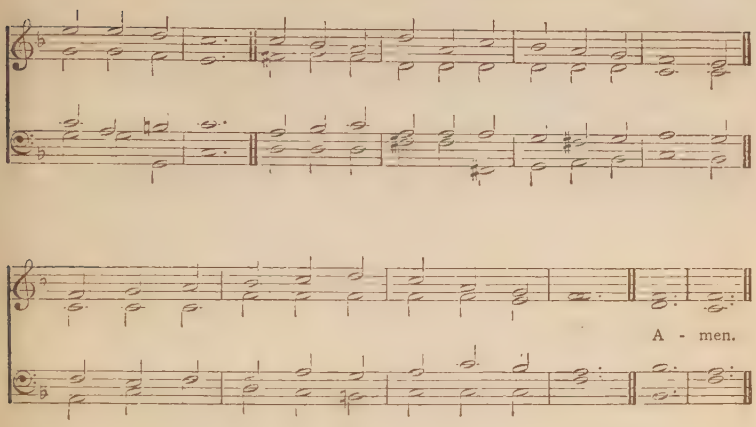
* Verse 5 is the same as verse 1, and should be sung to the same music.

EPIPHANY HYMN (*3rd Tune*). 11.10.11.10. J. F. THRUPP.



BLODYN (*4th Tune*). 11.10.11.10. A. O. ROBERTS.





62 "*We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.*"—Matt. ii. 2.

1

mf BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2

p Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
cr. Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
f Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3

mf Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean.
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4

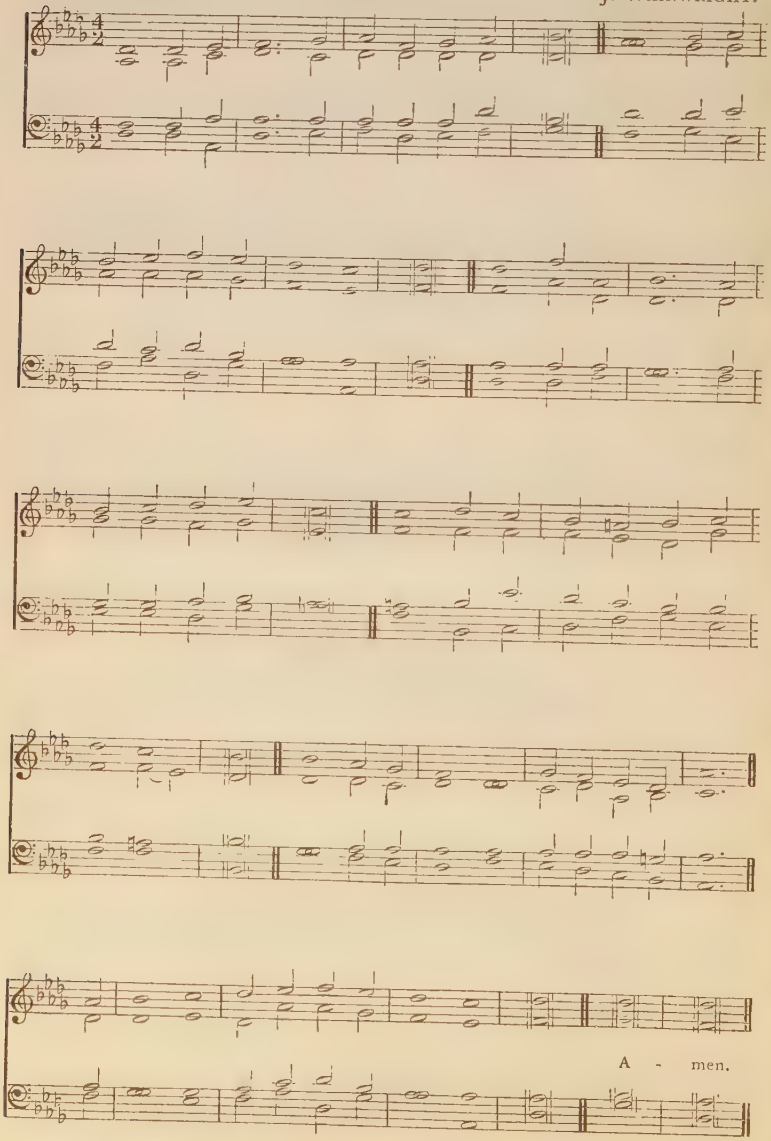
mp Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
cr. Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5

f Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

R. HEBER.

YORKSHIRE. 10.10.10.10.10.10. J. WAINWRIGHT.



63 "*Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*"—Luke ii. 11.

f 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

mf 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
f This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

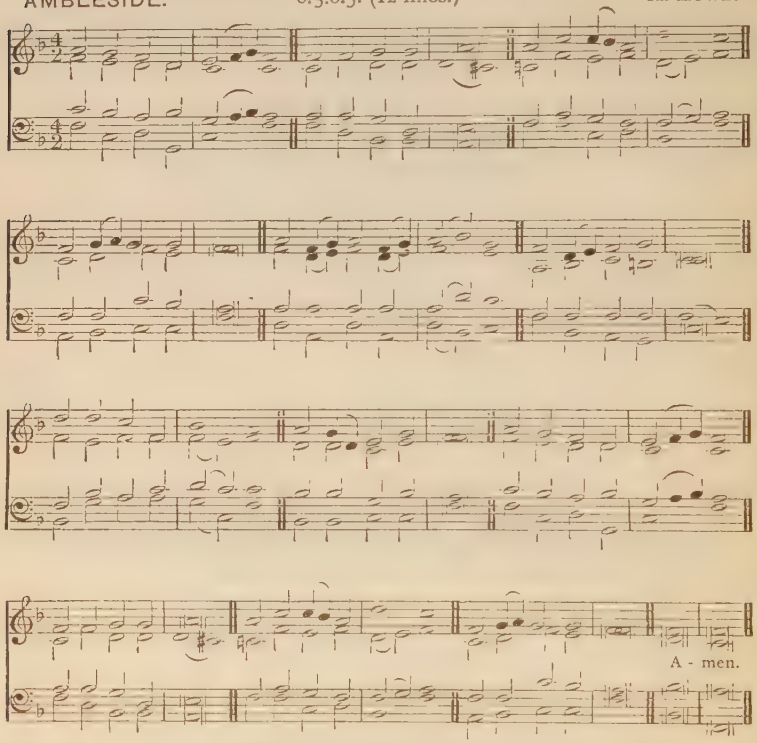
f 3 He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
"God's highest glory" was their anthem still,
"Peace upon earth, and unto men good will."

mp 4 Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
p Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
cr. Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

mf 5 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
cr. He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
f Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

J. BYROM, *v.* 3, *l.* 6, *v.* 4, *l.* 1, *v.* 5, *l.* 6 (*alt.*).

AMBLESIDE. 6.5.6.5. (12 lines.) A. LOWE.



64 *"For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him."*—Matt. ii. 2.

mf 1 FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
dim. To His humble home;
cr. Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.
mf Light of Life that shineth
Ere the world began;
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

mp 2 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
mf Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
mp Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
mf Light of Life, &c.

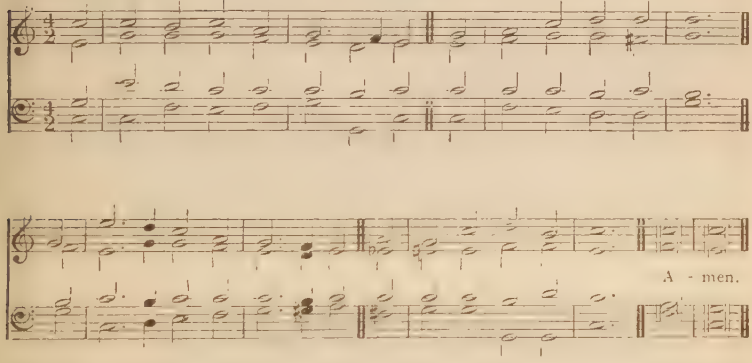
mp 3 Gather in the outcasts,
Who have gone astray,
cr. Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way.
mp Those who never knew Thee,
Or have wandered far,
cr. Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
mf Light of Life, &c.

mf 4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.
Light of Life, &c.

mf 5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee.
cr. O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
mf Light of Life, &c. Amen.

G. THRING.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.



65

"*The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings.*"—Isa. lxi. 1.

f 1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

mf 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
cr. The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

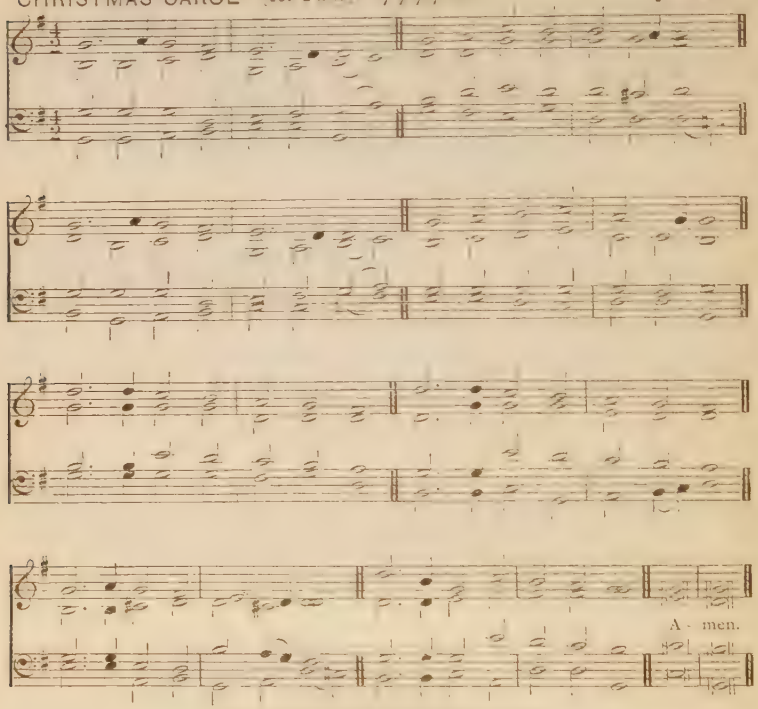
mf 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

mp 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
cr. And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
ff And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE

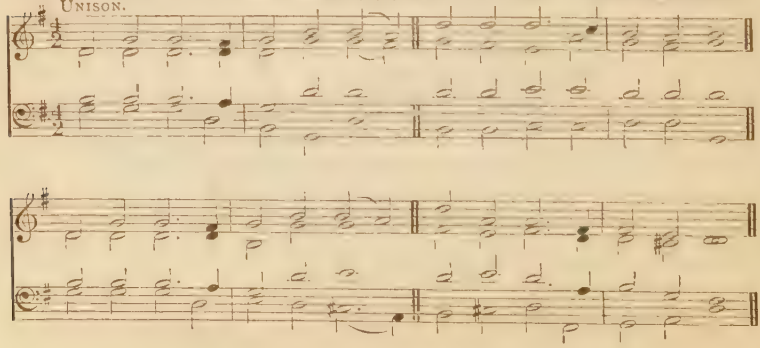
CHRISTMAS CAROL* (1st Tune). 7.7.7.7. D. J. Goss.

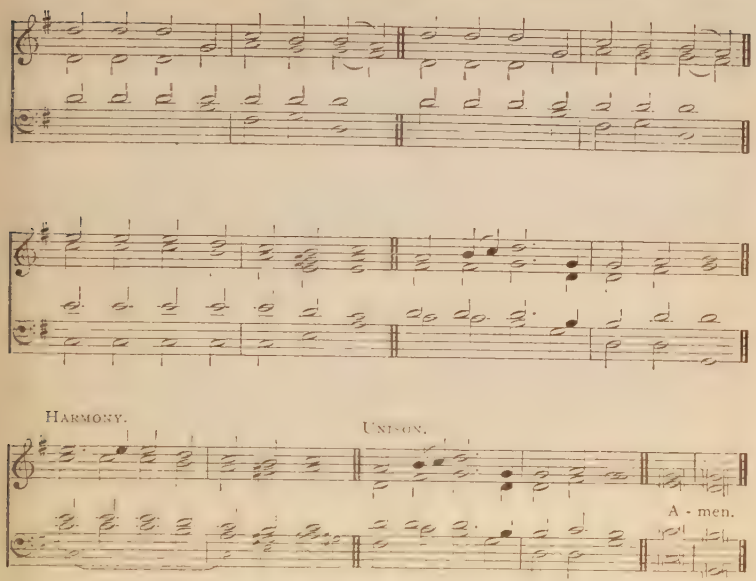


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* *N.B.*—Omit the "Refrain" with this Tune.

CHRISTMAS HYMN (2nd Tune). 7.7.7.7. D., with Refrain. F. Mendelssohn.





(To be sung in Unison, except the *9th line.*)

66

"*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.*"—Luke ii. 14.

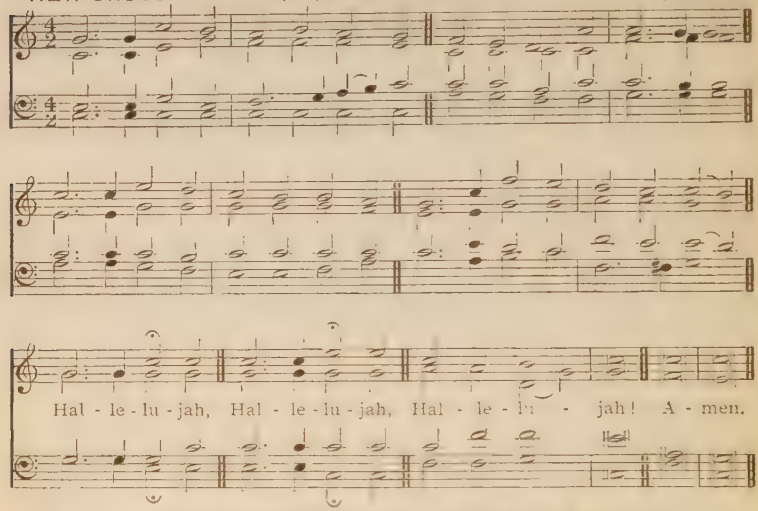
f 1 HARK! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King,
p Peace on earth and mercy mild,
cr. God and sinners reconciled!"
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King."

f 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
p Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
cr. Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King."

f 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings;
mp Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
cr. Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
ff Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King." Amen.

C. WESLEY (*alt.*, M. MADAN and F. WHITFIELD.

NEW CROSS. 8.7.8.7., with Hallelujah. D. JENKINS.



67

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—Luke ii. 13.

mp 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
cr. Sure! th' angelic host rejoices;
f Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!

mp 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
cr. "Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"
Hallelujah!

mp 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,"
Reaching far as man is found;
cr. Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
f Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah!

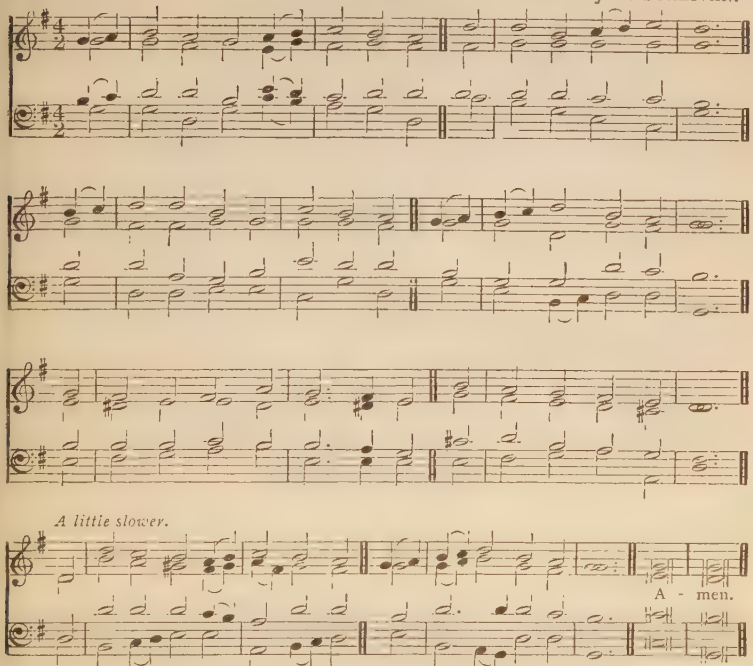
f 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah!

mf 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy:
cr. Till in heaven you sing before Him,
f 'Glory be to God most high!'"
Hallelujah!

mf 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
cr. Spread the brightness of His glory
f Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah! Amen.

J. CAWOOD.

NOEL. C.M. D. Harm. by A. SULLIVAN.



68

"In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth."—Ps. lxxii. 7.

f 1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
mf "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
mp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

mf 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
mp Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
cr. And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

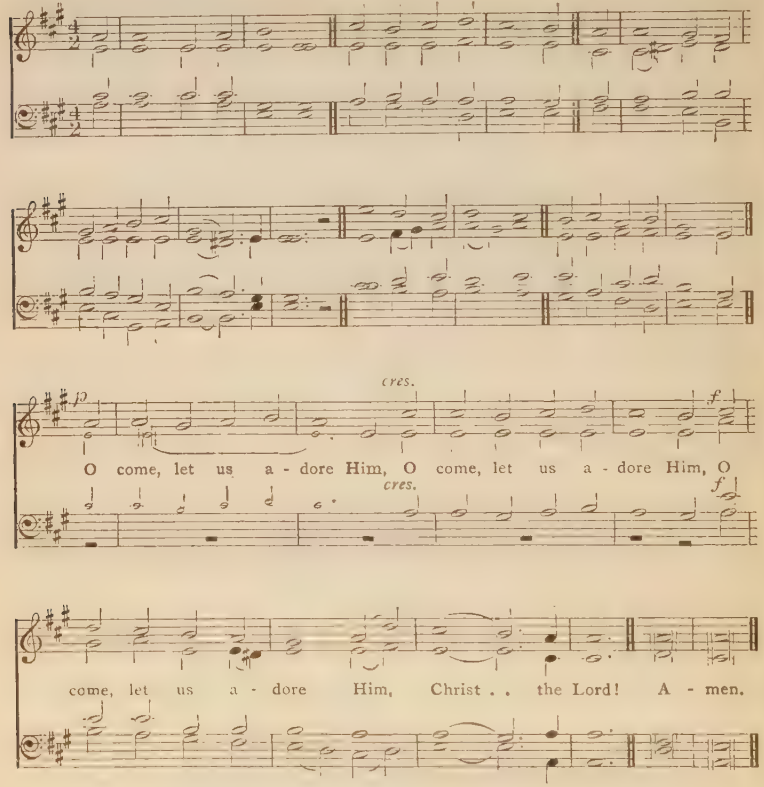
mp 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The song of love they bring;
pp Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
mf And hear the angels sing!

mp 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
mf Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

mf 5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
cr. When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
ff And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

E. H. SEARS.

ADESTE FIDELES. Irregular. J. READING.



69 "*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.*"—Luke ii. 15.

f 1 O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
p Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels:
p cr. f Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

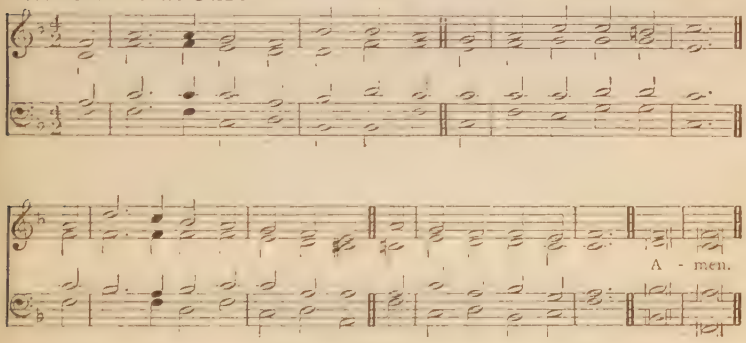
f 2 Though true God of true God,
Light of light eternal,
p Our lowly nature He hath not abhorred:
f Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten:
p cr. f Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

f 3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph;
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured:
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
p cr. f Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

f 4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;
O Jesus! for ever be Thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
p cr. f Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord! Amen.

BONAVENTURA, *tr.* W. MERCER.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ALISON'S Psalter.



70

"*The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.*"—Isa. ix. 2.

mf 1 THE race that long in darkness pined
f Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
dim. In death's surrounding night.

f 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

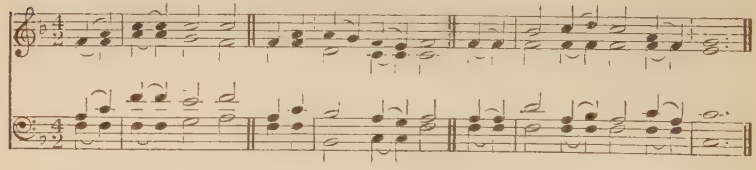
f 3 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

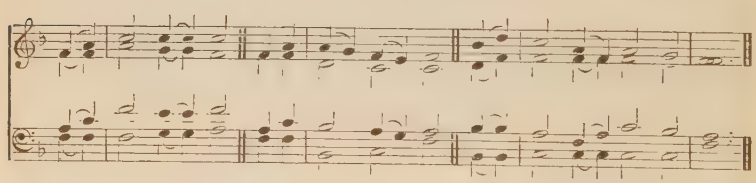
mf 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
cr. The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
f The great and mighty Lord.

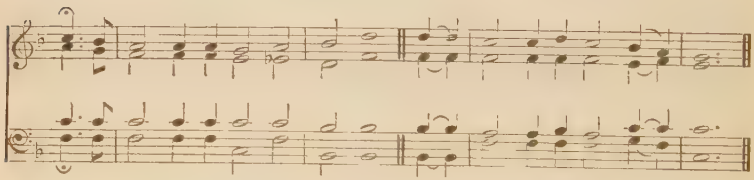
f 5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his Throne above,
And peace abound below. Amen.

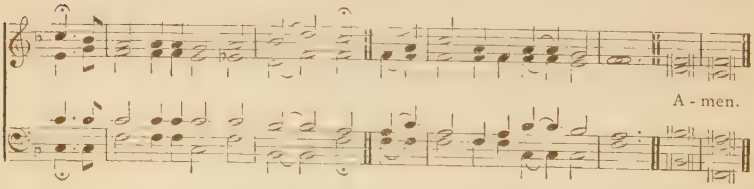
J. MORRISON.

ROOM FOR THEE (*1st Tune*). 5.5.8. 5.5.8. 8.8. I. D. SANKEY.

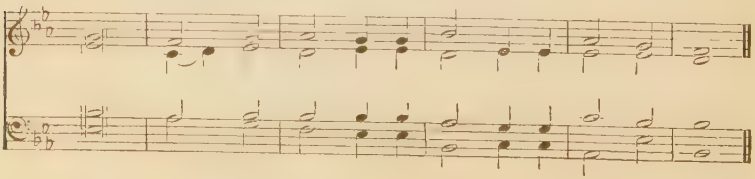


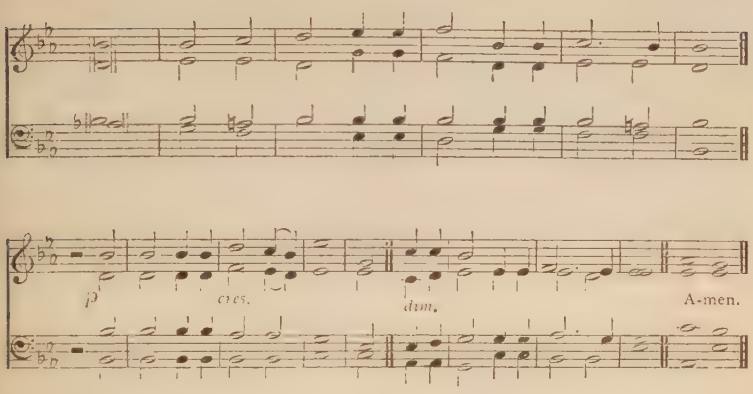






HOLY NATIVITY (*2nd Tune*). 5.5.8. 5.5.8. 8.8. A. C. FALCONER.





71

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke ii. 7.

mf 1 THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy | kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me:
p But in Bethlehem's home
Was there | found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
cr. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

f 2 Heaven's arches rang
When the | angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree:
p But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, | Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
cr. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee!

mf 3 The foxes found rest,
And the | birds their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
p But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou | Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
cr. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee

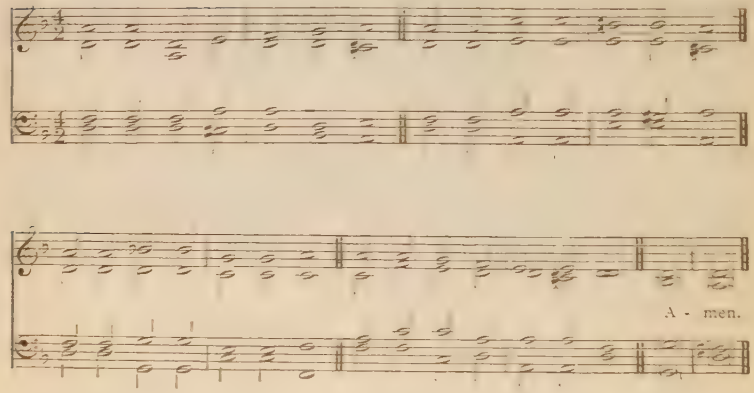
mf 4 Thou camest, Lord,
With the | living word,
That should set Thy people free;
p But, with mocking scorn,
And with | crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
cr. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea!

f 5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her | choir shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying | "Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
cr. And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT.

2.—*HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.*

HEINLEIN 7·7·7·7· P. HEINLEIN.



72 "*Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.*"—Phil. ii. 5.

mf 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.

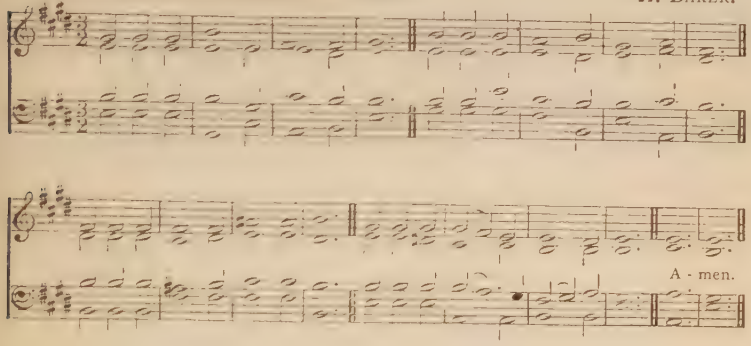
mf 2 Happy only in Thy love
Poor, unfriended, or unknown:
Fix my thoughts on things above:
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

mp 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done:
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.

mf 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
f Rise with Him to Thee, my God. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HESPERUS (WHITBURN). L.M. H. BAKER.



73 *"That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death."*—Phil. iii. 10.

mf 1 HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

p 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
Are these the consecrated road?

mf 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
cr. Until the perfect work was done,
dim. And drunk the cup of bitter gall.

mp 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine:
Still let me turn to Calvary,
dim. Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

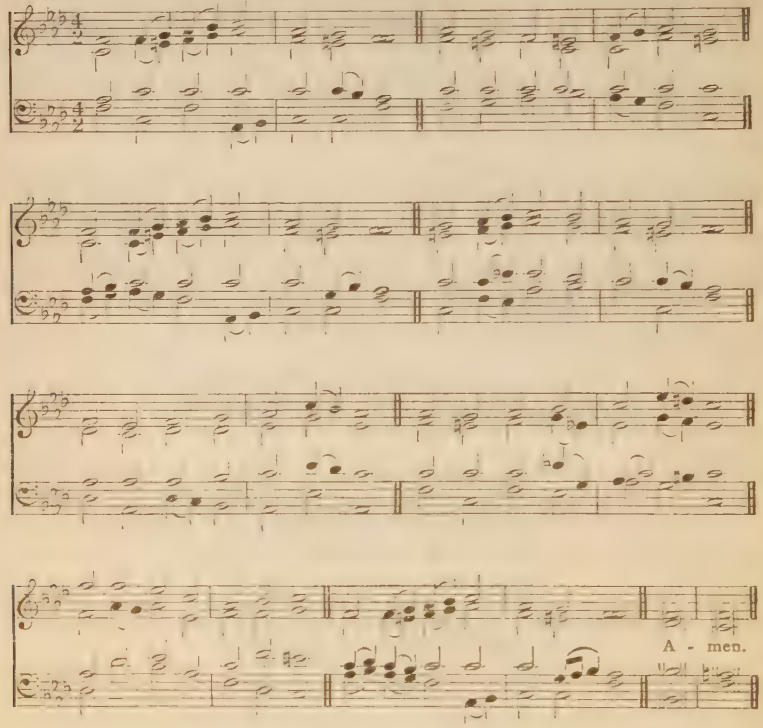
mf 5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
p To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

p 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
cr. And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

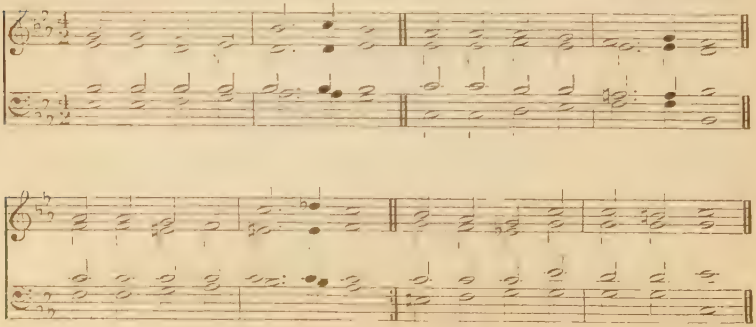
mf 7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
p Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
f But Thou canst give the victory. Amen.

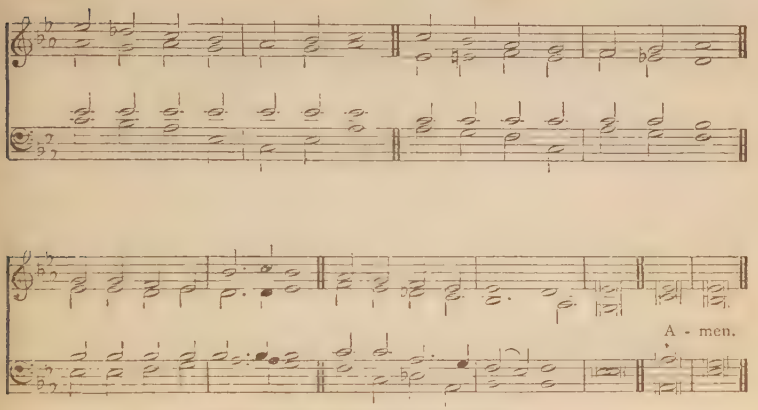
J. CONDER.

ABERYSTWYTH (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. J. PARRY.



ST. MARY MAGDALENE (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. A SULLIVAN.





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74 "*Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.*"—1 Pet. ii. 21.

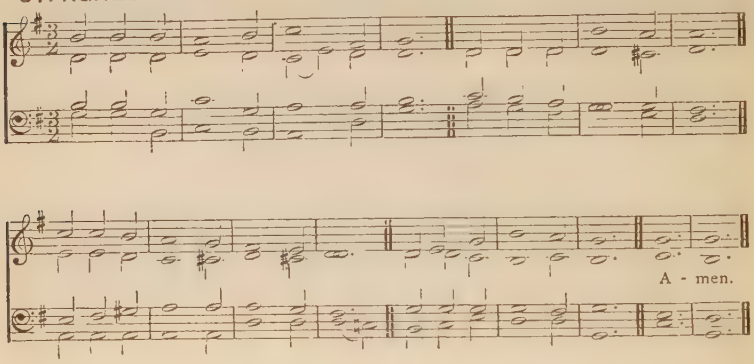
mf 1 JESUS, Thou didst bear for me
All the shame and all the strife;
Blessed Jesus, patiently
Thou didst tread the path of life:
cr. O my Saviour! if Thy will
Bids me longer here to pine,
Be Thyself my pattern still,
Make me live a life like Thine.

mp 2 Teach me should I long to stray
From the track Thy steps have trod,
How this painful seeming way
Surely leads my soul to God;
And that every darksome place
With Thy memory may be sweet,
cr. On the pathway freshly trace
Footprints of Thy patient feet.

mf 3 Show me that great company
p Who, with fainting steps and slow,
cr. Climbed, to their bright rest on high,
This same pathway long ago:
By the love which kept them true,
By the blood which made them Thine;
f Blessed Jesus, keep me too,
Till their glorious home be mine! Amen.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

ST. AGNES. C.M. J. B. DYKES.



75 "*If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.*"—Matt. xvi. 24.

mp 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee.
And plead to be forgiven,
mf So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

mf 2 Help us through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

mf 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

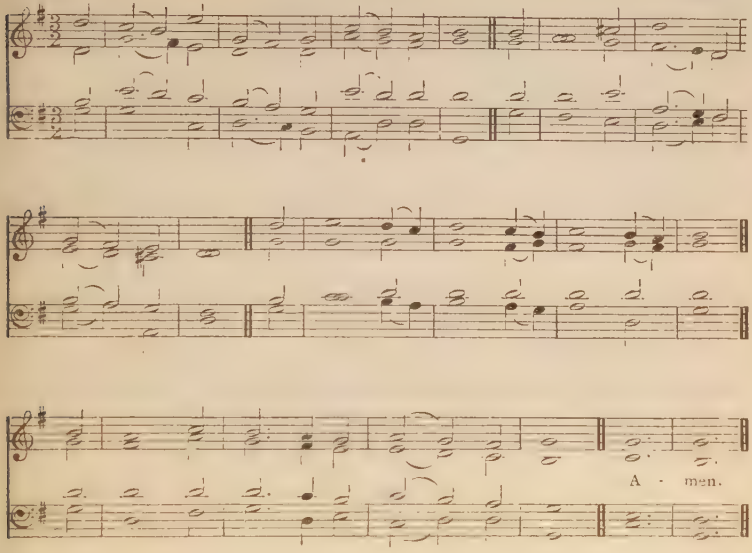
p 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
pp "Father! Thy will be done."

mf 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
cr. Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

mf 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cr. Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven! Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

CAREY. L.M. H. CAREY.



76 "*He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked.*"—1 John ii. 6.

mf 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
cr. But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

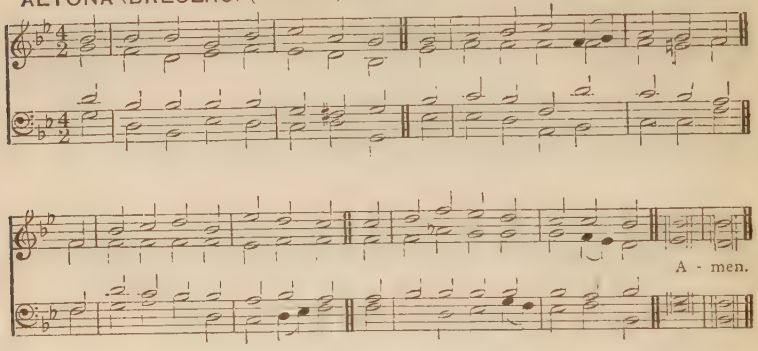
mf 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
p Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

p 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
cr Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

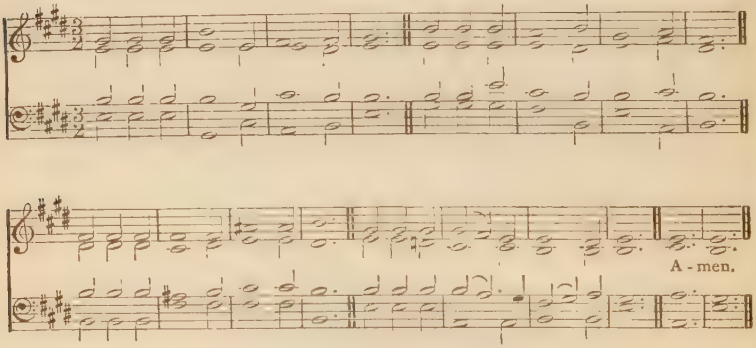
mf 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
cr. Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ALTONA (BRESLAU) (*1st Tune*). L.M. German.



HESPERUS (WHITBURN) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. H. BAKER.



77

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matt. xvi. 24.

mf 1 "TAKE up thy cross!" the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be:
Take up thy cross, with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me."

mf 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
cr. His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

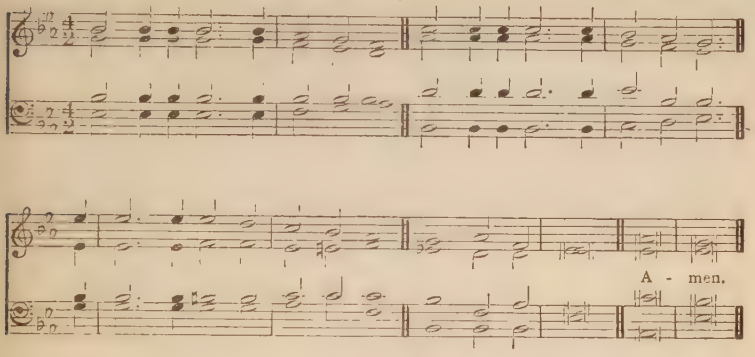
mf 3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still:
p Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

mf 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
cr. It points to glory o'er the grave.

mf 5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
cr. May hope to wear the glorious crown! Amen.

C. W. EVEREST.

HANFORD. 8.8.8.4. A. SULLIVAN.



78

"*Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.*"—Matt. viii 19

mf 1 THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word,
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
f We follow Thee.

p 2 In silence of the lonely night,
cr. In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
f We follow Thee.

f 3 Strengthened by Thee, we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe;
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

mp 4 With enemies on every side,
cr. We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
f We follow Thee.

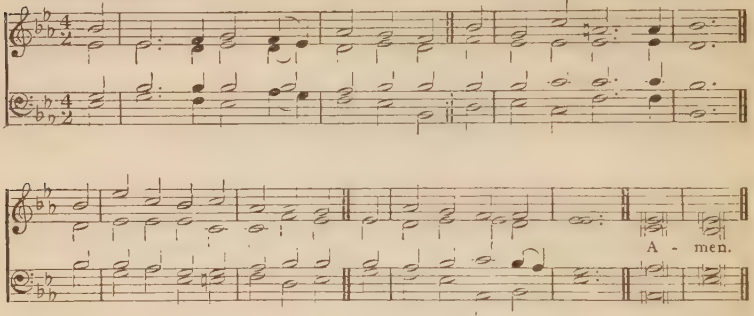
mf 5 Great Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
cr. Then, in the path that leads to day,
f We follow Thee.

mf 6 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
cr. Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
f We follow Thee.

f 7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move:
We follow Thee. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. W. RICHARDSON.



79 "*Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not.*"—1 Pet. ii. 23.

mf 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
p What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

mp 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
p Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

mf 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
cr. Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

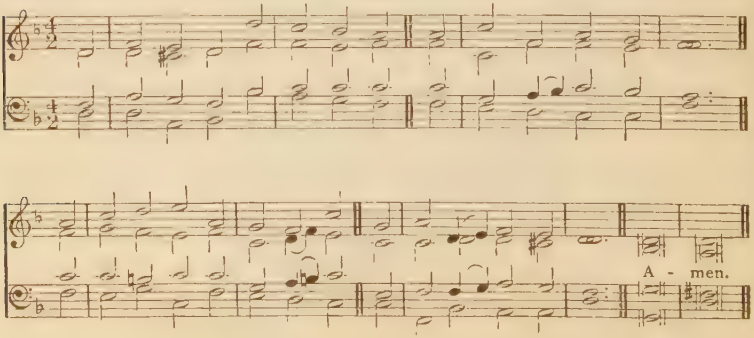
mf 4 Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee,
p Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

mf 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

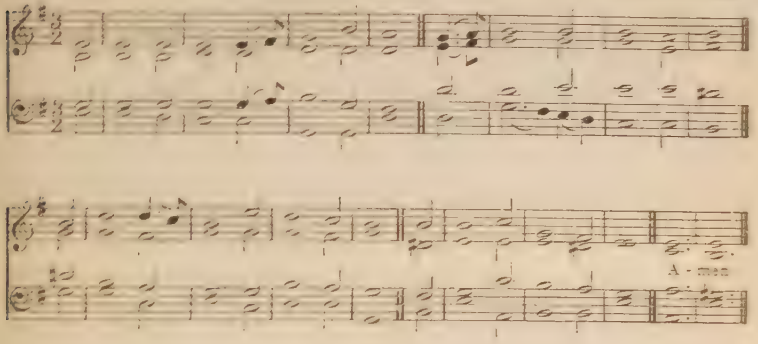
E. DENNY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. 3.—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

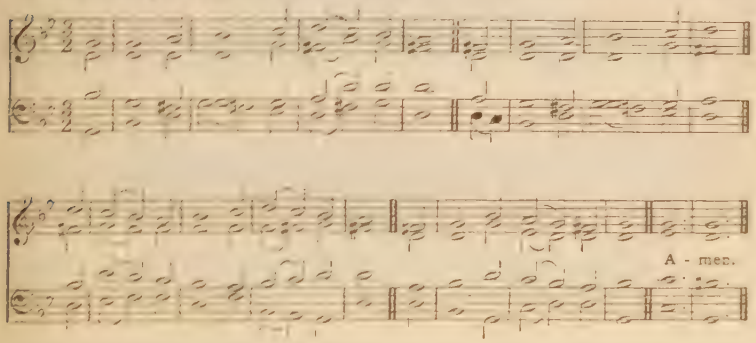
ST. MARY (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. BLOW.



LUDWIG (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



BURFORD (*3rd Tune*). C.M. Attributed to H. PURCELL.



80

"Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee."—John xxi. 15.

p 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

p 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
cr. Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

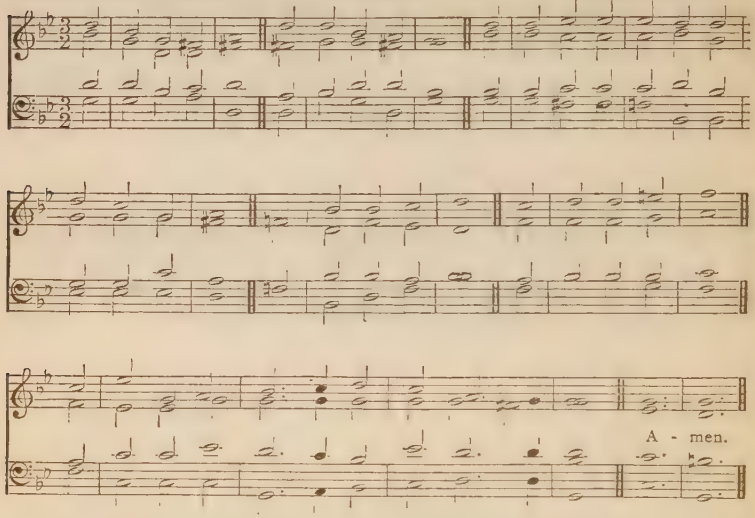
p 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
cr. When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died
For man, the creature's sin.

mp 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

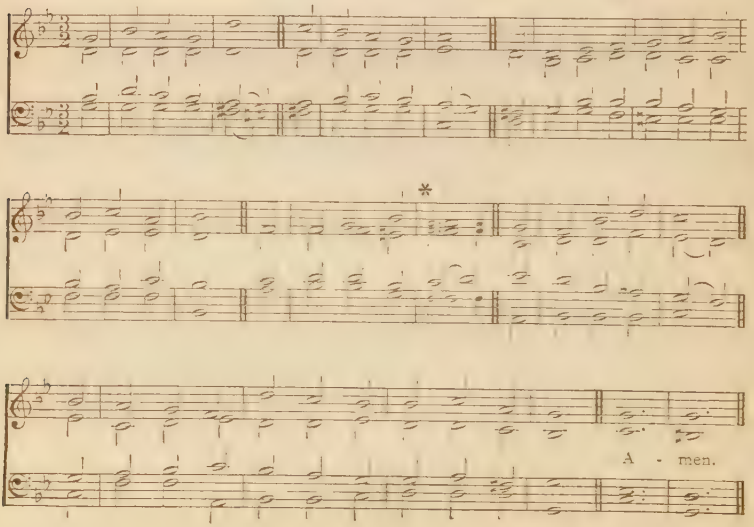
mf 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
cr. Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MORIAH (*1st Tune*). 5.5.11. D. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



VAUGHAN (*2nd Tune*). 5.5.11. D. E. J. HOPKINS.



(* Small notes for verses 3 and 5.)

81 *"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow?"*—Lam. i. 12.

mf 1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
cr. Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:
mp Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

p 2 He dies to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done.
cr. Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

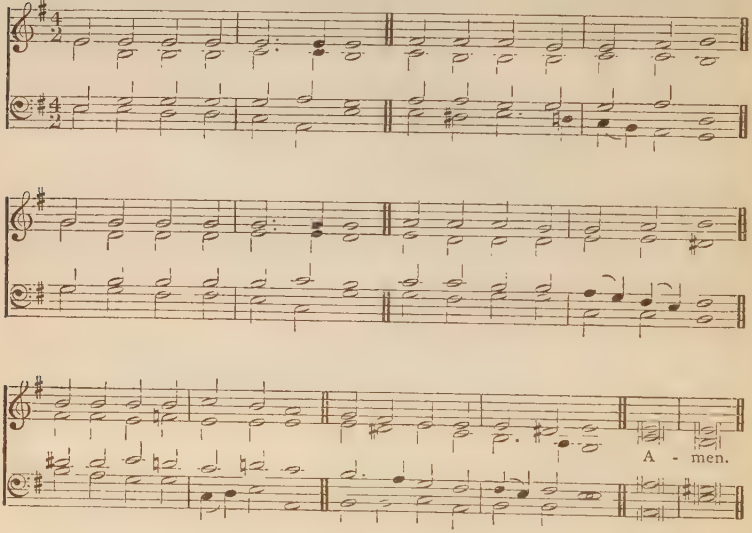
p 3 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
cr. The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
p That sinner am I,
cr. Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

mf 4 My pardon I claim;
p For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
cr. He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace:
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place.

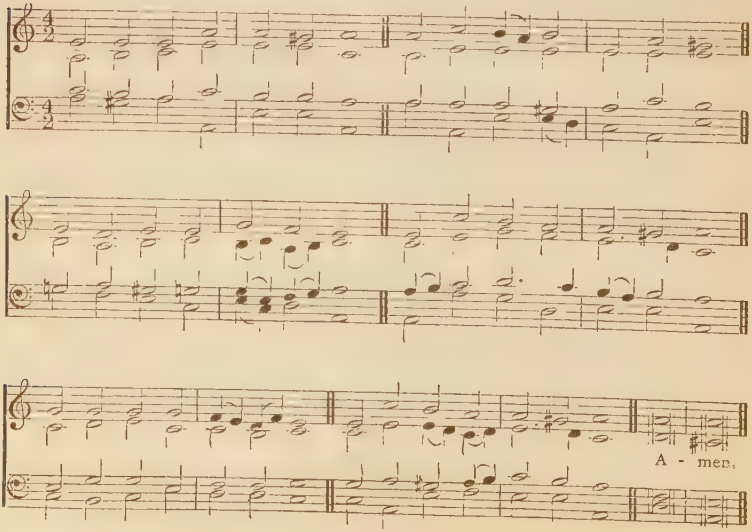
mf 5 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
p And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.
cr. My ransom He was
When He bled on the cross:
And by losing His life He hath carried my cause. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

GETHSEMANE (OUSELEY) (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7.7.7. F. A. G. OUSELEY

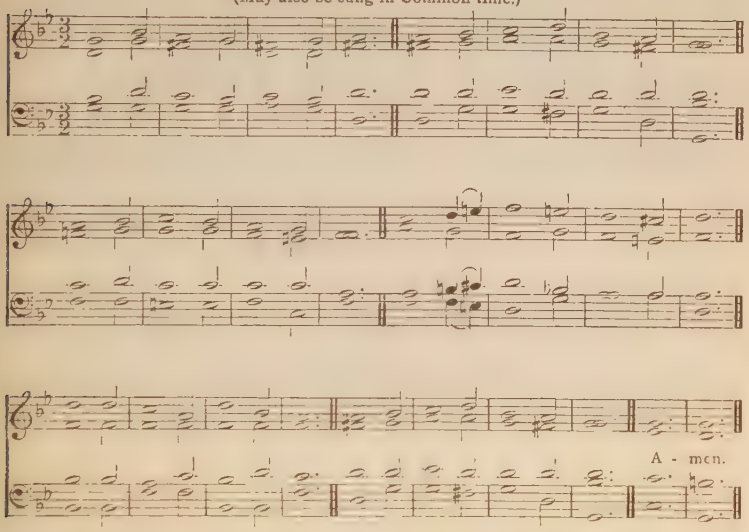


GETHSEMANE (TYE) (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7.7.7. Harm. by W. H. MONK.



EXEMPLAR (*3rd Tune*). 7.7.7.7.7.7. Old Latin Melody.

(May also be sung in Common time.)



82 "*Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an Example, that ye should follow His steps.*" - 1 Pet. ii. 21.

mp 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
cr. Your Redeemer's conflict see:
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
p Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

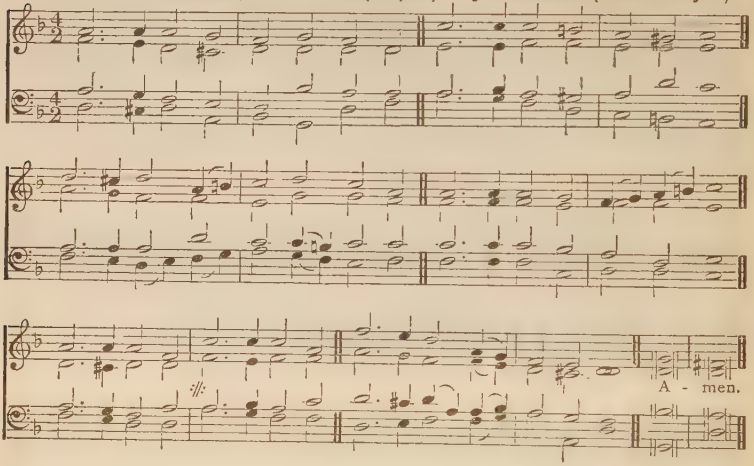
mp 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
p O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
cr. Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
p Learn of Him to bear the cross.

mp 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
cr. Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
f "It is finished!" hear the cry;
p Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

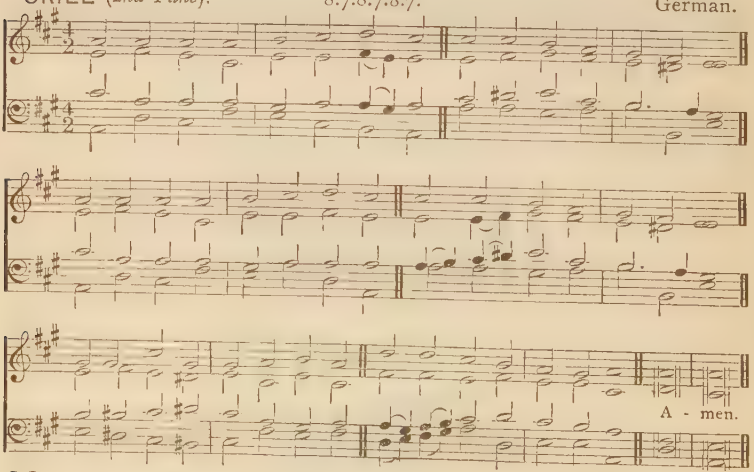
mf 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
p All is solitude and gloom;—
Who hath taken Him away?
f Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ARDUDWY (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



ORIEL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.



83

"*It is finished.*"—John xix. 30.

f 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
cr. See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
ff "It is finished!"
dim. Hear the dying Saviour cry.

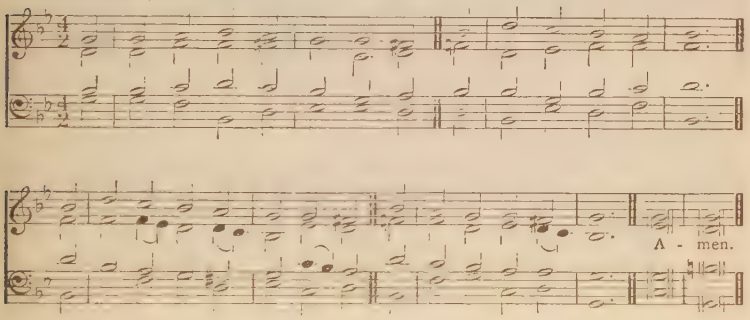
f 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
cr. Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
ff "It is finished!"
dim. Saints, the dying words record.

f 3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
cr. Finished, all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
ff "It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

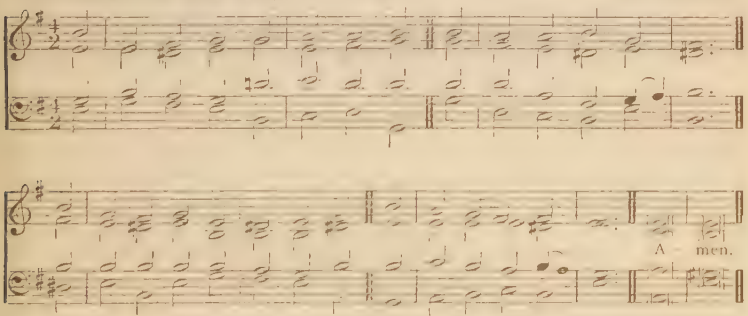
f 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
cr. All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
ff Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
Amen.

J. EVANS.

WINDSOR (*1st Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



REUDSBURG (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. KRUGER.



84

"*He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death.*"—Phil. ii. 8.

mf 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

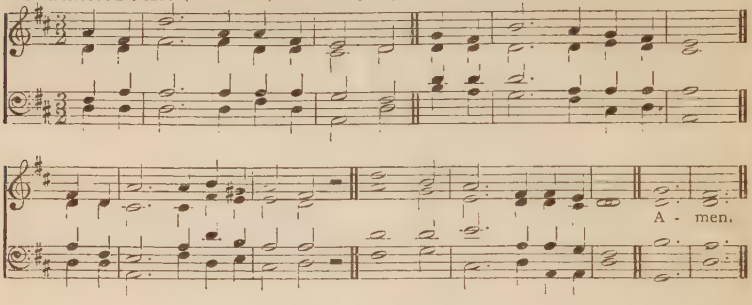
p 2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's not a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

mp 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

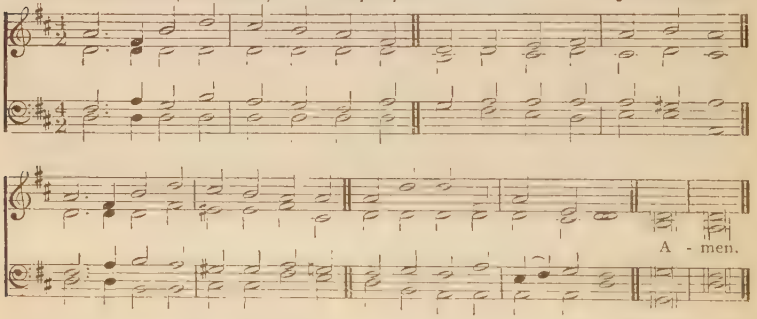
mf 4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget. Amen.

I. WATTS.

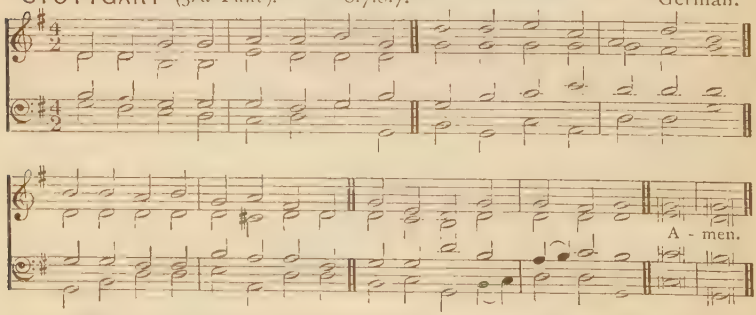
BEAMINSTER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. J. WAITE.



ST. OSWALD (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.



STUTTGART (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. German.



85 "*But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Gal. vi. 14.

f 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

mp 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cr. Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

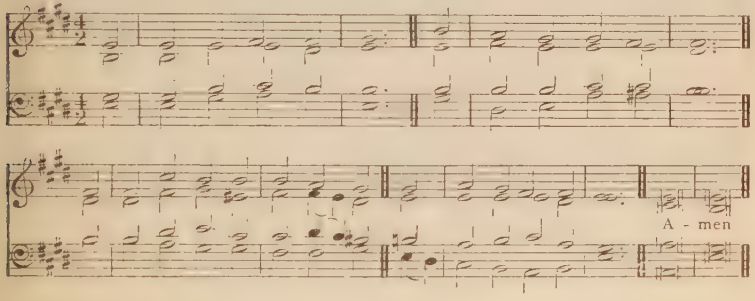
mf 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
cr. From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

mf 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
cr. Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

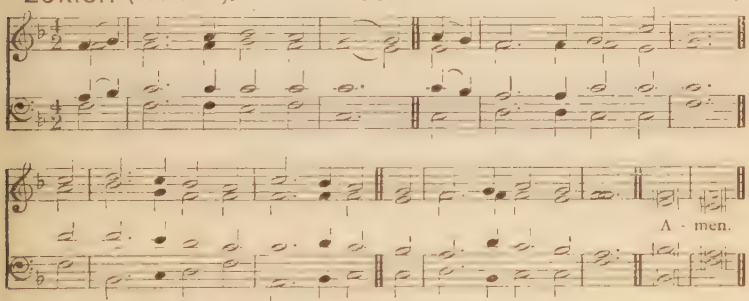
f 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
Amen.

J. BOWRING.

THETFORD (*1st Tune*). S.M. F. C. ATKINSON.



ZÜRICH (*2nd Tune*). S.M. H. G. NÄGELI.



86

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.—Tit. iii. 5.

mp 1 NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

mp 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

mf 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

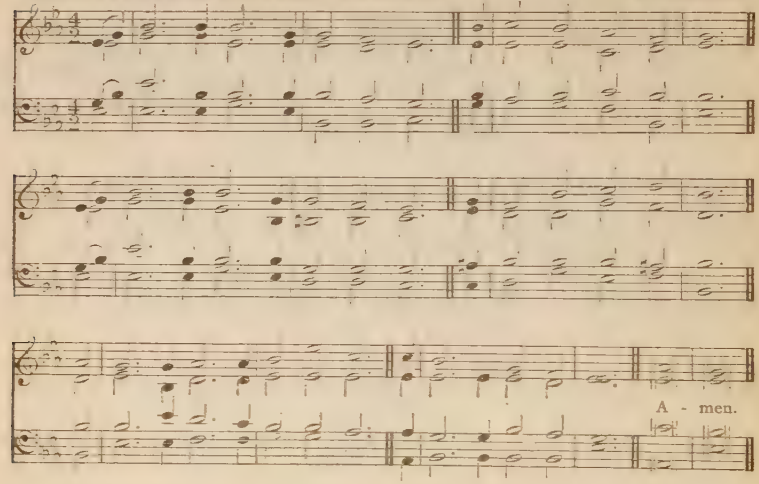
mf 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

mf 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

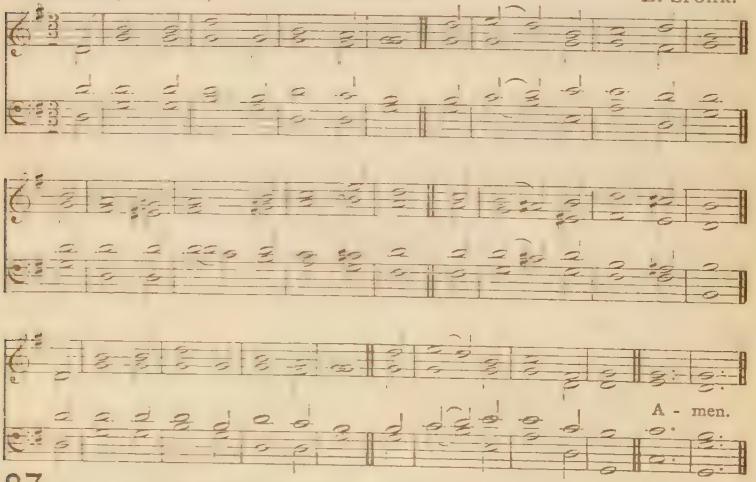
f 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine. Amen.

H. BONAR.

SUBSTITUTION (*1st Tune*). 8.6.8.6.8.6. I. D. SANKEY.



SPOHR (*2nd Tune*). 8.6.8.6.8.6. L. SPOHR.



87

"*The chastisement of our peace was upon Him.*"—Isa. liii. 5.

mp 1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed
Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee:
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Bearing all ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
mf Now there's no load for me.

p 2 Death and the curse were in our cup;
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last
dark drop—
mf 'Tis empty now for me!
p That bitter cup—Love drank it up;
mf Now blessing's draught for me.

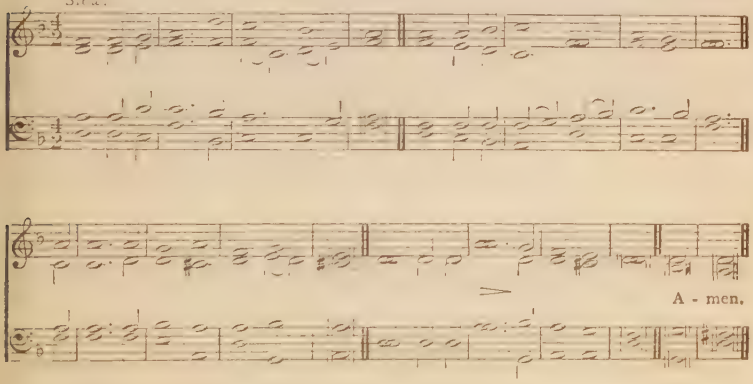
f 3 The tempest's awful voice was heard;
p O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward—
mf It braved the storm for me:
p Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
mf Now cloudless peace for me.

p 4 The Holy One did hide His face;
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me:
mf But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

mf 5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
cr. Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white, and tried,
f Thy glory then for me! Amen.

A. R. COUSIN.

GOLGOTHA (ST. CROSS). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



88

"*Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.*"—Lam. i. 12.

mp 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile!
The Saviour calls us to His side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn:
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

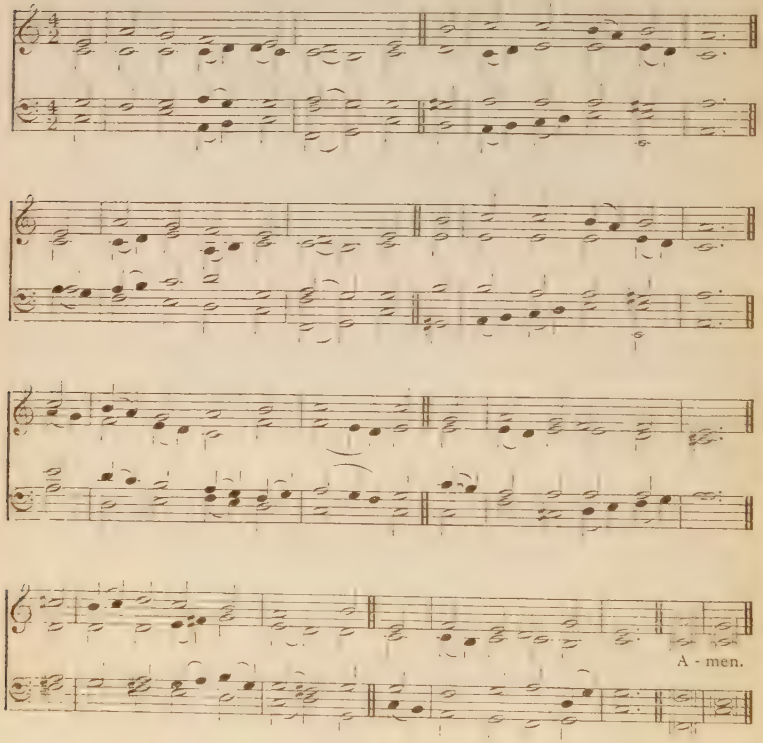
mf 4 Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine!
dim. Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

mp 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's dwelling is:
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

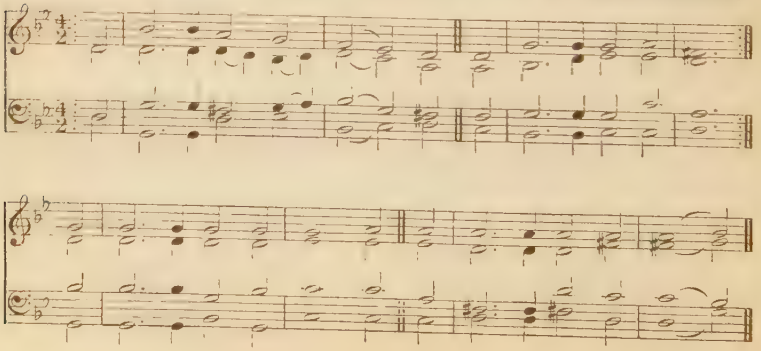
mf 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
cr. And victory remains with Love:
f Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
Amen.

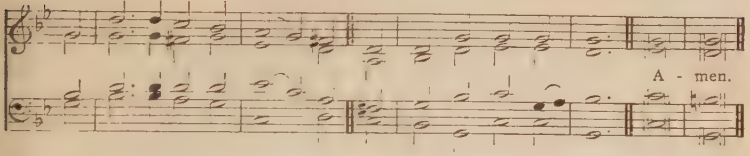
F. W. FABER, *alt.*

PASSION CHORALE (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. L. HASSLER.



WILTON SQUARE (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. M. WATTS-HUGHES.





89 *"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head."*—Matt. xxvii. 29.

mp 1 O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
mf O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
cr. Yet, though despised and gory,
f I joy to call Thee mine.

f 2 O noblest brow, and dearest!
In other days the world
All fear'd when Thou appearedst;
p What shame on Thee is hurl'd!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that bosom languish
cr. Which once was bright as morn.

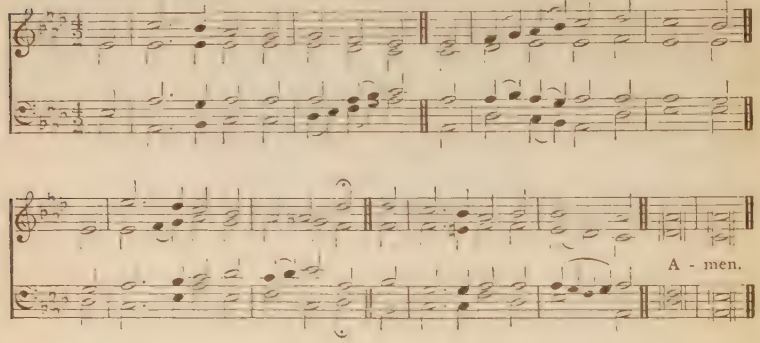
mf 3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd
Was all for sinners' gain;
p Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

mf 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
cr. Oh, make me Thine for ever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

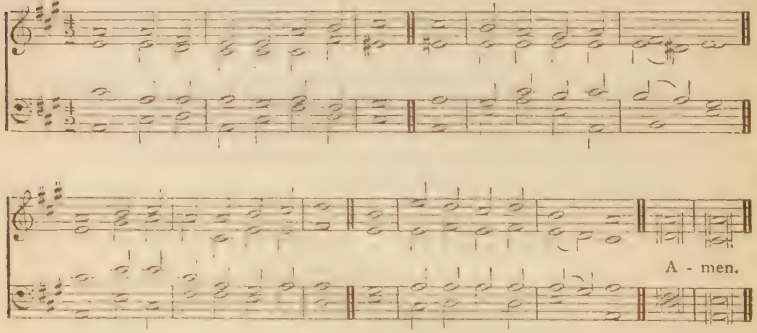
p 5 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, shew Thy cross to me!
cr. And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
p For he who dies believing,
f Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

P. GERHARDT, *tr.* J. W. ALEXANDER.

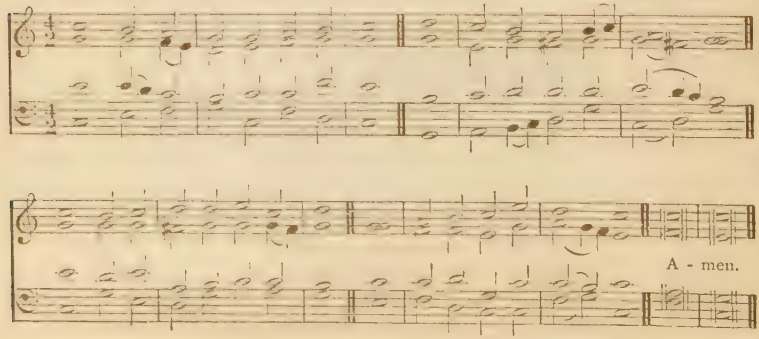
GLANCERI (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). D. EMLYN EVANS.



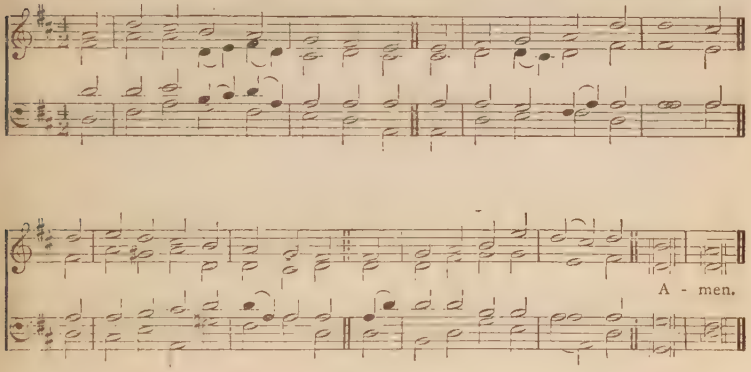
MORGANWG (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). Arr. by J. ROBERTS. (Ieuan Gwyllt.)



OLDENBURG (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). German Chorale.



TRALLWM (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). J. A. LLOYD, Senr.



90 "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*"—Rev. v. 12.

mf 1 THE chiefest theme of heavenly song
Is Jesu's dying glory;
f In highest hymn each harp is strong
To tell again the story.

mp 2 The virtue of His sufferings,
His grief in our restoring,
f Sound louder on celestial strings
Than seraphim adoring.

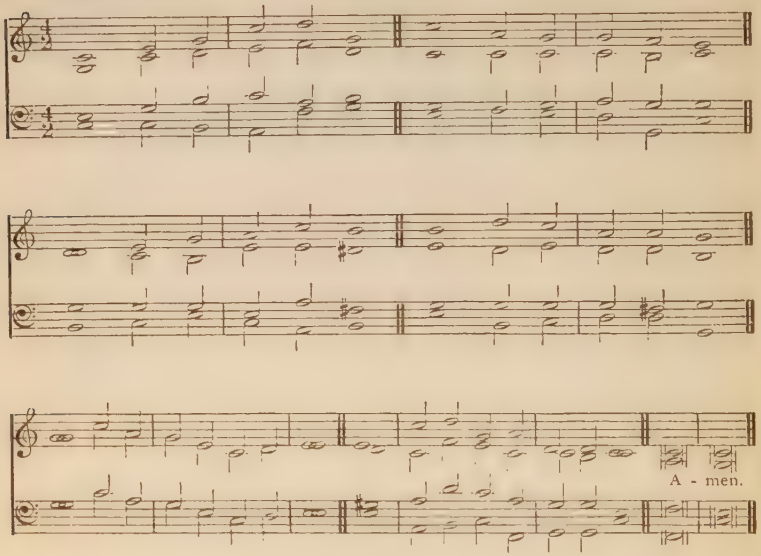
f 3 The song will but begin to rise
When ages vast are over;
For ever shall His sacrifice
New miracles discover.

mf 4 When these shall reach the sacred hill,
The sons of tribulation;
f Then every string Divine shall thrill
With louder exultation.

f 5 The music shall for ever swell,
Host unto host replying;
But Oh! the song will never tell
The worth of Jesus dying. Amen.

R. WILLIAMS (R. AP GWILYM DDU), *tr.* H. ELVET LEWIS.

CHRISTCHURCH. 6.6.6.6. 4.4.4.4. C. STEGGALL.



91 "*He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.*"—Isa. liii. 5.

mf 1 THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
cr. To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

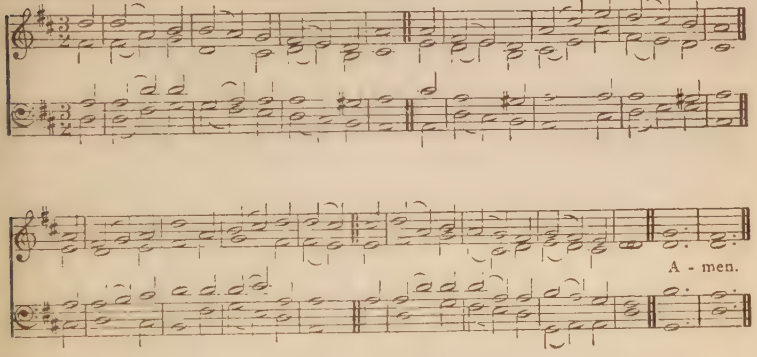
p 2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
cr. To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

p 3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
cr. To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

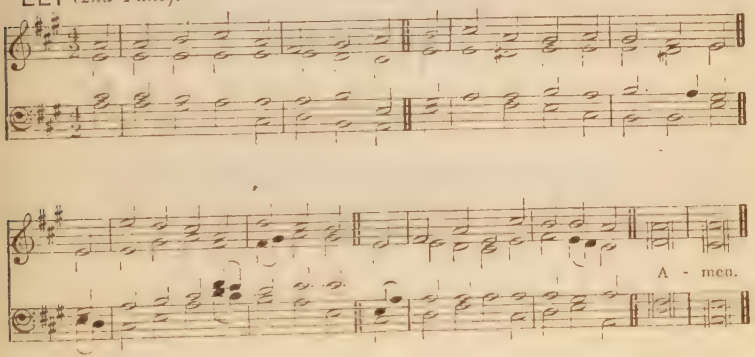
f 4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
cr. To whom, save Thee, who can alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee? Amen.

H. BONAR.

MONTGOMERY (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. STANLEY.



ELY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. TURTON.



92

"Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."—1 Cor. i. 24.

f 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died
p Of Him who died upon the cross;
cr. The sinner's hope let men deride,
f For this we count the world but loss.

mf 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
cr. In shining letters, "God is love."
p He bears our sins upon the tree,
cr. He brings us mercy from above.

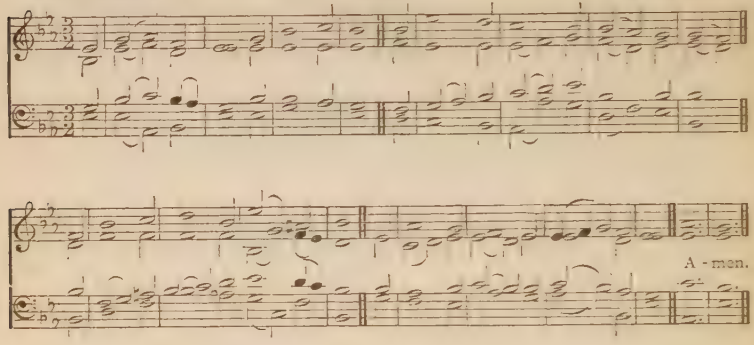
mf 3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
cr. It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

f 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

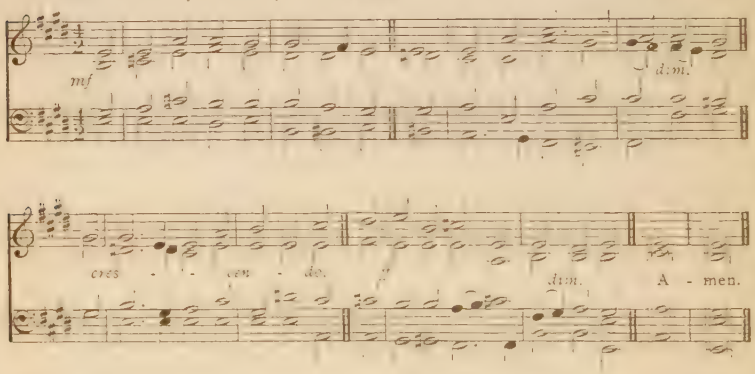
mf 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
cr. The sinner's refuge here below,
f The angel's theme in heaven above. Amen.

T. KELLY.

ROCKINGHAM (*1st Tune*). L.M. E. MILLER.



CRUX BEATA (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. BOOTH.



93 "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Gal. vi. 14.

mf 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
cr. My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

mf 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
cr. All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

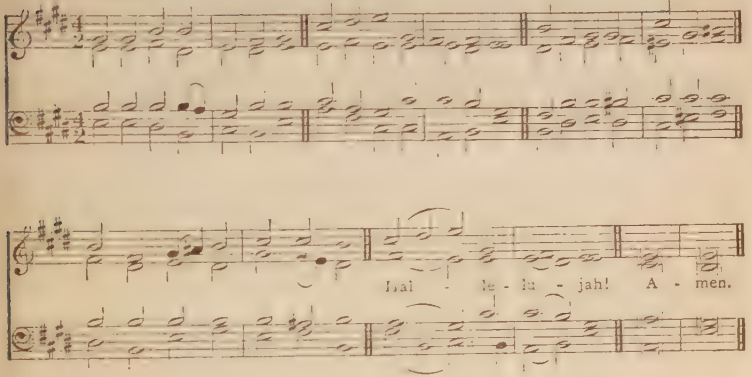
p 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
cr. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

mf 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

5.—HIS RESURRECTION.

WIRTEMBURG. 7·7·7·7·4· German.



94 *"Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."*—Rev. xix. 6.

f 1 CHRIST the Lord is ri-en again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark! Angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah!

mp 2 He, Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
cr. Now we sing our joyous lay,
Hallelujah!

mp 3 He, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
cr. Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.
Hallelujah!

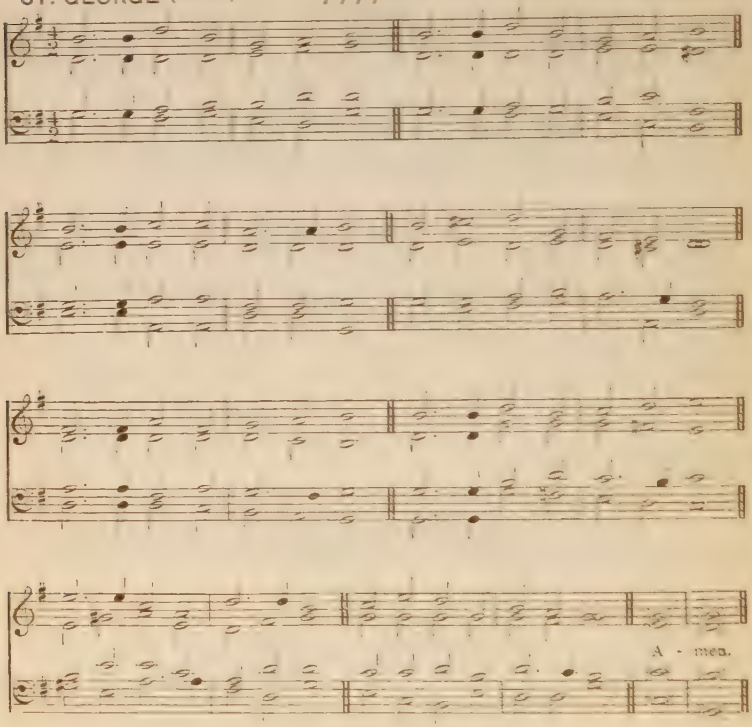
mp 4 He, Who slumbered in the grave,
cr. Is exalted now to save;
f Now through all the world it rings:
He, the Lamb, is King of kings.
Hallelujah!

f 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter Heaven.
Hallelujah!

mf 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
cr. Thee we sing by night and day.
ff Hallelujah! Amen.

M. WEISSE, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

ST. GEORGE (ELVEY). 7-7-7-7. D. G. J. ELVEY.



95 *"But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept."*—1 Cor. xv. 20.

f 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and angels say:
Raise your songs and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth, reply.
Love's redeeming work is done:
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

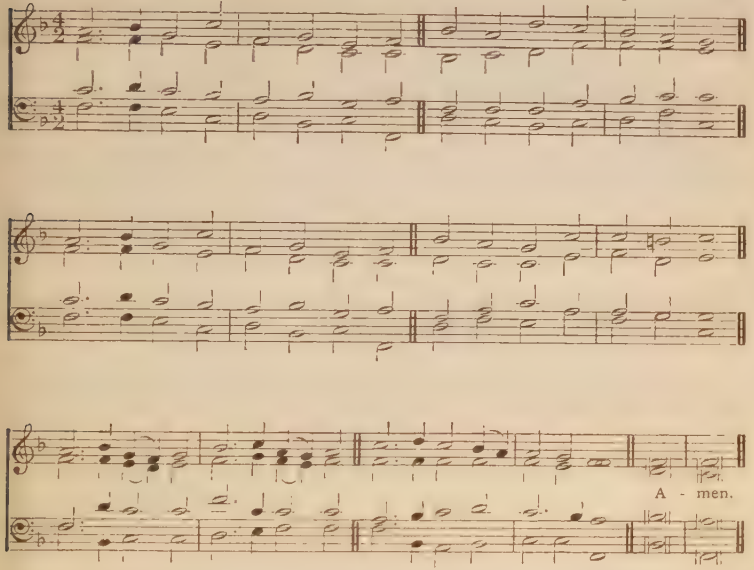
f 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death, in vain, forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.
Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
p Once He died our souls to save:
cr. Where's thy victory, O Grave?

mf 3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
cr. Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
ff Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven:
Praise to Thee by both be given,
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail! the Resurrection Thou!

Amen.

C. WESLEY.

RANDALL (LEWES). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. RANDALL.



96

"*Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*"—Matt. xxviii. 6

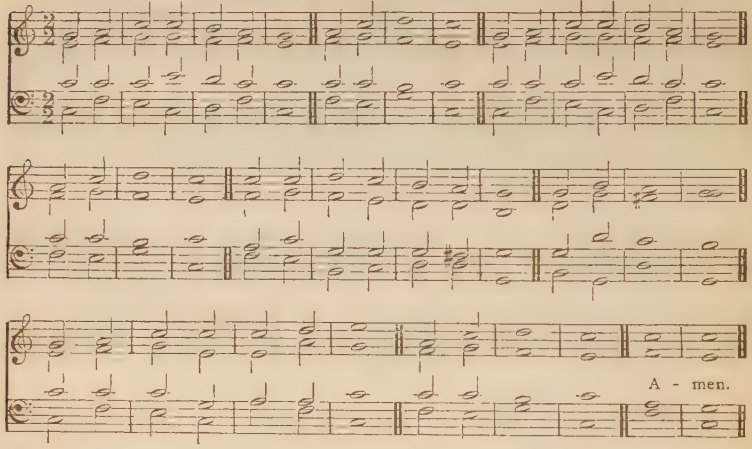
mf 1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
cr. He has burst His bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away;
f Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

f 2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame;
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
ff Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

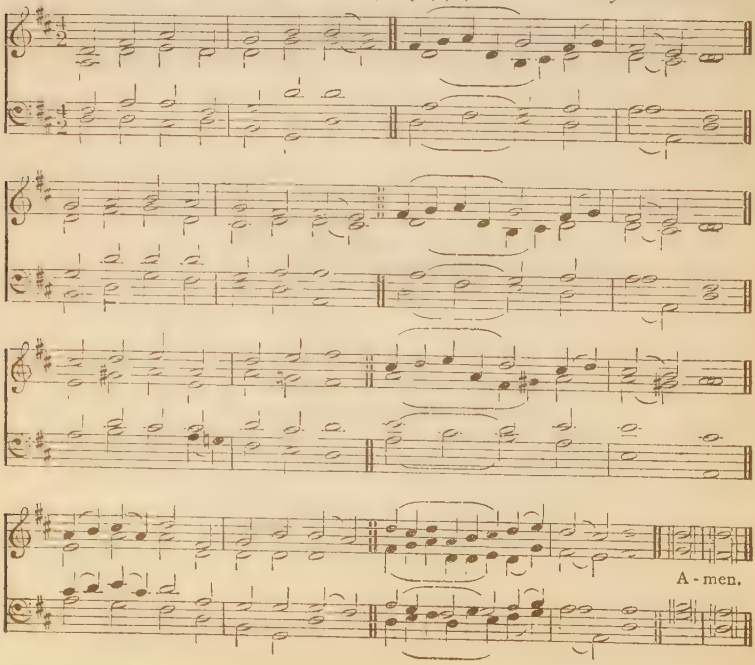
f 3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King:
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing:
ff Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring. Amen.

T. KELLY.

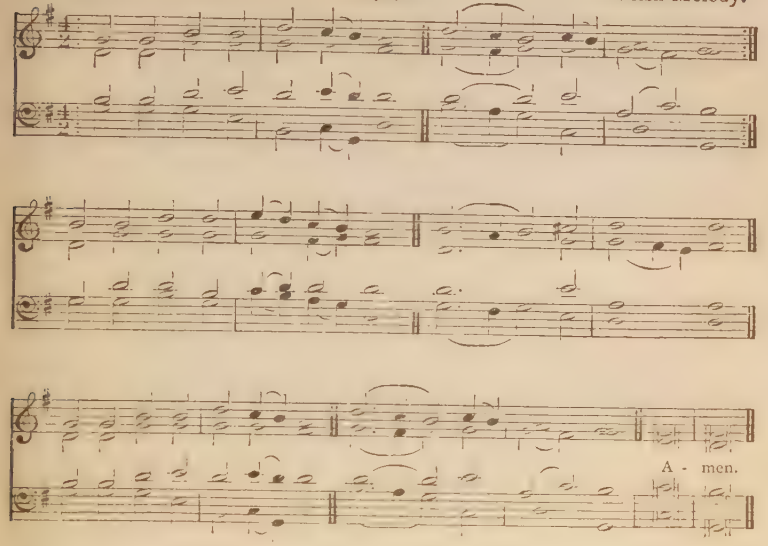
EASTER HYMN (MONK) (*1st Tune*). 7.4.7.4. D. W. H. MONK.



EASTER HYMN (CAREY) (*2nd Tune*). 7.4.7.4. D. *Lyra Davidica.*



LLANFAIR (*3rd Tune*). 7.4.7.4. D. Welsh Melody.



97

"*The Lord is risen indeed.*"—Luke xxiv. 34.

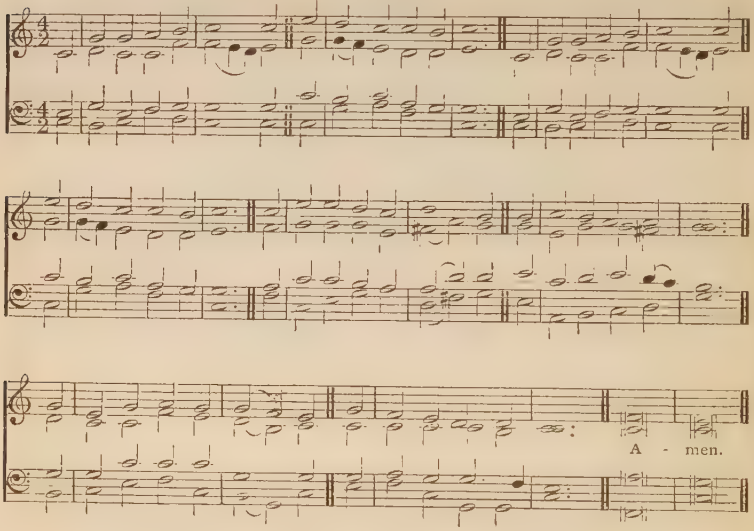
f 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah.
mf Who did once upon the cross,
Hallelujah.
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah.

f 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah.
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah.
mp Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah.
cr. Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah.

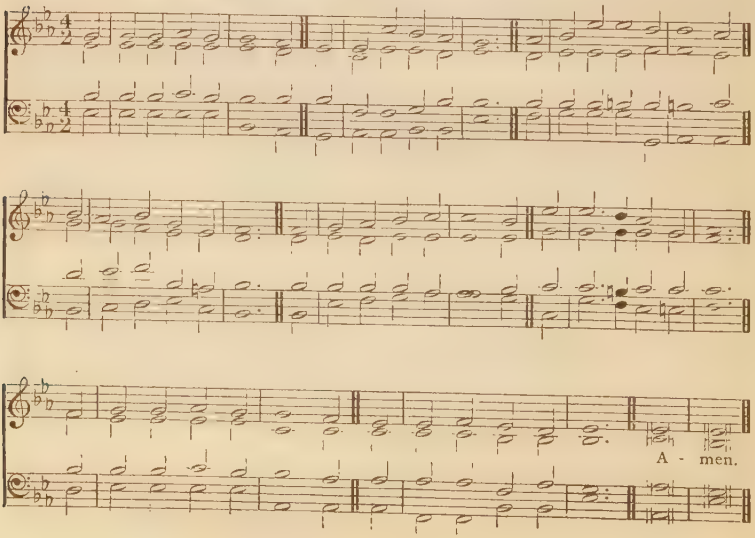
p 3 But the pains which He endured,
Hallelujah.
cr. Our salvation have procured:
Hallelujah.
f Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah.
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah. Amen.

From a Latin Hymn of the 14th Century.

ST. THEODULPH (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. M. TESCHNER.



AURELIA (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



98

"*Jesus met them, saying, All hail!*"—Matt. xxviii. 9.

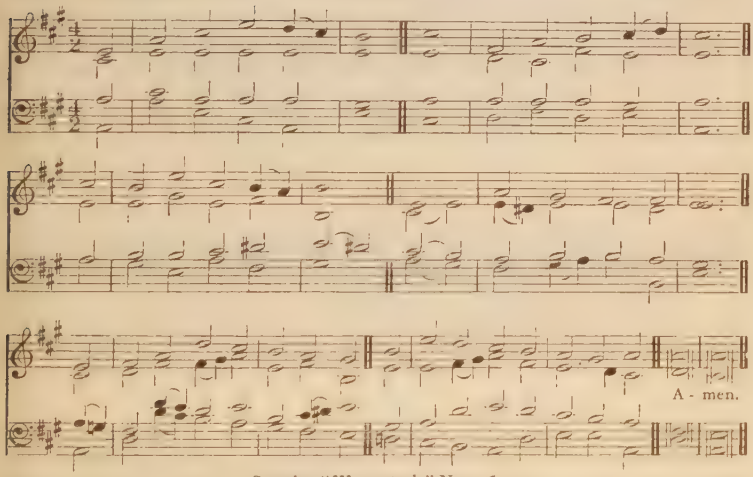
f 1 THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
cr. From Death to Life Eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
ff Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
cr. And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
f His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
cr. Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
ff For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

J. DAMASCUS, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

HOLLYBOURNE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. H. SMART.



See also "Waterstock," No. 246.

99

"*When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive.*"—Eph. iv. 8.

f 1 THE happy morn is come,
The Saviour leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

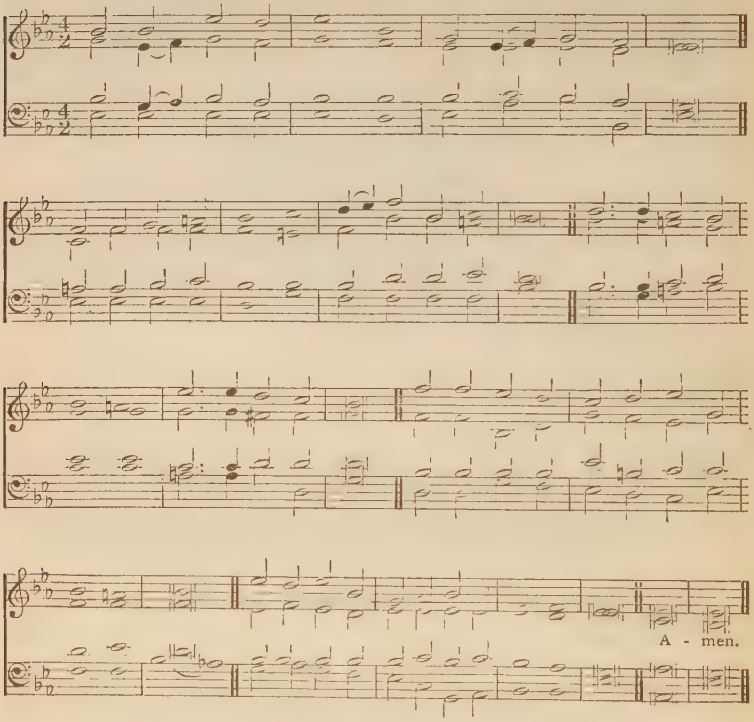
mf 2 Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since His rich blood was spilt.
cr. Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead

mf 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won.
cr. Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

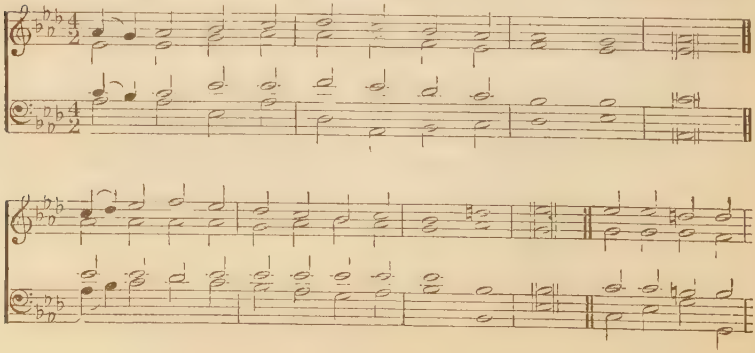
f 4 Hail the triumphant Lord!
The resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word;
Before Thy Throne we bow.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
Amen.

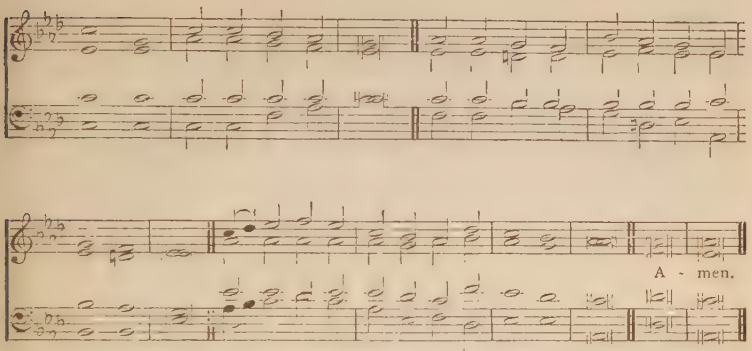
T. HAWEIS.

SALVE FESTA DIES (*1st Tune*). 11.11.11.11.11. J. BARNBY.



FORTUNATUS (*2nd Tune*). 11.11.11.11.11. A. SULLIVAN.





(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

100 "*I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.*"—Rev. i. 18.

f 1 "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
ff "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

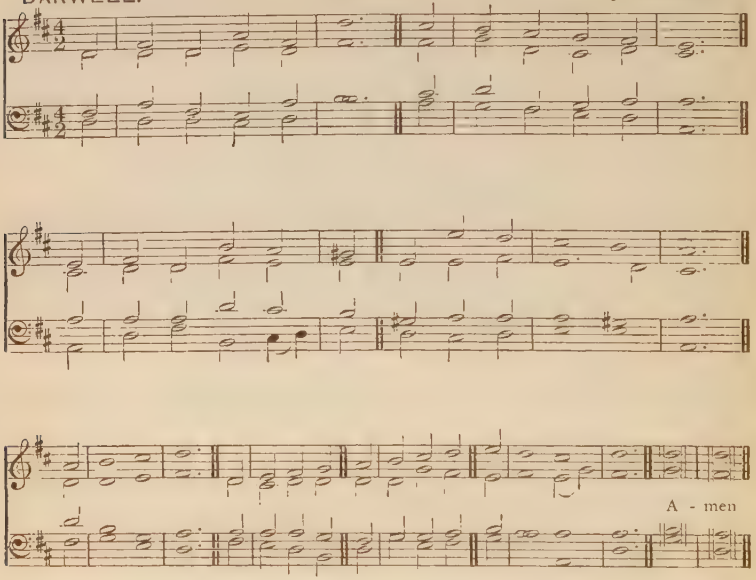
mf 2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding man's abasing fall,
cr. Of th' Eternal Father true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:
f Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day!

mf 3 Thou, of life the Author, (*dim*) death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, (*cr*) saving strength to show;
f Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own Third Morning! rise, O buried Lord!
ff "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf 4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain:
All that now is fallen raise to life again:
cr. Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see!
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
ff Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day! Amen.

V. FORTUNATUS, *tr.* J. ELLERTON.

DARWELL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. DARWELL.



101

"*He is risen.*"—Matt. xxviii. 6.

f 1 YES! the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

mf 2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

f 3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
Jesus, Who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.

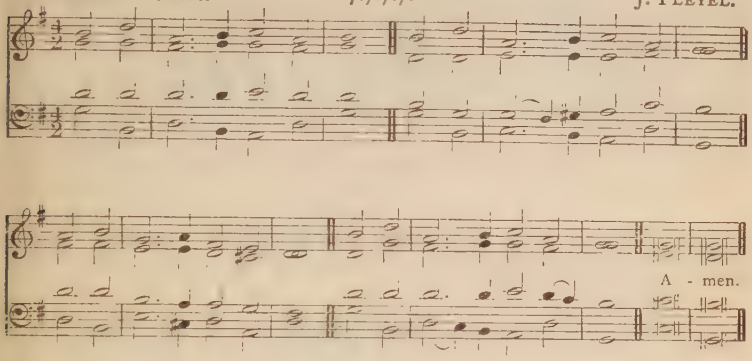
mf 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry,—
Jesus, Who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

ff 5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And empires gain,
Beyond the skies. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

5.—*HIS ASCENSION AND INTERCESSION.*

GERMAN HYMN. 7·7·7·7· J. PLEYEL.



102 "*While He blessed them He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.*"—Luke xxiv. 51.

f 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies:
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

f 2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

f 3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives;
mp Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
f Though returning to His throne,
mp Still He calls mankind His own.

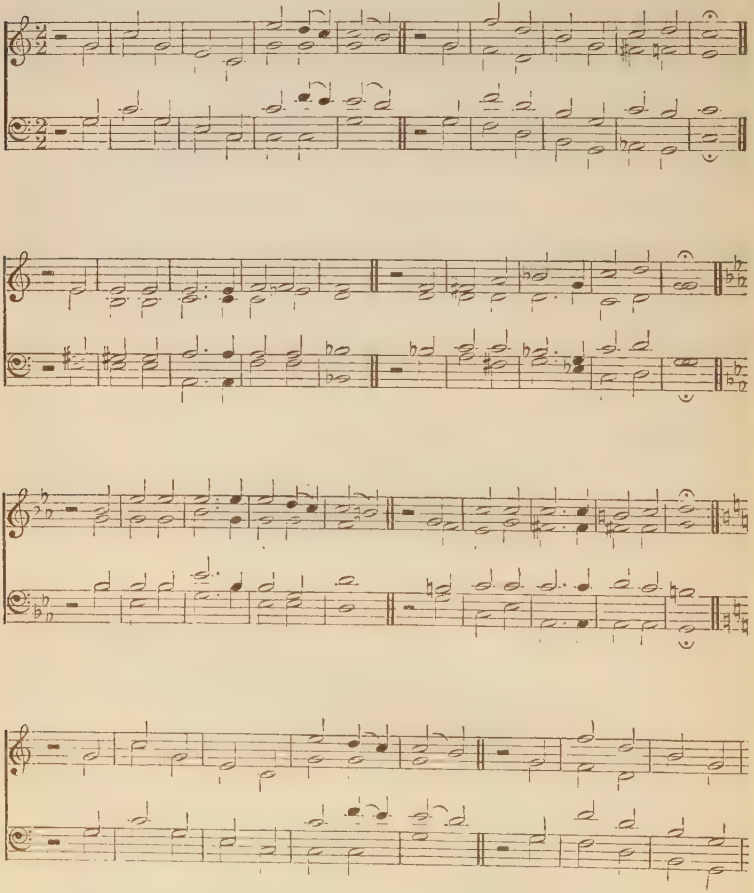
mp 4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
cr. Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

mp 5 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
cr. Near Himself prepares our place,
He the firstfruits of our race.

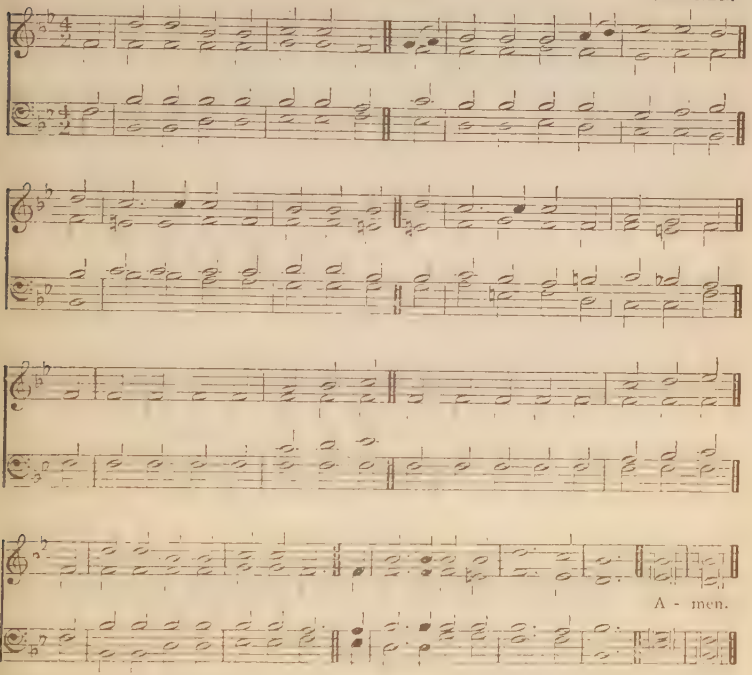
mf 6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
cr. Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies. Amen.

C. WESLEY, *alt.*

ASCENSION (*1st Tune*). L.M.D. L. BEETHOVEN.



ST. SERF (*2nd Tune*). L.M. D. H. LAHEE.



103

"*The King of Glory shall come in.*"—Ps. xxiv. 9.

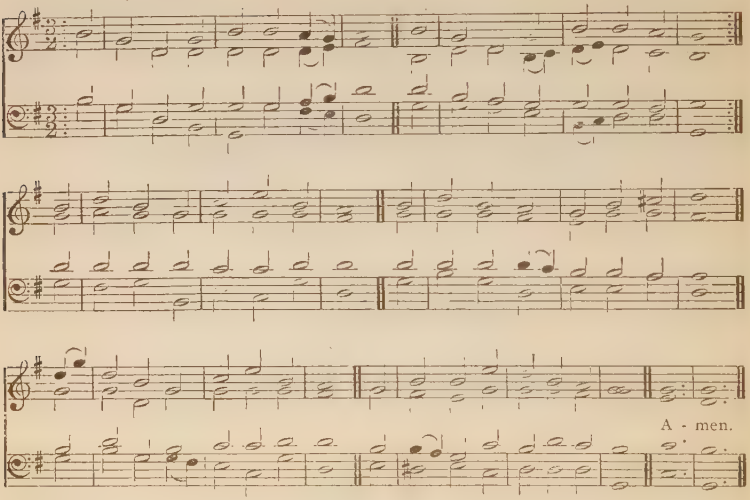
f 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
mf There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
ff "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

f 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
ff He claims these mansions as His right,
Receive the King of Glory in!
mp Who is this King of Glory? Who?
f The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

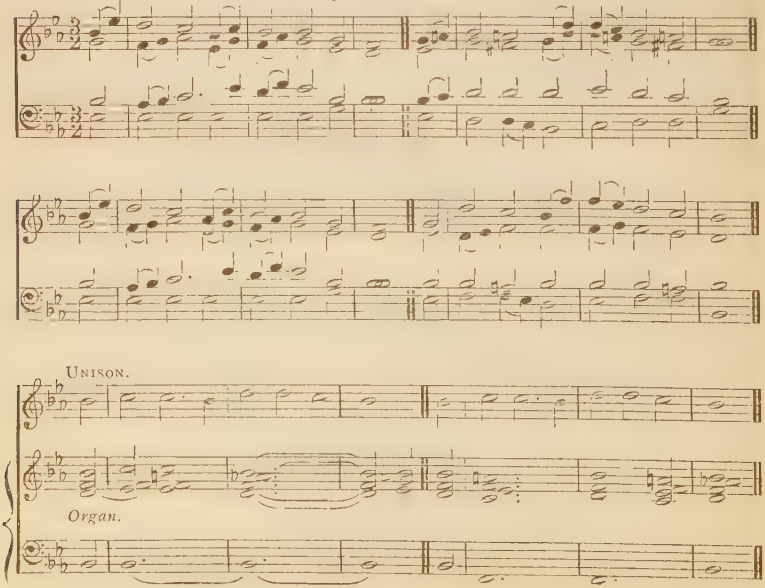
mf 3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
ff "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
mp Who is this King of Glory? Who?
ff The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest! Amen.

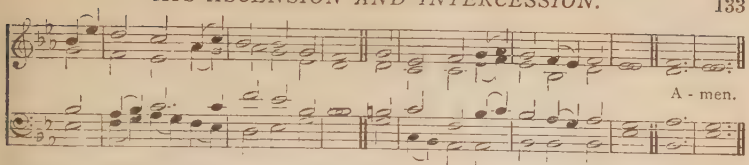
C. WESLEY.

SALOME (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar). Welsh Melody.



TALIESIN (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar). J. T. Rees.





104

"When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."—Eph. iv. 8.

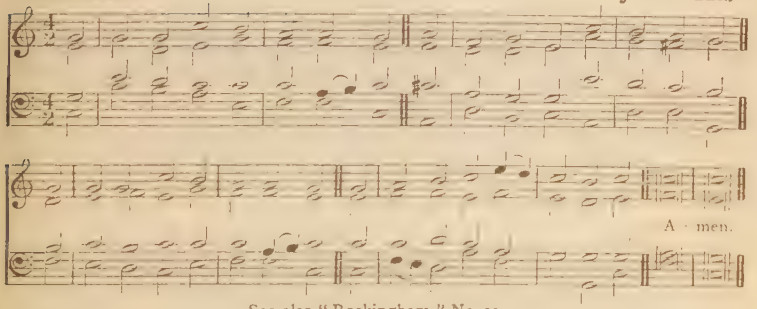
mf 1 THE Saviour to glory is gone;
His sufferings and sorrows are past,
His work is completed and done,
And shall to eternity last.
f For ever He lives to bestow
The blessings He purchased so dear;
Our bosoms with gratitude glow,
Whilst to Him, by faith, we draw near.

mf 2 Expecting from Him to receive
All fulness of glory and grace,
Rejoicing in hope, we believe,
His promises thankful embrace.
f Our King shall protect us from harms,
Our Advocate make our plea good;
Our Shepherd will bear in His arms
The sheep which He bought with His blood.

mf 3 Our Prophet will point out the way
Which leads to the mansions above;
Our Priest all our ransom shall pay,
Our Friend of unchangeable love.
But whilst to the Lamb on His throne,
Our hearts and our voices we raise,
His glory exalted we own
Above all our blessing and praise. Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

MAINZER. L.M. J. MAINZER.



See also "Rockingham," No. 93.

105

"When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."—Eph. iv. 8.

mf 1 THE Son of Man is gone on high,
He fills His Father's throne again,
cr. He captive leads captivity, [men.
And wields the gifts of God for

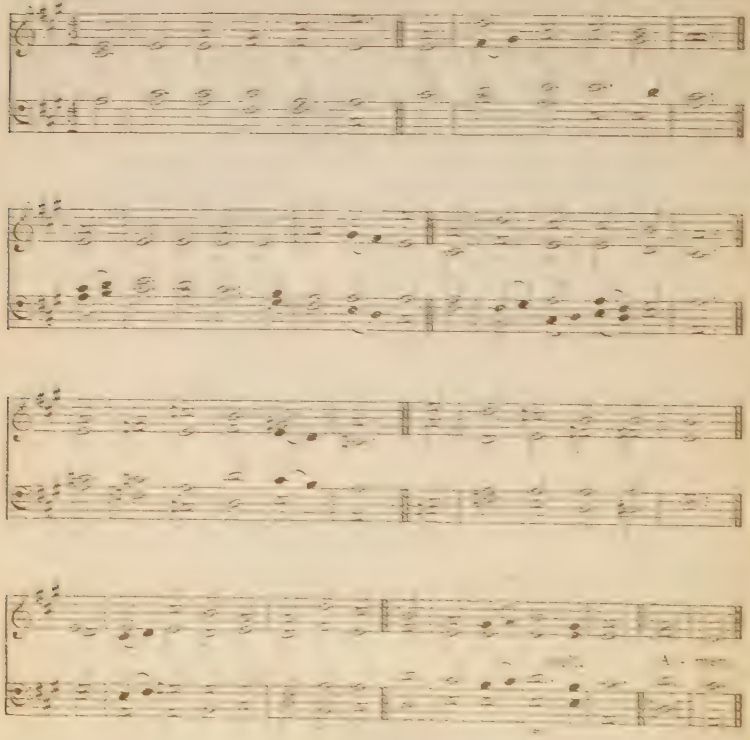
mp 2 O Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Of gifts divine the first and best,
Descend on wings of peace and love,
And fix Thy home in every breast.

mf 3 Health, light, and comfort, every good [lend,
That man can wish, or God can
Are all the purchase of Thy blood,
Our dying, ever-living Friend.

mp 4 In life, in death, to Thee we cling;
To Thee with all our wants we come:
O keep us here beneath Thy wing!
And guide us soon, and safely home! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

OLIVET. S.M.D. J. B. DYKES.



106 *"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."*—Acts i. 11.

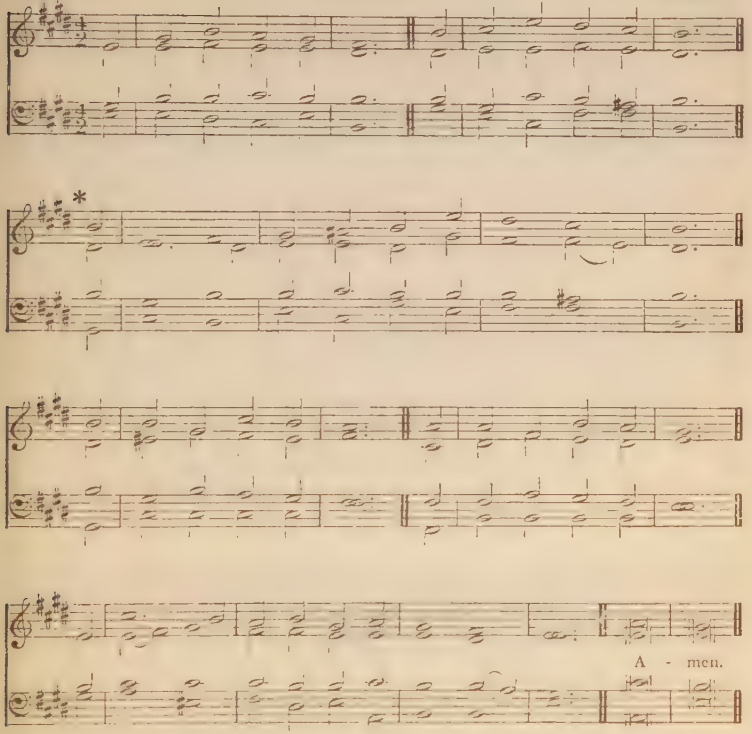
f THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies
And round Thy throne unceasing
The songs of praise arise:
p But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
cr. Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
dim. And lead us to Thy rest.

f 2 Thou art gone up on high:
dim. But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
mf To pass unto Thy crown:
p And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
cr. But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee!

f 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train:
mf Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
cr. That we may stand, in that dread hour,
f At Thy right hand on high! Amen.

E. TOKE.

ELVEY. 6.6.10. D. G. J. ELVEY.



✱ In verse 1, line 3, omit this chord and begin on the next.

107

"He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death."—Phil. ii. 8.

mp 1 THOU, Who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
cr. Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
f Hast passed from earth, passed to
Thy home on high.

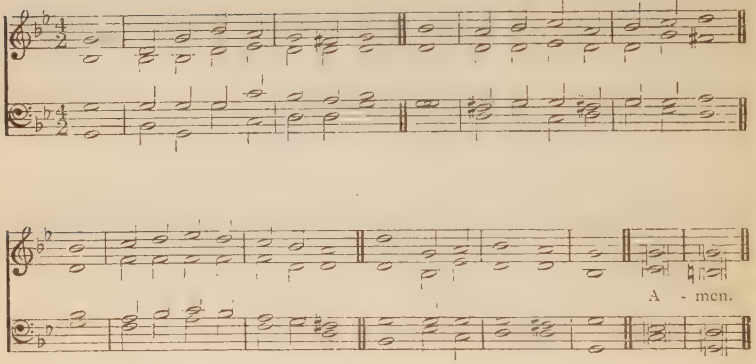
mp 2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
cr. And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
p When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

mf 3 O Thou Who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
dim. Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed.
cr. Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
f Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

p 4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
cr. That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy path to tread,
f Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee. Amen.

E. MILES.

LEEDS. 8.8.8.6. L. MASON.



108

"*If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.*"—1 John ii. 1.

mp 1 O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
cr. On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!

mp 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

mp 3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

mp 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold.
cr. Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
f And plead, O plead for me!

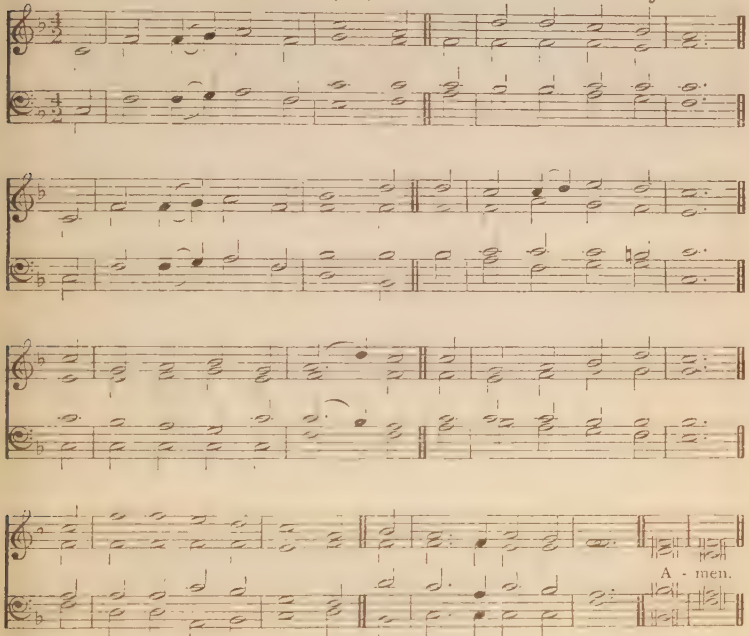
p 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
cr. Then to my fainting sight appear,
f Pleading in heaven for me!

mp 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
cr. Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
f O say, Thou plead'st for me! Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

6.—*HIS SECOND ADVENT AND JUDGMENT.*

LYMINGTON. 7.6.7.6. D. R. JACKSON.



109 *"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."*—Isa. lii. 1.

f 1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty
The bridal dress be thine.
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

mf 2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
mp With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
cr. Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious Name.

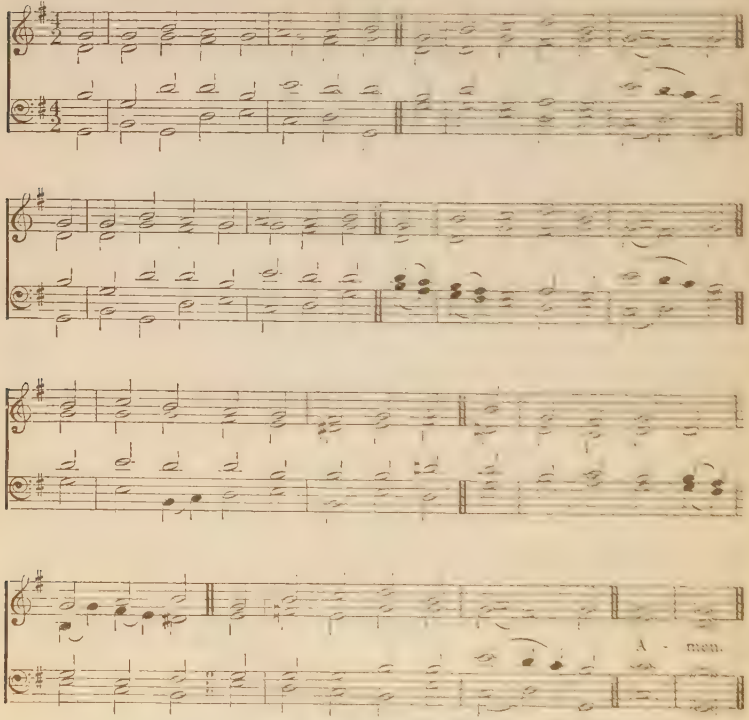
f 3 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close.
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and heaven adore.

mf 4 The Lamb Who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again;
cr. No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign.
f To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!

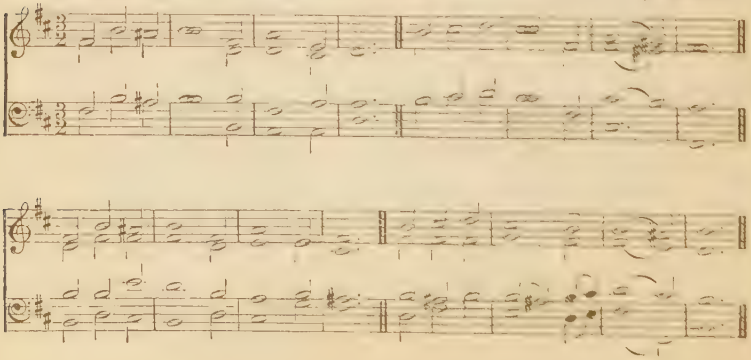
f Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord. Amen

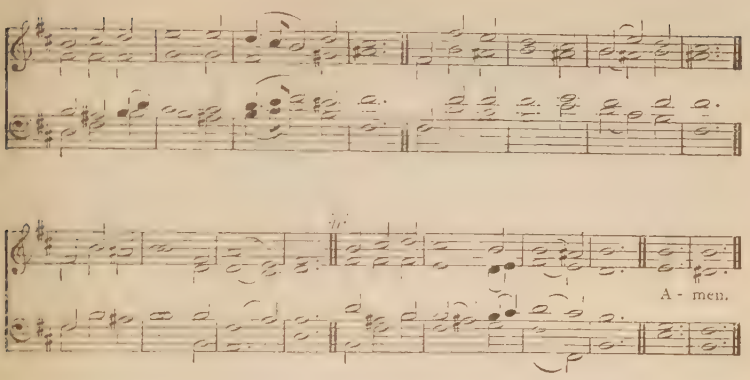
B. GOUGH.

LUTHER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. KLUG's Collection.



DIES IRÆ (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. J. PARRY.





110 *"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened."*—Rev. xx. 12.

mf 1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
cr. The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
ff The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
mp Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

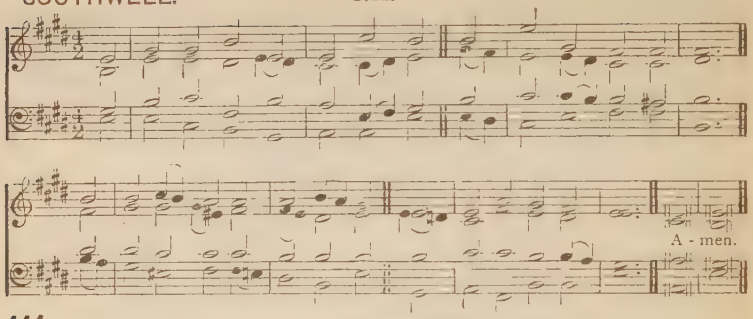
mf 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
And greet th' archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning:
f No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

mp 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
p The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet Him.

mf 4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
cr. The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
mp Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away.
cr. And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

B. RINGWALDT and W. B. COLLYER.

SOUTHWELL. C.M. H. S. IRONS.



111

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. xvi. 11.

mf 1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear!
Thou glorious Star of day,
cr. Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away!

mp 2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee;
O leave the Father's throne;
cr. Come, with a shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us as Thine own!

mp 3 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
cr. Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

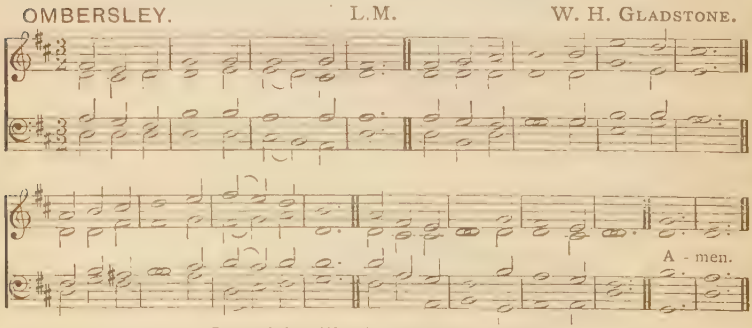
mf 4 But, dearest Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above,
cr. What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

f 5 What to the joy—the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,—
Of fellowship with Thee?

f 6 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.
Amen.

E. DENNY.

OMBERSLEY. L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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See also "Hursley," No. 8.

112

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. xxii. 20.

mf 1 JESUS, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
For Thy expected coming waits:
cr. When will the promised light arise,
f And glory beam from Zion's gates?

mp 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
cr. Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

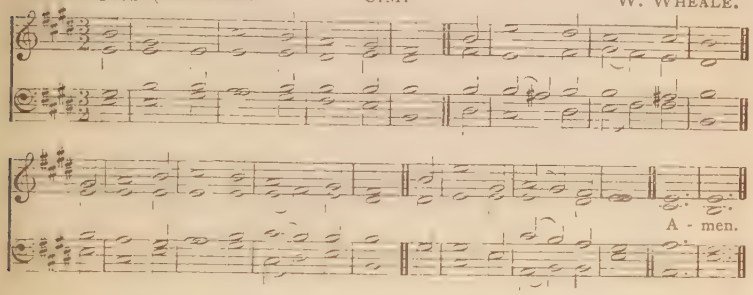
mf 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

f 4 O! come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

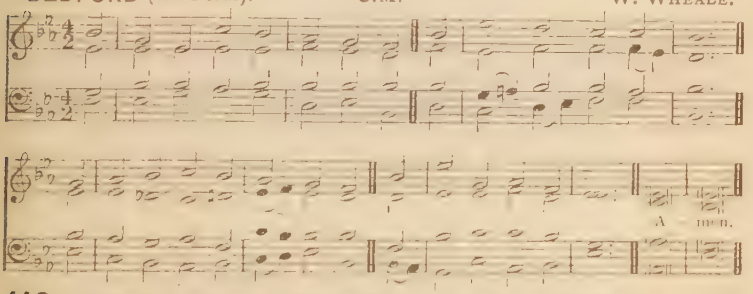
mf 5 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
cr. And fit us by Thy grace to share
f The triumphs of Thy conquering power. Amen.

W. H. BATHURST.

BEDFORD (*1st Form*). C.M. W. WHEALE.



BEDFORD (*2nd Form*). C.M. W. WHEALE.



113

"Until the day dawn, and the Day Star arise in your hearts."—2 Pet. i. 19

mf 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
cr. Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away.

mf 2 Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
cr. The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

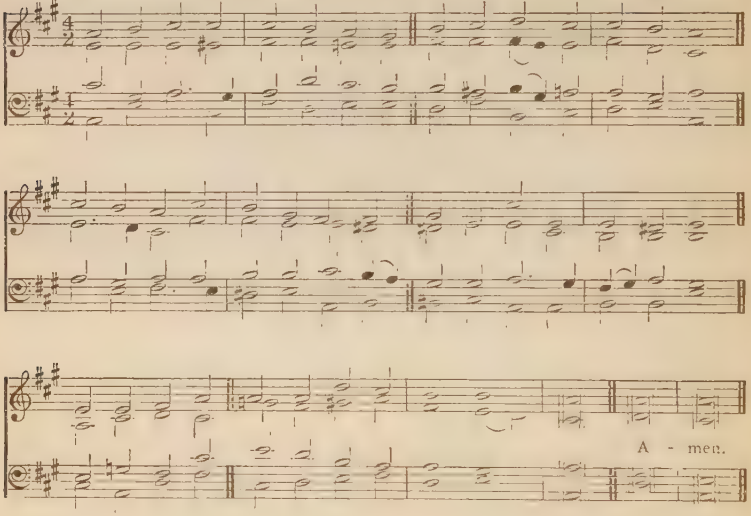
f 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
cr. Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

mp 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
f And calls aloud for Thee.

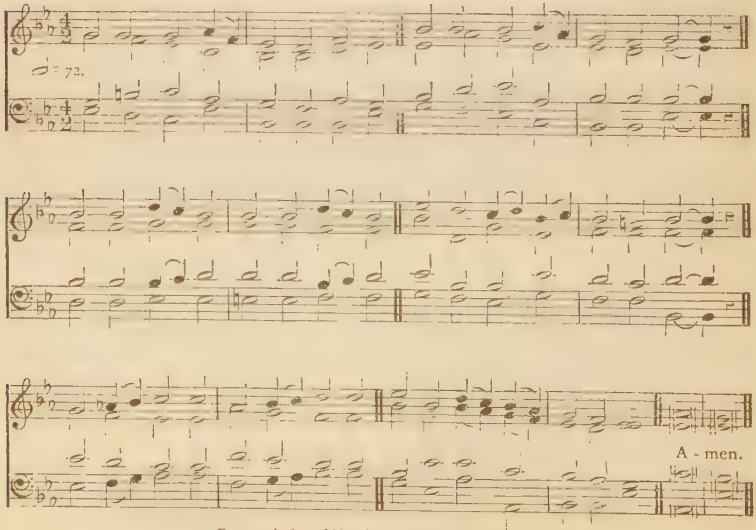
mf 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
f Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

E. DENNY.

LO! HE COMES (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. T. BEST.



REDEMPTION (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. GOUNOD.



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114

"*Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.*"—Rev. i. 7.

mf 1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
cr. Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
f Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

mf 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
dim. Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
p Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

mf 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:—
f Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

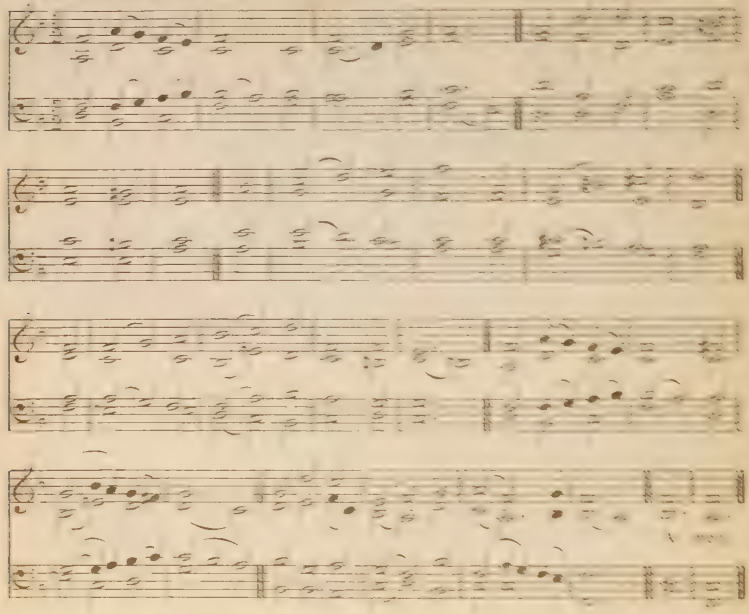
mf 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
f Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

mf 5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation,
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

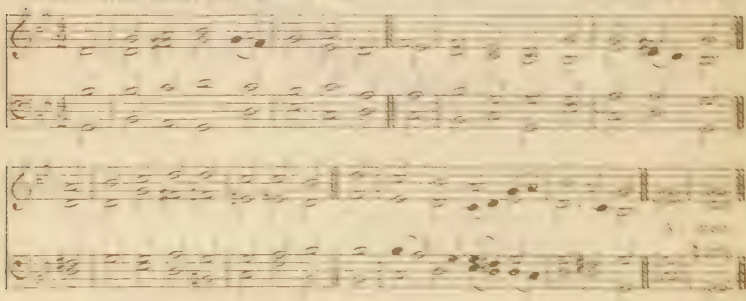
f 6 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come. Amen.

J. CENNICK and C. WESLEY, *adapted by* M. MADAN.

VENI CITO (1st Tune). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. Dykes.



NEUWARK (LEIPSIC). 8.8.8.8.8.8. C. C. Neuwark.



115

"He . . . saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." —Rev. xxii. 20.

mf 1 O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
cr. O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

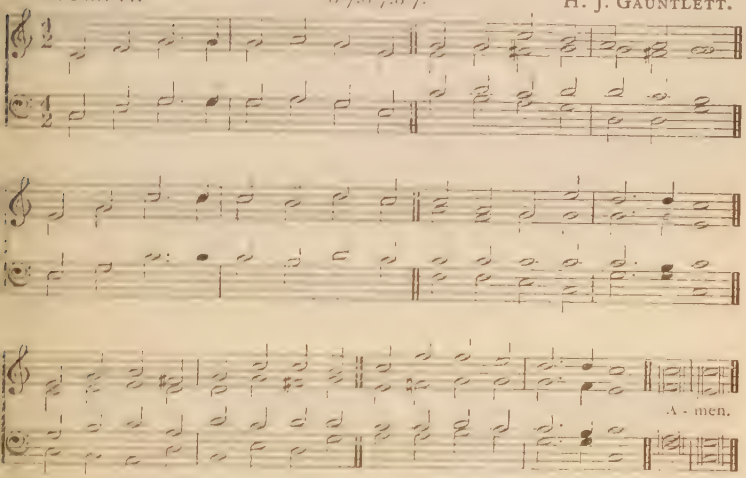
mf 2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
cr. O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

mf 3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
p For death is mighty all around:
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
cr. O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mf 4 O quickly come, true Light of all;
p For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
cr. O quickly come: for round Thy Throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.
Amen.

I. TUTTIETT.

TRIUMPH. 8 7.8 7.8 7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



116

"The night is far spent; the day is at hand."—Rom. xiii. 12.

mf 1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
cr. Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray:
f 'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright returning way.

mp 2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see:
cr. O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

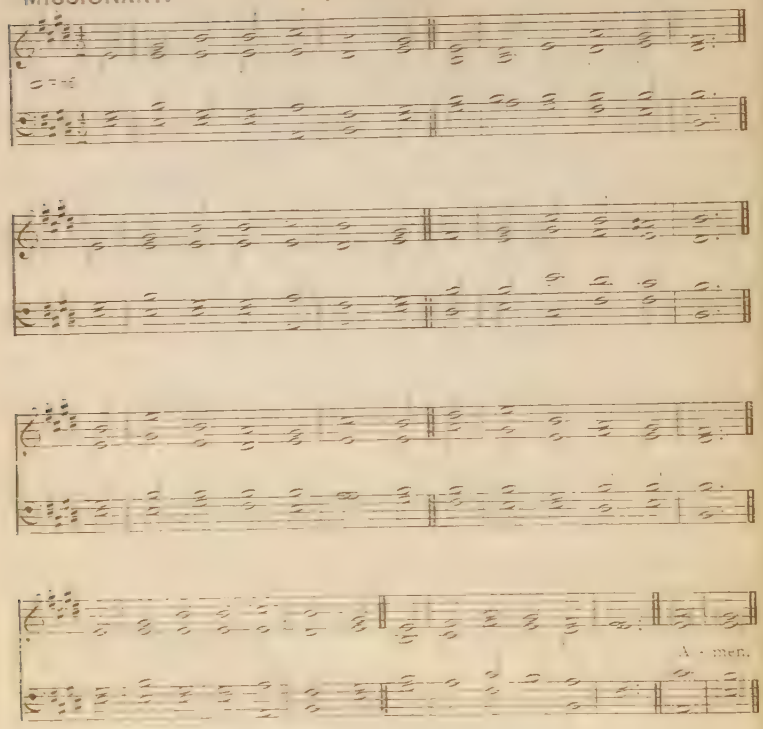
p 3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
cr. When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
mf O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?

mf 4 Nearer is my soul's salvation;
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
cr. O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land;

mf 5 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam:
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home:
f Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

MISSIONARY. 7.6.7.6. D. L. MASON.



117

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately."—Luke xii. 35, 36.

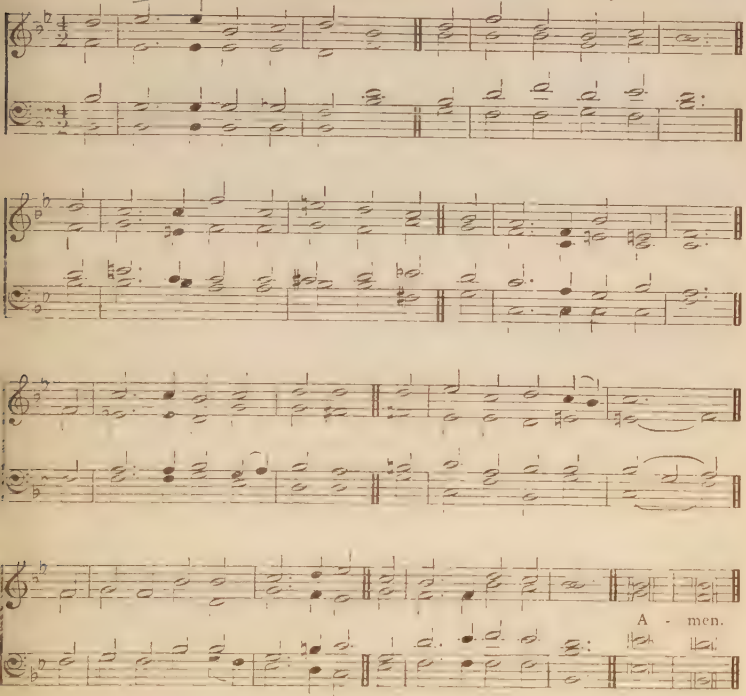
f 1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
p The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
cr. The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh:
f Up! pray and watch and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

mp 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
f Go meet Him as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear.

f 3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus! now appear,
Arise, Thou Sun, so longed-for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto Thee. Amen.

L. LAURENTIUS, *tr.* J. BORTHWICK.

ALFORD. 7.6 8.6. D. J. B. DYKES.



118

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

f 1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'Tis finished! all is finished,—
Their fight with death and sin;
f Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

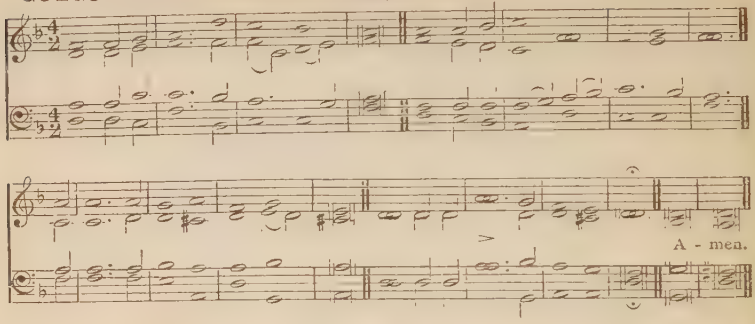
f 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
cr. O joy, for all its former woes
ff A thousandfold repaid!

mf 3 Oh, then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
p That brimmed with tears of late;
cr. Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

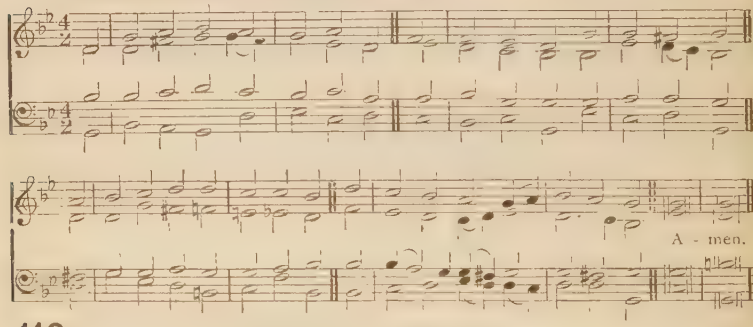
mf 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
cr. Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
f Then take Thy power, and reign:
mf Appear, Desire of nations!
p Thine exiles long for home;
f Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.
Amen.

H. ALFORD.

GOLGOTHA (ST. CROSS) (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



NEUMARK (LEIPSIC) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. G. C. NEUMARK.



119

"*The day of wrath.*"—Rom. ii. 5.

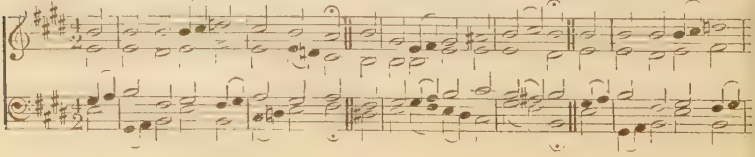
mp 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
p How shall he meet that dreadful day?

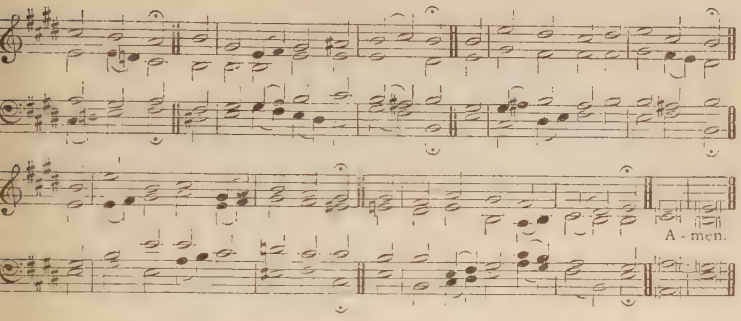
mf 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
cr. When louder yet, and yet more dread,
ff Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

mf 3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
cr. Be Thou, O Christ, the sinners' stay,
dim. Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.

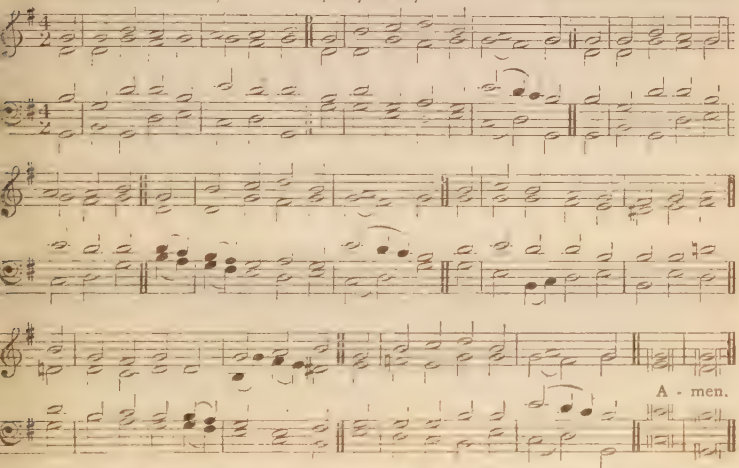
T. CELANO, *tr. by* W. SCOTT.

DETTINGEN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. 8.8.7. Melody of 15th Century.





LUTHER (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. 8.8.7. KLUG'S Collection.



120

"*They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of Heaven.*"
MATT. XXIV. 30.

f 1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
p And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder;
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right,
mf The rocks were rent asunder.

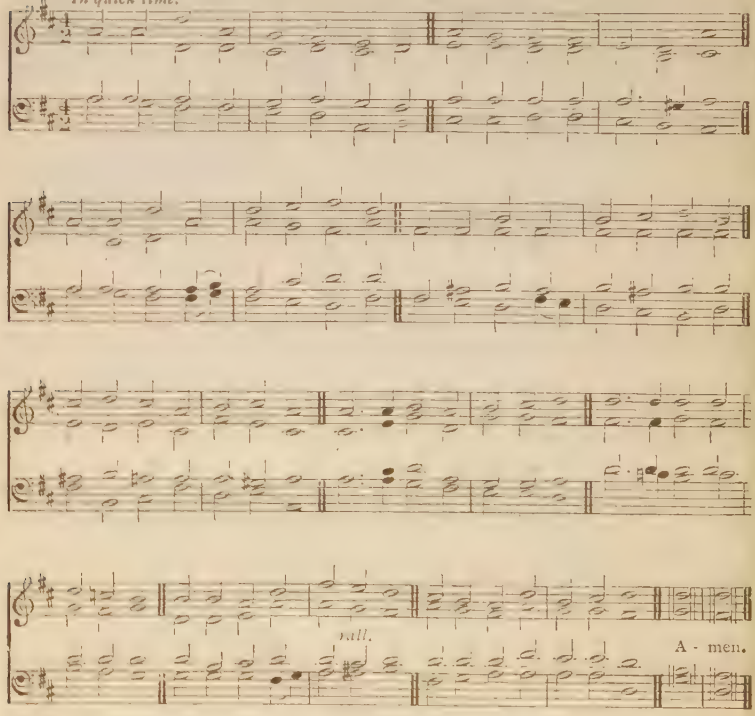
mp 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger;
For us, He bore the weight of woe,
For us, He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

mf 3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
f With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated. Amen.

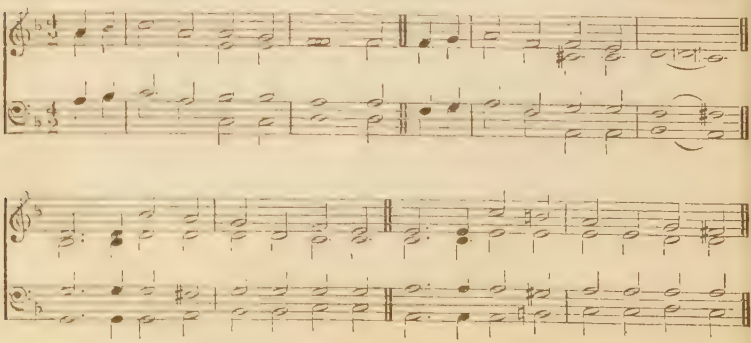
R. HEBER.

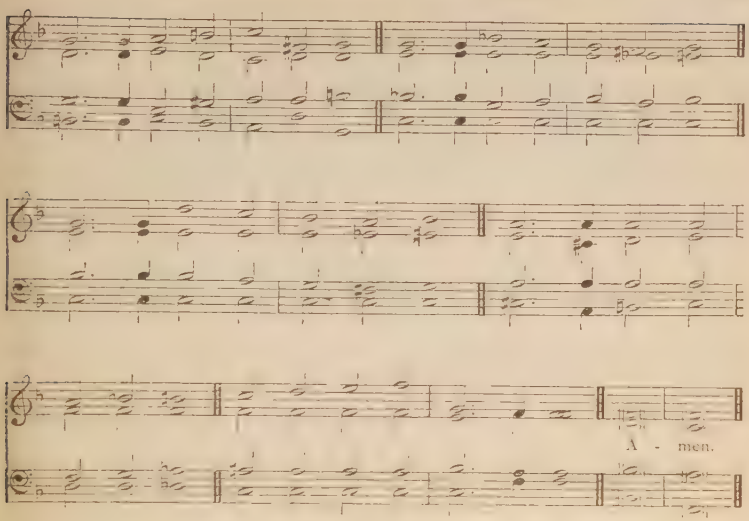
BEVERLEY (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.8.7. 7.7.7.7. W. H. MONK.

In quick time.



SHERIFF HILL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.8 7. 7.7.7.7. C. F. LLOYD.





121

"*Surely, I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*"—Rev. xxii. 20.

mf 1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
cr. In Thy glory all-transcendent;
f Well may we rejoice and sing:
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

mf 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know
Thee, ¶Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show
All our hearts could never say;
f What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

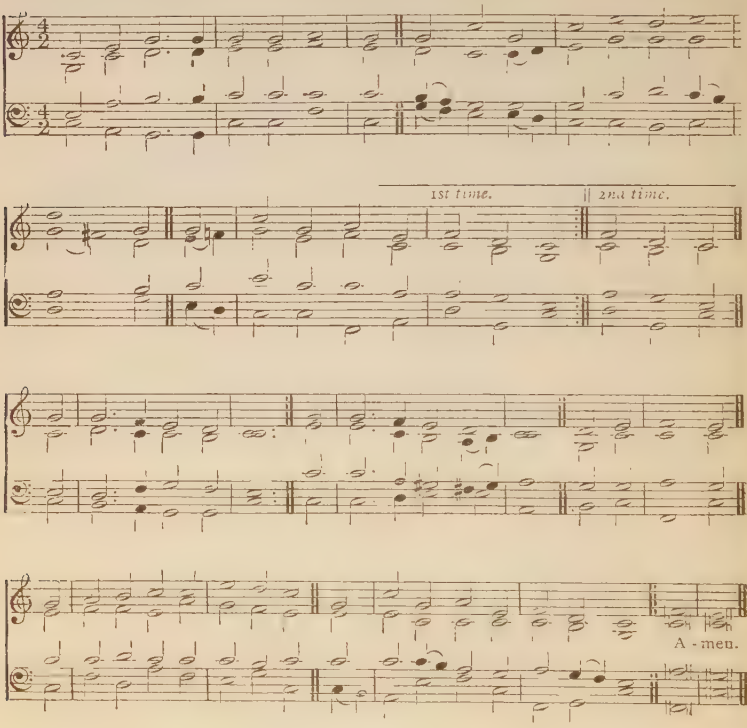
mf 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
cr. But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

mf 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
cr. Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

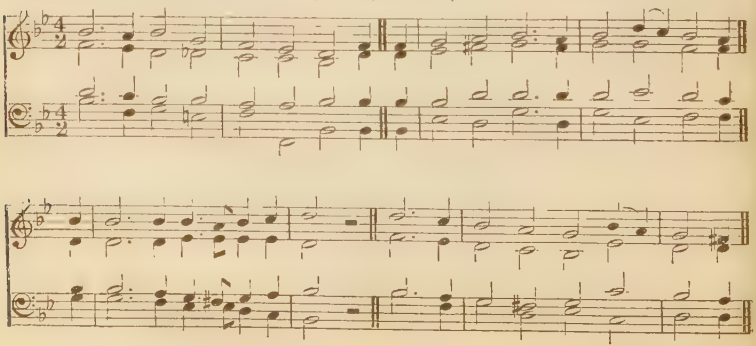
f 5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
ff Unto earth's remotest end
rall. - Glorified, adored, and owned! Amen.

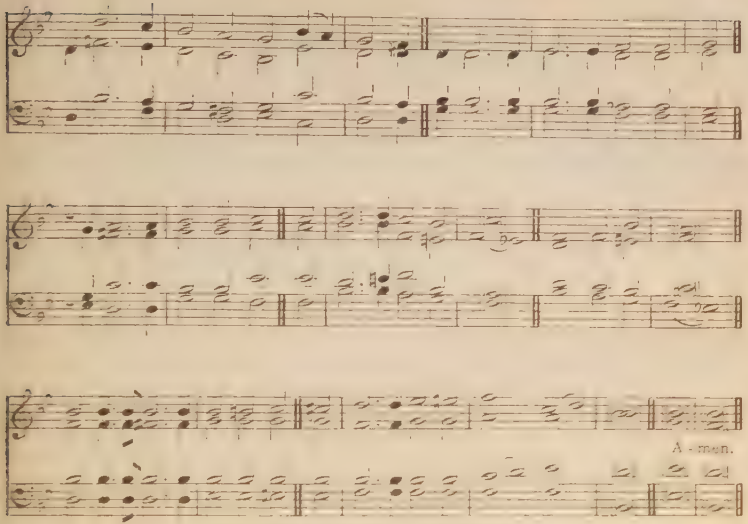
F. R. HAVERGAL.

SLEEPERS, WAKE (*1st Tune*). 8.9.8. 8.9.8. 6.6.4. 8.8. P. NICOLAI.



JERUSALEM (*2nd Tune*). 8.9.8. 8.9.8. 6.6.4. 8.8. E. H. THORNE.





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122

"*And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold! the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.*"—Matt. xxv. 6.

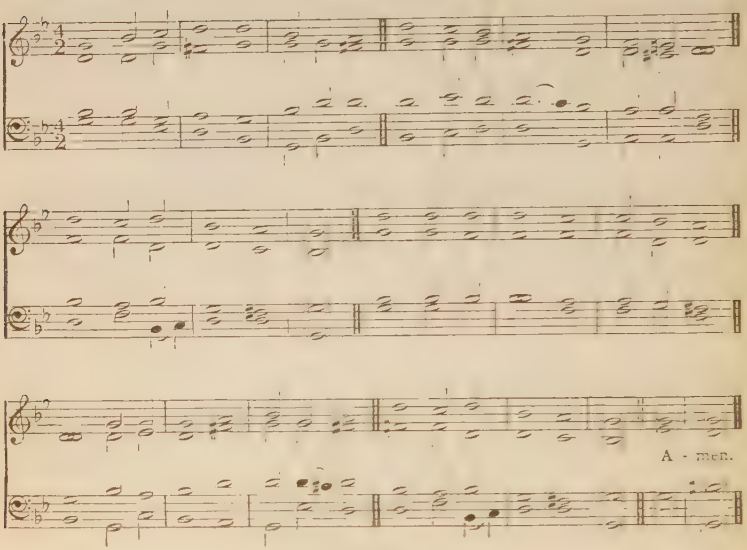
f 1 "WAKE, awake! for night is flying,"
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
"Awake, Jerusalem, at last!"
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
"Forth, virgins, haste ere night be past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there."

f 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah! come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see,
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

f 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
ff But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally. Amen.

P. NICOLAI, *tr. by* C. WINKWORTH.

ST. JOHN 8.8.6. D. Adapted from an old Melody by J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



See also "Pembroke," No. 172.

123

"*I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.*"—John xiv. 3.

mp 1 OH, when my righteous Judge shall come
To fetch His ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
So sinful and unfit to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

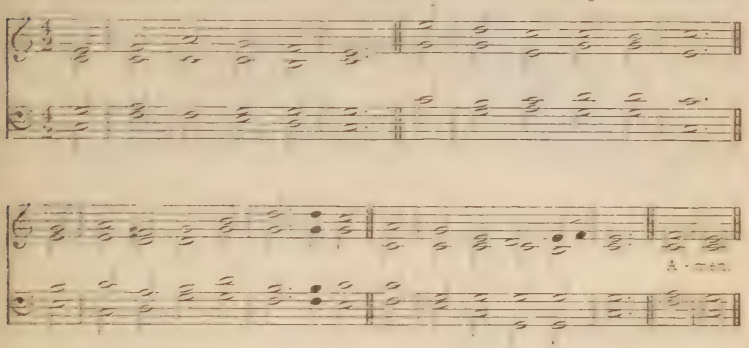
mf 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Jehovah's feet to bow,
Though viler than them all:
mp But who can bear the piercing thought,
What! if my name shall be left out,
When He for them shall call?

mf 3 Dear Lord, prevent it by Thy grace:
Oh let me see Thy smiling face
In this my gracious day.
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

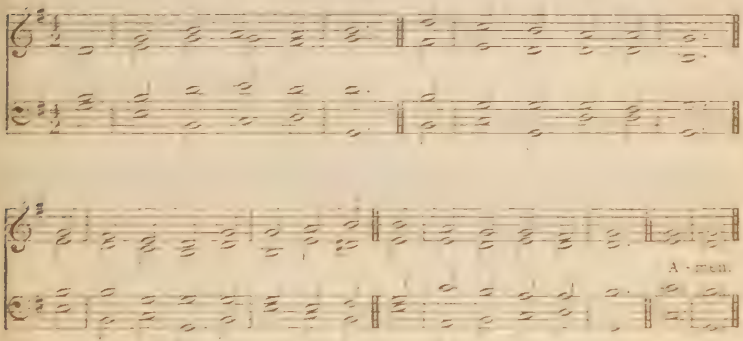
mf 4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face:
f Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
Till heaven's resounding mansions ring,
The riches of Thy grace. Amen.

LADY HUNTINGDON.

ST. GEORGE (*1st Tune*). S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



ST. MICHAEL (*2nd Tune*). S.M. DAY'S Psalter.



124

"... watching."—Luke xii. 37.

mf 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

f 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight
For awful is His name.

mf 3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's command;
p And while we speak, He's near;
mf Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

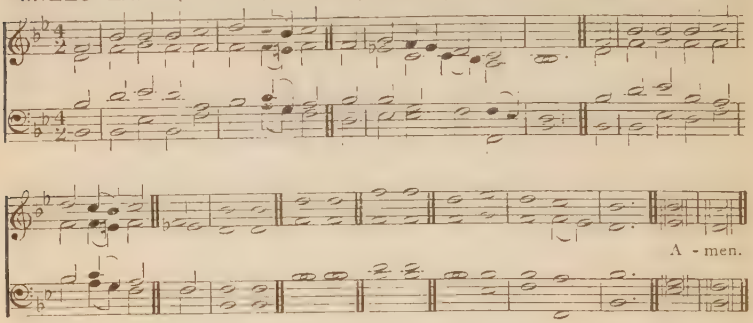
f 4 O happy servant, he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crowned.

f 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band. Amen.

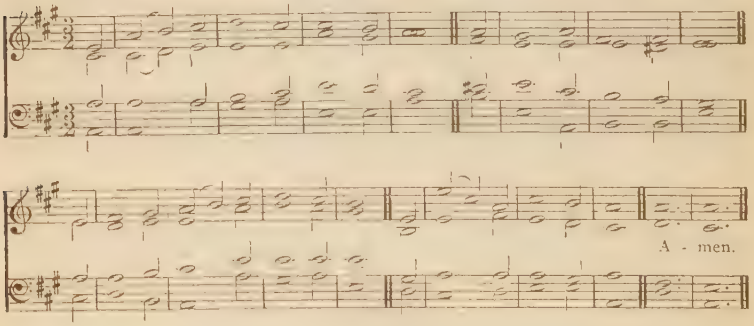
P. DODDRIDGE.

7.—*HIS REIGN.*

MILES' LANE (*1st Tune*). C.M. (Peculiar.) W. SHRUBSOLE.



FARNINGHAM (*2nd Tune*). C.M. C. E. KETTLE.



125 "*God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.*"—Phil. ii. 9.

f 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name!
dim. Let angels prostrate fall;
cr. Bring forth the royal diadem,
f To crown Him Lord of all.

f 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face Who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

mf 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call:
cr. Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

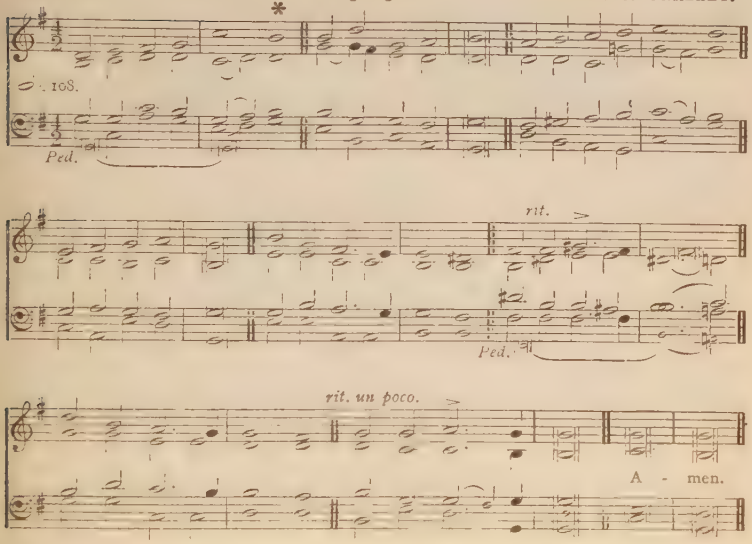
mf 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall;
cr. Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

p 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
cr. Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

ff 6 Let every tongue and every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Amen.

E. PERRONETT.

EDINA. 6.5.6.5. D. H. S. OAKELEY.



* In verse 3 this semibreve must be divided into two minims.

126 *"That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."*—Phil. ii. 10, 11.

mf 1 AT the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now;
cr. 'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

mp 2 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
cr. Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

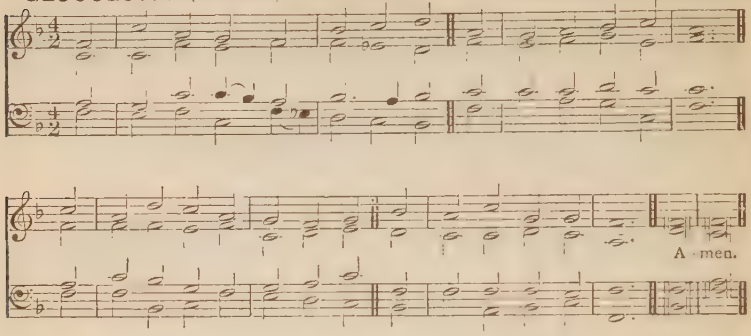
f 3 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
f He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

mf 4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
cr. Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

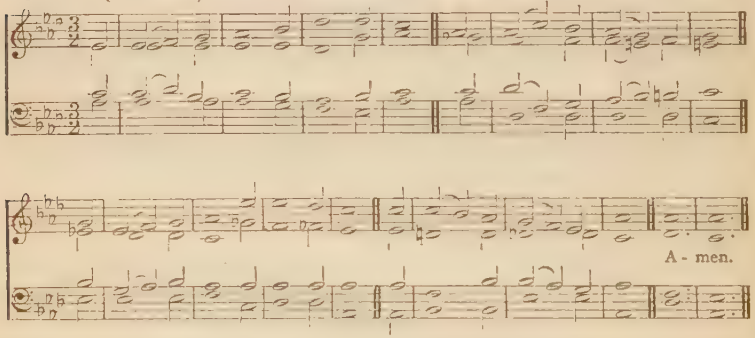
f 5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now. Amen.

C. M. NOEL.

GLOUCESTER (*1st Tune*). C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



JAZER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. E. TOZER.



127

"*And let all the angels of God worship Him.*"—Heb. i. 6.

mf 1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

mf 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At His right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.

f 3 "Hail, Prince!"—they cry—"for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above!"

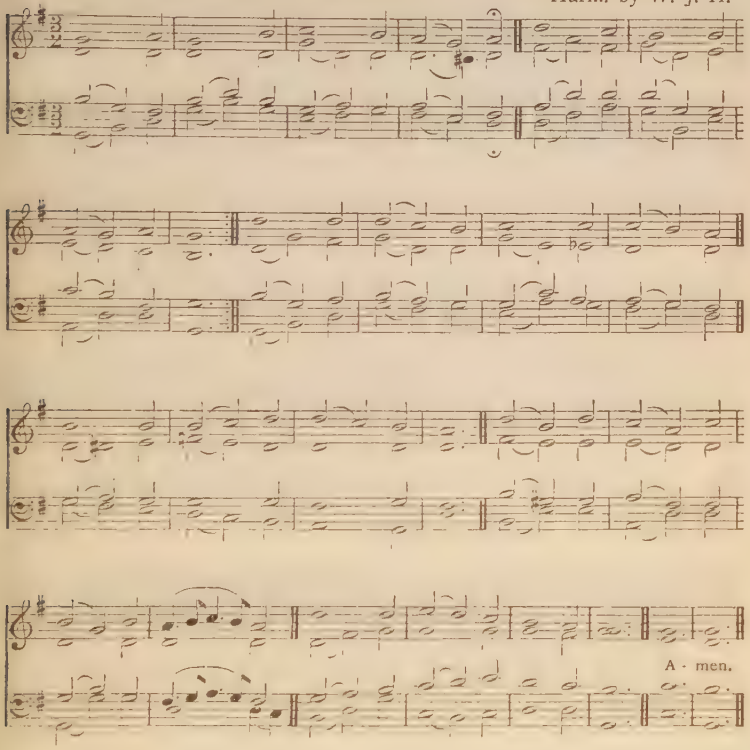
mf 4 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend;
p Oft gaz'd; and wondered where at last
This scene of love would end.

p 5 They saw His heart transfixed with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore:
They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

f 6 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and cried,—
ff "The glorious work is done."
Amen.

J. FANCH.

HYFRYDOL (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. R. H. PRITCHARD. Harm. by W. J. H.



128

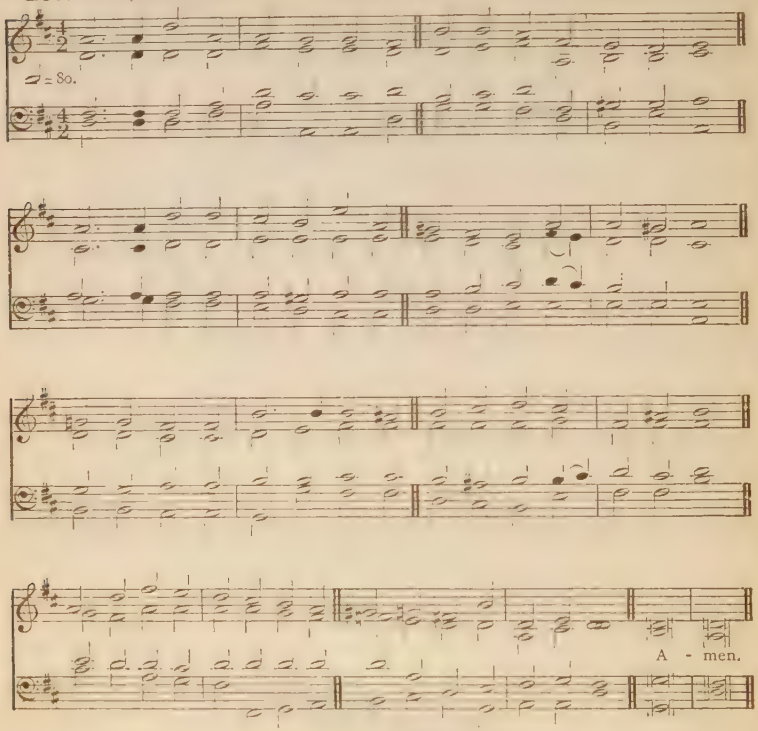
"*Waiting for the Consolation of Israel.*"—Luke ii. 25.

mf 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us:
Let us find our rest in Thee.
cr. Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art:
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

f 2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

LUX EOI (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. A. SULLIVAN.



See also "Salvator," No. 181.

128

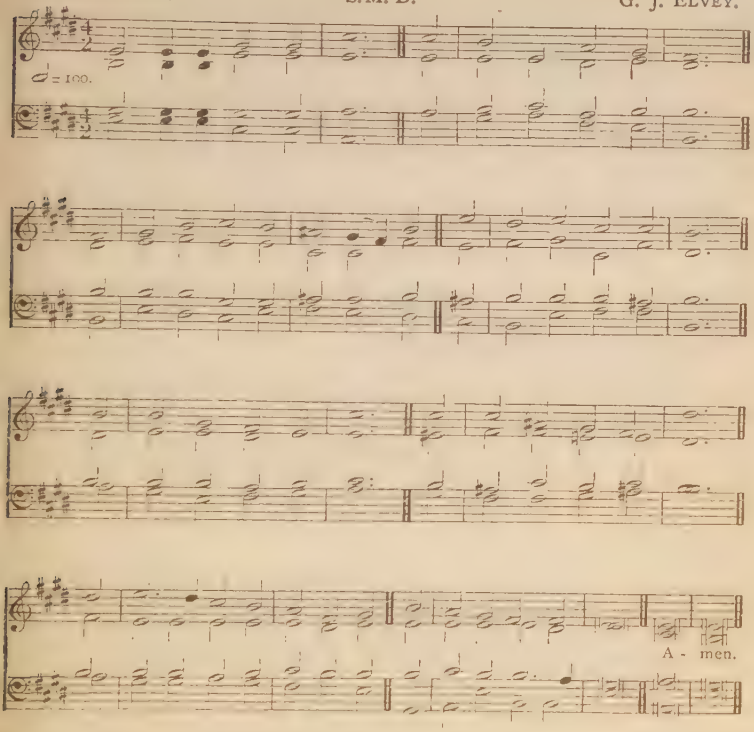
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mf 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us:
Let us find our rest in Thee.
cr. Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

f 2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

DIADEMATA. S.M.D. G. J. ELVEY.



129

"And on His head were many crowns."—Rev. xix. 12.

f 1 CROWN Him with many crowns
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
p Of Him Who died for thee,
cr. And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

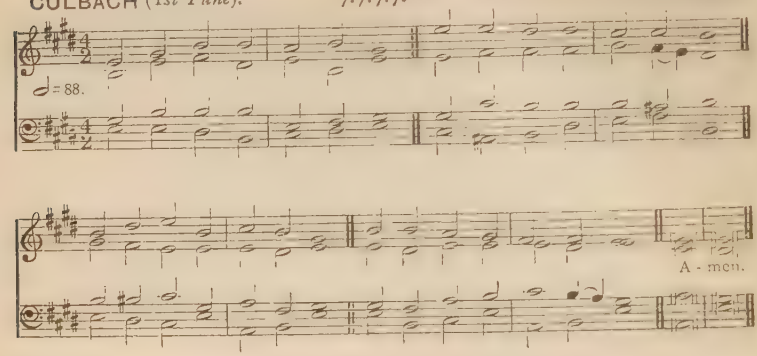
f 2 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save!
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!

mf 3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise
His reign shall know no end:
p And round His pierced feet
cr. Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

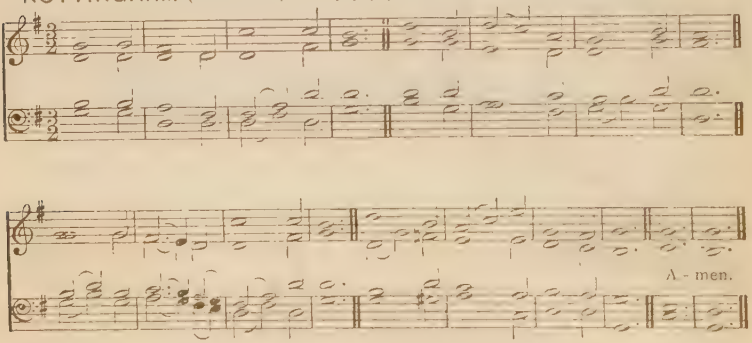
f 4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above!
Crown Him the King to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
p For Thou hast died for me;
ff Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity! Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

CULBACH (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. German.



NOTTINGHAM (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. W. A. MOZART.



130

"But we see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour."—Heb. ii. 9.

mf 1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Victor's head;
Crowns of glory are His right,
His "Who liveth and was dead."

mf 2 Jesus fought and won the day,
Such a day was never fought;
Well His people now may say,
f See what God, our God, has wrought.

f 3 He subdued the powers of hell;
dim. In the fight He stood alone;
cres. All His foes before Him fell,
By His single arm o'erthrown

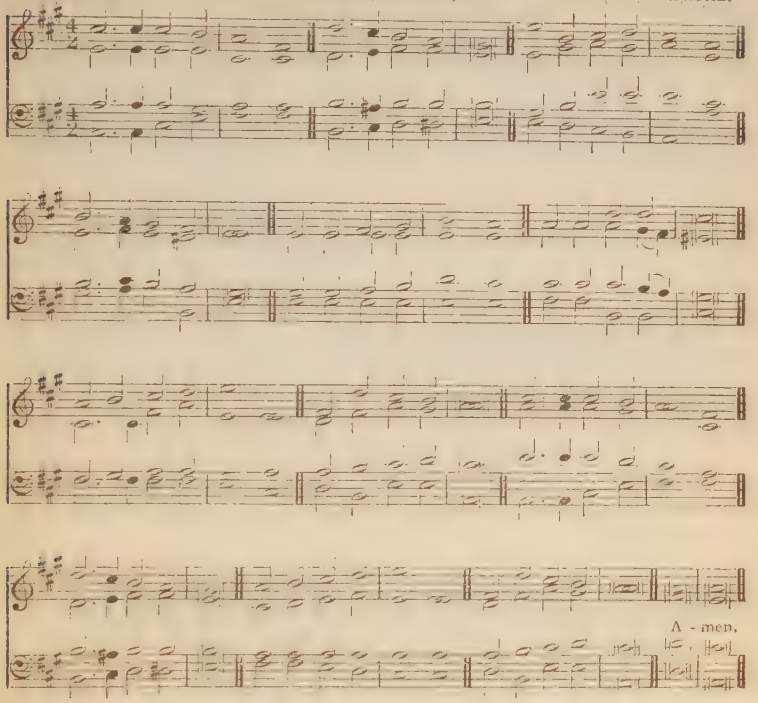
mf 4 They have fallen to rise no more;
Final is the foe's defeat;
Jesus triumphed by His power,
And His triumph is complete.

mf 5 His the fight, the arduous toil,
His the honours of the day,
His the glory and the spoil,
Jesus bears them all away.

f 6 Now proclaim His deeds afar,
Fill the world with His renown:
His alone the Victor's car,
His the everlasting crown.
Amen.

T. KELLY.

HERMAS (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. (12 lines.) F. R. HAVERGAL.



131

"*He ascended up on high.*"—Eph. iv. 8.

mf 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
cr. Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,—
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

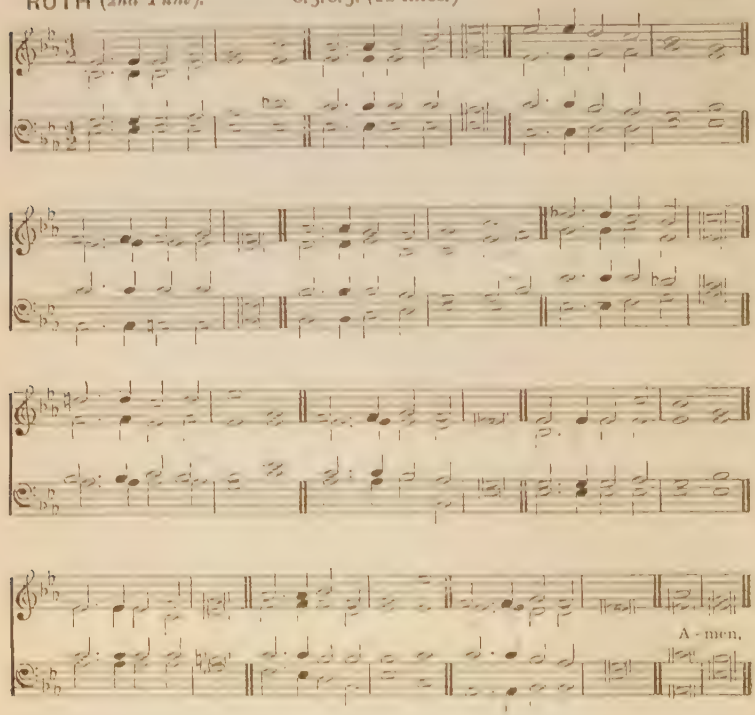
mf 2 He, Who came to save us,
p He, Who bled and died,
cr. Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,—
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

mf 3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
cr. His bright home preparing,
*Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,—
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!" Amen

F. R. HAVERGAL.

* When used as a Children's Hymn, read "Little ones."

RUTH (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. (12 lines.) S. SMITH.



131

"*He ascended up on high.*"—Eph. iv. 8.

mf 1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
cr. Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,—
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

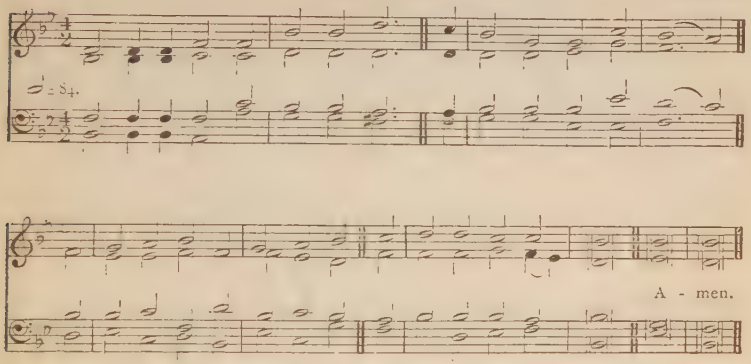
mf 2 He, Who came to save us,
p He, Who bled and died,
cr. Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,—
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

mf 3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
cr. His bright home preparing,
*Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
f All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,—
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!" Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

* When used as a Children's Hymn, read "Little ones."

NATIVITY. C.M. H. LAHEE.



See also "St. Ann," No. 22.

132 *"A Friend loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for adversity."*—Prov. xvii. 17.

mp 1 JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
cr. And now He reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

mp 2 Weak though we are, He still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, sin, and fear,
cr. Our all-sufficient Friend.

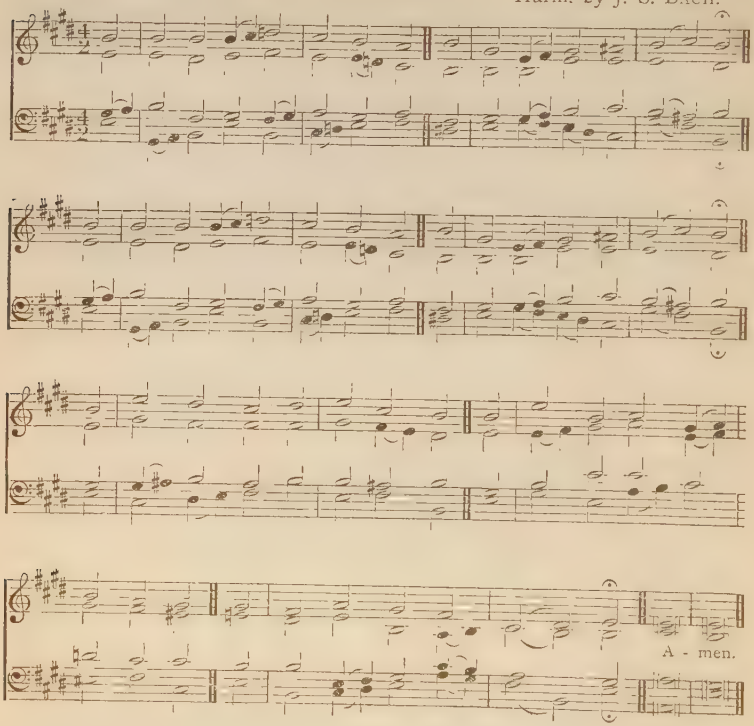
mf 3 From His high throne in bliss He deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

f 4 And from His love's exhaustless spring
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing
O'er which we travel home.

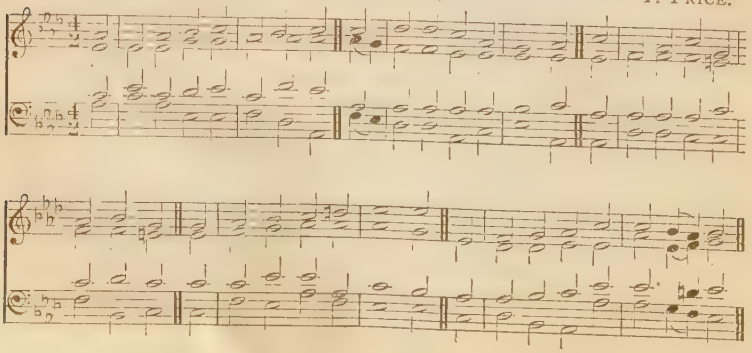
f 5 O Jesus! there is none like Thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be.
Beloved, obeyed, adored. Amen.
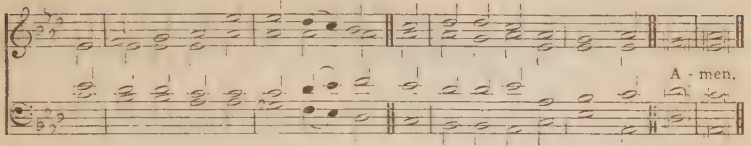
B. W. NOEL.

DETTINGEN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. 8.8.7. Melody of the 15th Century. Harm. by J. S. BACH.

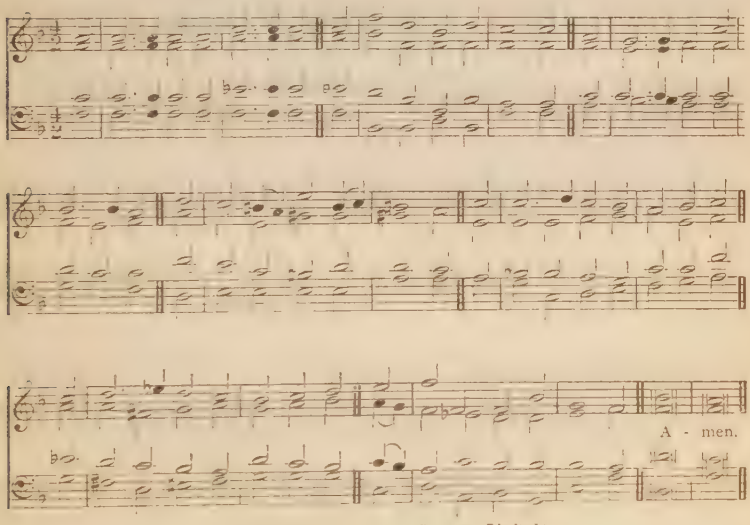


PONTMORLAIS (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. 8.8.7. T. PRICE.





THE GOLDEN CHAIN (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. 8.8.7. J. BARNBY.



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133

"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."—Ps. lxviii. 1.

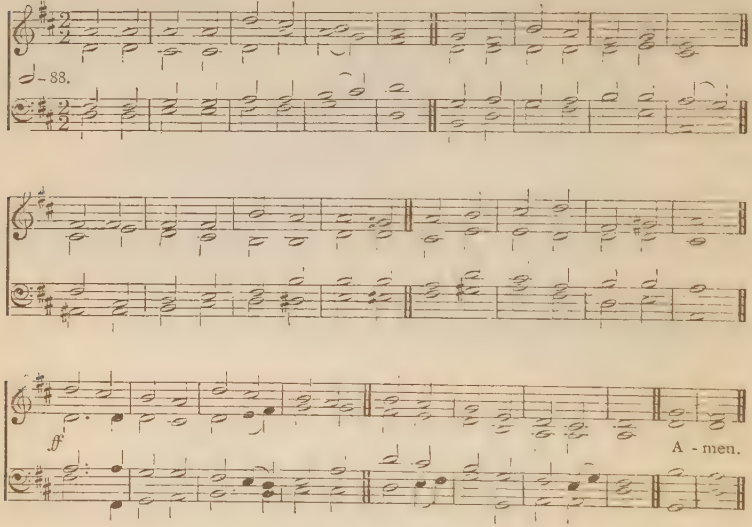
f 1 LET God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him!
Let all on Him with joy repose,
Who holily adore Him.
Before the Lord let them rejoice,
And in His praise lift up their voice,
Who rideth on the heavens.

mf 2 When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst guide,
Earth shook at Thy descending;
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weariness refreshing.

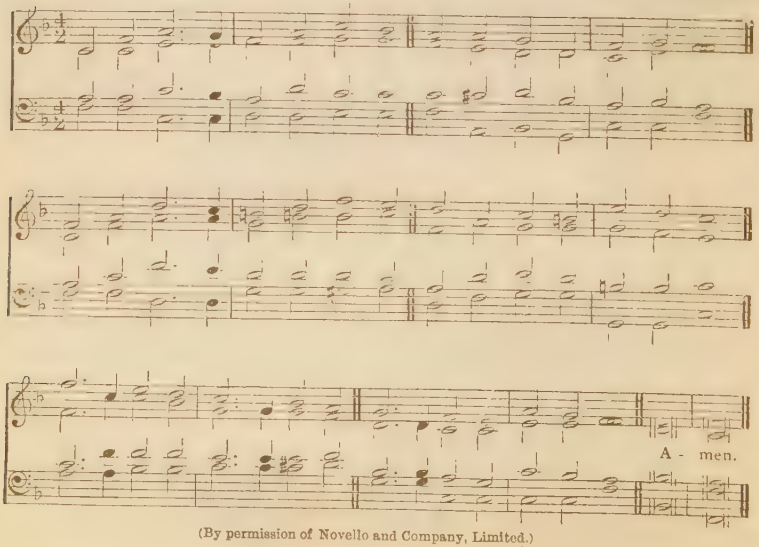
f 3 Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending;
Thou captive led'st captivity,
To heaven's high throne ascending.
Thou hast received gifts for men,
That God might dwell with them again;
dim. E'en with our race rebellious.

f 4 Blest be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation;
He daily blesseth from above
His own with His sustaining.
f The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of Power and Holiness;
Eternal be our praises. Amen.

GOSS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. Goss.

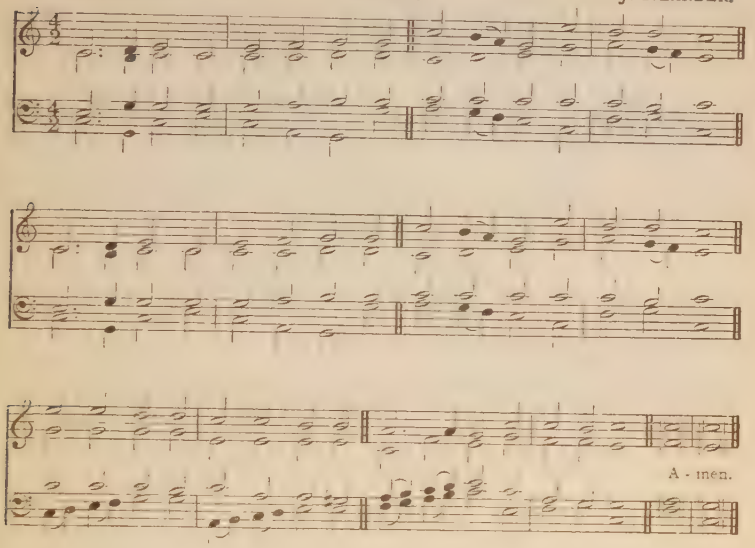


LEWISHAM (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. Tilleard.



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NEANDER (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. NEANDER.



134

"*King of kings, and Lord of lords.*"—Rev. xix. 16.

f 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the "Man of Sorrow" now;
From the fight returned victorious!
Every knee to Him shall bow!
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

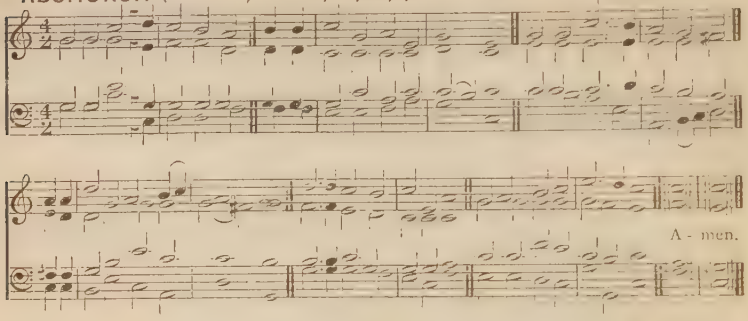
f 2 Crown the Saviour; angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

mp 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
cres. Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name.
ff Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

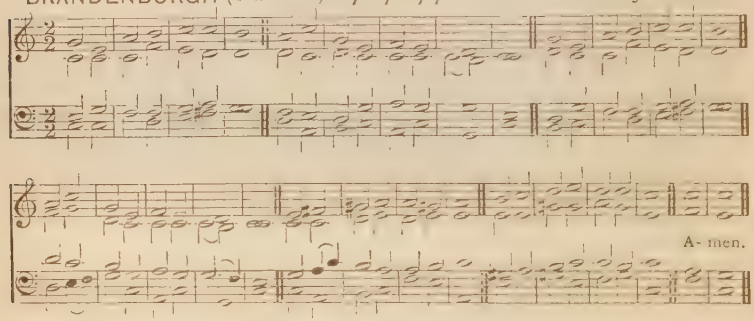
f 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
ff Hark! those loud triumphant chords
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!" Amen.

T. KELLY.

ABCHURCH (*1st Tune*). 7.8.7.8.7.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



BRANDENBURGH (*2nd Tune*). 7.8.7.8.7.7. J. CRÜGER.



135

"*Because I live, ye shall live also.*"—John xiv. 19.

f 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me;
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

f 2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
cr. This shall be my confidence.

mf 3 Jesus lives! who now despairs
Spurns the Word which God hath spoken:
cr. Grace to all that Word declares,
Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken:
Christ rejects not penitence;
This shall be my confidence.

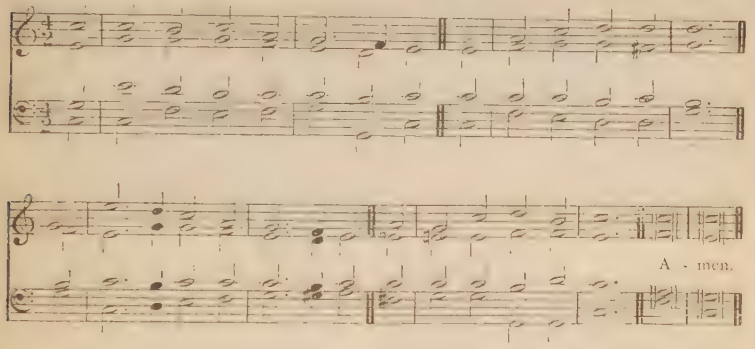
mf 4 Jesus lives! for me He died;
cr. Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

f 5 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Nought from me His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ for ever;
God will be a sure Defence;
This shall be my confidence.

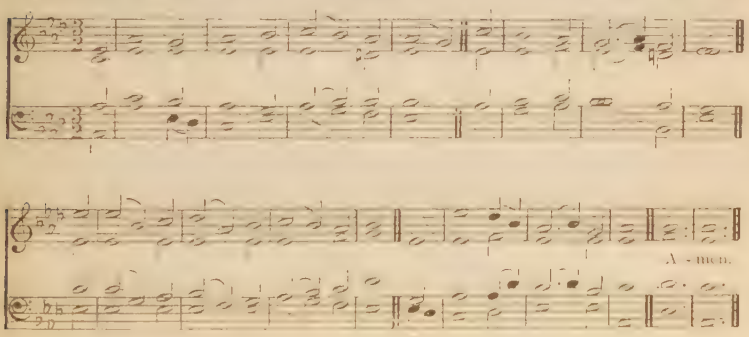
f 6 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath,
p When I pass its gloomy portal;
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
cr. Lord, Thou art my Confidence.
Amen.

C. F. GELLERT, *tr.* F. E. COX.

ST. SAVIOUR (*1st Tune*). C.M. F. G. BAKER.



ENGEDI (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



See also "Farningham," No. 125.

136 "*Who . . . when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.*"—Heb. i. 3

f 1 O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

mf 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
p And led Thee to a cruel death,
cr. To set Thy people free!

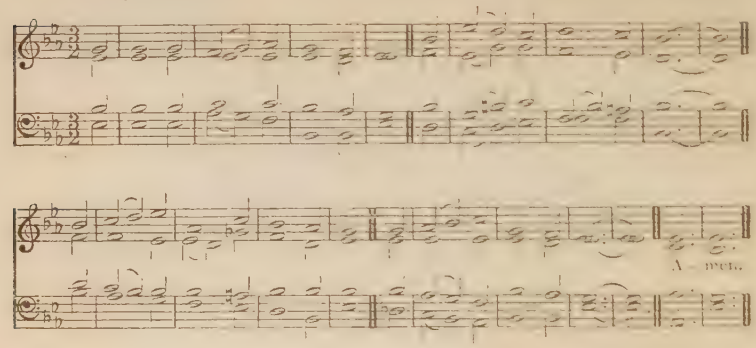
f 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid:
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed,

mf 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare!
cr. O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

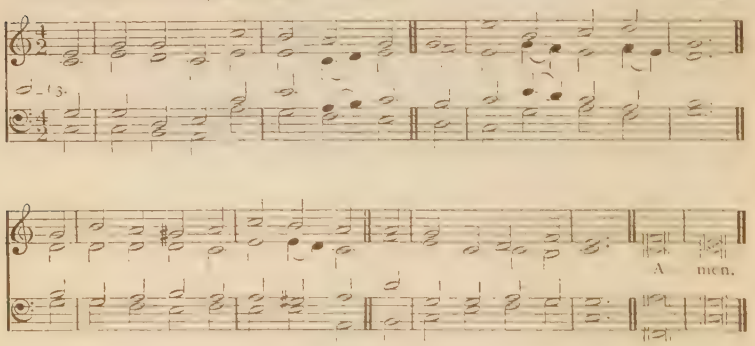
f 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

Ancient Hymn, *tr.* J. CHANDLER.

UPTON (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. F. BENSON.



WESTMINSTER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. TURLE.



137

"And His Name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. ix. 6.

f 1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
mp Thou sweetness most ineffable,
cr. In Whom all joys are found!

mf 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
The truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
cr. Then kindles love divine.

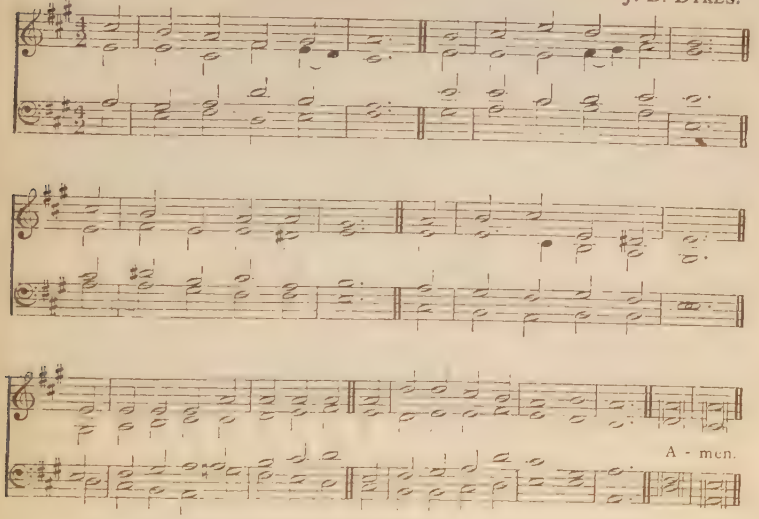
f 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

mf 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
cr. And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

f 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless:
Thee may we love alone;
cr. And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own. Amen.

S. BERNARD, *tr.* E. CASWALL.

ST. GODRIC (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Gopsal," No. 515.

138 "*Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour.*"—Acts v. 31.

f 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
cr. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

f 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
cr. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

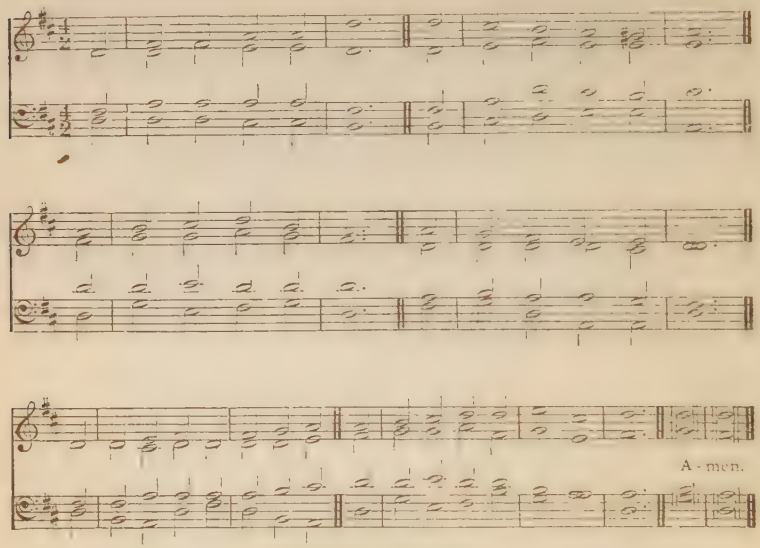
f 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
cr. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

f 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
cr. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

f 5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
cr. We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound—(*ff*) Rejoice! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ADORATION (ST. JOHN) (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. Old Melody.



See also "Gopsal," No. 515.

138

"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour."—Acts v. 31.

f 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.

cr. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

f 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.

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Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.

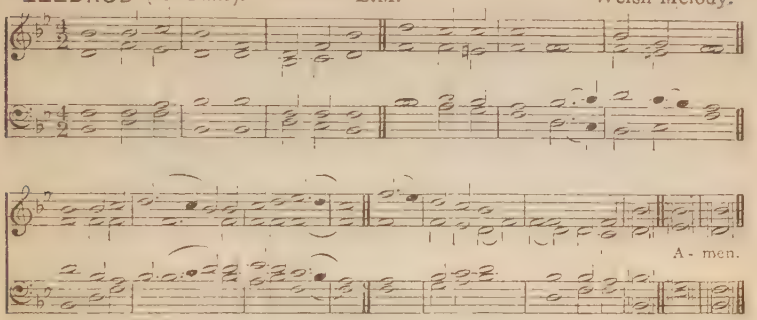
cr. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

f 5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.

cr. We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
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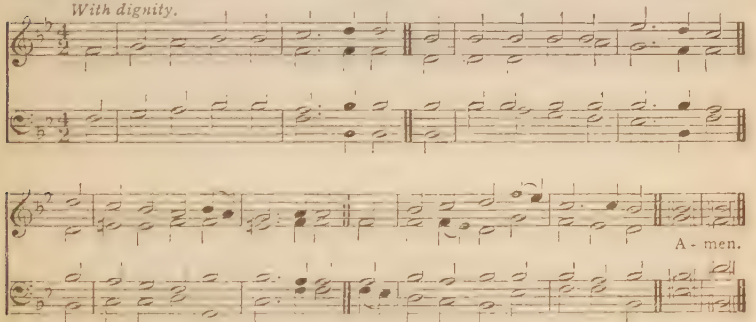
C. WESLEY.

LLEDROD (*1st Tune*). L.M. Welsh Melody.



PALMÆ (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. G. CUSINS.

With dignity.



139 *"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass."*—Matt. xxi. 5.

f 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry
mp O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
cr. With palms and scattered garments strewed.

f 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
cr. O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive Death and conquered Sin.

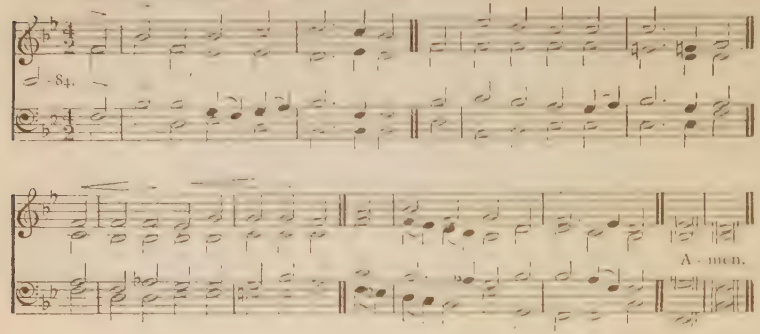
f 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
dim. The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching sacrifice.

f 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
cr. The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

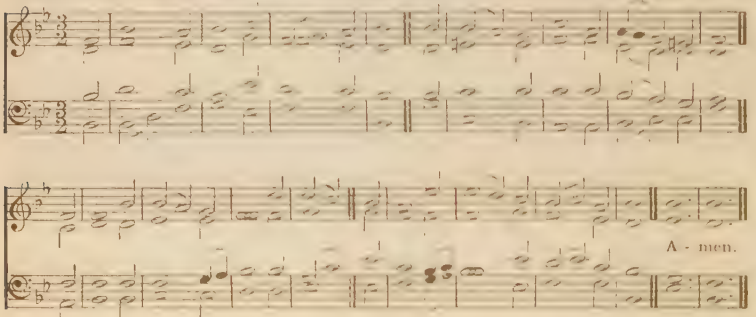
f 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
f Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

ST. DROSTANE (*3rd Tune*). L.M J. B. DYKES.



WALTON (*4th Tune*). L.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



139 "*Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass.*"—Matt. xxi. 5.

f 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry:
mp O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
cr. With palms and scattered garments strewed.

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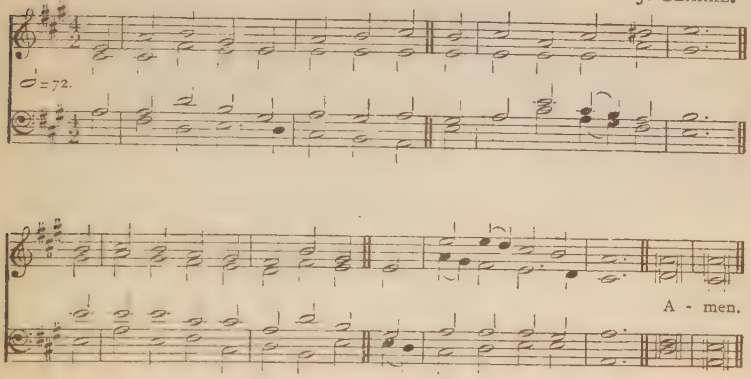
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dim. The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
p To see the approaching Sacrifice.

f 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
cr. The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

f 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
f Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

ST. MAGNUS. C.M. J. CLARKE.



140

"*And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the Head over all things to the Church.*"—Eph. i. 22.

mf 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
cr. Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
f The mighty Victor's brow.

f 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
ff "The King of kings and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

f 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

mp 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
cr. With all its grace is given;
f Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

mp 5 They suffer with their Lord below;
f They reign with Him above;
mf Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

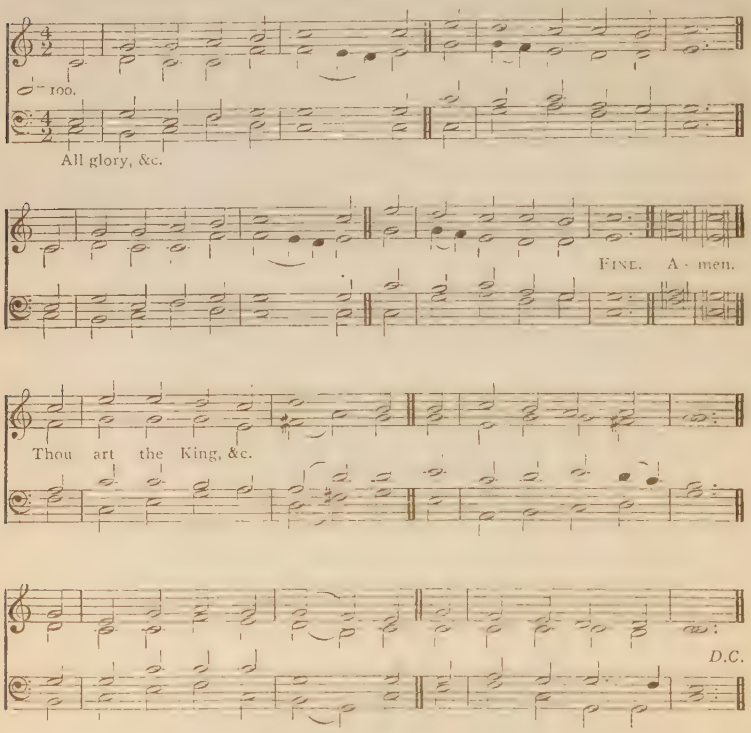
mp 6 The cross He bore is life and health
Though shame and death to Him;
cr. His people's hope, His people's wealth,
f Their everlasting theme. Amen,

T. KELLY.

M

8.—*HIS PRAISE AND GLORY.*

ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6., with Chorus. M. TESCHNER.



141 "*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*"—Matt xxi. 16.

f 1 ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

mf 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One!
f All glory, &c.

mf 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
f All glory, &c.

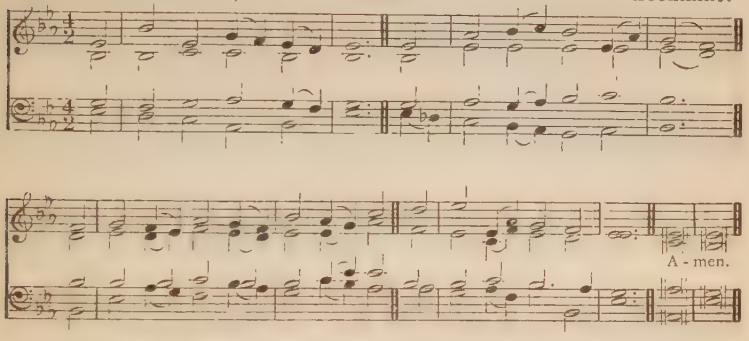
mf 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
f All glory, &c.

mp 5 To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They sang their hymns of praise:
cr. To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
f All glory, &c.

mf 6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring;
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
f All glory, &c. Amen.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

CARLISLE (1st *Tune*). S.M. C. LOCKHART.



142 "*They sing the Song of Moses, the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb.*"—Rev. xv. 3.

f 1 AWAKE! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

mp 2 Sing of His dying love;
cr. Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

f 3 Sing, till ye feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires your songs.

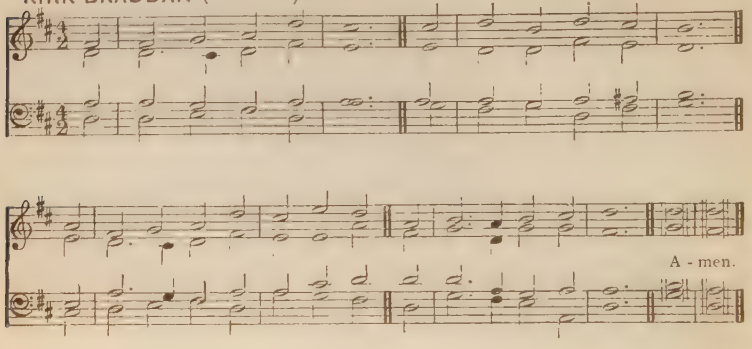
f 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

mf 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,—
"Ye blessèd children, come";
mp Soon will He call you hence away,
cr. And take His wanderers home.

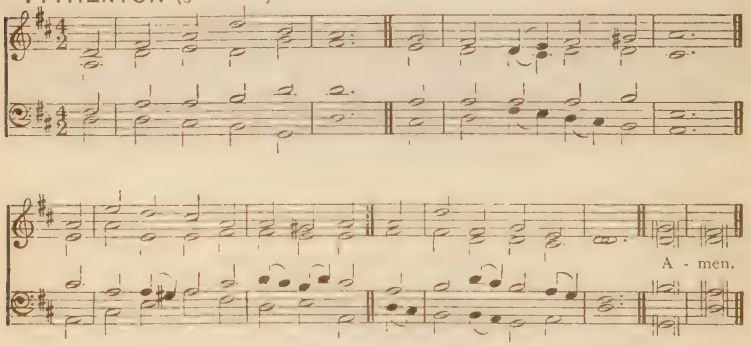
f 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

W. HAMMOND, *alt. by* M. MADAN.

KIRK BRADDAN (*2nd Tune*). S.M. G. LOMAS.



TYTHERTON (*3rd Tune*). S.M. L. R. WEST.



142 "*They sing the Song of Moses, the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb.*"—Rev. xv. 3.

f 1 AWAKE! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
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Sing how He intercedes above
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f 3 Sing till ye feel your hearts
Ascending with your tongues;
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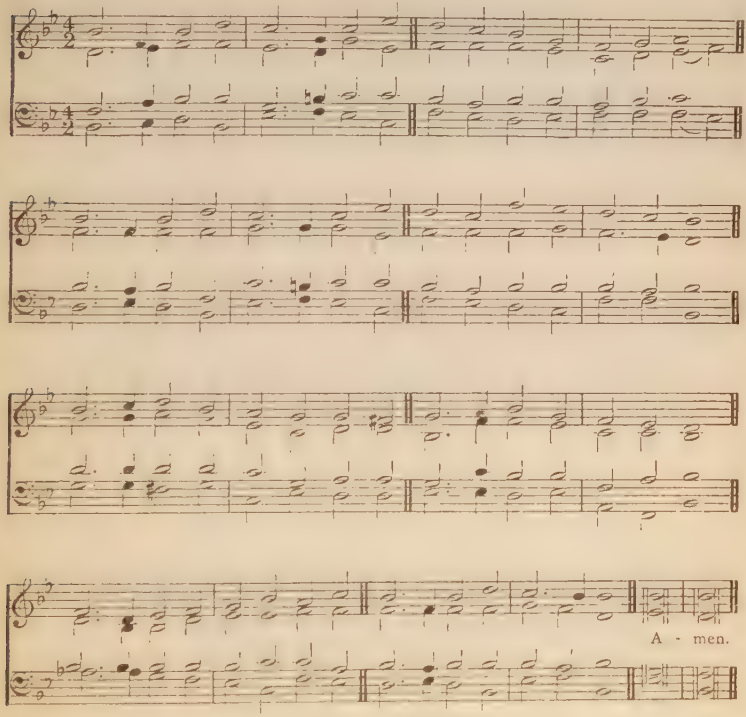
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In Christ the eternal King.

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f 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

W. HAMMOND, *alt. by* M. MADAN.

ST. NICHOLAS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. F. BRIDGE.



See also "Deerhurst," No. 261.

143 "*Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power.*"—Heb. i. 3.

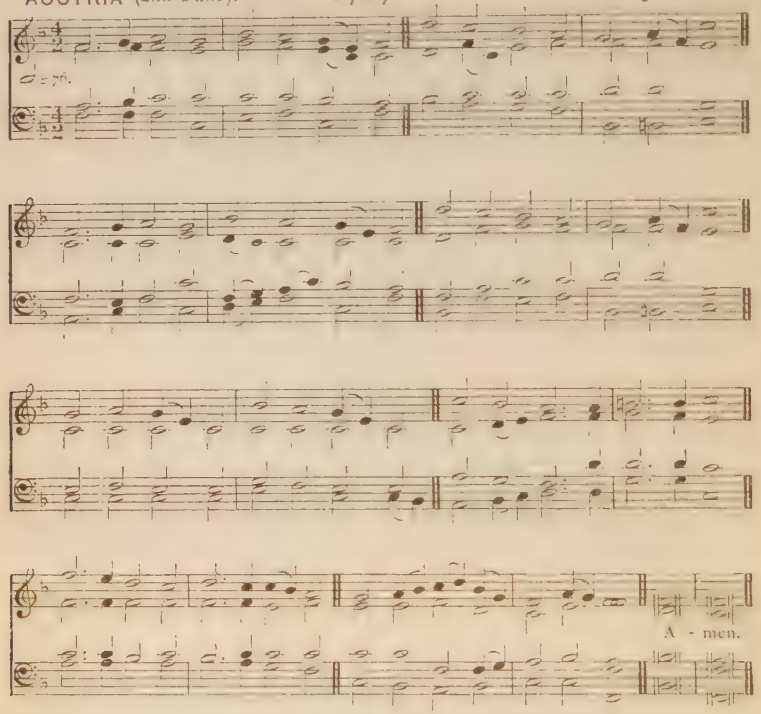
f 1 BRIGHTNESS of the eternal Glory,
Image of our God express'd,
Jesus, let Thy works adore Thee,
God supreme, for ever bless'd.
Still upheld by their Creator,
Every work His power displays;
Lord of universal nature,
Take the universal praise.

mp 2 From His heavenly throne descended,
Son of God, and Son of Man;
p See Him on the Cross suspended,
By His sinful creatures slain;
cr. By His one complete oblation,
Jesus did the ransom pay;
Bore the fiery indignation,
Cleans'd the stains of guilt away.

f 3 Object of their adoration,
Saviour, Thee, Thine angel-train
Met with rapturous acclamation,
Rising to Thy courts again.
ff Still they shout, and fall before Thee,
Thee their great Creator own,
Re-install'd in all Thy glory,
Bright on Thine eternal throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

AUSTRIA (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. F. J. HAYDN.



See also "Deerhurst," No. 261.

143 *"Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power"*—Heb. i. 3.

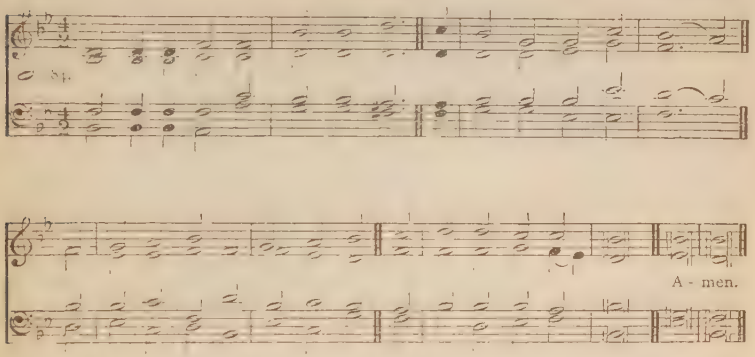
f 1 BRIGHTNESS of the eternal Glory,
Image of our God express'd,
Jesus, let Thy works adore Thee,
God supreme, for ever bless'd.
Still upheld by their Creator,
Every work His power displays;
Lord of universal nature,
Take the universal praise.

mp 2 From His heavenly throne descended,
Son of God, and Son of Man;
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Jesus did the ransom pay;
Bore the fiery indignation,
Cleans'd the stains of guilt away.

f 3 Object of their adoration,
Saviour, Thee, Thine angel-train
Met with rapturous acclamation,
Rising to Thy courts again.
ff Still they shout, and fall before Thee,
Thee their great Creator own,
Re-install'd in all Thy glory,
Bright on Thine eternal throne. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

NATIVITY. C.M. H. LAHEE.



See also "St. Saviour," No. 136.

144 "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*"—Rev. v. 12.

f 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

f 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
mp "For He was slain for us!"
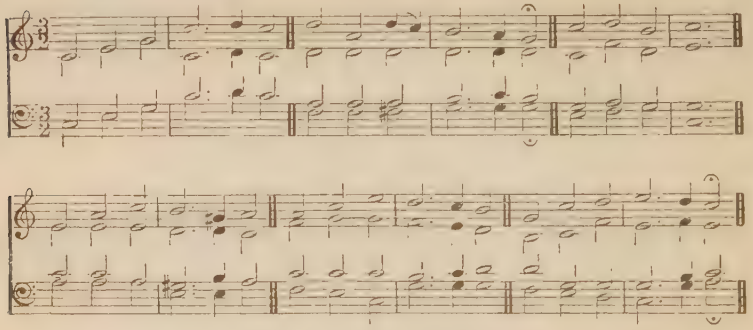
f 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

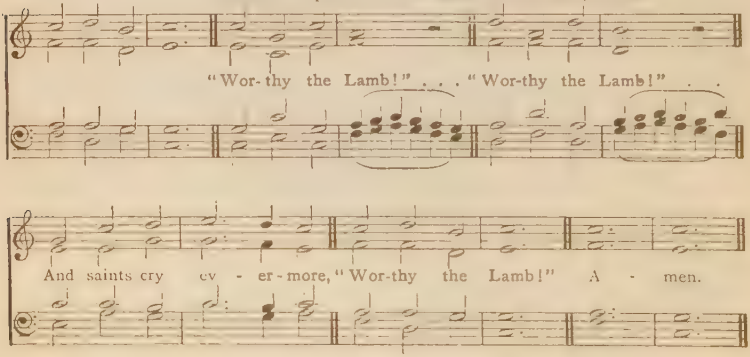
f 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb! Amen.

I. WATTS.

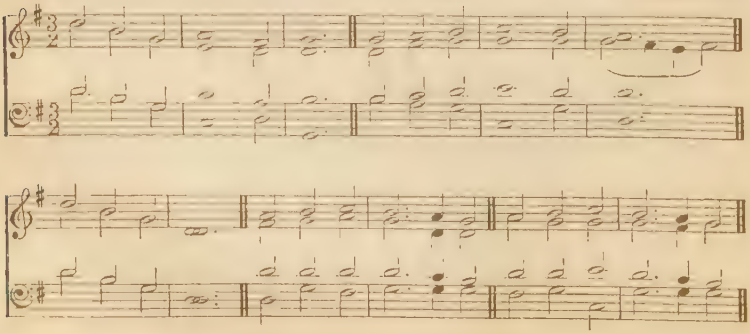
GLORIA (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4. 6.6.4., with Refrain. Anon.

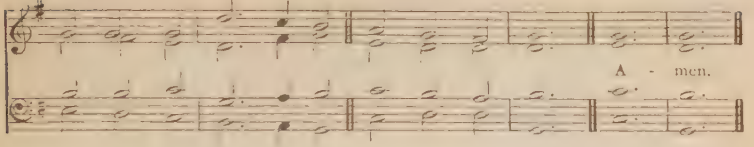


REFRAIN. *Repeat the last two lines in each verse, as below.*

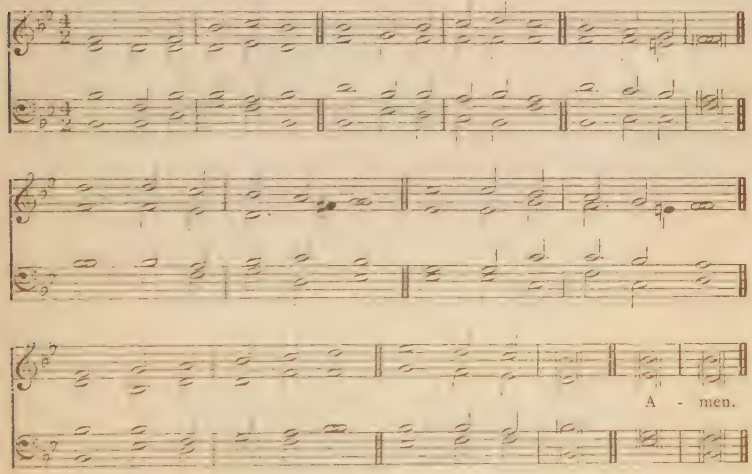


ITALY (MOSCOW) (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4. 6 6.6.4. F. GIARDINI.





MALVERN (*3rd Tune*). 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. English Melody.



145

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—Rev. v. 12.

f 1 GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye His Name!
Angels His Name adore,
p Who all our sorrows bore;
cr. And saints cry evermore,
ff "Worthy the Lamb!"

f 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name!
p We who have felt His blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
cr. Spread His fame—
ff "Worthy the Lamb!"

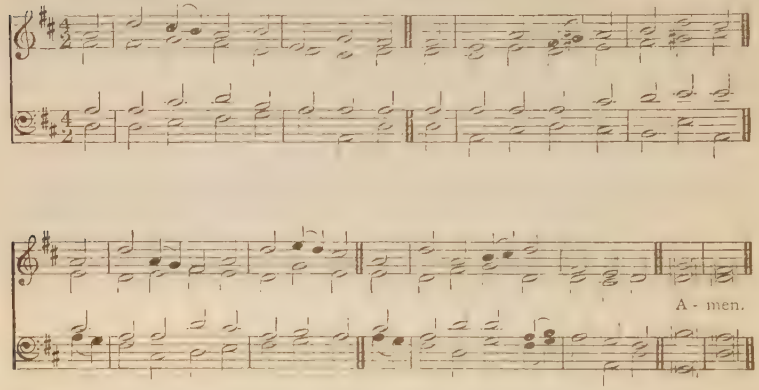
f 3 To Him our hearts we raise—
None else shall have our praise
Praise ye His Name!
Him our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord—
ff "Worthy the Lamb!"

f 4 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And sing with heart and voice
ff "Worthy the Lamb!"

p 5 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
cr. Praising His Name!
To Him we'll tribute bring,
Laud Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
ff "Worthy the Lamb!" Amen.

J. ALLEN.

BONN (FESTUS). L.M. German Chorale.



See also the "Old 100th," No. 58.

146

"*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.*"—Isa. xxxiii. 17.

mf 1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in His face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
cr. His worth, His glory, or His grace!

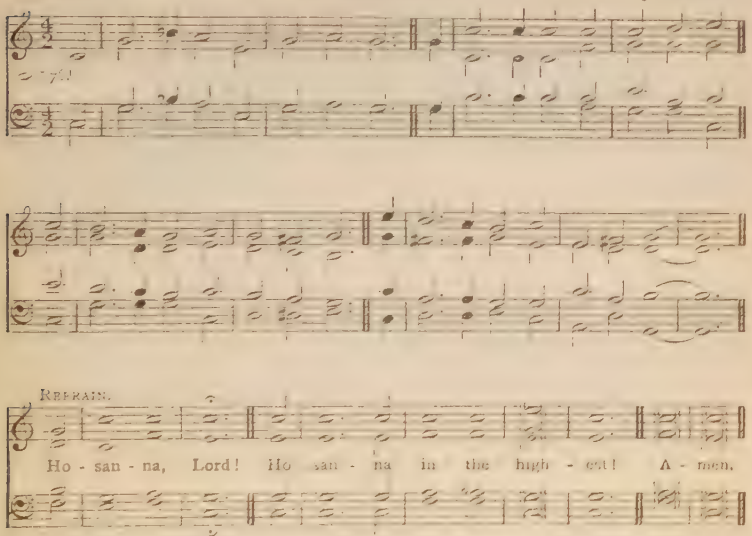
mf 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

mf 3 Oh! let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
f There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns, th' incarnate God.

mf 4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
f Till we behold Him face to face. Amen.

I. WATTS.

TURLE. L.M., with Refrain. J. TURLE.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

147

"*Hosanna in the highest.*"—Mark xi. 10.

f 1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
ff Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

f 2 "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound
ff Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

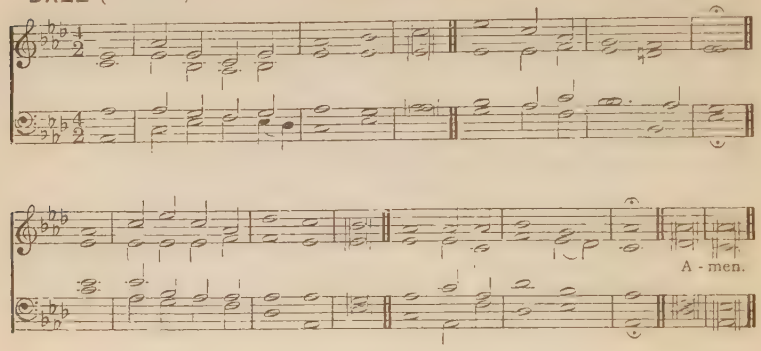
mf 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy Sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
f Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

mp 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
cr. A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
f Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

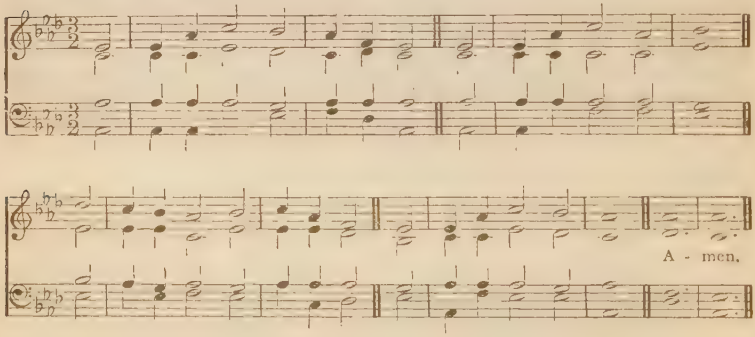
p 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
cr. Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
f Shall swell the sound of praise again.
ff Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

R. HEBER.

DALE (*1st Tune*). C.M. I. PHILLIPS.



EVAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



148

"*Hosanna.*"—John xii. 13.

f 1 HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
cr. With cherubim and seraphim
ff Exalt th' Incarnate Word.

f 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts—how free!
mp Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
cr. Thy Name our only plea.

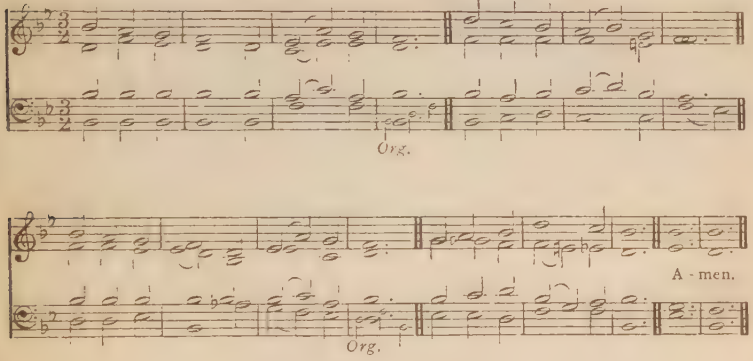
f 3 Hosanna! Master, Lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
mp Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts, to be Thine own.

f 4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng:
mp Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

mf 5 O Saviour, if redeem'd by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,—
f Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold! Amen.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.



See also "St. Agnes," No. 151.

149 "*Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.*"—1 Pet. ii. 7.

mf 1 JESUS, I love Thy charming Name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
cr. Fain would I sound it out so loud,
f That earth and heaven should hear.

mf 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
mp Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

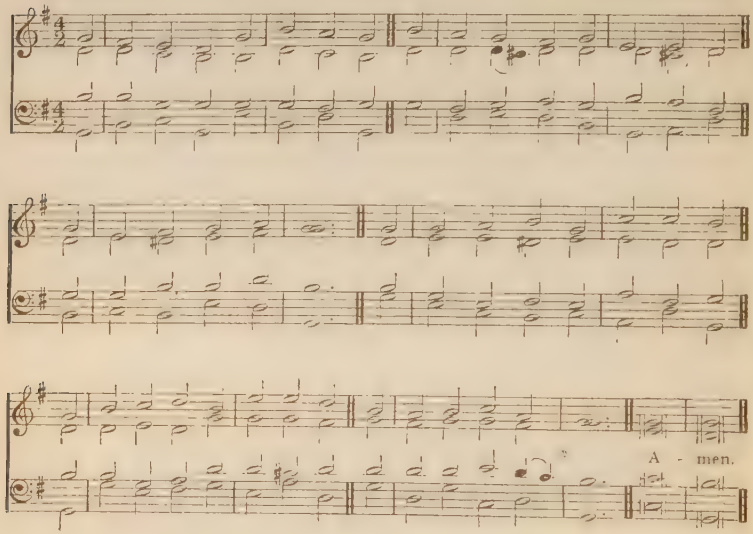
mf 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
cr. Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

mf 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there:—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

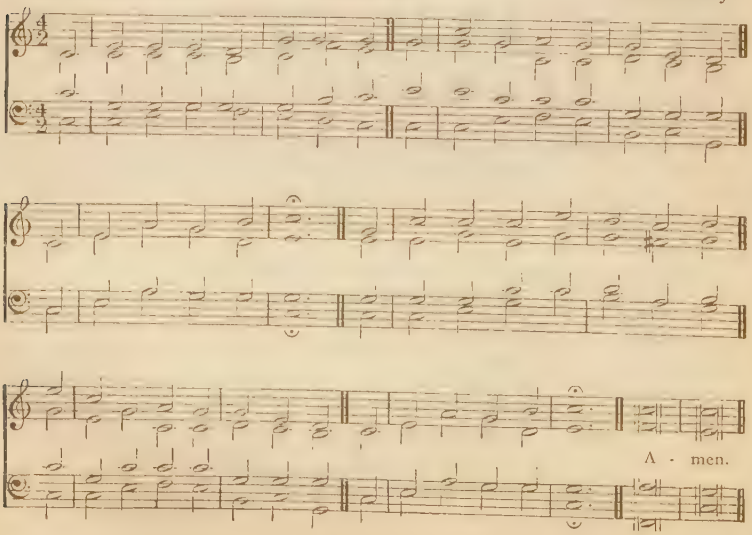
f 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy Name
dim. With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
mf The antidote of death. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

HENFFORDD (*1st Tune*). 8.8.6. D. German Melody.



HULL (*2nd Tune*) 8.8.6. D. Old Melody.



150

"*He is not ashamed to call them brethren.*"—Heb. ii. 11.

f 1 JESUS, our Lord, to Thee we raise
A song of gratitude and praise,
To Thee, our Saviour King.
mp Spirit divine, Thy grace impart,
cr. Wake every power, warm every heart,
f Redeeming love to sing.

mf 2 Redeeming love! what theme but this
Inspires with ecstasy of bliss
The harps before the throne,
cr. Where angels lead the enraptured song,
And ransomed souls the strain prolong,
With joys on earth unknown.

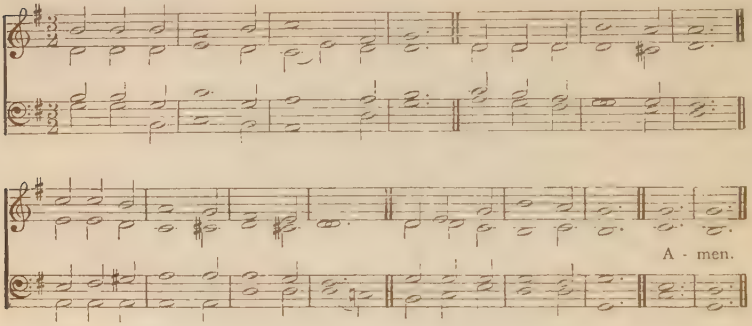
mp 3 And didst Thou, Lord, ere time began,
Engage to rescue fallen man
From guilt and misery?
And didst Thou lay Thy glory by,
Suffer, and agonize, and die,
That we might live through Thee?

f 4 And didst Thou rise, and dost Thou reign,
And human nature still retain,
Pleading for us above?
cr. And dost Thou give us hope that we
Shall soon Thy face in glory see,
And know Thy perfect love?

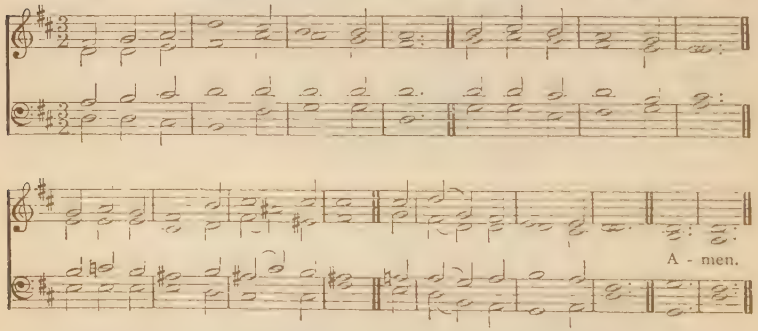
f 5 Worthy art Thou, O Christ, our Lord,
To be by all mankind adored,
And by the hosts of heaven;
ff Jesus, all power and praise be Thine,
And glory ceaseless and Divine,
To Thy great Name be given. Amen.

J. BURTON, Jun.

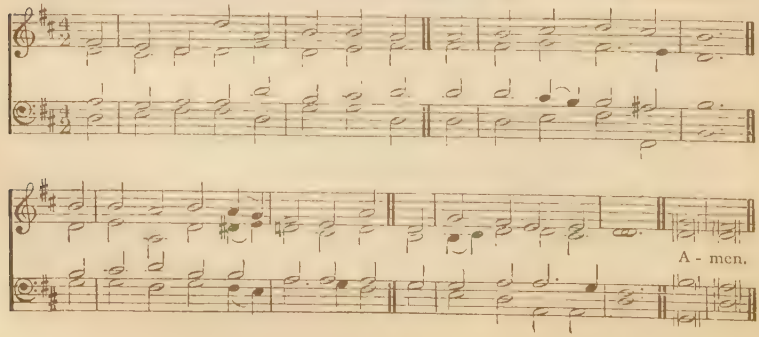
ST. AGNES (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



ROATH (*2nd Tune*). C.M. M. D. A. GEE.



REDHEAD, No. 66 (WAVENEY) (*3rd Tune*). C.M. R. REDHEAD.



151

"*Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.*"—Sol. Song, i. 3.

mf 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
cr. But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

f 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

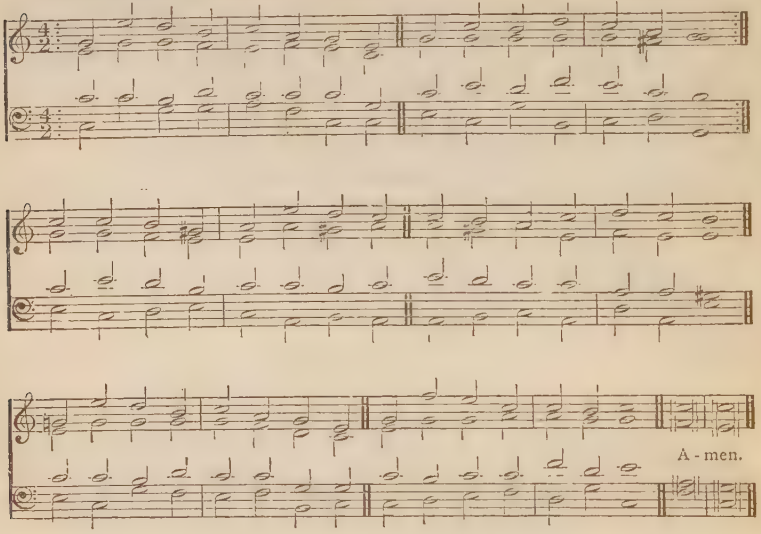
mf 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
p To those who fall how kind Thou art!
cr. How good to those who seek!

mf 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

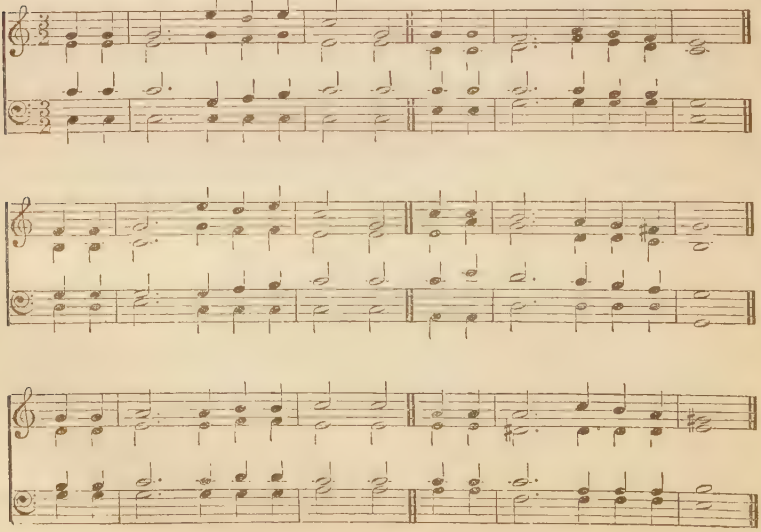
f 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.
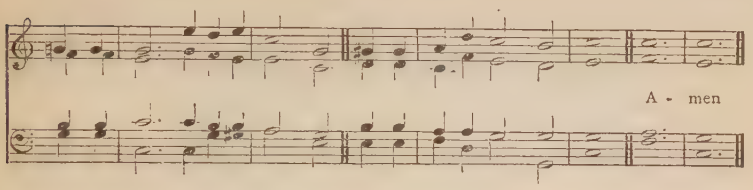
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *tr.* E. CASWALL.

DUSSELDORF (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. F. MENDELSSOHN.



FABEN (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. H. WILLCOX.





152 "*Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power.*"—Rev. iv. 11.

mf 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy Name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
cr. Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
f Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

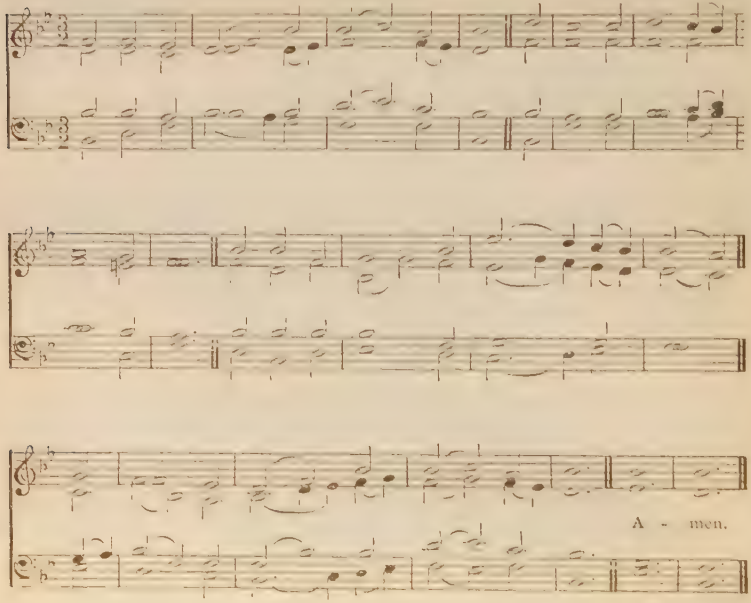
mf 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

mf 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
cr. Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
f Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord (*dim.*) Who came to die.

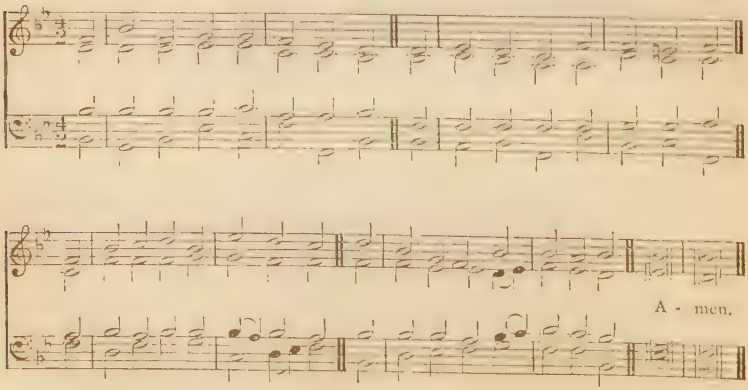
mf 4 From the highest throne in glory
p To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives:
cr. Flow, my praise, for ever flow;
Go, return, Immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne
f Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own. Amen.

R. ROBINSON.

WARRINGTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. R. HARRISON.



WINCHESTER NEW (*2nd Tune*). L.M. B. CRASSELIUS.



See also "Antwerp," No. 243.

153 "*My Beloved is . . . the Chiefest among ten thousand.*"—Sol. Song, v. 10

f 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

f 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.

f 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

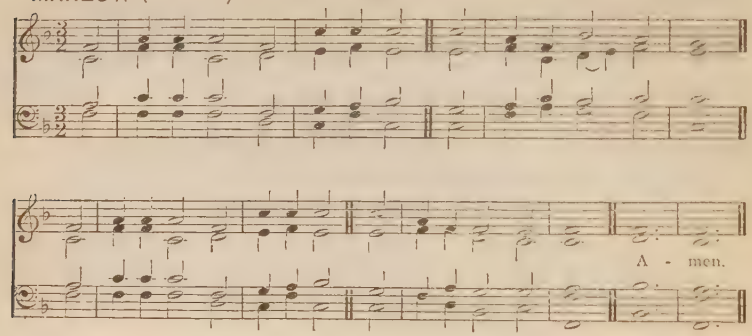
f 4 But, in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

mf 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's Name;
cr. Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

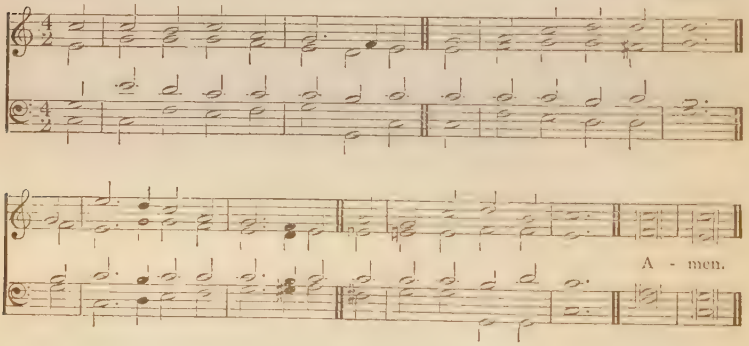
mf 6 Oh may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
cr. Where all His beauties I'll behold
And sing His Name to harps of gold. Amen.

I. WATTS.

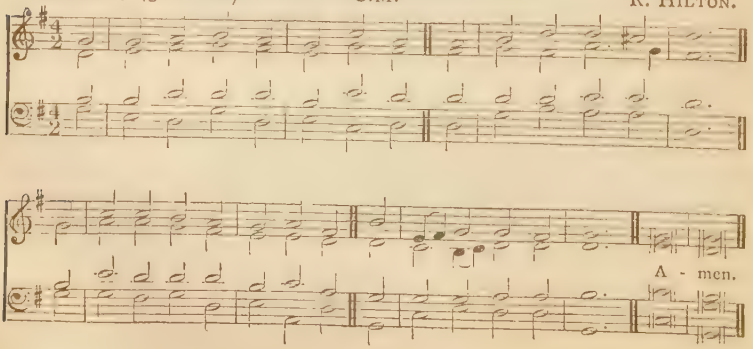
MARLOW (*1st Tune*). C.M. Anon.



ST. SAVIOUR (*2nd Tune*). C.M. F. G. Baker.



FARRANT (*3rd Tune*). C.M. R. Hilton.



154 "*Thou shalt call His Name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins.*"—Matt. i. 21.

f 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

mf 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
cr. To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

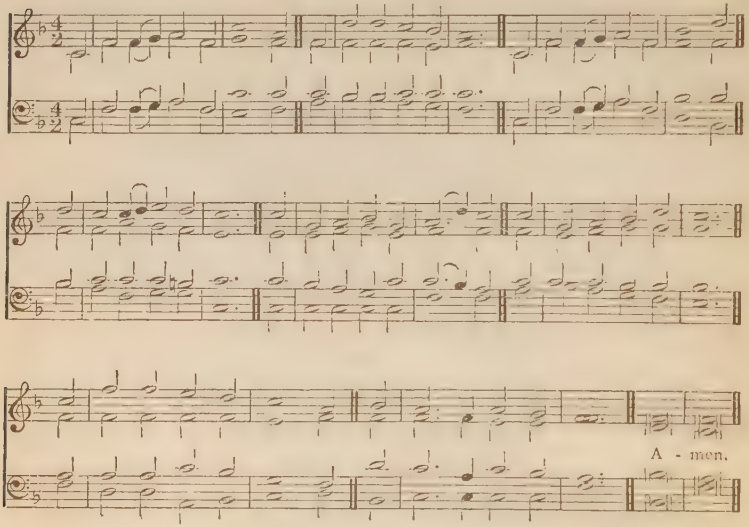
mp 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

mf 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

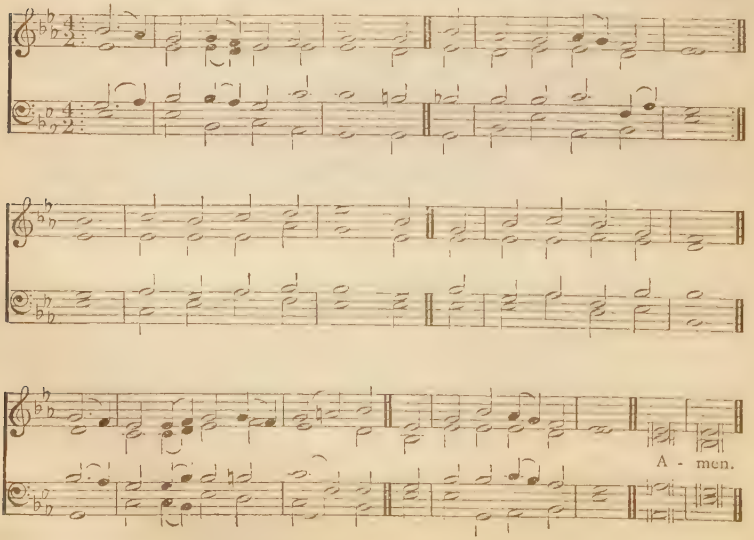
mf 5 He speaks,—and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe. Amen.

C. WESLEY.
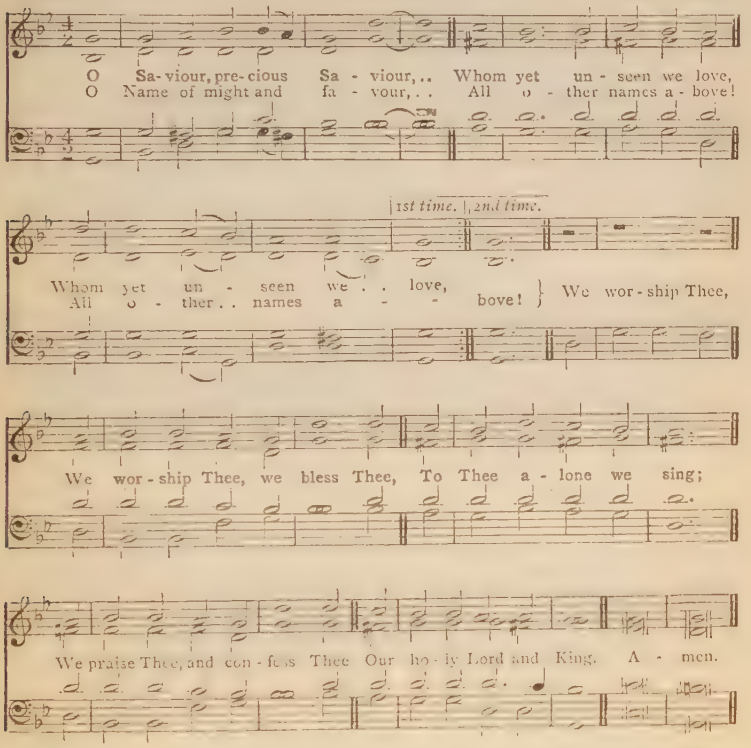
LYMINGTON (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. R. JACKSON.



MEIRIONYDD (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Welsh Melody.



BABEL (*3rd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Welsh Melody.



155

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. i. 8.

mf 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!
cr. We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

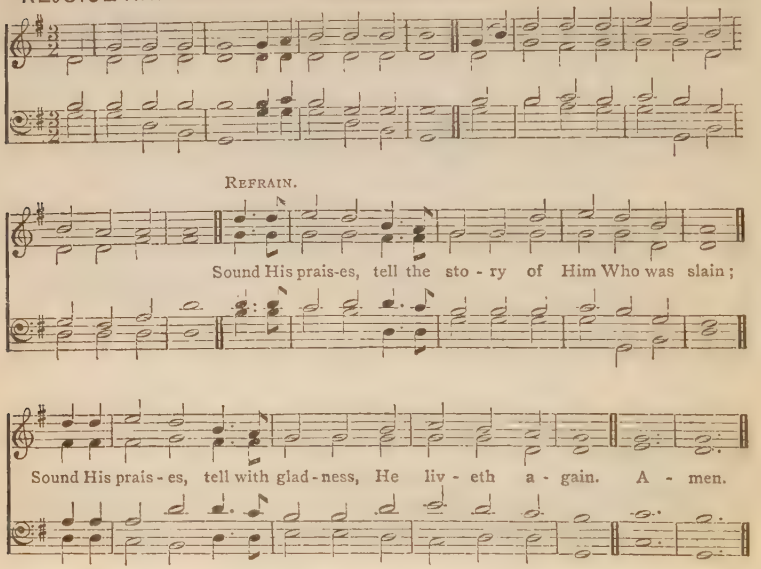
mf 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
cr. We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

f 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

mf 4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
f Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.
Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL

REJOICE AND BE GLAD. 11.11., with Refrain. Anon.



156

"*Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.*"—Phil. iv. 4.

mf 1 REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
p Go look on His cradle, (*pp*) His cross, and His tomb!
f Sound His praises, tell the story of Him Who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

mf 2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

mf 3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood has been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.

mf 4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
p The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

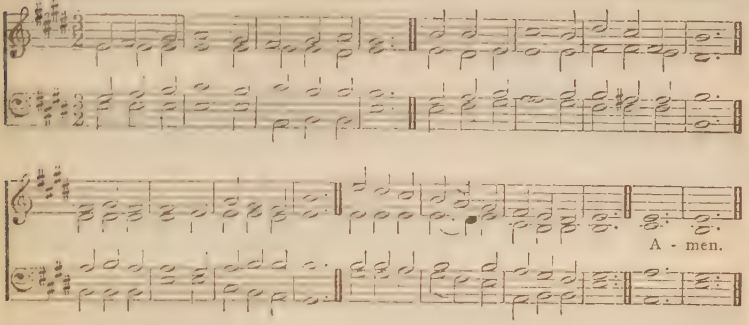
f 5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

f 6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high;
mp He pleadeth for us, on His throne in the sky.

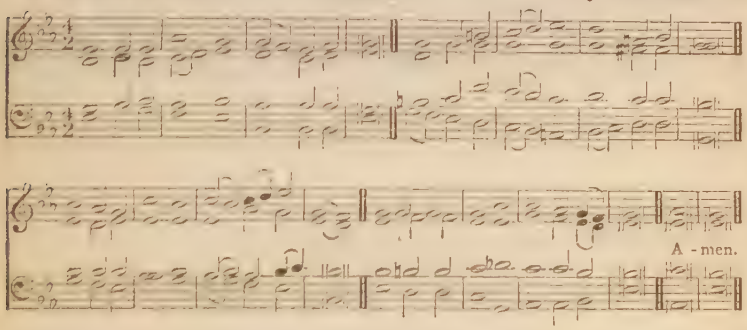
f 7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain! Amen.

H. BONAR.

THEODORA (*1st Tune*). 9.9.9.9. A. LEGGE.



REST (*2nd Tune*). 9.9.9.9. J. H. ROBERTS.



157

"*Christ is all and in all.*"—Col. iii. 11.

mf 1 REST of the weary, Joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary, (*f*) Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end;
cr. Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

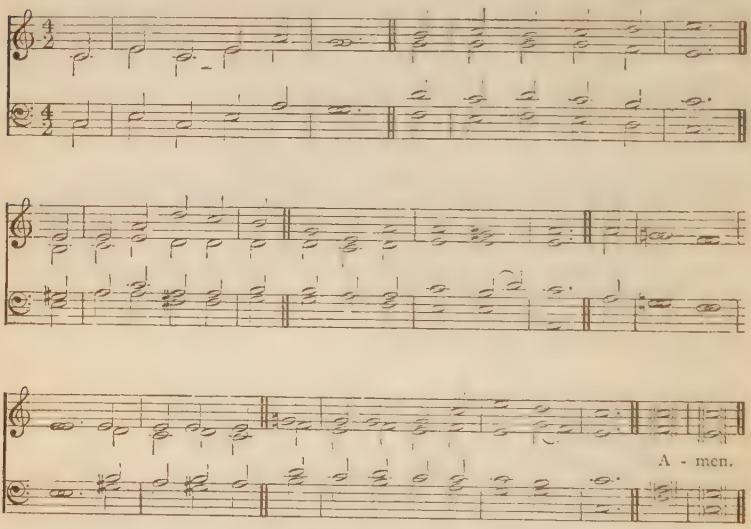
mp 2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, (*f*) Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
cr. Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

mp 3 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble, (*f*) Cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
cr. Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

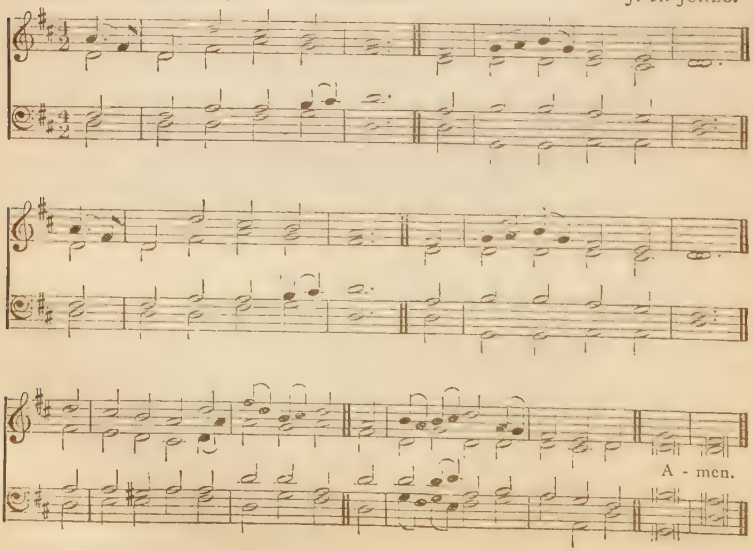
mf 4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
cr. Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavour, world without end,
f Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL

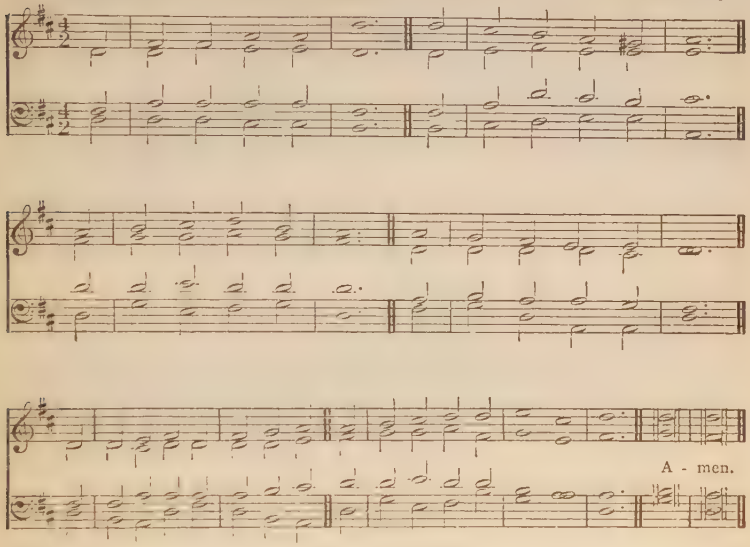
DUDLEY (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. E. F. RIMBAULT.



RAMOTH (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. R. JONES.



ADORATION (ST. JOHN) (*3rd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. Old Melody.



158 "*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.*"—Ps. cl. 6.

mf 1 SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing?
f And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

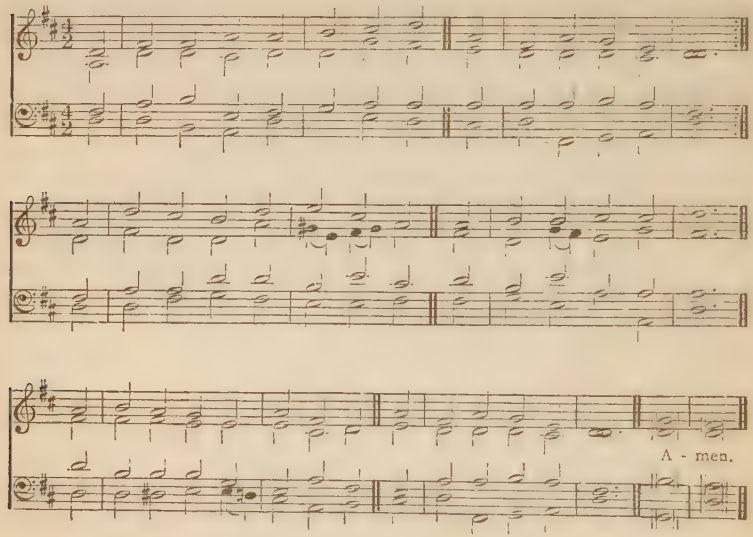
mf 2 Shall every ransom'd tribe
Of Adam's scatter'd race,
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace?
f And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

mf 3 Shall they adore the Lord
Who bought them by His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?
f And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

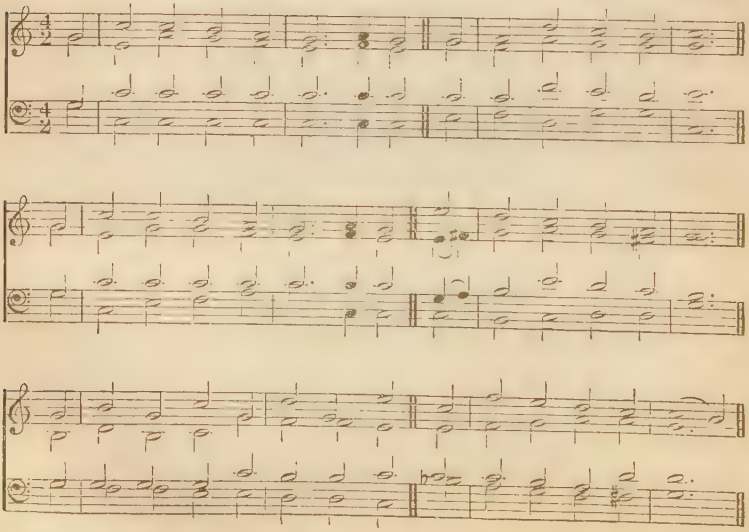
f 4 Oh, spread the joyful sound!
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around
Salvation through His name;
ff Till the whole earth take up the strain,
And send the echo back again. Amen.
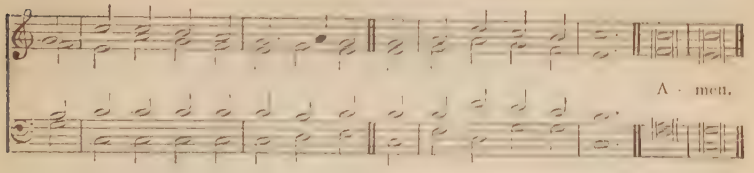
J. J. CUMMINS.

AERON (1st *Tune*). C.M. D. Welsh Melody.



GABRIEL (2nd *Tune*). C.M. D. Arr. by A. SULLIVAN.





159 "*Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?*"—Isa. lxiii. 1.

mf 1 TO Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He the lonely winepress trod,
Our cup of joy to bring.
cr. His glorious Arm the strife maintained,
He march'd in might from far;
His robes were with the vintage stained,
Red with the wine of war.

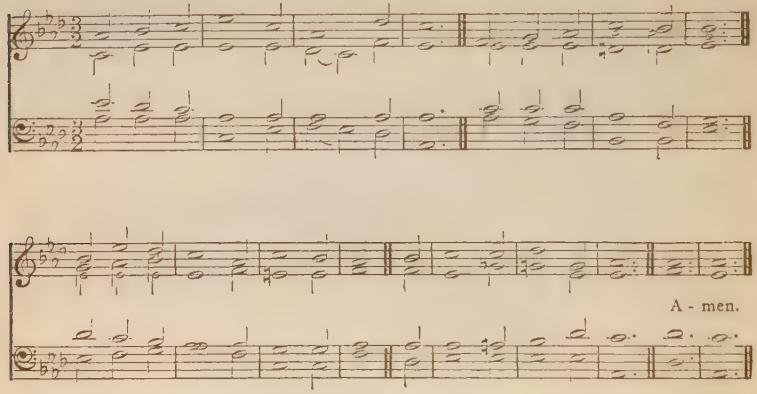
mf 2 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He invaded Death's abode,
And robbed him of his sting.
The house of dust enthrals no more,
For He, the Strong to save,
Himself doth guard that silent door,
Great Keeper of the grave.

mf 3 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
For He hath crush'd beneath His rod
The world's proud rebel king.
He plunged in His imperial strength
To gulfs of darkness down;
He brought His trophy up at length,
The foil'd usurper's crown.

f 4 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing—we ever sing;
mp For He redeem'd us with His Blood
From every evil thing.
cr. Thy saving strength His Arm upbore,
The Arm that set us free;
ff Glory, O God, for evermore
Be to Thy Christ and Thee. Amen.

A. R. COUSIN.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES.



160

"*To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*"—Rev. i. 6.

1.

f WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, Whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

2.

f Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3.

f To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts:—
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts.

4.

f The cherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy majesty.

5.

f The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

6.

f The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting Name.

7.

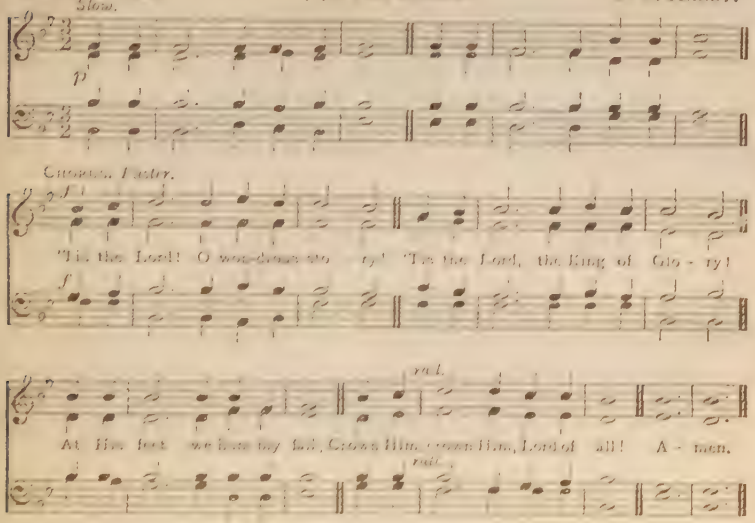
f Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee, their Head,
Brightness of majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

8.

f Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood.
ff Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou Holy Lamb of God! Amen.

J. CENNICK.

LOWLINESS. 7-7., with Chorus. B. R. HANBY.



161 *"We see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour."*—Heb. ii. 9.

mp 1 WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
mf 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
p At His feet we humbly fall;
f Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!

mp 2 Who is He in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

p 3 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

p 4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

pp 5 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

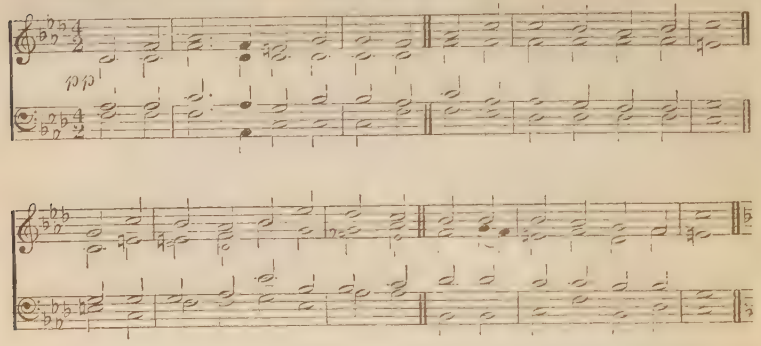
pp 6 On the cross, lo! who is He
Sheds His precious blood for me?

mf 7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Reigns as King of kings alone? Amen.

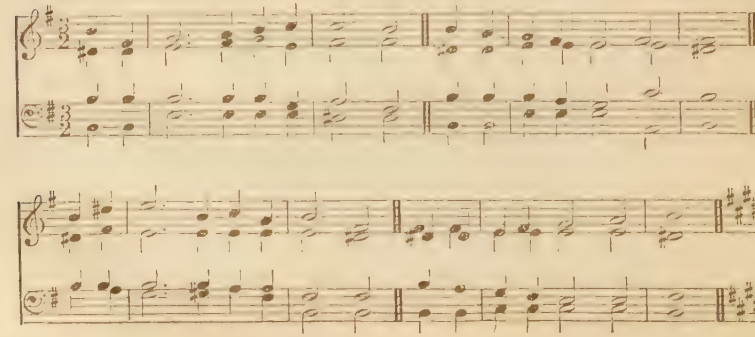
B. R. HANBY.

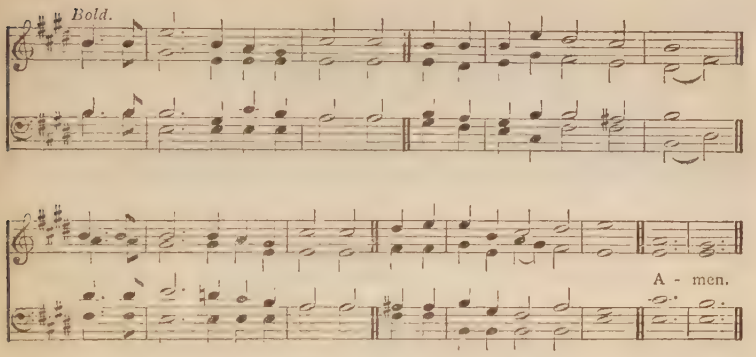
CROSS AND CROWN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.



The small notes for the Organ to be used in 2nd verse only.

SCOPAS (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. C. HANCOCK.





162

"*Who is this?*"—Matt. xxi. 10.

mp 1 WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
cr. 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
f He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

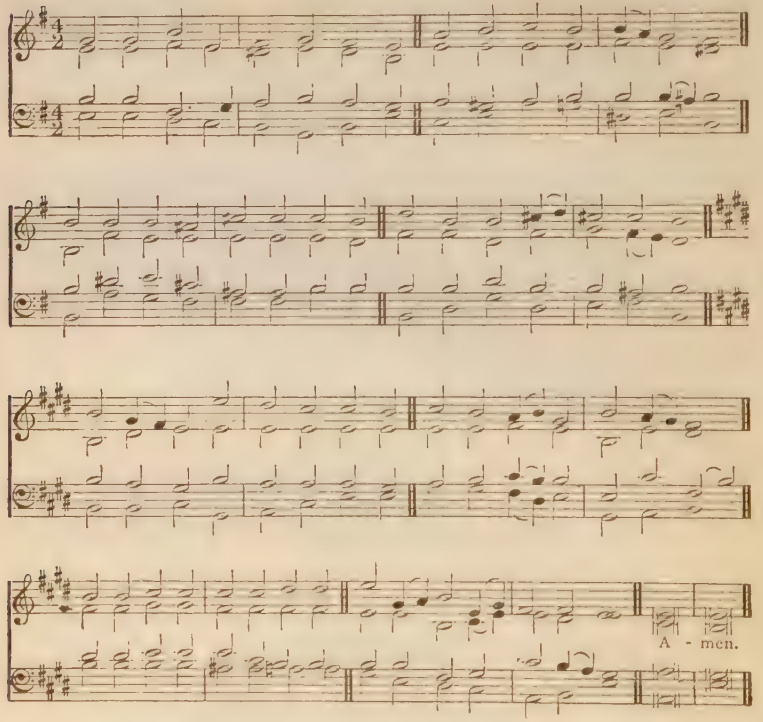
mp 2 Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p 3 Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
f 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
Poureth on His Church below,
Now, in royal might victorious,
Triumphing o'er every foe.

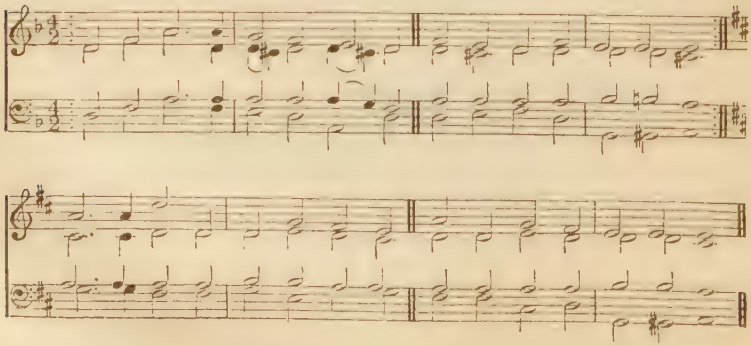
p 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Pierced by nails, and crowned with thorns?
ff 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly! Amen.

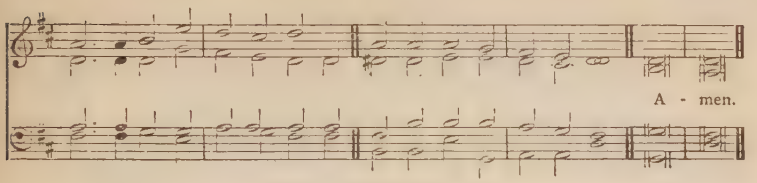
W. W. HOW.

BURRY PORT (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. H. ROBERTS.



INCARNATION (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. T. G. OWEN.





See also "Balducci," No. 304.

162

"*Who is this?*"—Matt. xxi. 10.

mp 1 WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
cr. 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
f He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

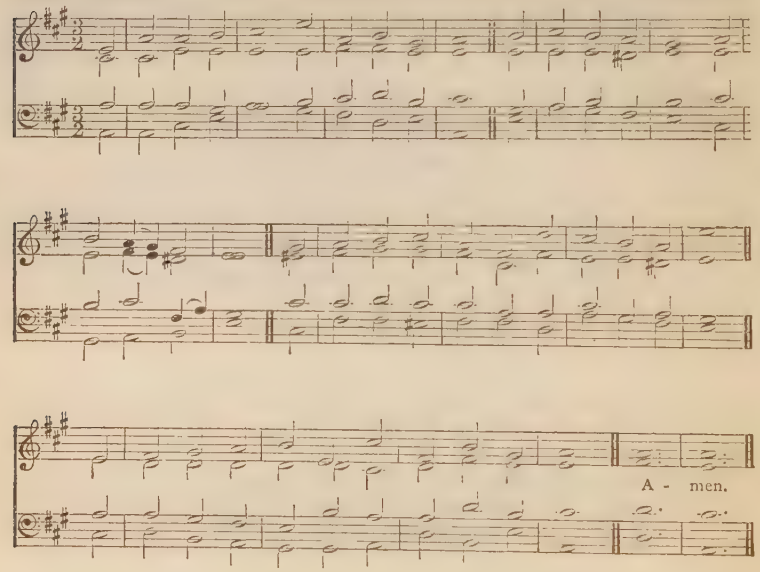
mp 2 Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p 3 Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
f 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
Poureth on His Church below,
Now, in royal might victorious,
Triumphing o'er every foe.

p 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Pierced by nails, and crowned with thorns?
ff 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

HANOVER. 10.10.11.11. W. CROFT.



163 "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 10.

f 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious
And rules over all.

f 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

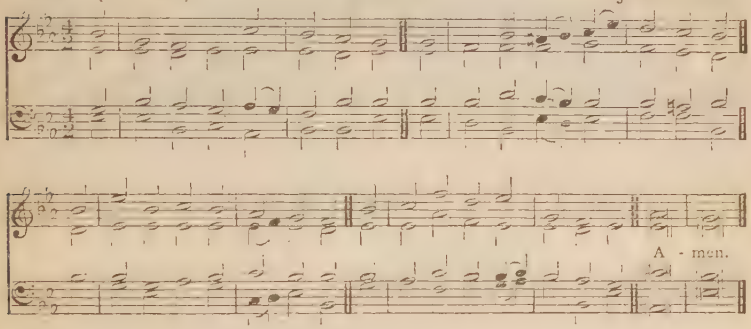
f 3 "Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,"—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
dim. Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

f 4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love. Amen.

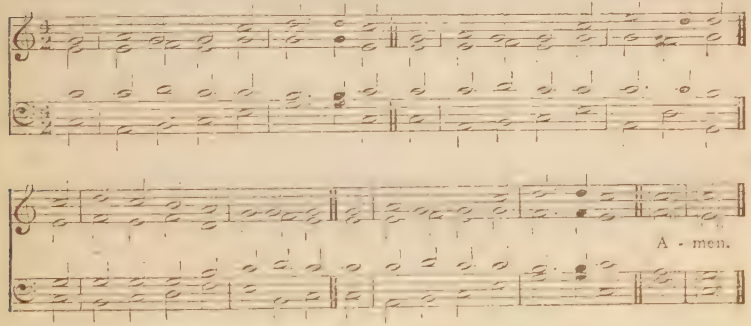
C. WESLEY.

9.—*HIS LOVE AND SYMPATHY.*

KENT (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. F. LAMPE.



LAUDS (REDHEAD, 4) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. R. REDHEAD.



See also "Abends," No. 186.

164 "*I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.*"—Isa. lxiii. 7.

1.

f AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's
He justly claims a song from me; [praise;
His loving-kindness is so free!

2.

mp He saw me ruined in the fall,
cr. Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
And saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness is so great!

3.

mp Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
f His loving-kindness changes not!

4.

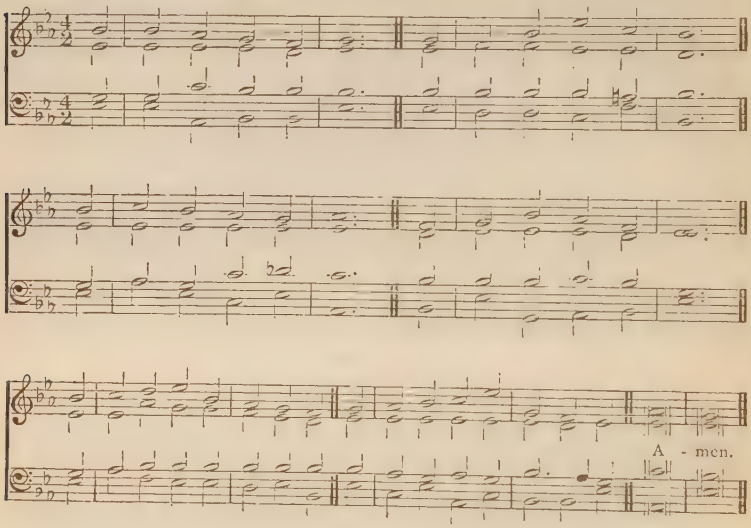
p So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail;
cr. O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

5.

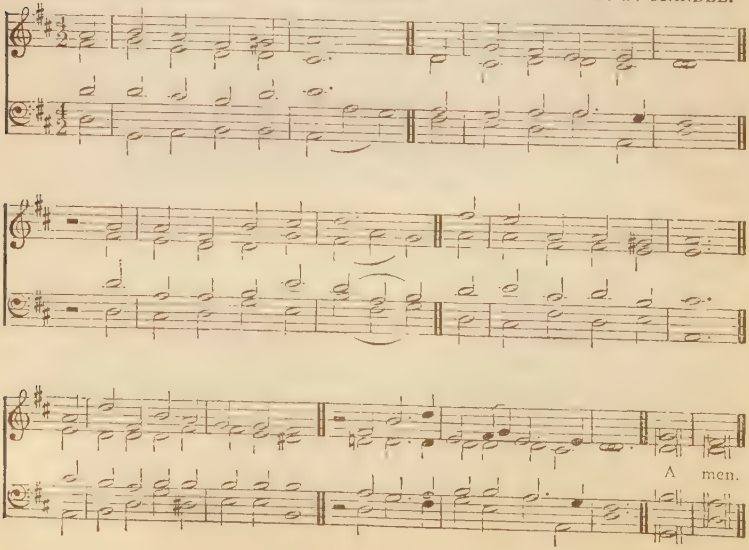
f Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies. Amen.

S. MEDLEY.

ALUN (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. A. LLOYD, Senr.



GOPSAL (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. G. F. HANDEL.



165 "*The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*"—Gal. ii. 20.

mf 1 JESUS is all my hope,
His cross is all my boast;
But for His sov'reign grace,
p I should be ever lost:
cr. His precious blood, and dying love,
Shall be my theme here and above.

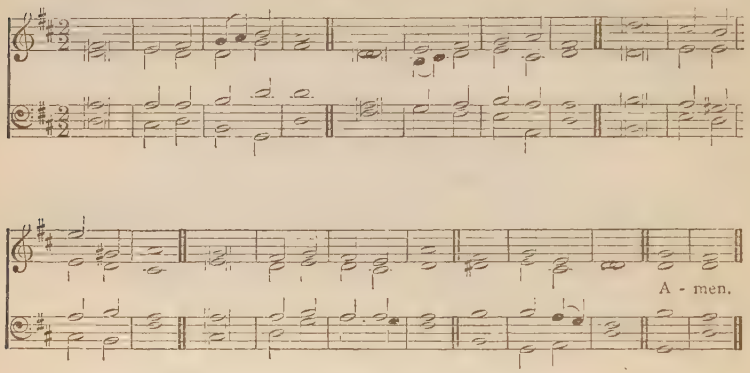
mf 2 All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
To serve and to adore
My Saviour, God and King:
His stripes and bruises and His cries,
cr. Shall ring throughout the world in praise.

mf 3 O happy sweeter Name,
Than e'er the world did know,
More of Thy heavenly grace
On me, O Lord, bestow:
cr. And let me taste that ardent love
Of which the saints partake above.

mf 4 Then all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away;
And every mournful night
cr. Be turned to joyous day:
f And all the world shall plainly see
How great a friend I have in Thee. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS (*alt.*).

ST. KEVERNE. 10.10.10.10.4. A. H. BROWN.



166

"*And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*"—Eph. iii. 19.

mf 1 IT passeth knowledge, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! | yet this soul of mine
cr. Would of Thy love, in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its | everlasting strength,
f Know more and more.

mf 2 It passeth telling, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus! | yet these lips of mine
cr. Would fain proclaim to | sinners, far and near,
A love which can re- | move all guilty fear
And love beget.

mf 3 It passeth praises, | that dear love of Thine,
My Saviour, Jesus; | yet this heart of mine
cr. Would sing that love, so | full, so rich, so free,
Which draws a guilty | fugitive like me,
Nigh unto God.

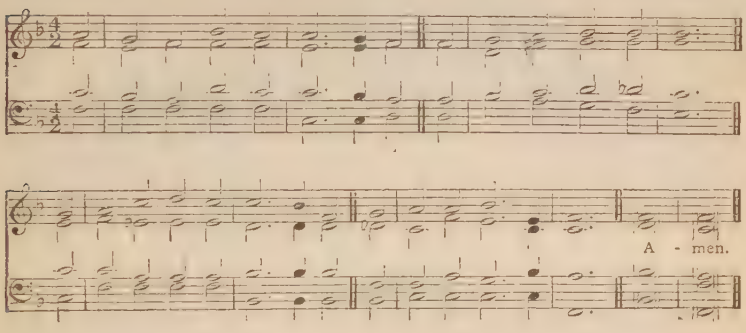
mf 4 But though I cannot | sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy | love while here below,
My empty vessel | I may freely bring:
cr. O Thou Who art of | love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

f 5 Oh, fill me, Saviour, | Jesus, with Thy love,
Lead, lead me to the | living fount above,
cr. Thither may I, in | simple faith draw nigh,
And never to an- | other fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

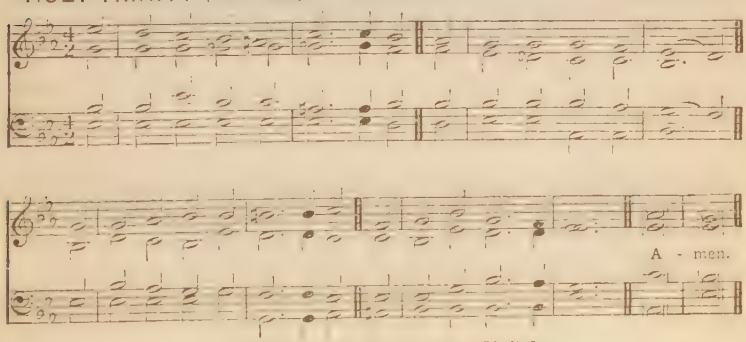
mf 6 And when my Jesus, | face to face I see,
mp When at His lofty | throne I bow the knee,
cr. Then of His love, in | all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its | everlasting strength,
f My soul shall sing. Amen.

M. SHEKLETON.

DALEHURST (*1st Tune*). C.M. A. COTTMAN.



HOLY TRINITY (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. BARNBY.



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See also "Cheshire," No. 298.

167

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. i. 8.

mf 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine!
mp The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

mp 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
cr. Yet art Thou oft with me:
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

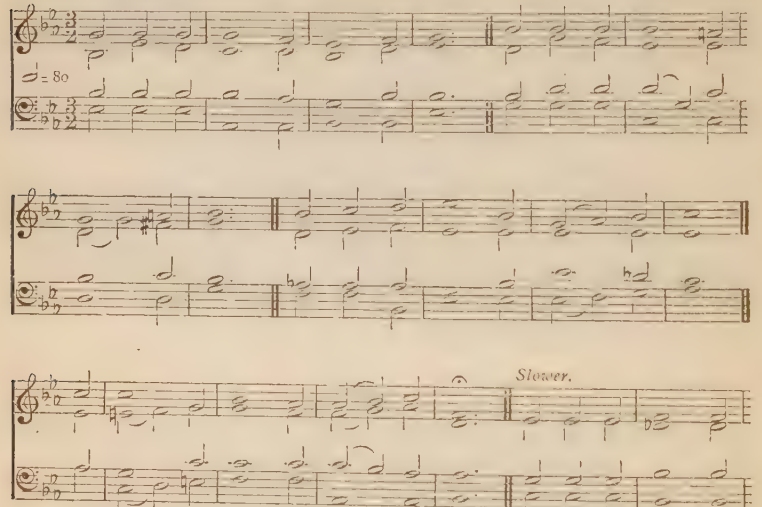
mf 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
cr. Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

mp 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone:
cr. I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

p 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
cr. The rending veil shall Thee reveal
f All glorious as Thou art. Amen.

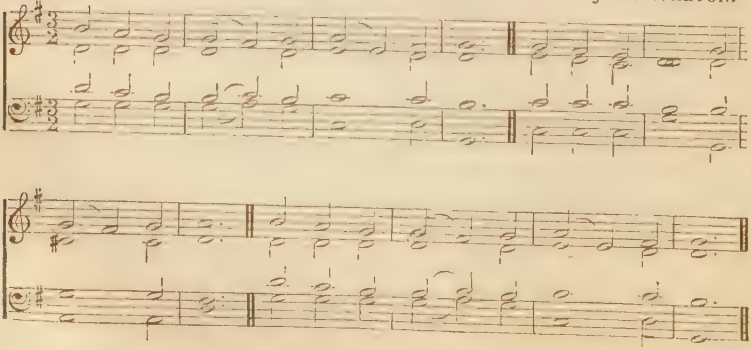
R. PALMER.

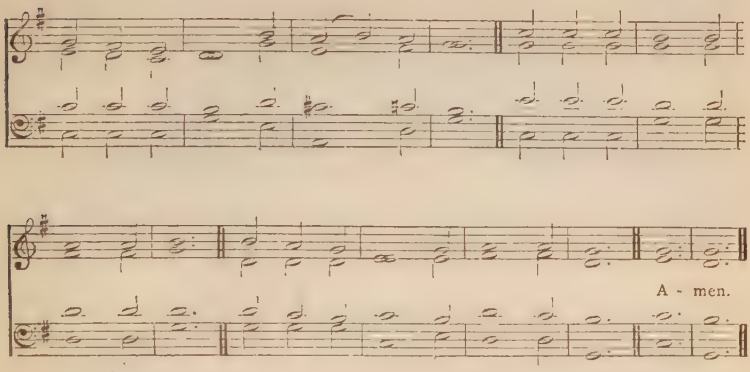
ST. CHRYSOSTOM (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

ST. CATHERINE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. G. WALTON.





168

"*The love of Christ constraineth us.*"—2 Cor. v. 14.

mf 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
cr. Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
f Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

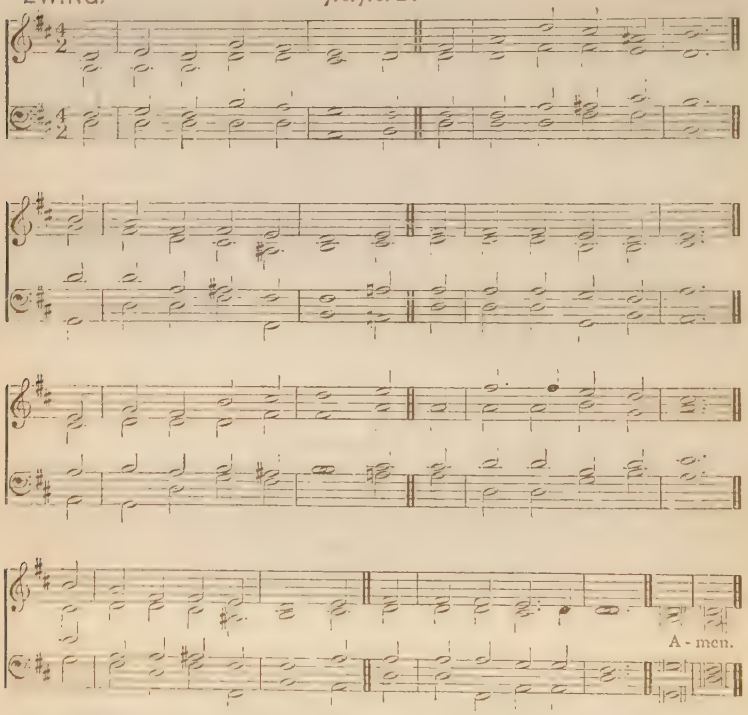
mf 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
cr. O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
All coldness from my heart remove;
f My every act, word, thought, be love!

f 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
mp All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
cr. Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
f O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

mf 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
cr. In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, Who for me hast died. Amen

P. GERHARDT, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

EWING. 7.6.7.6. D. A. EWING.



169 *"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."*—Eph. iii. 19.

1.

mf JESUS, Thy love unbounded,
So full, so vast, so free,
Leaves all our thoughts confounded,
Whene'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
mp For us didst bleed and die,
cr. That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

2.

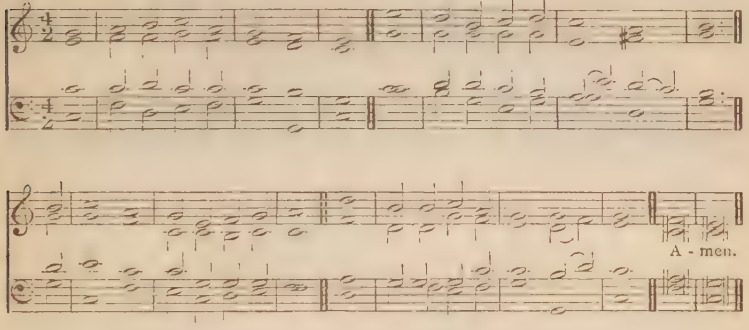
mf We know that Thou hast bought us
And washed us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us
As kings and priests to God;
cr. We know that soon the morning,
Long looked-for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3.

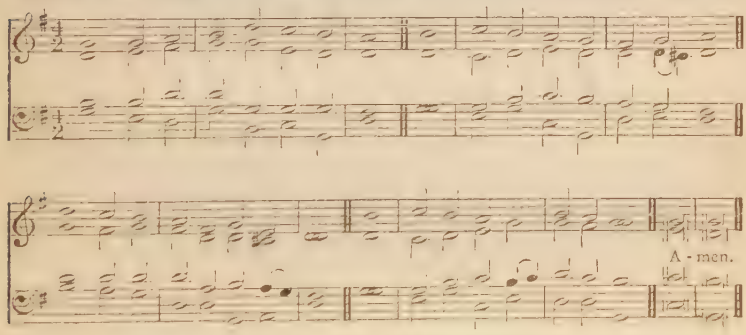
mf O let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee:
Let nothing please or pain us,
Apart, O Lord, from Thee;
f Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy Name. Amen.

J. G. DECK.

LUTHER'S CHANT (*1st Tune*). L.M. M. LUTHER.



BEZA (*2nd Tune*). L.M. C. GOUDIMEL.



See also "Abends," No. 186.

170

"*Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.*"—Phil. ii. 9.

f 1 LET every heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesu's Name of bliss;
With every pure delight replete,
And passing sweet, its music is.

mf 2 Jesus the comfortless consoles,
Jesus each sinful fever quells;
cr. Jesus the power of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

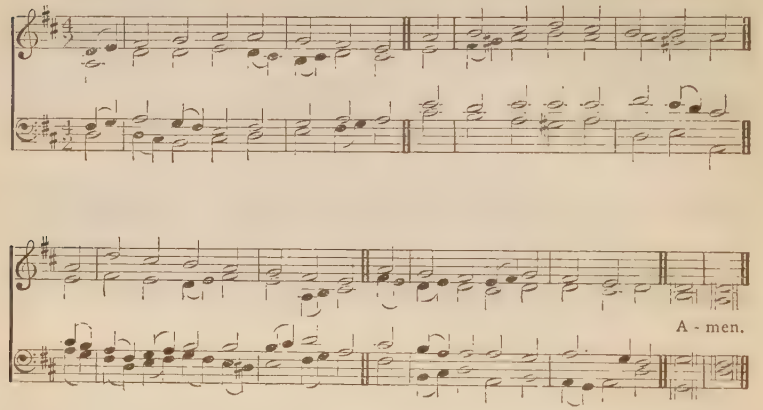
f 3 O speak His glorious Name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess;
Let every heart and voice accord
The Healer of our souls to bless.

mf 4 Jesus! the sinner's Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
mp Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy us transgressors spare.

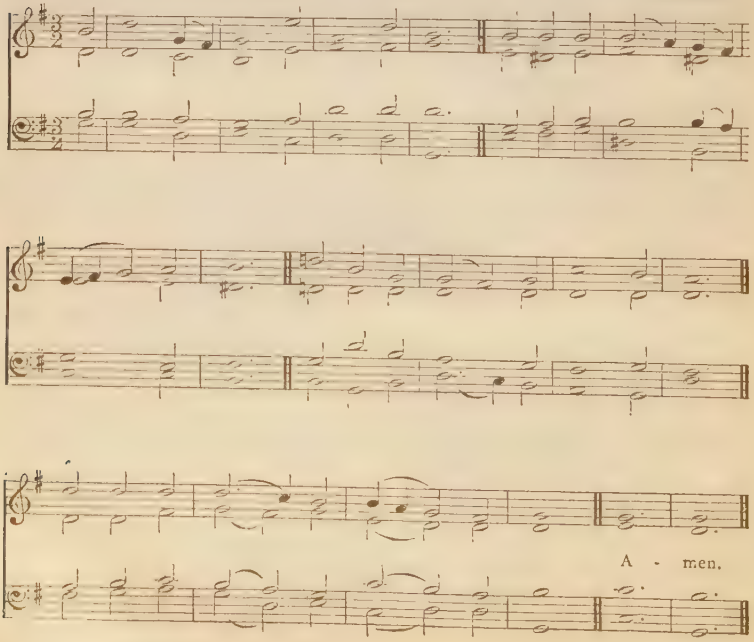
f 5 O Christ, all glory be to Thee,
Refulgent with this Name Divine!
ff All honour, worship, majesty,
Jesus, for evermore be Thine. Amen.

From the Latin, *tr.* J. D. CHAMBERS.

EISENACH (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. H. SCHEIN.



DAVID'S HARP (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. DANIELL.



171 "*And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*"—Eph. iii. 19.

mf *cr.* 1 OH, Love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

mf 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
mp But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

mp 3 For us baptized, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew;
f For us the tempter overthrew.

mf 4 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words and signs and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

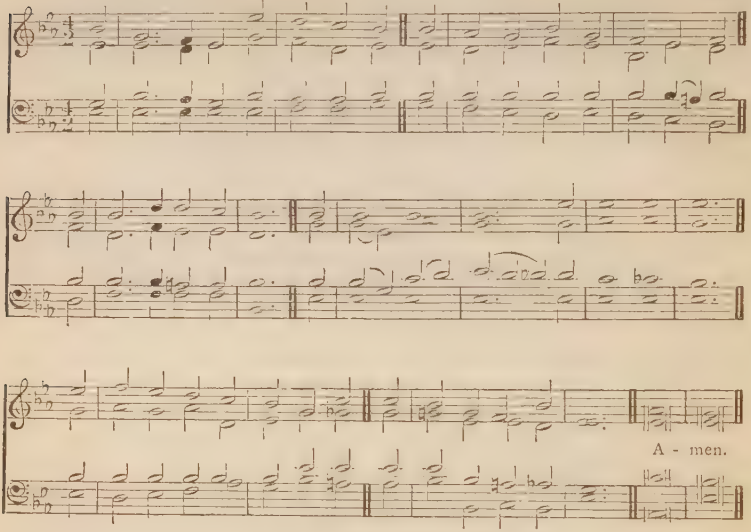
mp 5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
p For us at length gave up His breath.

f 6 For us He rose from death again;
For us He went on high to reign;
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

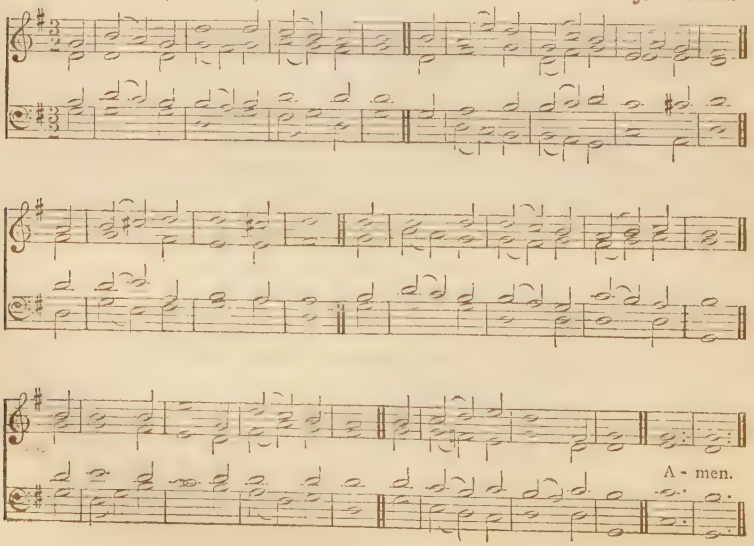
f 7 To Him Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

From the Latin, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

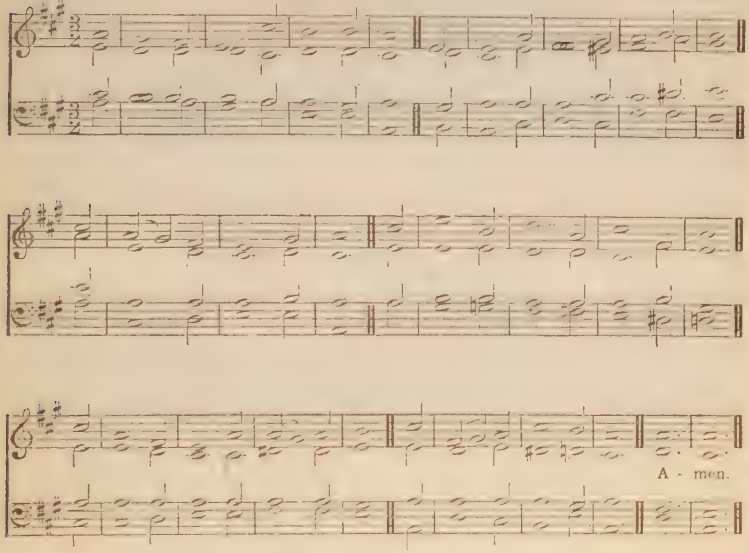
RAVENDALE (*1st Tune*). 8.8.6. D. W. STOKES.



PEMBROKE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.6. D. J. FOSTER.



KING'S COLLEGE (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.6. D. E. C. WALKER.



172 "*The Son of God Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*"—Gal. ii. 20.

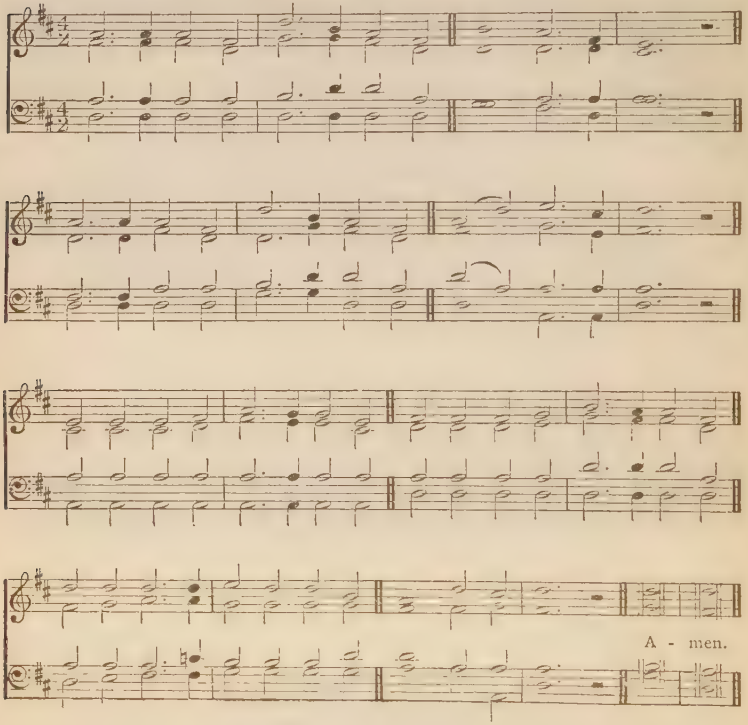
mf 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cr. I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

f 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
mp Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
f The length and breadth and height.

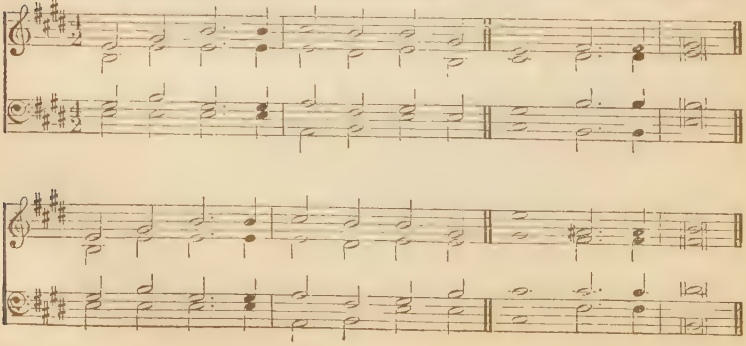
mf 3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
mp In this poor stony heart!
cr. For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

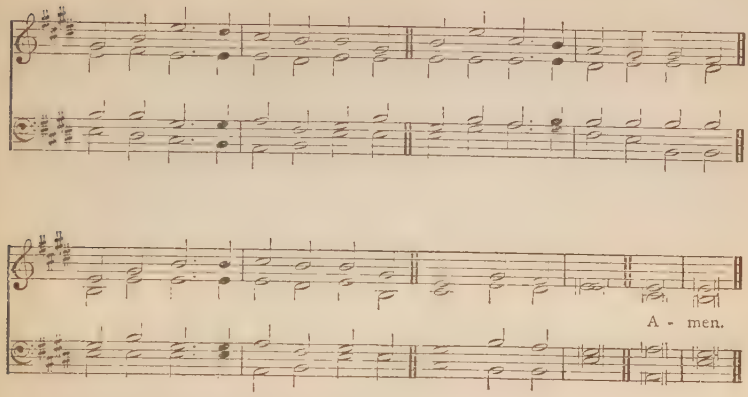
mf 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice!
cr. My only care, delight, and bliss,
f My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice! Amen.

OH, HOW HE LOVES (*1st Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. H. P. MAIN.



WYNNSTAY (*2nd Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. J. A. LLOYD, Senr.





173

"*There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"—Prov. xviii. 24.

mf 1 ONE there is above all others—
Oh how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
f Oh how He loves!
mp Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us;
cr. But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
f Oh how He loves!

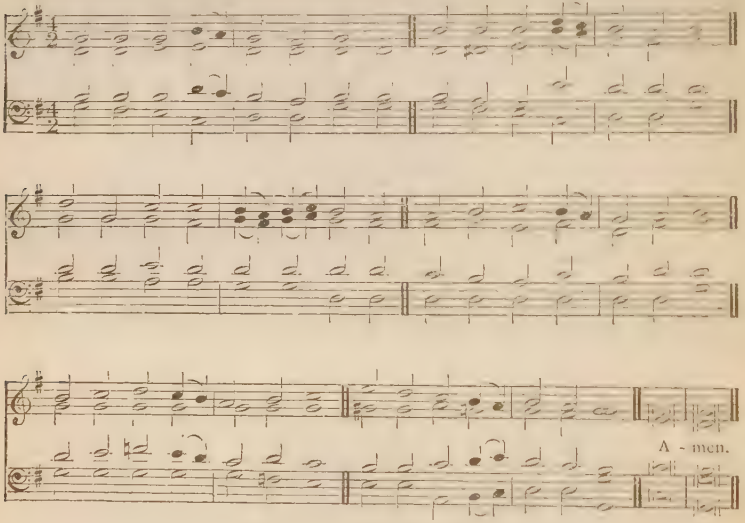
mf 2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know Him?
Give thine heart, thine all unto Him;
mp Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
cr. Jesus can from all release thee.

mf 3 Love this Friend, Who longs to save thee!
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee.
cr. Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow.

mf 4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Backward shall thy foes be driven:
cr. Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
f Safe to glory He will guide thee. Amen.

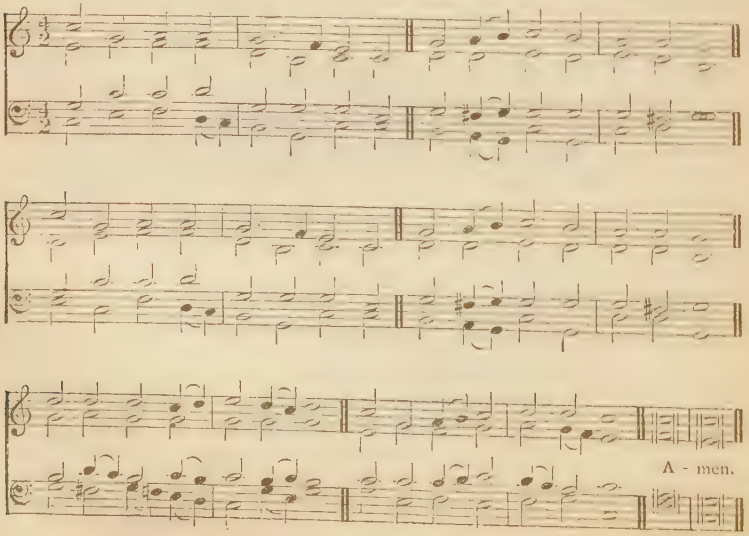
M. NUNN.

GOUNOD (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. GOUNOD.



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ALL SAINTS (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. STÖRL'S Coll.



174

"*A friend loveth at all times.*"—Prov. xvii. 17.

mf 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
cr. They who once His kindness prove,
f Find it everlasting love.

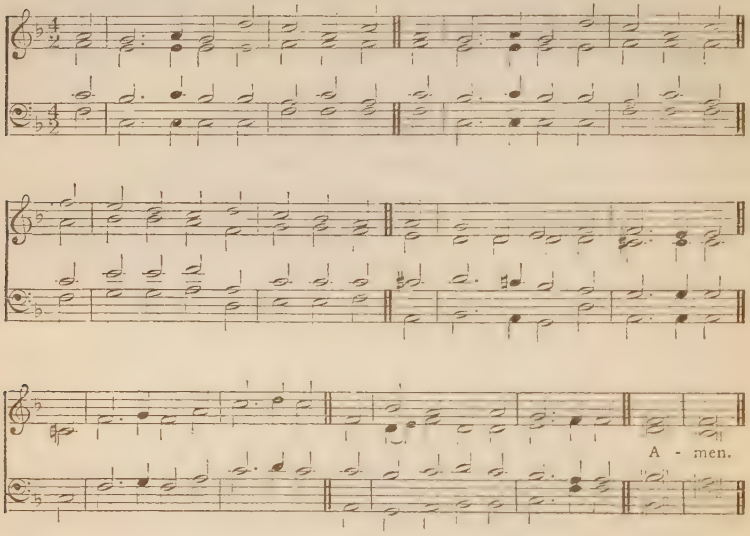
mf 2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could, or would, have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
cr. This was boundless love indeed!
f Jesus is a Friend in need.

mp 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His Name;
cr. Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

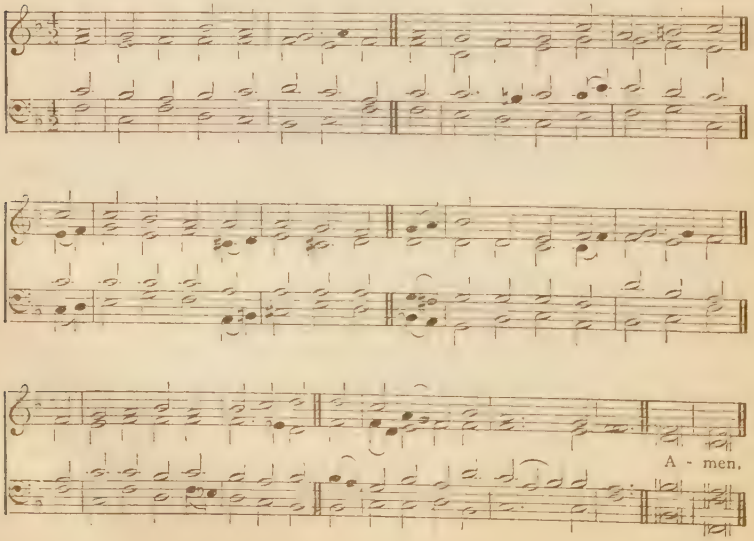
mp 4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above!
cr. But, when home our souls are brought,
f We will love Thee as we ought. Amen.

J. NEWTON

HULLAH (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. HULLAH.



ST. MATTHIAS (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. W. H. MONK.



175

"*Christ is all, and in all.*"—Coll. iii. 11.

mf 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine;
From sin and grief, from guilt and shame
p O hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.

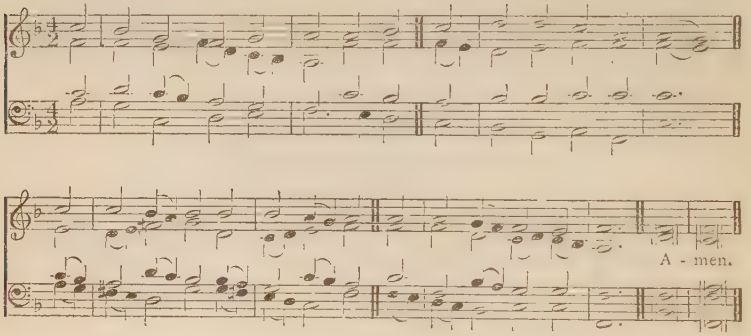
f 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

f 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame, my glory and my crown.

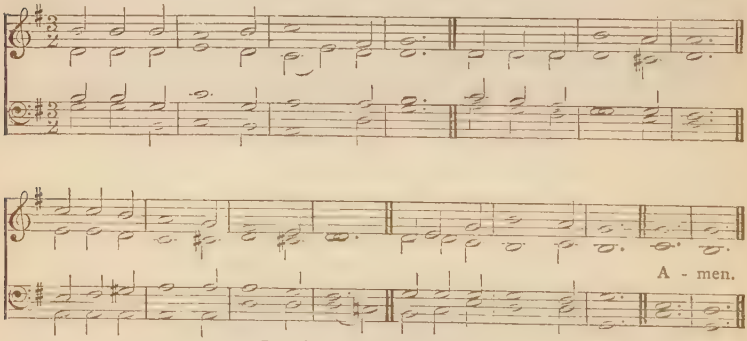
f 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven, my all. Amen.

C. WESLEY

BURTON AGNES (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



ST. AGNES (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Roath," No. 151.

176

"A Name which is above every name."—Phil. ii. 9.

mf 1 THERE is a Name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest Name on earth.

mf 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

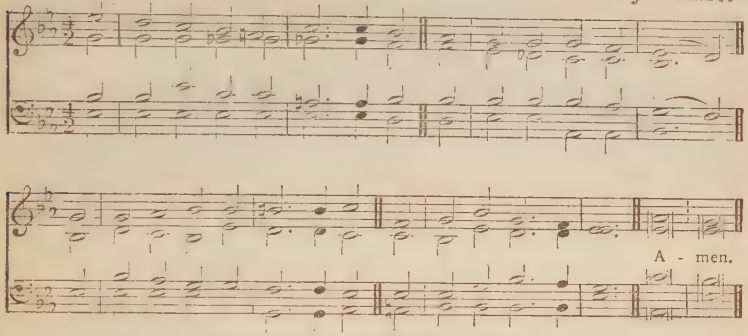
mf 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
p And though I tread a darksome path,
cr. Yields sunshine all the way.

mf 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
p Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

mf 5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
p It tells me in a still small voice
f To trust and never fear. Amen.

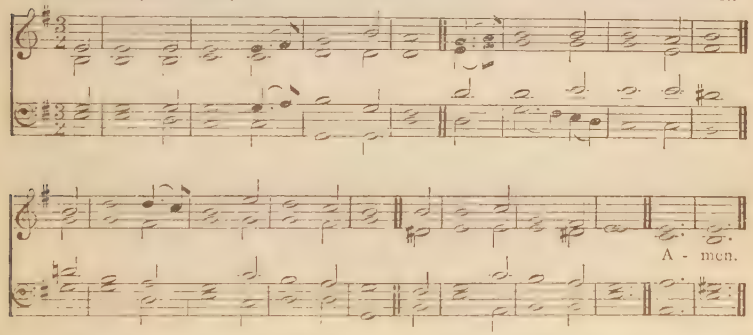
F. WHITFIELD.

HOLY TRINITY (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. BARNBY.



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LUDWIG (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



177 *"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."*—John xiv. 6.

1.

mp WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

2.

mf But to the contrite spirit yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3.

mf The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4.

mf Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame,
p The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

5.

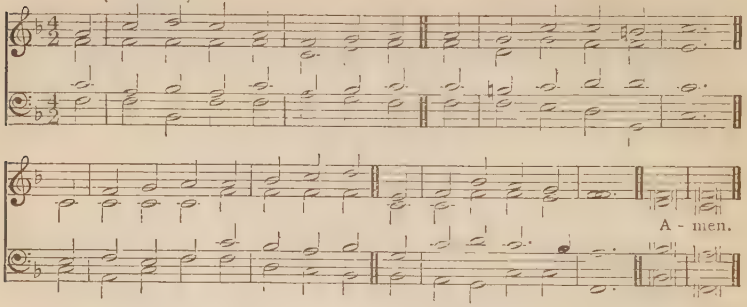
mf O Lord and Saviour of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

6.

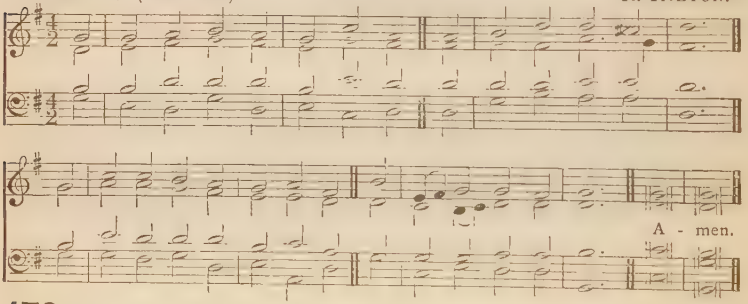
mp We faintly hear, we dimly see
In differing phrase we pray;
cr. But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
f "The Life, the Truth, the Way!"
Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FELIX (*1st Tune*). C.M. F. MENDELSSOHN.



FARRANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. HILTON.



178 "*An High Priest . . . in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.*"—Heb. iv. 15.

f 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
mf His heart is made of tenderness,
Of pity and of love.

mp 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

mf 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
cr. While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

p 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears:
And in His measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

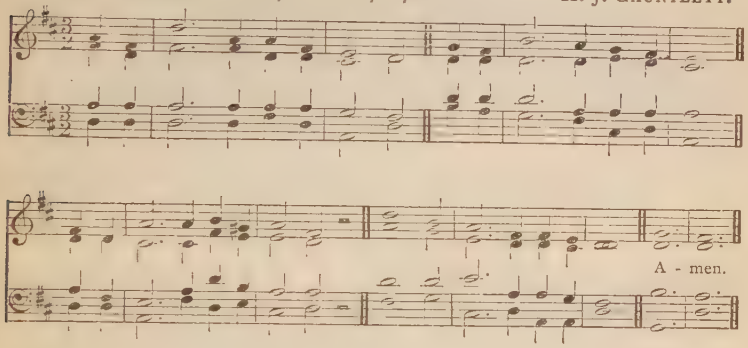
mf 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

mf 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
cr. We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour. Amen.

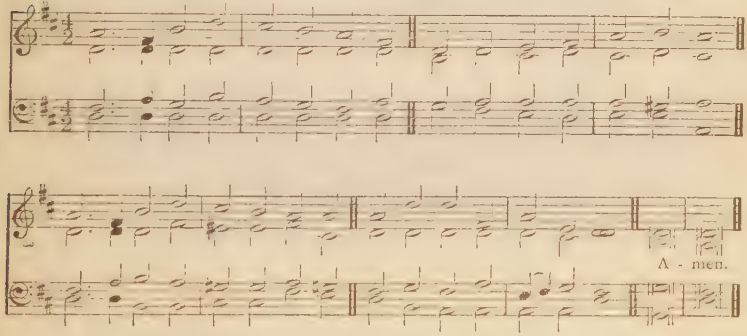
I. WATTS.

10.—*HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.*

BEAMINSTER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



ST. OSWALD (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.



179

"For He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

mf 1 YES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care:
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

mf 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth night and day;
Yes, even me, even me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

mf 3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

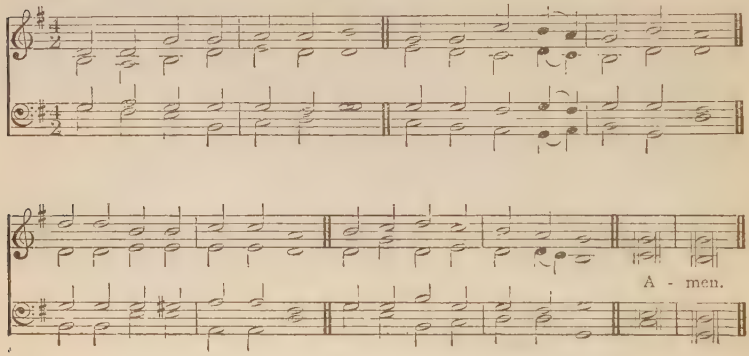
f 4 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
mf And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

mf 5 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
cr. And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

f 6 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even
Amen.

H. BONAR.

HART'S. 7·7·7·7. B. MILGROVE.



180 "*And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.*"—Phil. ii. 11.

f 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, our Peace and Righteousness:
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

mp 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow:
cr. Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
mp Thou the woman's promised seed;
Thou, Who didst for sinners bleed.

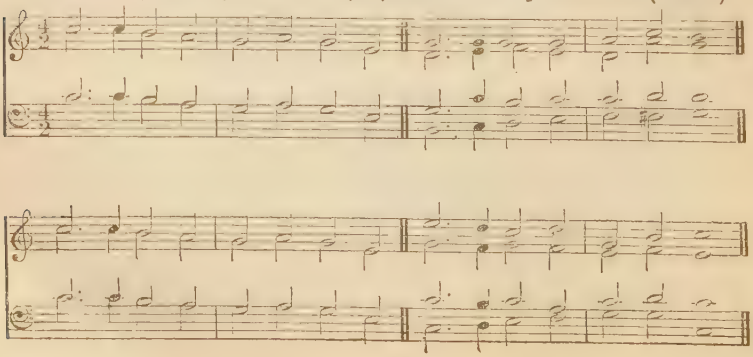
f 3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing:
Thee we praise, our Priest and King,
Worthy is Thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

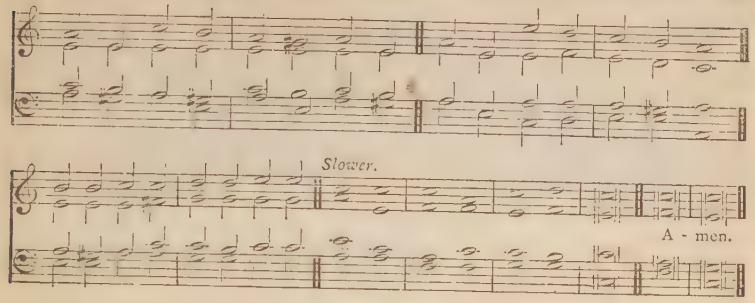
f 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation fully wrought;
Wrought, O Lord, alone by Thee,
Wrought to set Thy people free.

mp 5 Thee, Our Lord, would we adore,
cr. Serve and follow more and more,
f Praise and bless Thy matchless love,
Till we join Thy saints above. Amen.

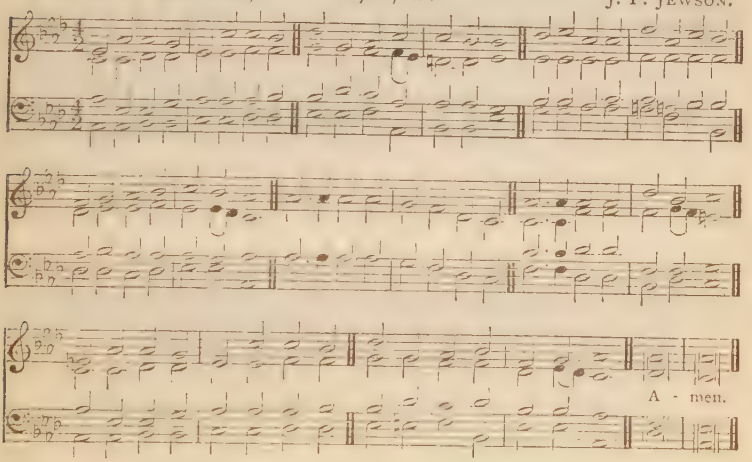
J. CENNICK.

SANCTUS (*1st Tune*). S.7.S.7. D. J. RICHARDS (Isalaw).





SALVATOR (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. P. JEWSON.



181

"*Christ our Passover.*"—1 Cor. v. 7.

f 1 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus
Hail! Thou Galilean King:
p Who didst suffer to release us;
f Who didst free salvation bring.
p Hail! Thou agonizing Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame!
cr. By Whose merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

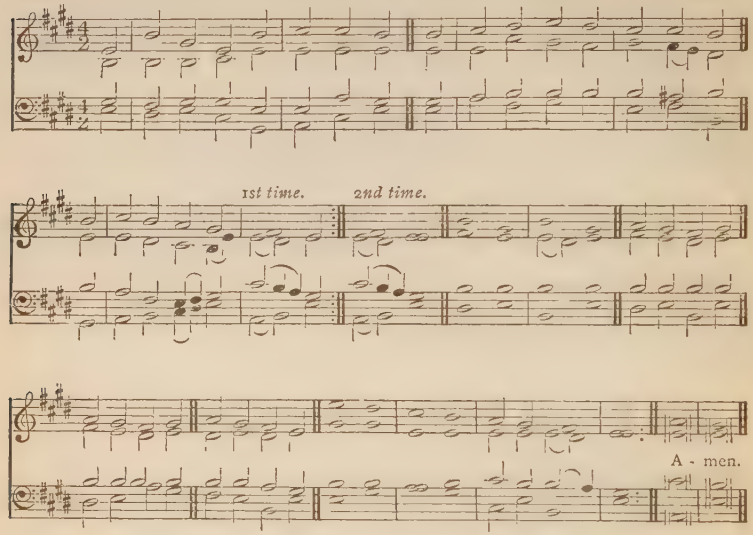
mf 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
cr. By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
f Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

f 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
p There for sinners Thou art pleading;
"Spare them yet another year";
cr. Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

f 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
cr. Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
ff Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.
Amen.

J. BAKEWELL.

MORNING STAR. 8.8.7.8.8.7. 4.4.4.4.8. German.



182

"I am . . . the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii. 16.

mf 1 HOW brightly shines the Morning Star!
What ray divine streams from afar!
God's glory there is shining.
Bright Beam of God! which scatters night,
And guides the wandering soul aright,
Which after truth is pining.
Jesus! God's Word!
Truth revealing,
p Sorrow healing,
Soothes our sighing,
Dries our tears, and ends our dying.

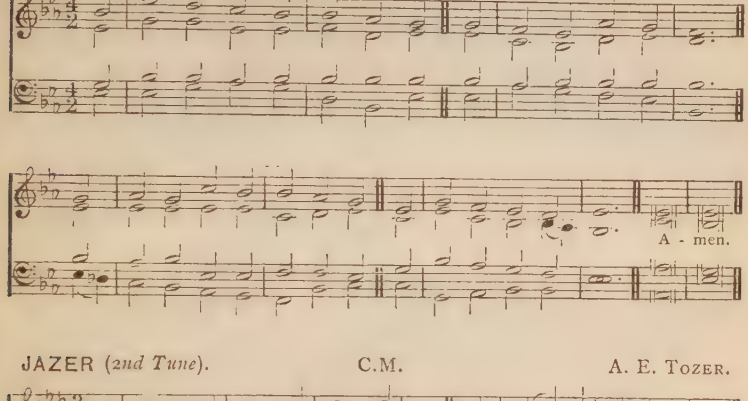
mf 2 My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's Son, Son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven.
cr. With my whole heart Thy praise I sing;
To Thee, our Prophet, Priest and King,
Be endless honours given.
p Saviour, to Thee,
Trusting, clinging,
cr. Come I bringing
Soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion to inherit.

f 3 Oh, for a tongue to sing Thy praise!
Thine ageless love, Thy matchless grace,
In Christ, our Lord, appearing.
When such a gift God gave for Thee,
When such a brother true is He,
Why still, my soul, be fearing?
Choose Him, know Him,
Greatest, dearest,
Best, and nearest,
To befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

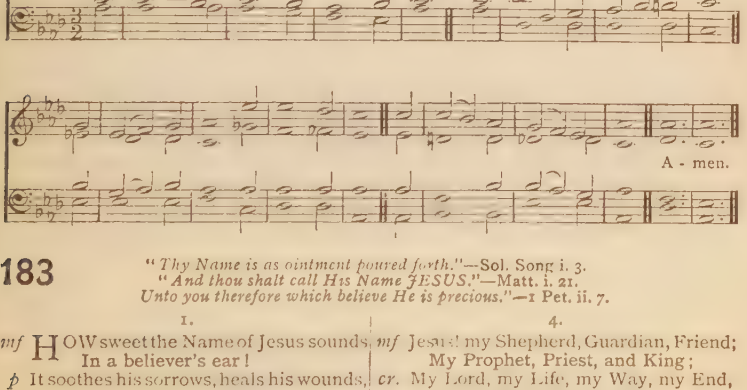
f 4 To Him who conquered death and hell,
To Him let joyous anthems swell
Throughout Heaven's Great Forever.
cr. Praise to the Lamb that once was slain!
Glory to Him Who bore our pain!
Flow on, an endless river!
ff Earth and heaven,
Creatures lowly,
Angels holy—
Join your voices,
Till the world with praise rejoices.
Amen.

J. A. SCHLEGEL, *tr.* J. M. SLOAN.

ST. PETER (*1st Tune*). C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



JAZER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. E. TOZER.



183

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."—Sol. Song i. 3.
"And thou shalt call His Name JESUS."—Matt. i. 21.
Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

1.

mf HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
p It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
cr. And drives away his fear.

2.

p It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3.

mf Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4.

mf Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
cr. My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5.

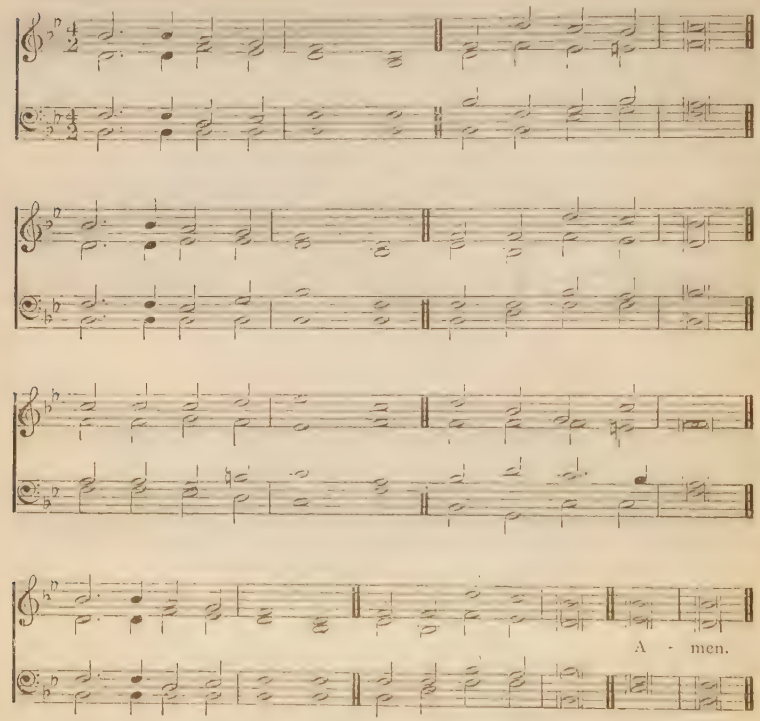
p Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cr. But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6.

f Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
dim. Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

GOSHEN (PASTOR BONUS). 6.5.6.5. D. Anon.



See also "Franconia," No. 315.

184 "*He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*"—Isa. xl. 11.
"*I am the good Shepherd.*"—John x. 11.

mf 1 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

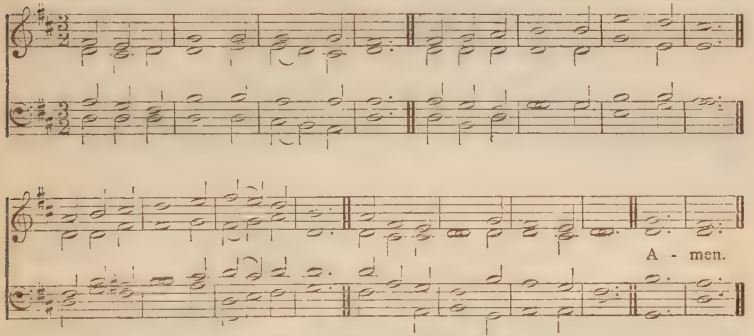
mf 2 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Well we know His voice;
mp How its gentlest whisper
cr. Makes our heart rejoice:
dim. Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone:
cr. None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

mf 3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
p For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
cr. Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
f "They that have My Spirit,
These," saith He, "are Mine."

mf 4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
p When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
cr. We will fear no evil—
f Victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

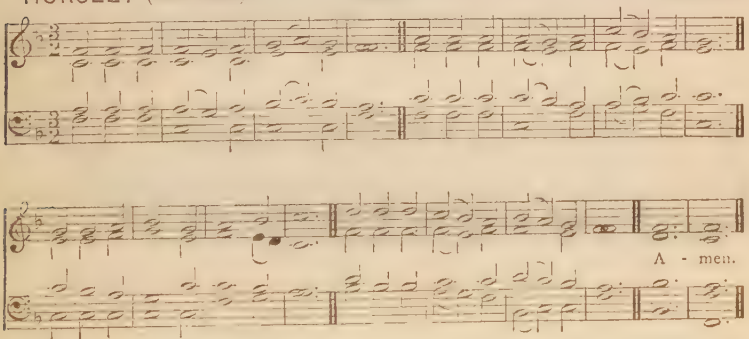
H. STOWELL.

OMBERSLEY (*1st Tune*). L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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HURSLEY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. P. RITTER.



185

"*And that Rock was Christ.*"—1 Cor. x. 4.

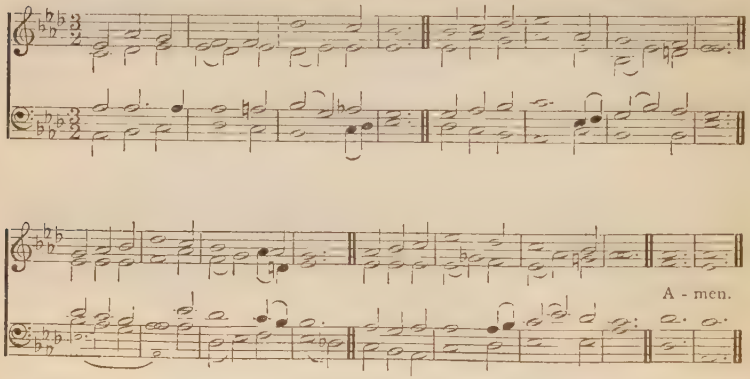
mf 1 JESUS, the wondrous Rock, on high
Uplifted far above the sky,
Provides a covert where I'll hide
Whatever storms on earth betide.

mf 2 The Rock was struck—and thence outburst
A stream to quench my burning thirst;
The Rock was struck—its waters clear,
In desert lands my spirit cheer.

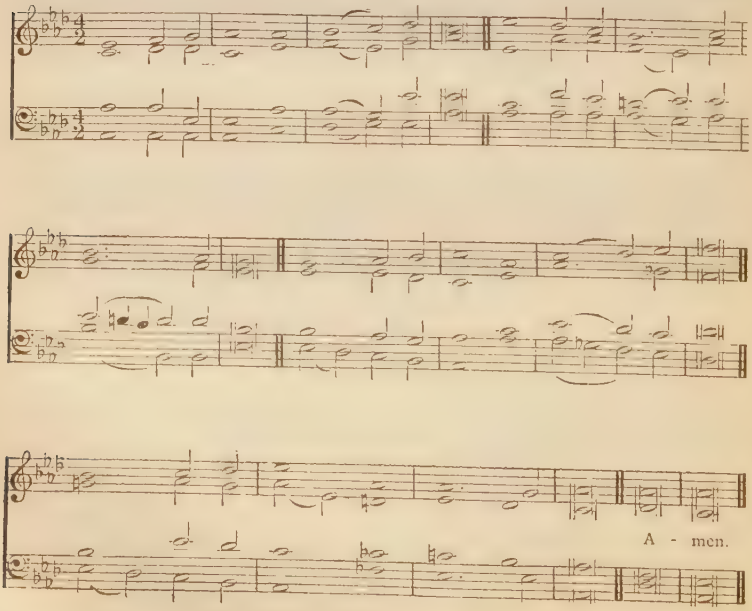
mf 3 Within the Rock's deep clefts I'll stay
Throughout a long eternal day,
And there behold in Jesu's face
The brightness of the Father's grace. Amen.

D. CHARLES, *tr.* W. HOWELLS.

ABENDS (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



LASUS (*2nd Tune*). L.M. A. H. MANN.



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186

"*He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.*"—Isa. lxi. 10.
"*The Lord our righteousness.*"—Jer. xxiii. 6.

mf 1 JESUS, Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
cr. 'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

f 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully by Thee absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

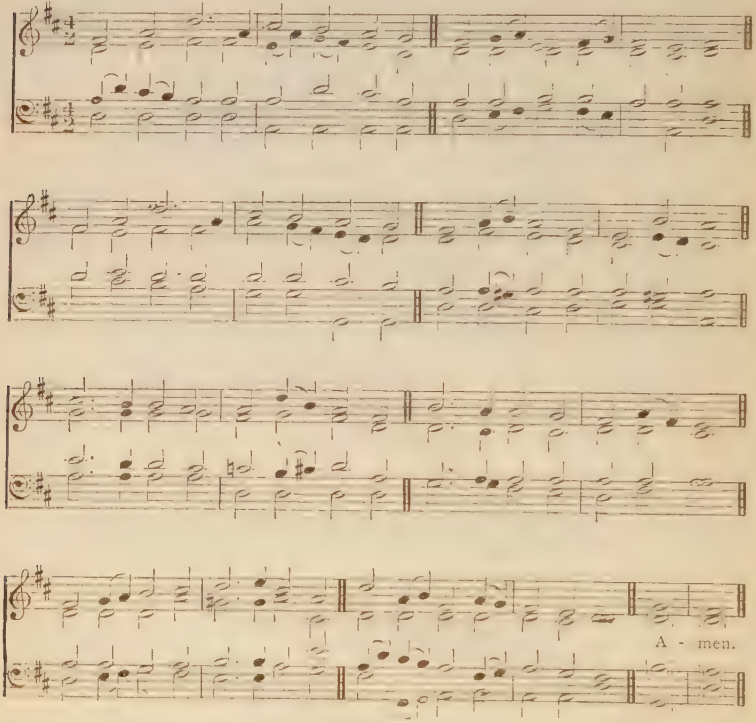
mf 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
cr. Even then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me."

mf 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
cr. No age can change its constant hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

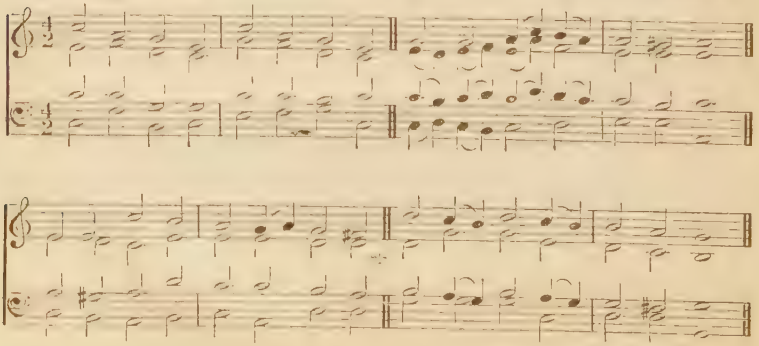
f 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice;
cr. Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
ff Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness. Amen.

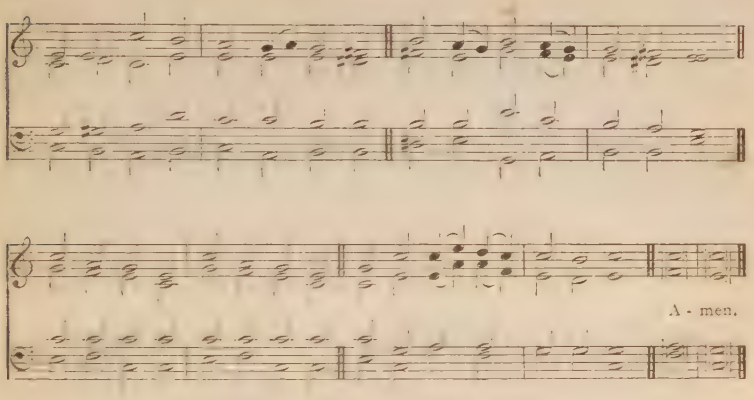
N. L. ZINZENDORF, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

JOSEPH (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. T. PRICE.



CARMEL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. F. MENDELSSOHN.





See also "St. Cyr," No. 356, and "Faben," No. 152.

187

"*Behold the Lamb of God.*"—John i. 36.

mf 1 LAMB of God! our souls adore Thee,
While upon Thy face we gaze;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays:
f Thine Almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim:
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,
As the ever great "I AM."

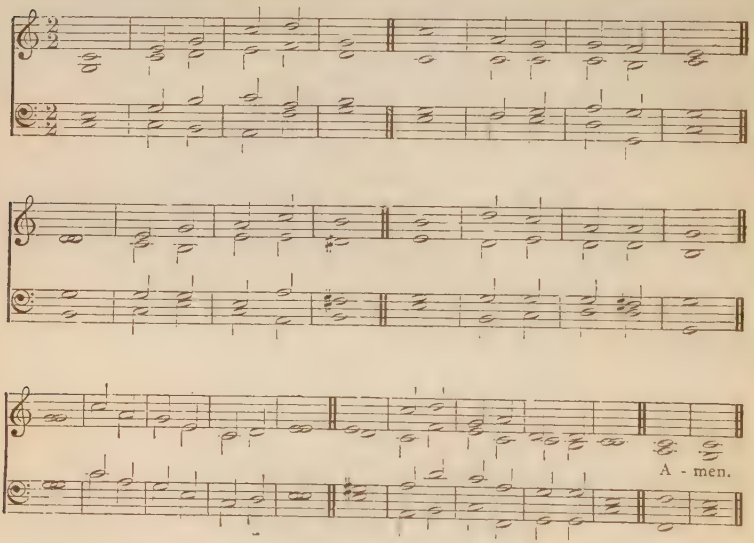
mf 2 Lamb of God! Thy Father's bosom
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in power and grace:
Oh, what wondrous love and mercy!
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
mp And for us didst come from heaven
dim. As the Lamb of God to die.

mp 3 Lamb of God! when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid;
Wandering as a homeless stranger,
In the world Thy hands had made;
p When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood—
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

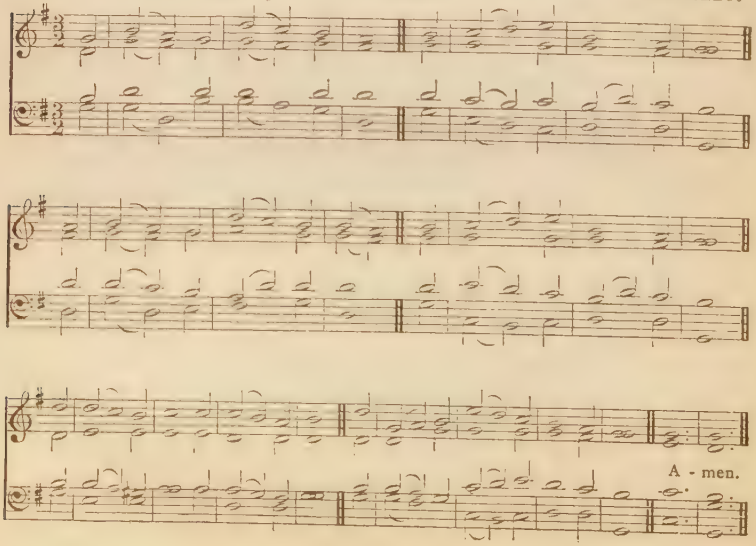
p 4 When we see Thee as the victim,
Bound to the accursèd tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee:
cr. Lord, we learn, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast loved us unto blood;
f Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God! Amen.

J. G. DECK.

CHRISTCHURCH (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. C. STEGGALL.



WESLEY (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. S. S. WESLEY.



188 "*For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.*"—Coll. ii. 9.

mf 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
f All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

mf 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name;
cr. By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
f The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

f 3 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side;
p O, let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

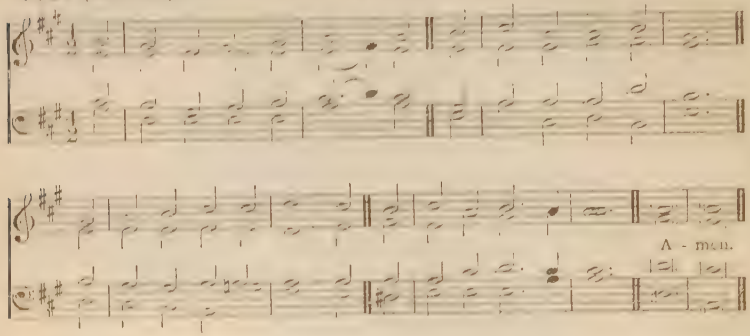
mf 4 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

mp 5 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd His blood and died;
cr. My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
f His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

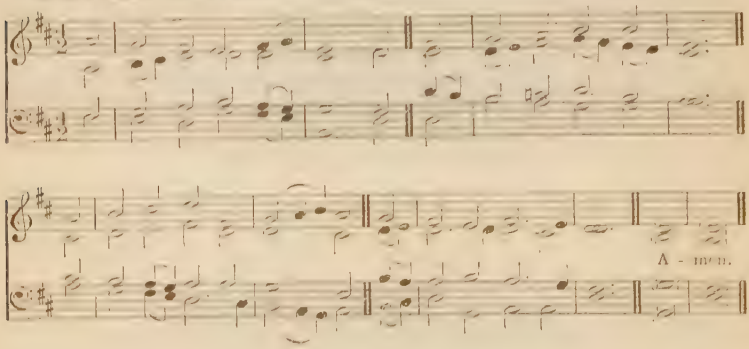
f 6 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the power, behold I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet. Amen.

I. WATTS.

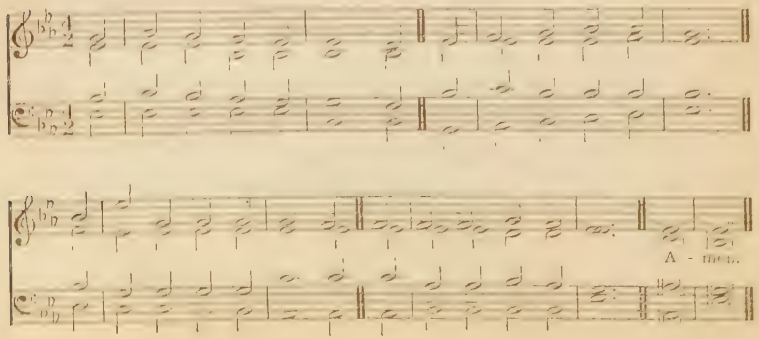
PISA (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. W. H. JUPE.



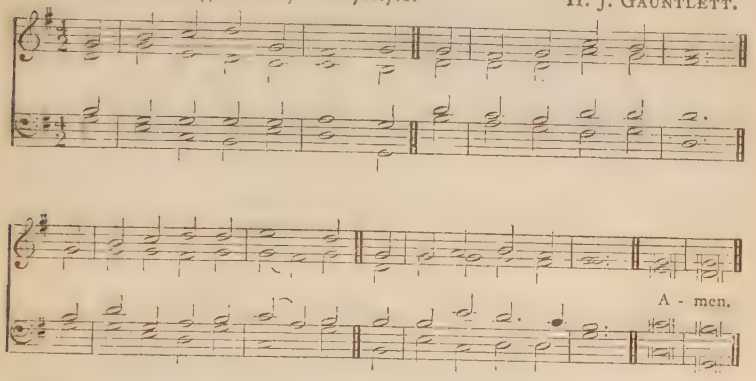
JERUSALEM (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. J. B. DYKES.



SACRIFICE (*3rd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. H. LAHEE.



ST. ALPHEGE (*4th Tune*). 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



189 *"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."*—Hos. xi. 4.

mf 1 O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.

mp 2 It woke our wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
mf It drew our harder manhood
cr. With cords of mighty love.

mp 3 How oft to sure destruction
Our feet had gone astray,
cr. Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of our way.

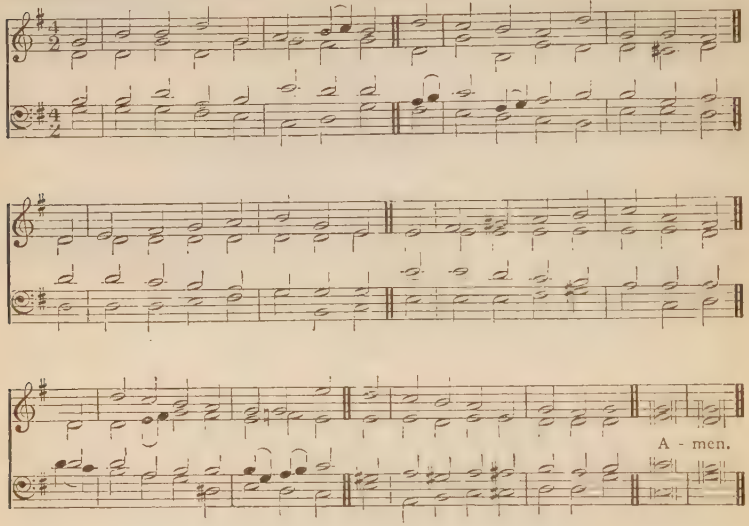
mp 4 How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
cr. Thy Hand has gently raised us,
And healing balm poured in.

mf 5 O Shepherd good! we follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead:
No matter where the pasture
With Thee at hand to feed.

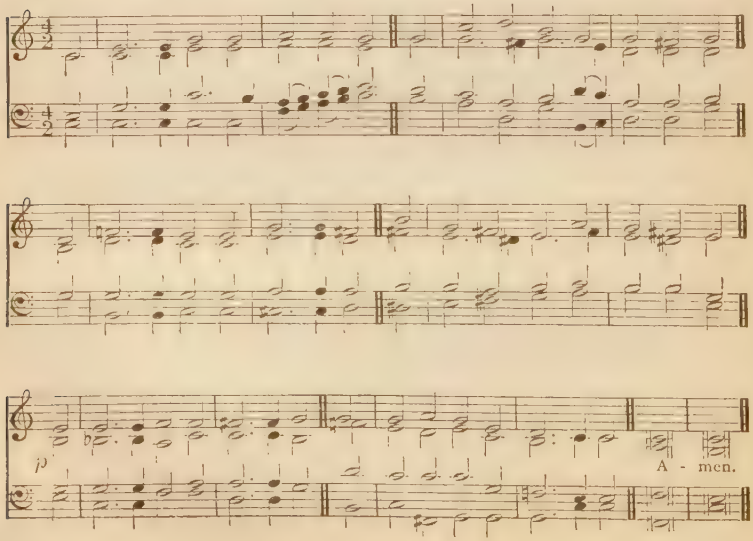
f 6 Thy Voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make us bold;
O bring our ransomed spirits
To Thine eternal fold. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

BICKLEY (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. W. H. MONK.



MELITA (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



190

"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."—John i. 4.
"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—John xiv. 6.

mf 1 O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
cr. At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

mf 2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
cr. To yon eternal home of peace,
f Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
dim. And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
mf In strength or weakness may we see
cr. Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

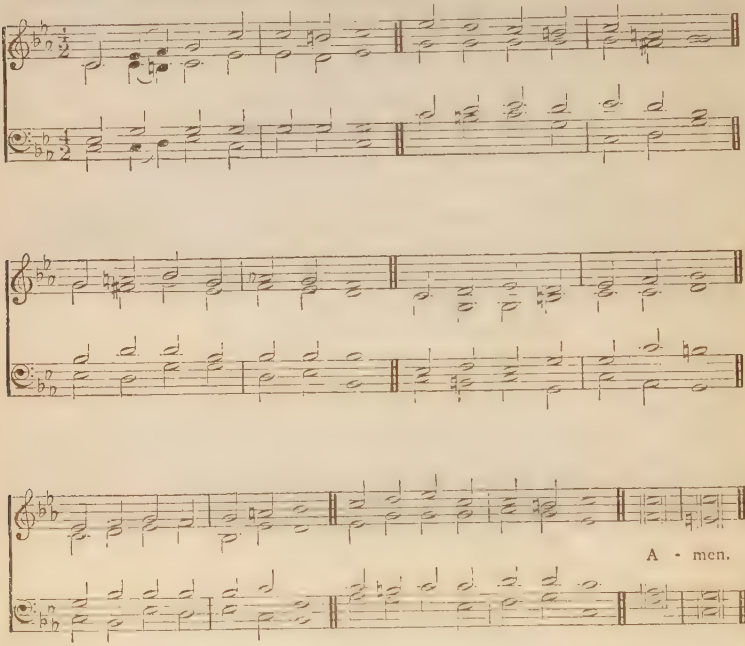
mf 3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
cr. Turn Thou our darkness into light.

mf 4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
cr. Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
f Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
mp In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
cr. Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

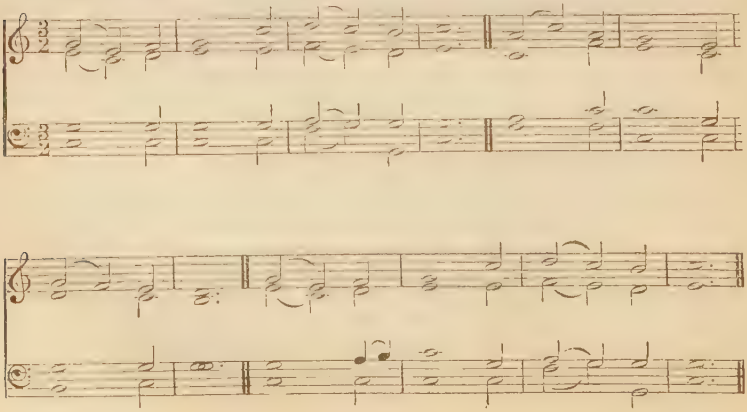
f 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
p Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
cr. Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
f Lord of the living and the dead! Amen.

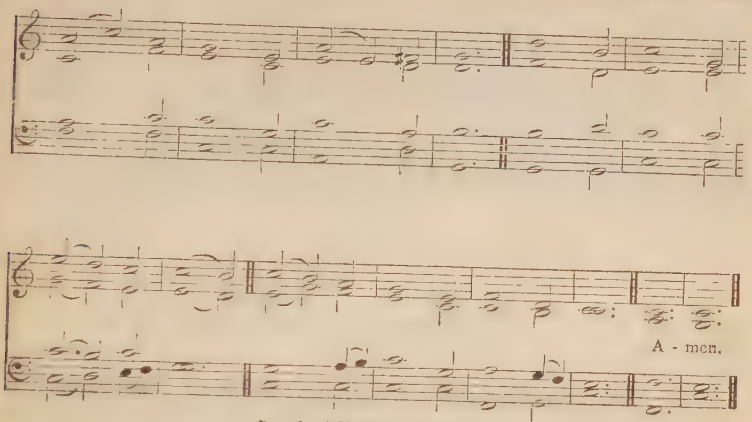
E. H. PLUMPTRE.

GETHSEMANE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. Schop.



WELLS (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. Russian Melody.





See also "Norwood," No. 434.

191

"*I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.*"—John xiv. 21.

mf 1 SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cr. Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

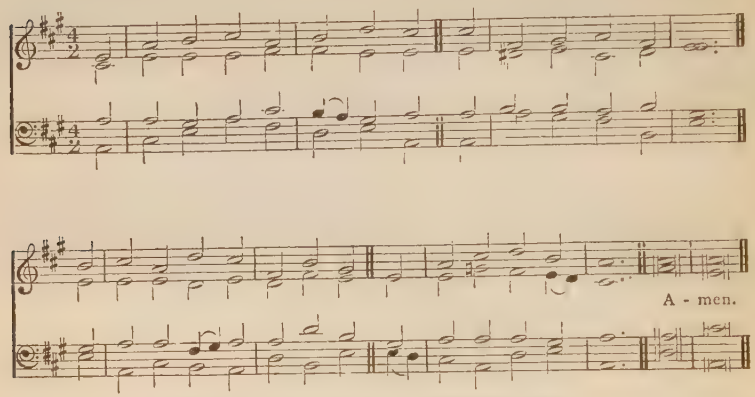
p 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
pp By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
cr. Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

f 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
cr. Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

f 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
cr. Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee. Amen.

R. MANT, *alt.*

ST. JAMES. C.M. R. COURTVILLE.



See also "Marlow," No. 154, and "Allhallows," No. 41.

192

"*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*"—John xiv. 6.

mf 1 THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

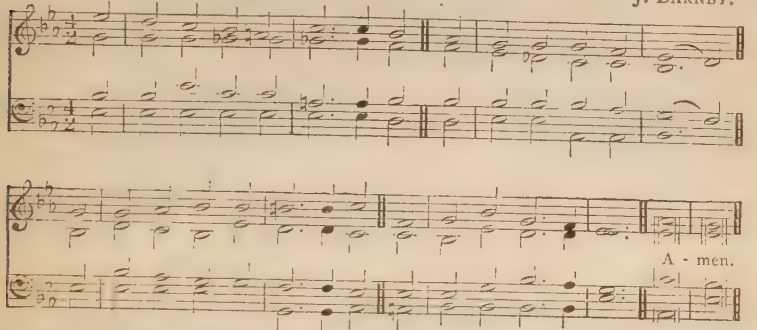
mf 2 Thou art the Truth: Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

mf 3 Thou art the Life: (*f*) the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering Arm:
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

f 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

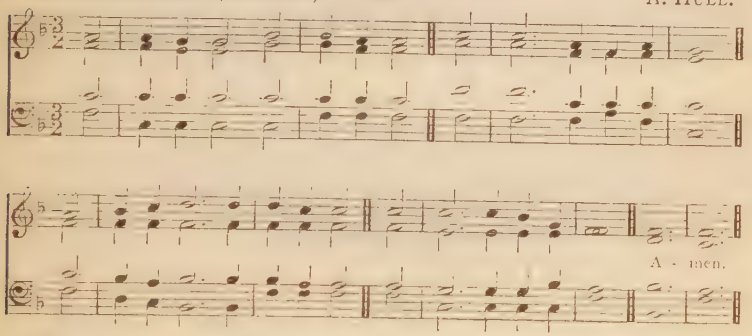
G. W. DOANE.

HOLY TRINITY (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. BARNBY.



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REMEMBER ME (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. HULL.



193

"I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever."—Ps. cxlv. 2.

mf 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
cr. No music like Thy charming Name
Is half so sweet to me.

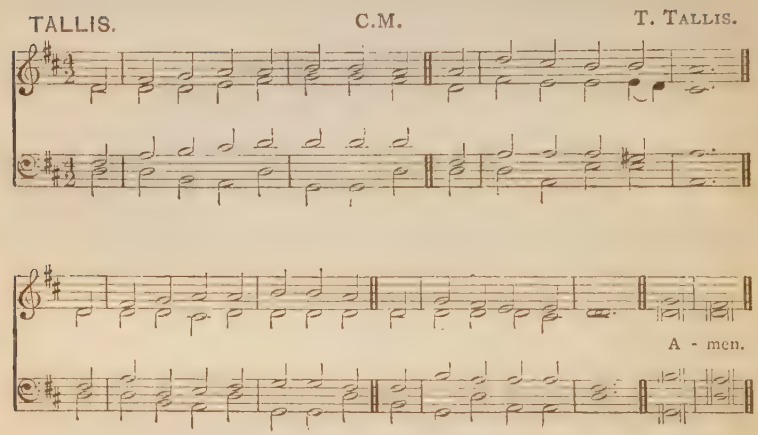
mf 2 O let me ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
cr. And in my Priest will I rejoice,
My great Melchisedec.

f 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While in this world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely Name,
When all things else decay.

mf 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all Thy favoured throng,
cr. Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
f And Christ shall be my song. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.



194 "*Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*"—2 Pet. i. 21.

mf 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

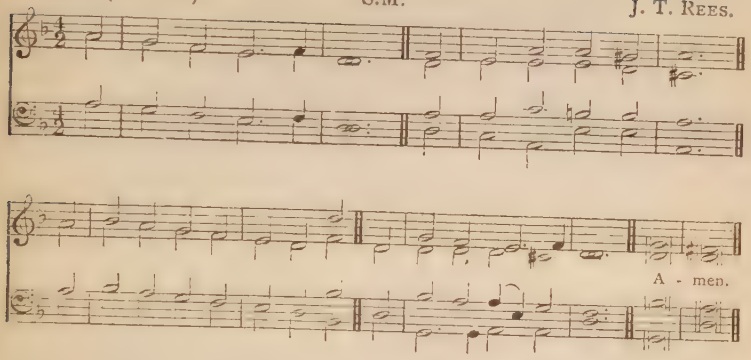
mf 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

mp 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
cr. And let there now be light.

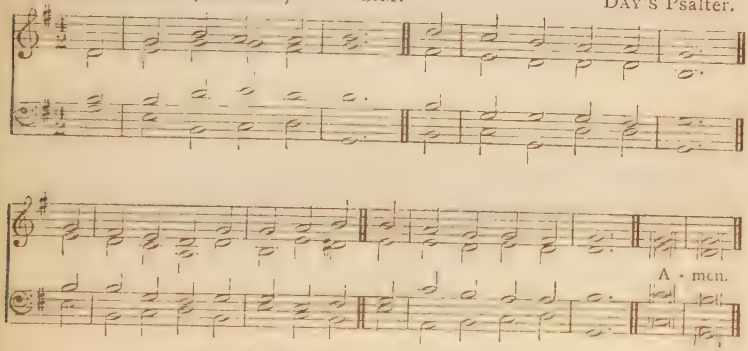
f 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

DOLE (*1st Tune*). S.M. J. T. REES.



ST. MICHAEL (*2nd Tune*). S.M. DAY'S Psalter.



See also "Franconia," No. 208.

195 "*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*"—Rom. viii. 14.
"*The Spirit of wisdom and revelation.*"—Eph. i. 17.

mf 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise:
cr. Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

mf 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
cr. And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

mp 3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
cr. And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

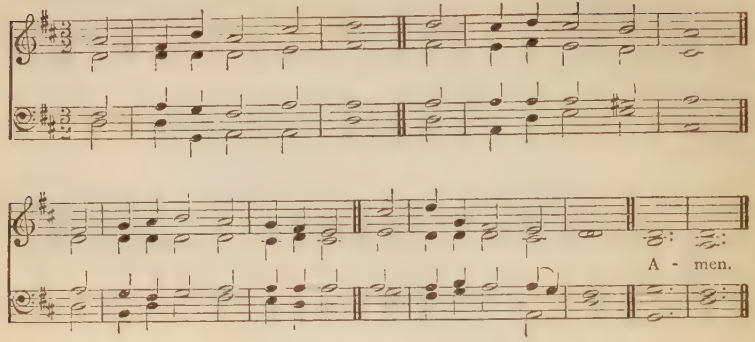
mf 4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
f The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
The eternal Prince of Peace.

mf 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

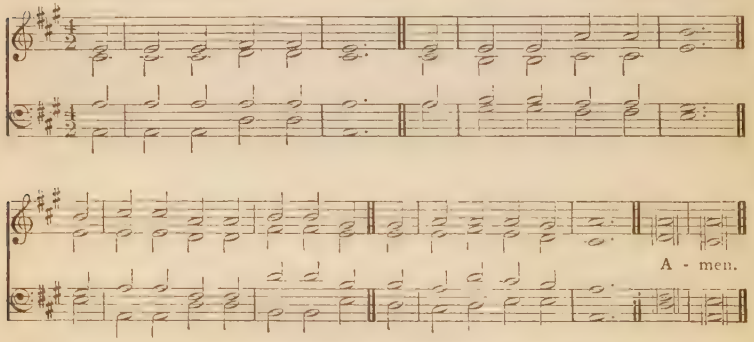
mf 6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
cr. Then shall we know and praise and love
f The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

J. HART.

HUDDERSFIELD (*1st Tune*). S.M. Anon.



LEONORA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



196 "*He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*"—John xiv. 17.

mf 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

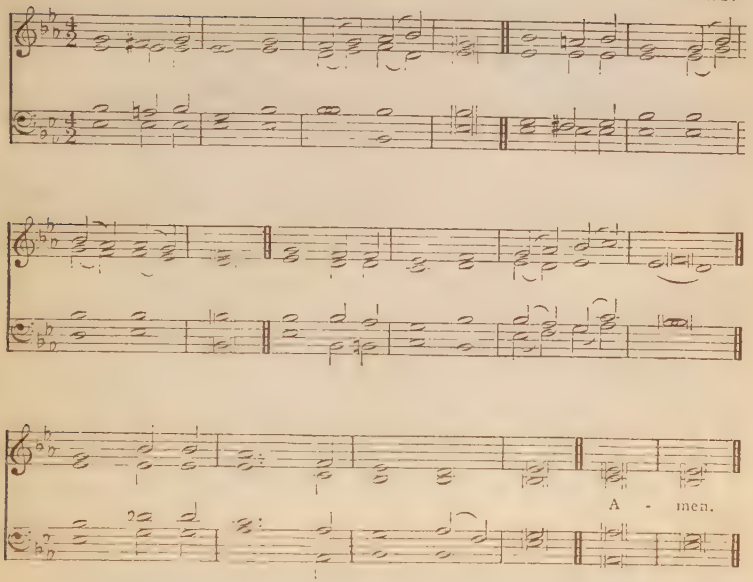
mf 2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

mp 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue:
cr. Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

mf 4 Mine will the profit be,
But Thine shall be the praise;
cr. And unto Thee I will devote
The remnant of my days. Amen.

B. BEDDOME

HOLLY. L.M. G. HEWS.



197 "*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*"—Rom. viii. 14.

mf 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With sinful maladies remove;
cr. Be Thou my light, be Thou my Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

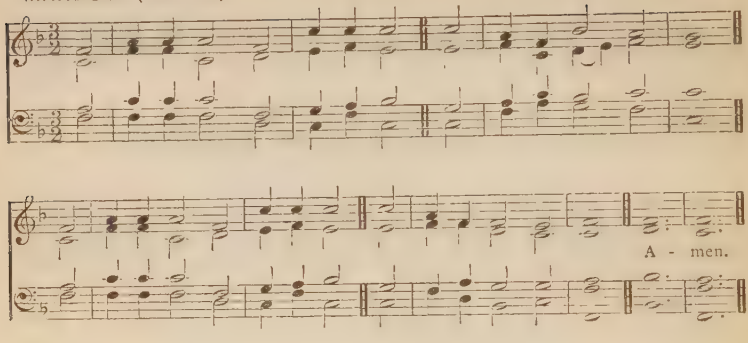
mf 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

mf 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
cr. Lead me to God, my final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

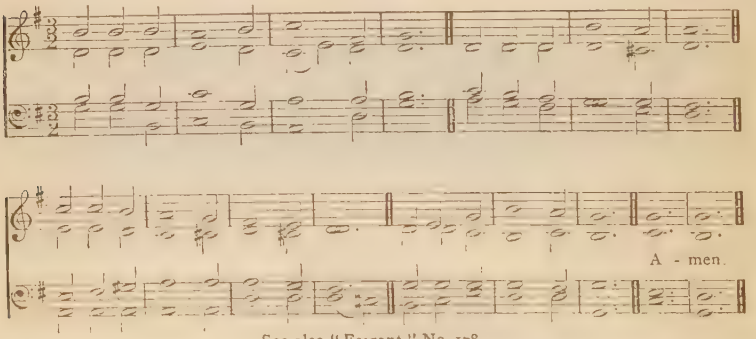
mf 4 Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
cr. Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
f Where pleasure in perfection is. Amen.

S. BROWNE.

MARLOW (*1st Tune*). C.M. Anon.



ST. AGNES (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Farrant," No. 178.

198 "*My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me.*"—Ps. cxix. 25.
"*The Love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.*"—Rom. v. 5.

1.

mf COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
cr. Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2.

mp Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3.

p In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4.

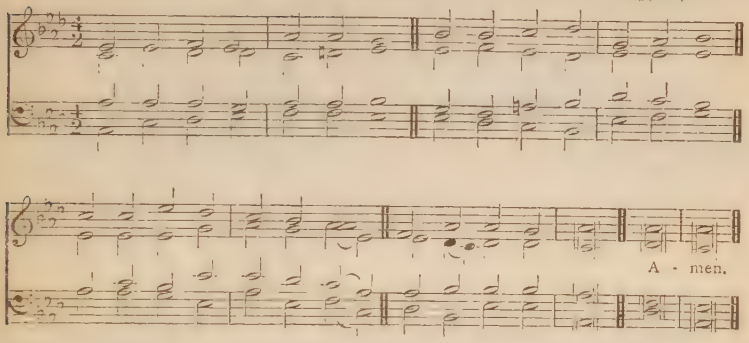
mp Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
cr. And Thine to us so great?

5.

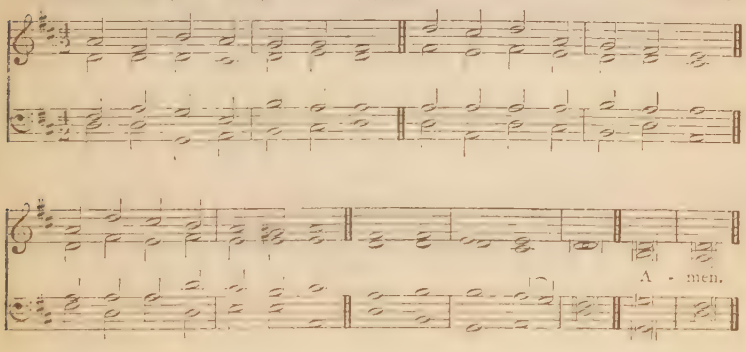
f Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
cr. Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

I. WATTS.

IRENE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·5· C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



CAPETOWN (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·5· F. FILITZ.



199

"*The Comforter, Which is the Holy Ghost.*"—John xiv. 26.

1.

mf COME to our poor nature's night,
cr. With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
Comforter Divine!

2.

p We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3.

mp Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
cr. Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4.

p Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
cr. Make Thy temple in each breast;
Shrine of purity confessed;
Comforter Divine!

5.

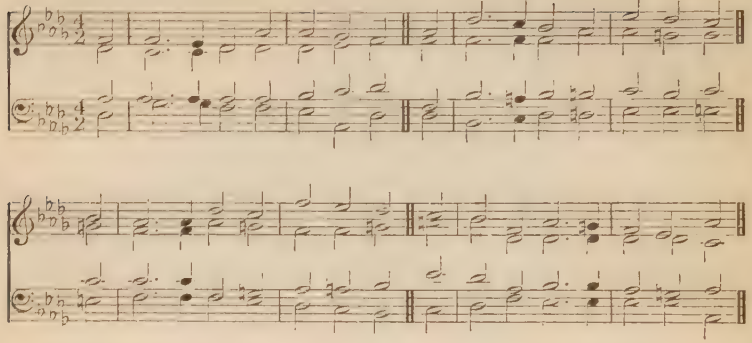
mf With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

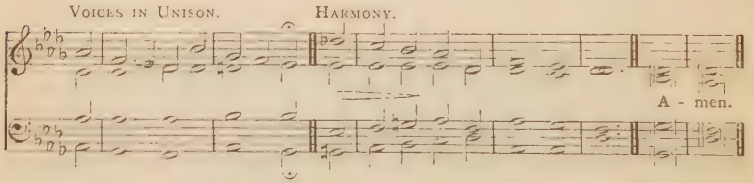
6.

mf In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
cr. Earnest of the bliss on high;
f Seal of Immortality,
Comforter Divine! Amen.

G. RAWSON.
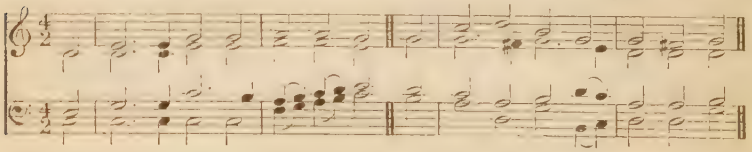
ALL SAINTS (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. STAINER.
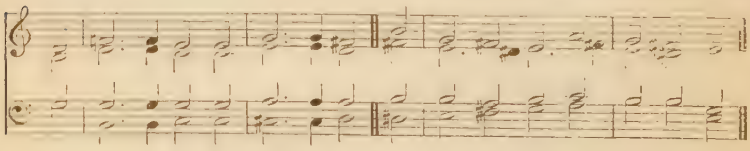


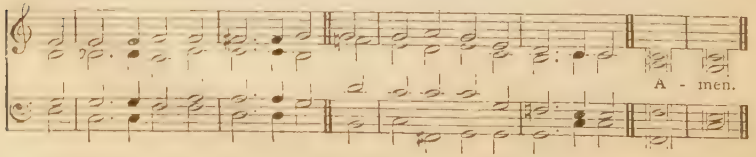


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MELITA (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.







200

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"—1 Cor. vi. 19.

1.

mf CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
p Come, visit every humble mind;
cr. Come, pour Thy joys on human kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2.

mf O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
cr. Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
f Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing

3.

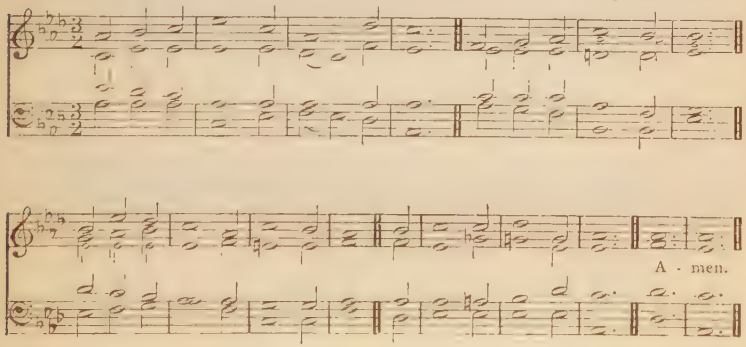
f Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy!
cr. Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4.

f Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
p Who for lost man's redemption died:
f And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

Latin, *tr.* J. DRYDEN.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES.



201

"The promise of the Father."—Acts i. 4.

mf 1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

mf 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
cr. Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

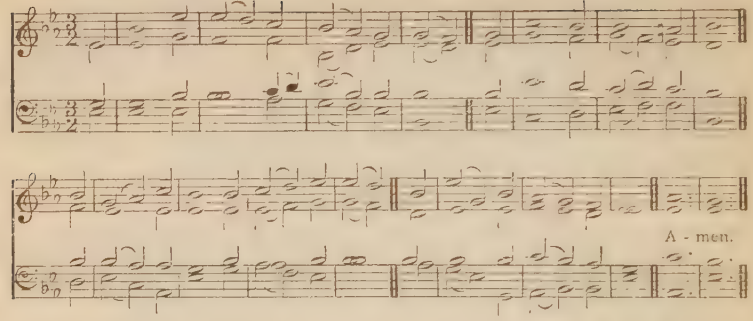
mf 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give:
cr. Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.

mf 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

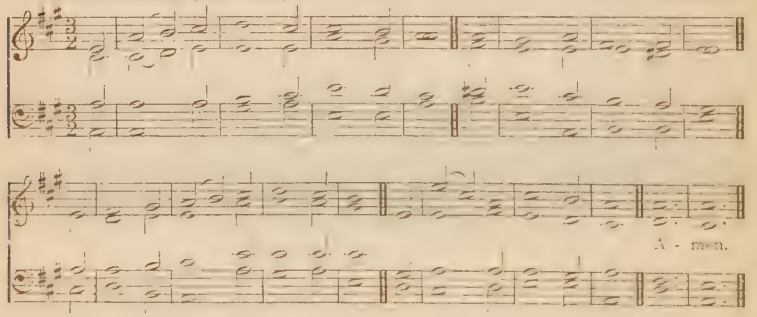
mf 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
f Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell. Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

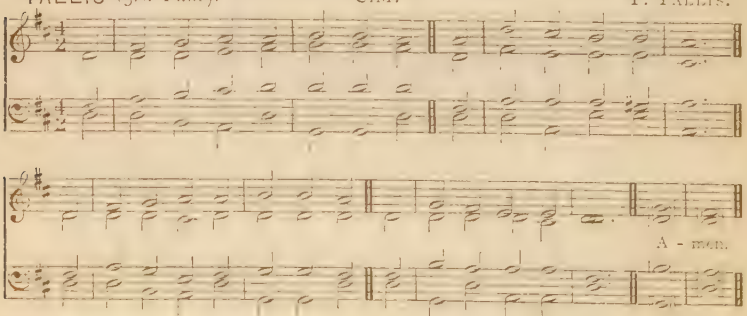
ABRIDGE (*1st Tune*). C.M. I. SMITH.



FARNINGHAM (*2nd Tune*). C.M. C. E. KETTLE.



TALLIS (*3rd Tune*). C.M. T. TALLIS.



202

"He will guide you into all truth."—John xvi. 13

mf 1 ETERNAL Spirit, by Whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
And stir them with Thy breath.

mf 2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

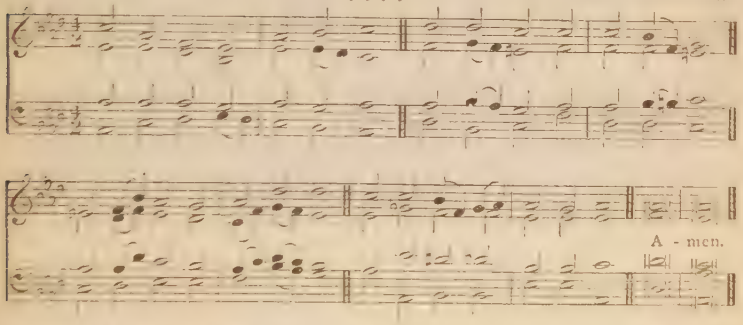
mf 3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall,
mp To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

mf 4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred Word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

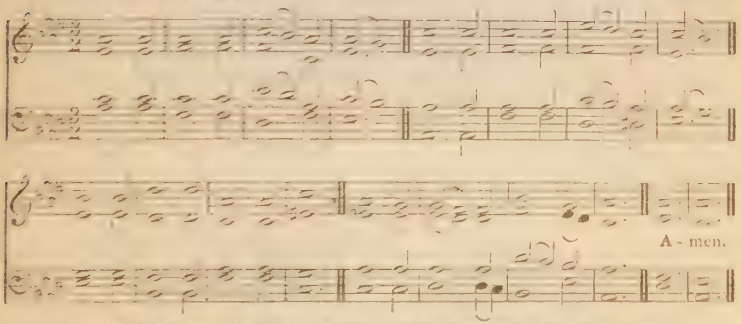
mf 5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways:
cr. Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise. Amen.

W. H. BATHURST.

ELIJAH (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. F. MENDELSSOHN.



CHRISTUS (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. W. BLOW.



203

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—John xiv. 16.

mf 1 GOD the Spirit, Thou the dove,
Let Thy light around us shine;
mp All our guilty fears remove.
cr. Fill us with Thy peace and love.

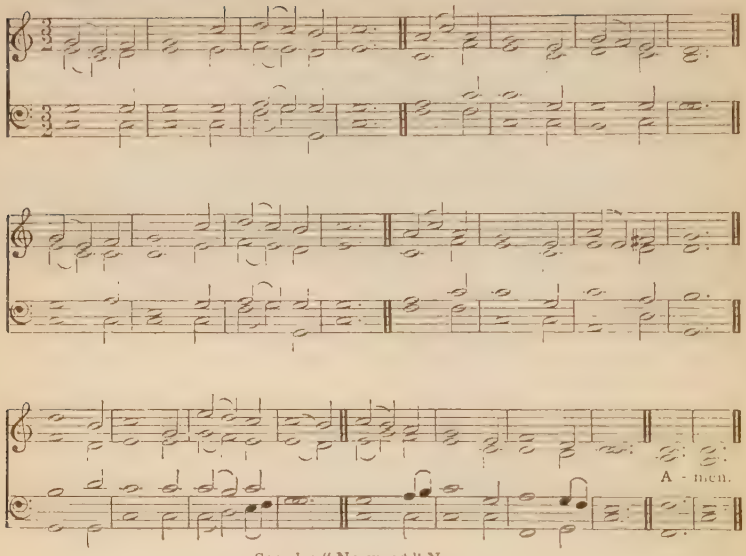
mp 2 Purifying, quickening grace,
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

mf 3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest
Comfort every troubled breast;
cr. Life and joy to all impart,
Sanctifying, Lord, each heart.

mf 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way;
cr. Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realm of light and endless love.
Amen

STOCKER.

WELLS. 7·7·7·7·7·7· Russian Melody.



See also "Norwood," No. 434.

204

"*Be filled with the Spirit.*"—Eph. v. 18.

1.

mf GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
cr. And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2.

mf Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
cr. And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3.

mp Tender Spirit dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
cr. Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4.

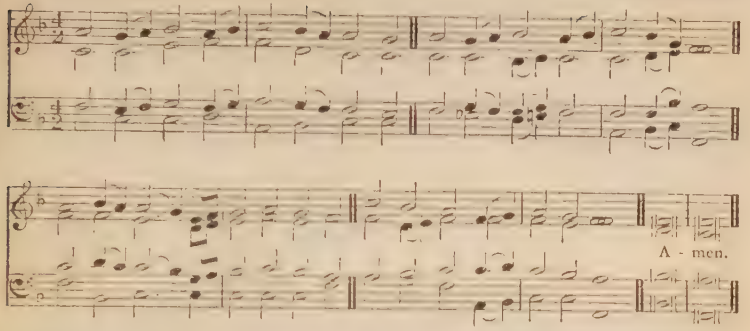
f Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty, so as to prevail
mp Where unaided man must fail;
cr. Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5.

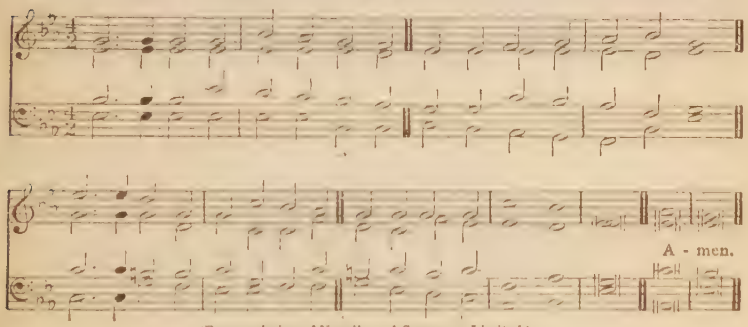
mp Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
cr. Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
f And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him Who gave me Thee! Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

LAUSANNE (1st *Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. H. A. MALAN.



LOWTON (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. A. LOWE.



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205 "*He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*" — John xx. 22.

mp 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
cr. Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light.

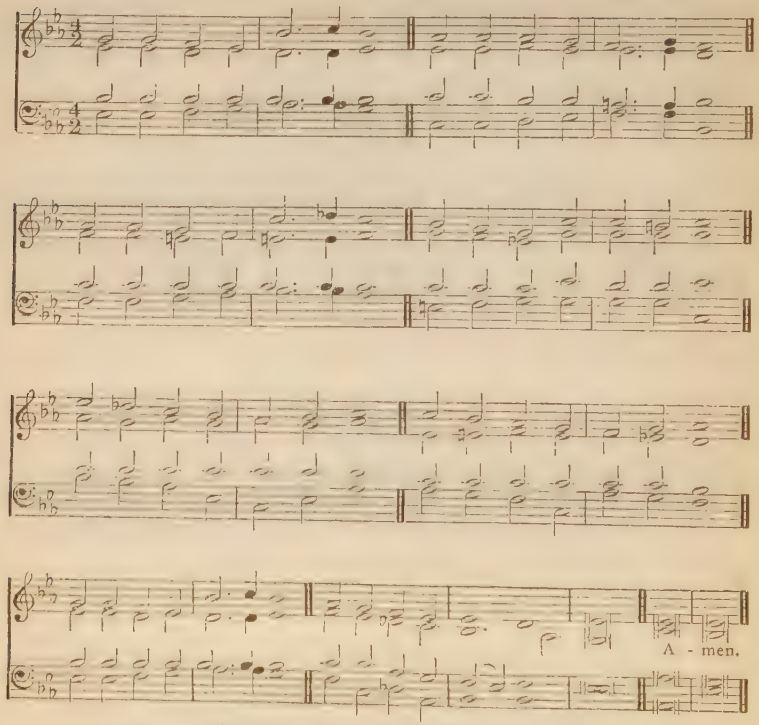
mf 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish and God can send!

mf 3 Manifest Thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side:
In distress be our reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide!

mf 4 Be our Friend on each occasion,
God! omnipotent to save;
mp When we die, be our salvation,
cr. Make us triumph o'er the grave. Amen.

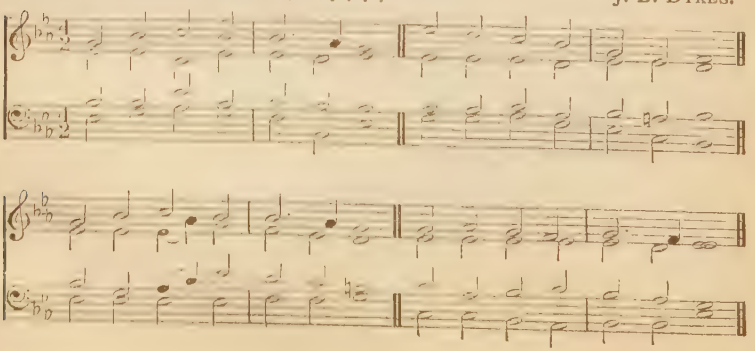
J. C. JACOBI and P. GERHARDT, *tr.* A. M. TOPLADY

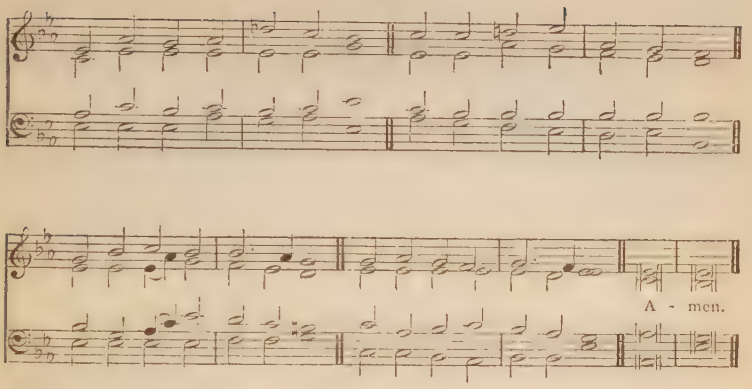
ST. MARY MAGDALENE (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. A. SULLIVAN.



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HOLLINGSIDE (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. J. B. DYKES.





206 "*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?*"—1. Cor. iii. 16.

mf 1 HOLY Ghost, with light Divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
cr. Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
f Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all His beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by Thee.

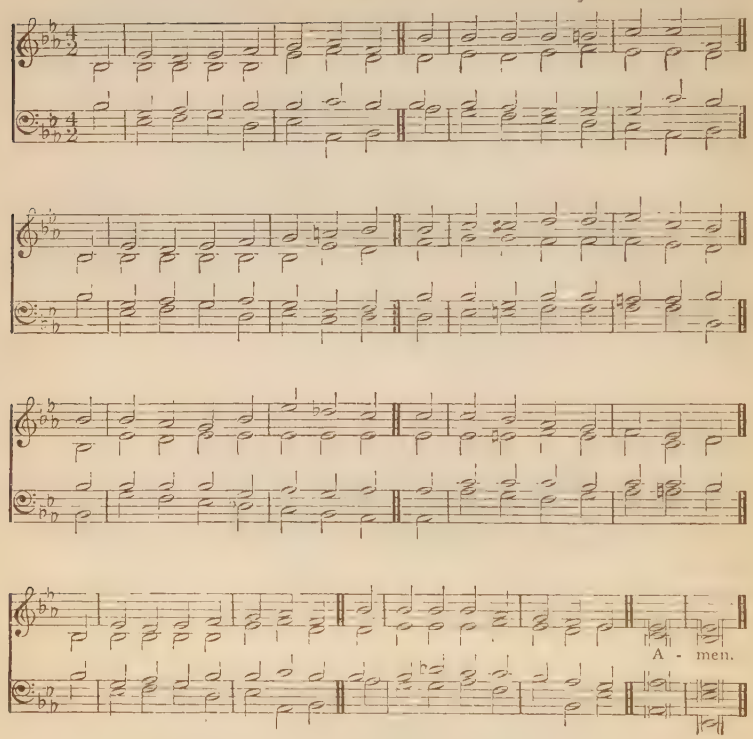
mf 2 Holy Ghost, with power Divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
mp Long has sin with full control
Held dominion o'er my soul.
Oft I of its power complain,
Yet I live beneath its reign:
In Thy mercy pity me,
cr. From this bondage set me free.

mf 3 Holy Ghost, with joy Divine
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart,
cr. Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Bid it grow and still increase;
Till each anxious thought expires,
Till my joy to heaven aspires.

mf 4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
cr. Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
f See, to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through every part;
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee. Amen.

A. REED.

HAYES. L.M. D. L. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by W. R. BRAINE.



207

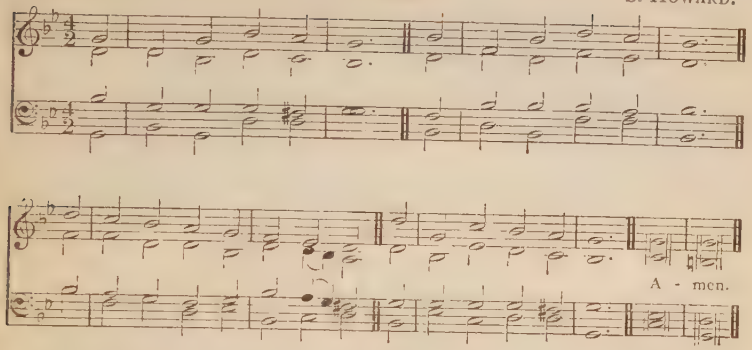
"*And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.*"—Eph. iv. 30.

mp 1 HOW dare we pray Thee dwell within
These hearts defiled by wilful sin?
cr. Yet, Holy Ghost, do not depart,
Leave not to earth our earthly heart;
mp And if Thou seest us erring still,
cr. O bend to Thine our stubborn will,
And bring us to the fold again,
mp If need, by chastisement and pain.

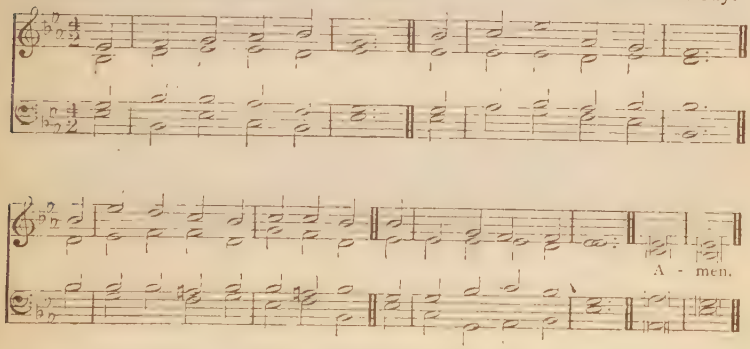
mp 2 Bring us, by all the powers of sense,
By all the course of providence,
By inmost conscience, not yet dumb,
By all the past, by all to come,
By God's best gifts, His Son to die,
And then our hearts to sanctify;
p Bring us, before our sun goes down,
cr. To bear the cross, to win the crown. Amen.

J. ANSTICE.

ST. BRIDE (*1st Tune*). S.M. S. HOWARD.



FRANCONIA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. German Melody.



208

"*And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*" Acts ii. 4.

mf 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
cr. Descend in all Thy power.

mf 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

f 3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

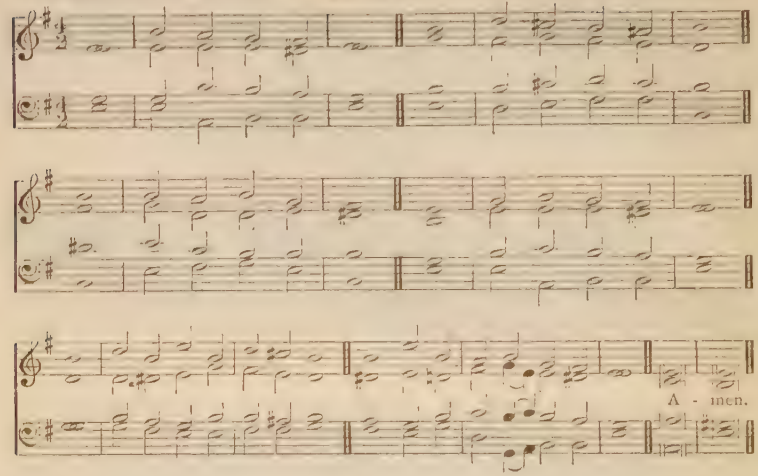
mf 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
cr. And gives us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.

mp 5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
cr. With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

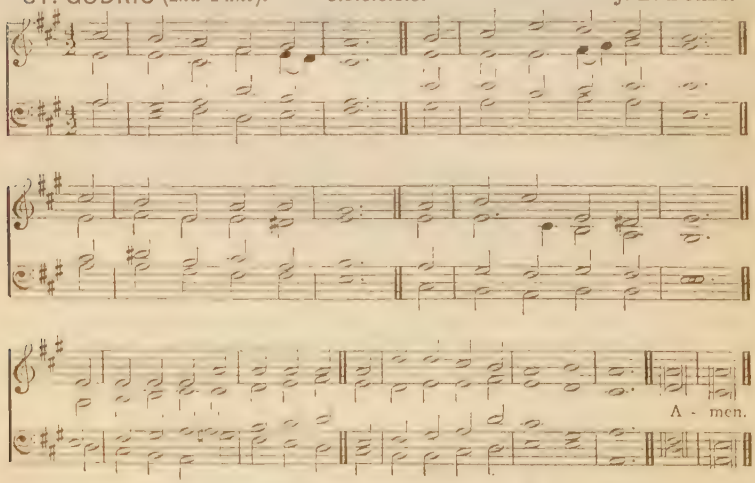
mf 6 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide;
cr. O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

DOLGELLEY (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. Welsh Melody.



ST. GODRIC (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. B. Dykes.



209

"How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."—Luke xi. 13.

mp 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
cr. We plead the promise of Thy word,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

mf 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply:
cr. Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

mf 3 Our heavenly Father Thou;
We, children of Thy grace;
mp O let Thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place,
cr. That all may feel the heavenly flame
And all unite to praise Thy Name.

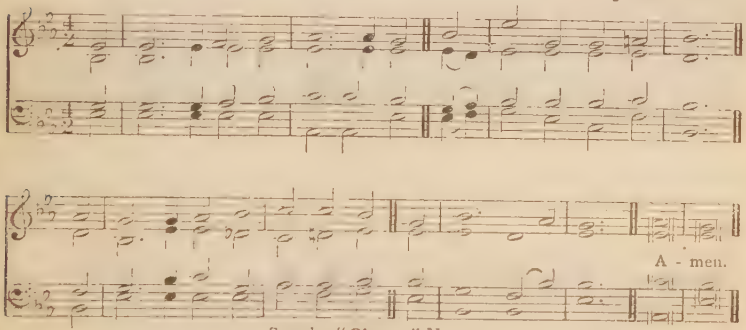
mf 4 O may that sacred fire
Descending from above,
Our frozen hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
cr. Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

mf 5 And send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word:
cr. That heathen lands may own Thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

f 6 Then shall Thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of Thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
In songs of praise, till time shall end.
Amen.

BURTON.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Olmutz," No. 221.

210

"If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."—John xvi. 7.

1.

p OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2.

p He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3.

f He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came
p As viewless too.

4.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

5.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
cr. That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of Heaven.

6.

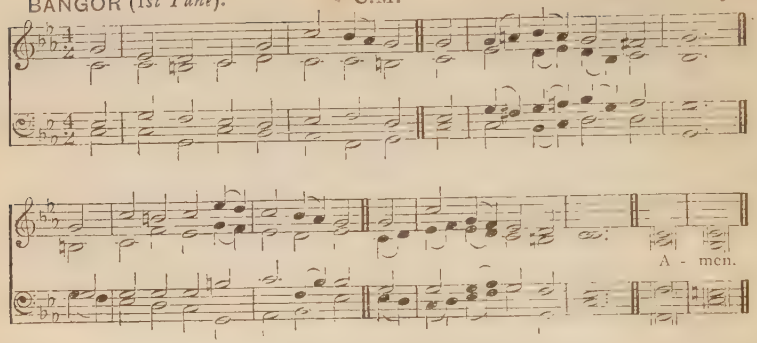
mf And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
cr. And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

7.

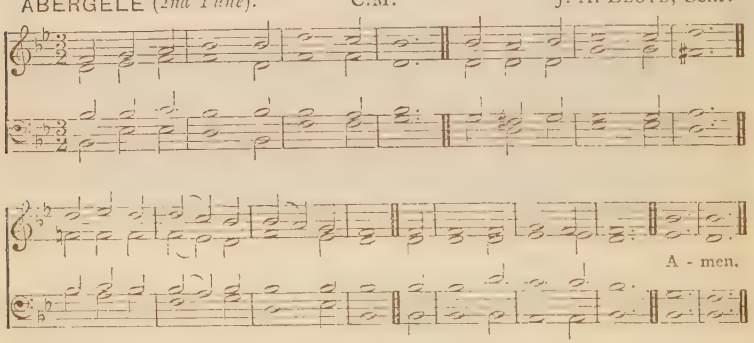
p Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see,
cr. O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

H. AUBER.

BANGOR (*1st Tune*). C.M. Welsh Melody.



ABERGELE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. A. Lloyd, Senr.



211

"*I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh.*"—Acts ii. 17.

mp 1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
cr. Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
p O come—Great Spirit—come!

mf 2 Come as the *light*—to us reveal
p Our emptiness and woe:
cr. And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

mf 3 Come as the *fire*—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
cr Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

p 4 Come as the *dew*—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
cr. May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

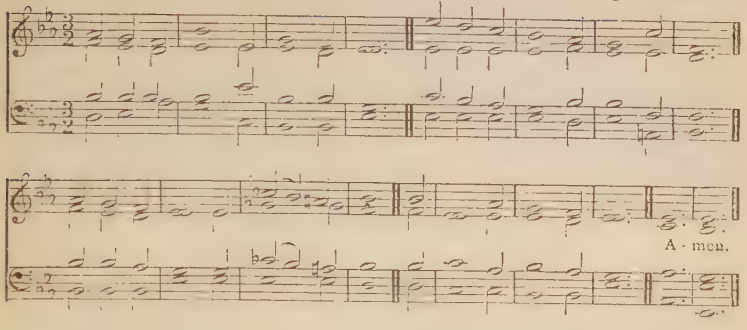
p 5 Come as the *dove*—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
cr. And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

f 6 Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

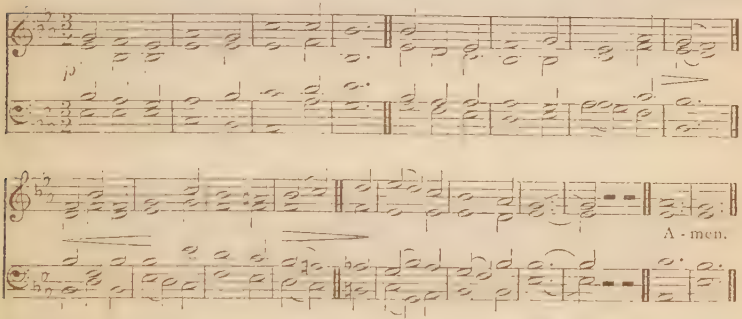
mp 7 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
cr. Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come—Great Spirit—come! Amen

A. REED.

ST. FABIAN (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.6. J. SUMMERS.



MISERICORDIA (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.6. H. SMART.



212

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii. 14.

1.

mf SPIRIT of God! Almighty One,
Sent from the Father and the Son,
cr. Completer of their work begun,—
p Good Spirit, hear and aid.

2.

mp Giver of penitence, impart
The sacred sorrow of the heart,
Nor spare its healthful, painful smart,
p Good Spirit, hear and save.

3.

mf Quicken dull faith to see the Lord,
And grasp the promise of His word;
His peace upon the soul be pour'd,—
p Good Spirit, hear and save.

4.

mf Give more than peace—(*p*) if we may dare
To lift our sinful hearts in prayer,
cr. For grace vouchsafed Thy saints to share,—
p Good Spirit, hear and aid.

5.

f Shine on our souls with gleams of joy,
Visions of bliss that cannot cloy,
Like beams athwart a troubled sky,—
p Good Spirit, hear and aid.

6.

mf But chiefly cleanse the soul to prove
Communion with a Father's love;
(Such grace Thou givest, Holy Dove),
p Good Spirit, hear and aid.

7.

mf That sacred tie, on earth begun,
Knit with the Father through the Son,
cr. Shall still endure when death draws on,—
p Good Spirit, hear and save.

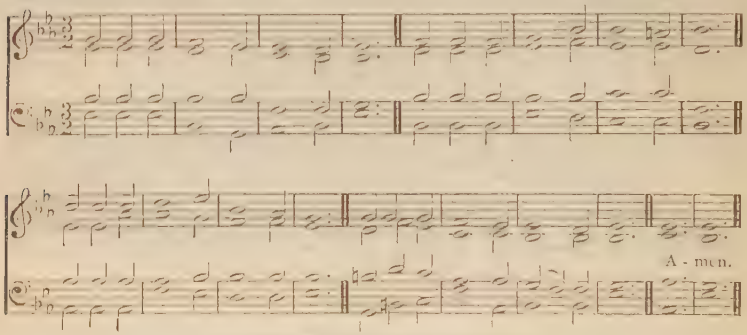
8.

mf For all in Christ who, pardoned, die,
Inherit from the Lord Most High
cr. A share in His eternity,—
p Good Spirit, hear and save. Amen.

C. E. FRITCHARD.

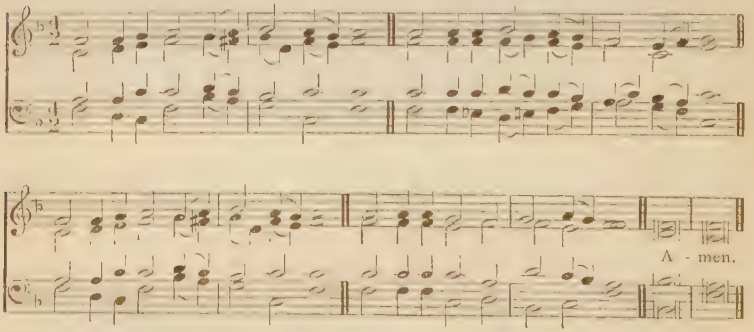
IV.—THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

SAXBY (*1st Tune*). L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



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BOSTON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. L. MASON.



213

"*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.*"—Col. iii. 16.

mf 1 DWELL in me richly, blessèd word,
So wise to teach, so safe to guide;
Come as my counsellor from God,
And evermore with me abide.

mp 2 I need thy light, for I am dark,
And prone to go from God astray:
cr. Be thou a lamp unto my feet,
To keep them in the narrow way.

mf 3 I need thee when the days are bright,
And earthly things look fair and gay,
To point to treasures in the skies,
That cannot change or fade away.

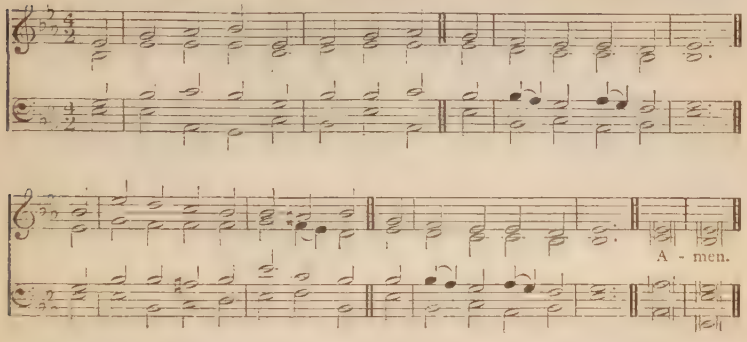
mp 4 I need thee when my aching heart
Is bowed with sorrow, pain, or care;
cr. Through thee I may my Saviour's voice,
In tones of gentlest comfort, hear.

mp 5 I need thee when my foes without,
And inward fightings, try me sore,
cr. To tell me of the blessèd land
Where conflict shall disturb no more.

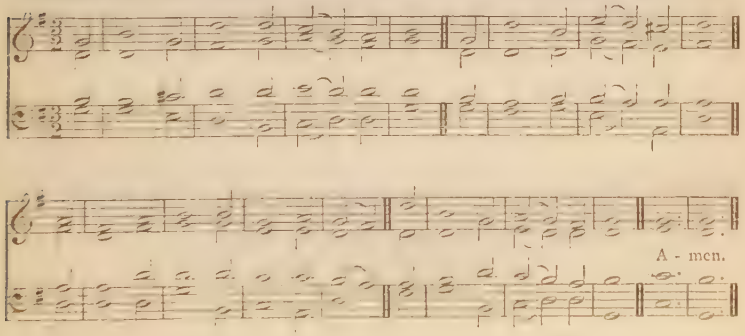
f 6 And when my happy home I reach,
A gladsome psalm my voice shall raise;
And all thy teachings shall unite
In the new song of thankful praise.
Amen.

ANON.

DUNDEE (FRENCH) (*1st Tune*). C.M. Scotch Psalter.



HARCOURT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. CHEETHAM'S Collection.



See also "St. Agnes," No. 198, and "Tallis," No. 202.

214

"I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil."—Ps. cxix. 162.

1.

mf FATHER of mercies! in Thy word
cr. What endless glory shines!
f For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2.

mf Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
cr. Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3.

mp Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
cr. And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4.

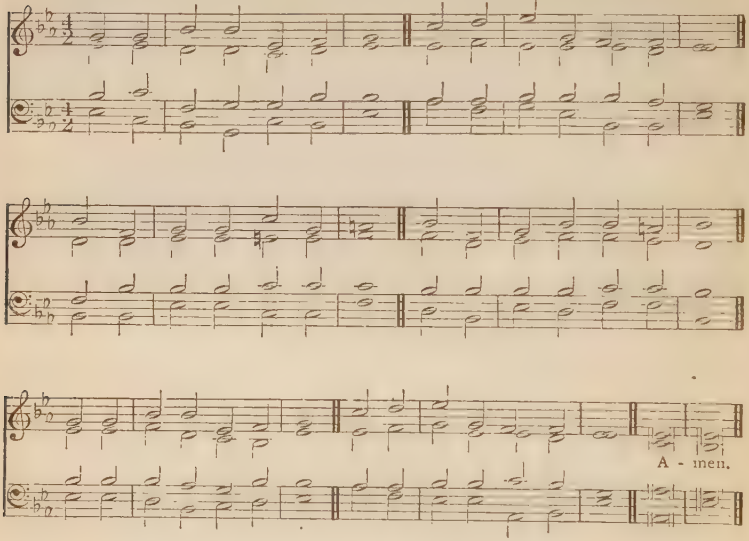
mf O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
cr. And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5.

mp Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
cr. Be Thou for ever near:
f Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. Amen.

A. STEELE.

NASSAU (NEWPORT). 7·7·7·7·7·7· J. ROSENMÜLLER.



215

"*For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light.*"—Prov. vi. 23.

mf 1 HOLY Father, Thou hast given
Holy truth from highest heaven;
Words of counsel wise and pure;
Words of promise bright and sure;
Light that guides us back to Thee,
Back to peace and purity.

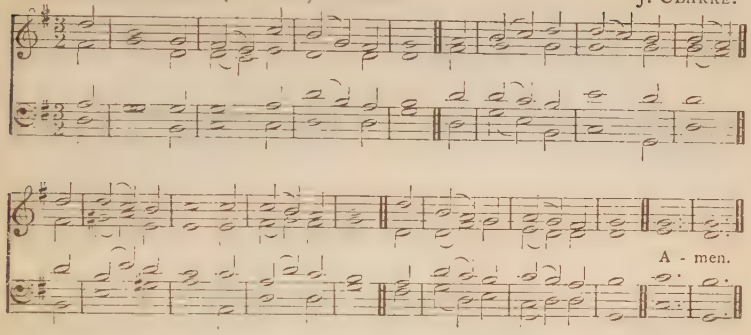
f 2 Clearer than the sun at noon,
Fairer than the silver moon,
Through the clouds and through the night,
Ever shines this heavenly light;
mp Help us, Lord, to lift our eyes,
cr. Take its guidance and be wise.

mf 3 Here the wisdom from above
Beaming holiness and love,
Kindling hope, dispelling fear,
Shines to save; for Christ is here:
cr. Knowing, trusting Him, we come
From our wanderings gladly home.

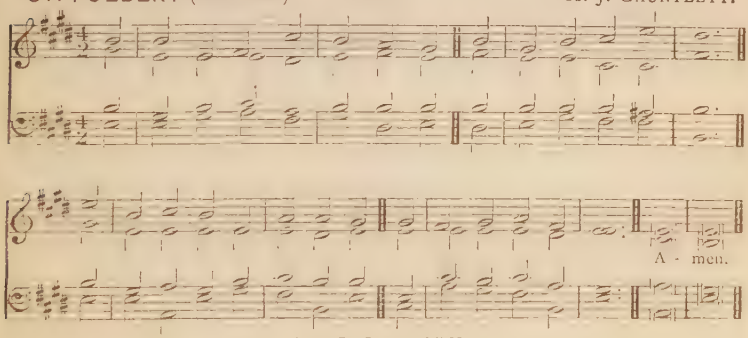
mf 4 Blessed Saviour, Light Divine,
Thou hast bid us rise and shine;
cr. Grant Thy grace, and we shall be
Children of the day in Thee,
f Showing all around the road
Back to life, and love, and God. Amen.

W. BRUCE.

BISHOPTHORPE (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. CLARKE.



ST. FULBERT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



See also "St. Leonard," No. 220.

216

"*O how I love Thy law!*"—Psalm cxix. 97.

1.

mf HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2.

mf Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
cr. Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3.

mp It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
cr. And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4.

mf When once it penetrates the mind,
It conquers every sin:
Th' enlightened soul begins to find
The path of peace divine.

5.

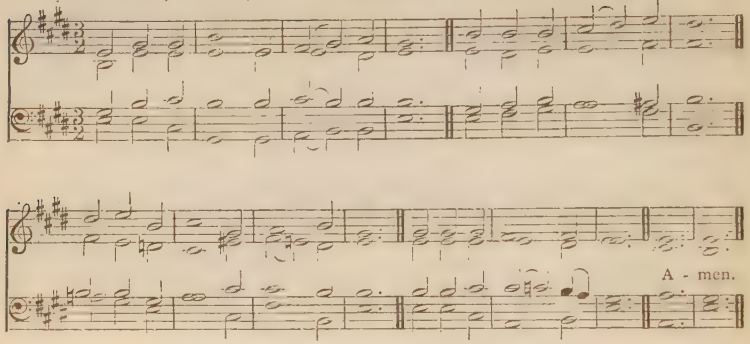
mf It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
p In this dark vale of tears;
cr. Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

6.

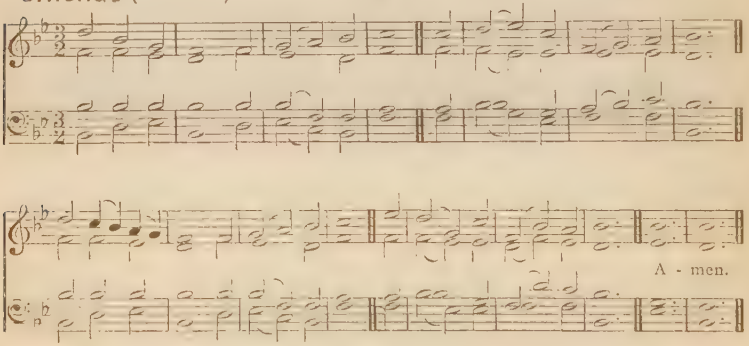
mf This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way:
f Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. Amen.

J. FAWCETT.

WALDRONS (*1st Tune*). C.M. C. E. MILLER.



CHICAGO (*2nd Tune*). C.M. G. F. ROOT.



217

"*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*"—Ps. cxix. 105.

mf 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the traveller's way;

mf 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

mf 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day:
mp When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
cr. Our anchor and our stay.

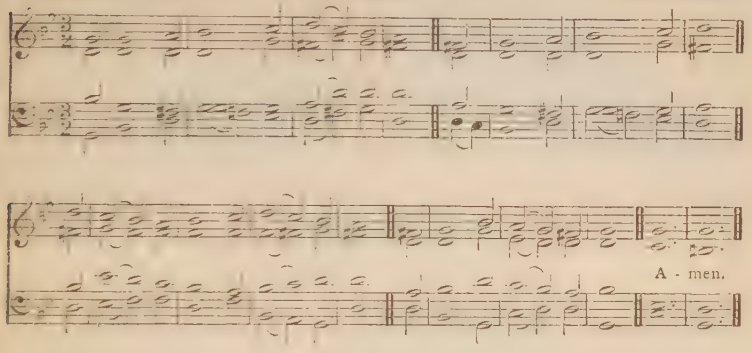
mf 4 Word of the ever living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won!

mp 5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must unseal.

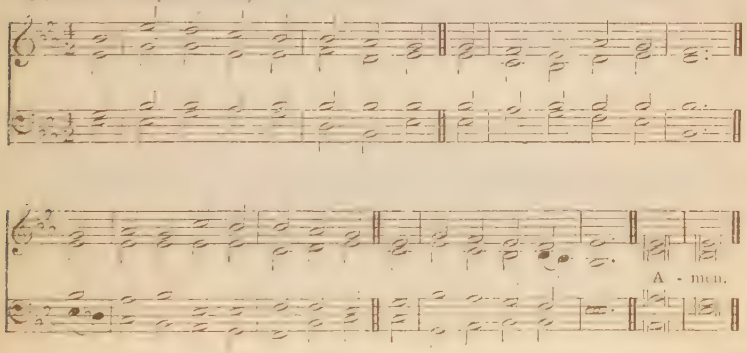
mf 6 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.
Amen.

B. BARTON.

BURFORD (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. PURCELL.



ST. PETER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



218

"*Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes.*"—Ps. cxix. 33.

p 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still:
cr. O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

mp 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
cr. Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

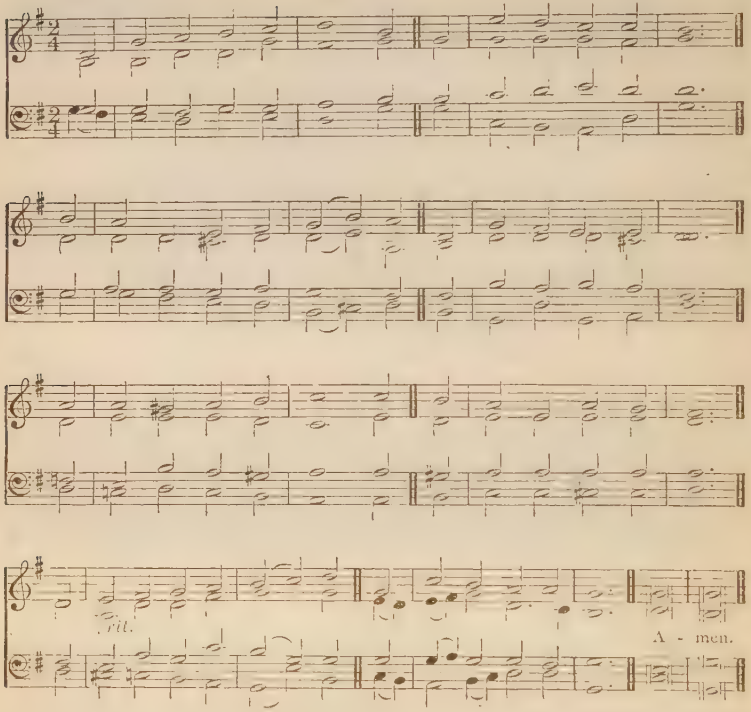
mp 3 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
cr. Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

p 4 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
cr. Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

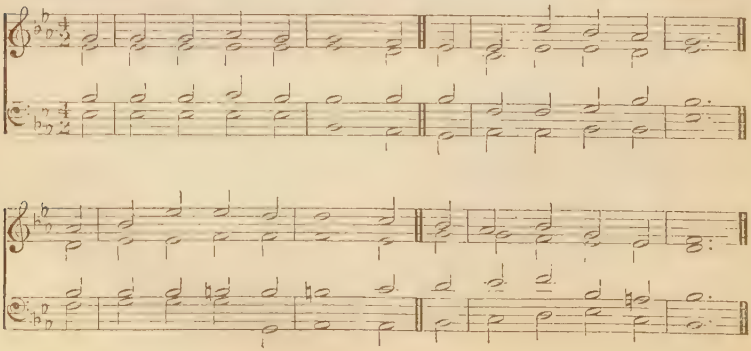
mf 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
cr. Nor let my head or heart or hands
Offend against my God. Amen.

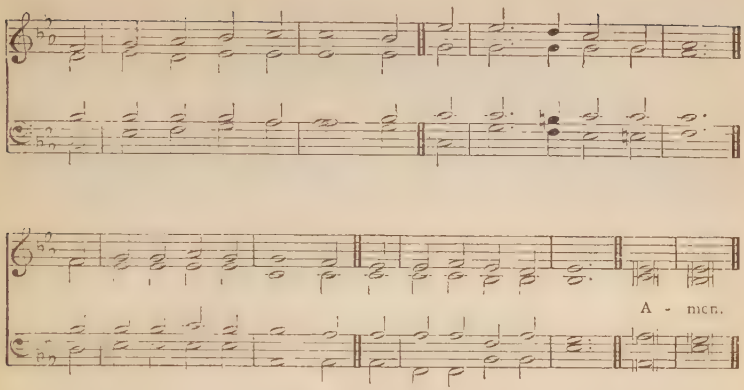
I. WATTS.

EASTHAM (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. F. A. G. OUSELEY.



AURELIA (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.





See also " Ewing," No. 169.

219

"*Holding forth the word of life.*"—Phil. ii. 16.

mf 1 O WORD of God incarnate!
O Wisdom from on high!
O Truth unchanged, unchanging!
O Light of our dark sky!
cr. We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

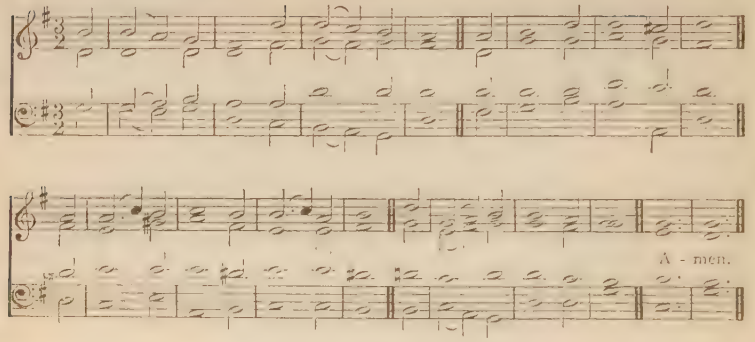
mf 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
cr. It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored:
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

f 3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's hosts unfurled:
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world:
cr. It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

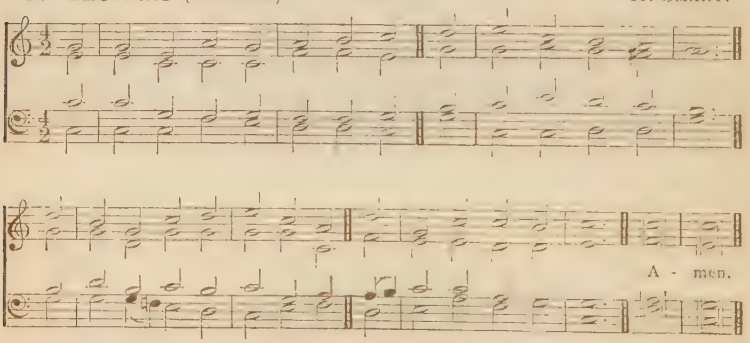
mf 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold
cr. To bear before the nations,
Thy true light as of old:
f O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
ff Till clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

COMPTON (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. CROFT.



ST. LEONARD (*2nd Tune*). C.M. H. SMART.



220

"*The entrance of Thy words giveth light.*"—Ps. cxix. 130.

1.

mf THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
cr. And brings the truth to sight;
f Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2.

f A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3.

mf The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
cr. His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4.

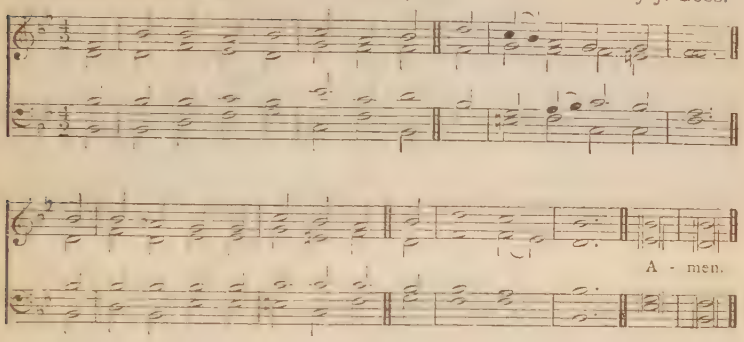
f Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5.

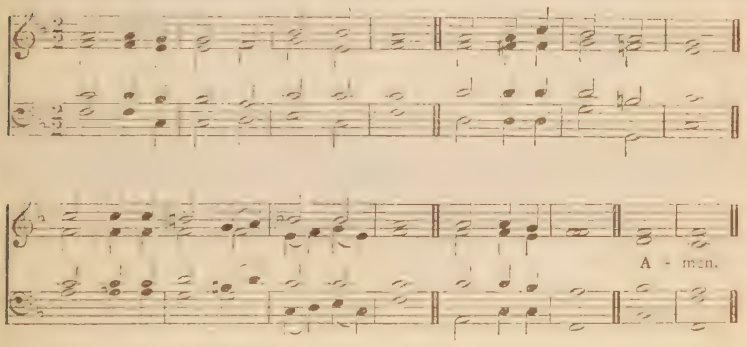
mf My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
cr. Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Amen.

W. COWPER.

OLMUTZ (*1st Tune*). 8.6.8.4. Arr. by J. Goss.



LINTON (*2nd Tune*). 8.5.8.4. H. J. E. HOLMES.



221

"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—2 Pet. i. 21.

f 1 TO Thee, O God, we render thanks,
That Thou to us hast given
A light that shineth on our path,—
A light from heaven :—

mf 2 That Thou into the hearts of men
Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,
cr. And mad'st their lips the source from whence
Flowed words of Thine :—

mf 3 The words that speak of lives that live,
And life beyond the grave,
cr. Of Him Who came that life to give,—
Those lives to save :—

p 4 Of Him Who lowly came as man,—
cr. To come as man again
f On clouds of glory throned on high,
As Judge of men.

mp 5 Who lived on earth, on earth Who died,
To set His servants free,
And left this message as their guide,—
p "Remember Me."

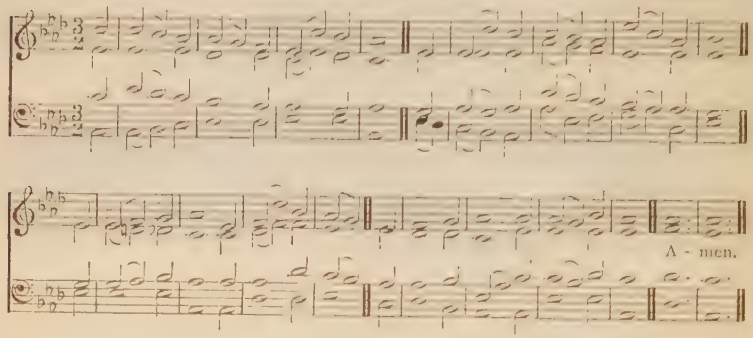
mp 6 Then teach us humbly so to tread
The path that Saviour trod,
That we may ever stand prepared
To meet our God. Amen.

G. THRING.

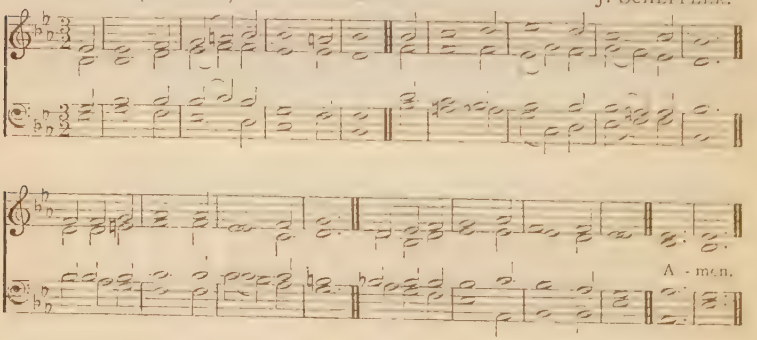
V.—THE GOSPEL.

1.—*ITS CHARACTER.*

EDEN (*1st Tune*). L.M. L. MASON.



ANGELUS (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. SCHEFFLER.



222 *"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."*—Rev. iii. 20.

mp 1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
p You treat no other friend so ill.

mp 2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
cr. O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

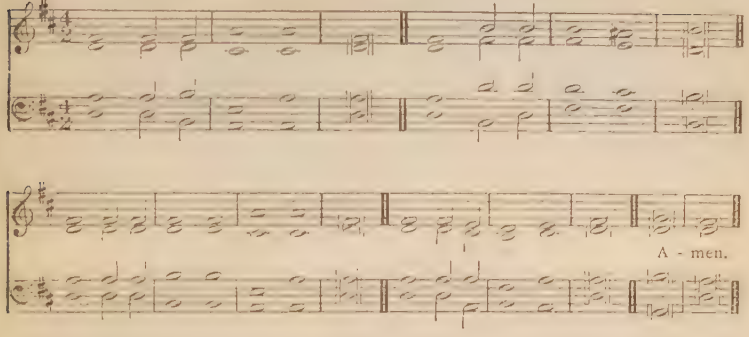
mf 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
cr. No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

mp 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet depart, ne'er to return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
f When, at His door, denied you'll stand.

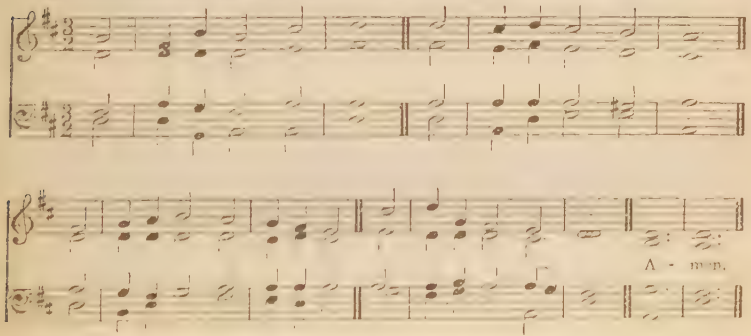
mf 5 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
O may Thy gentle rain increase!
cr. Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind! Amen.

J. GRIGG.

SHAWMUT (*1st Tune*). S.M. Anon.



HUDDERSFIELD (*2nd Tune*). S.M. Anon.



223

"*For by grace are ye saved.*"—Eph. ii. 8.

mf 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
cr. Heaven with the echo shall resound,
f And all the earth shall hear.

mf 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

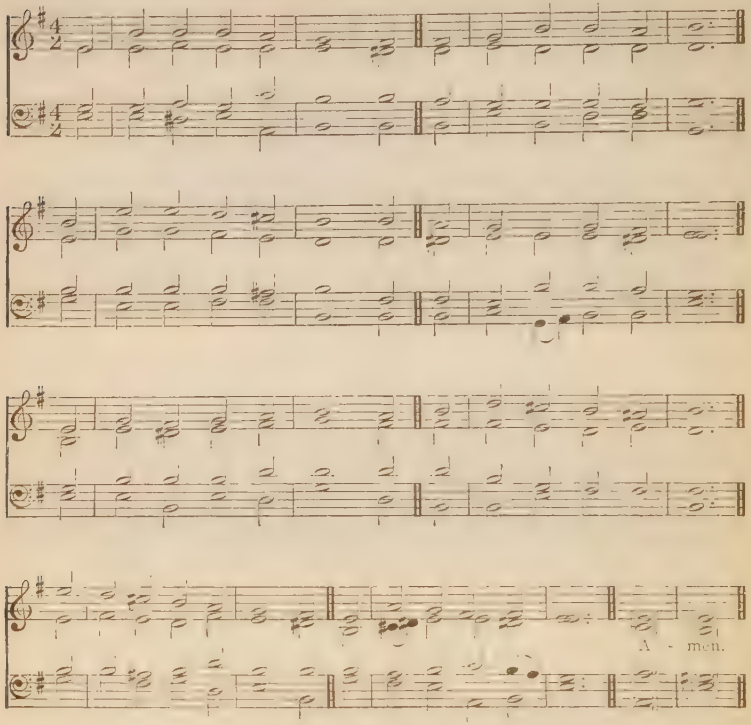
mp 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
cr. And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

f 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
cr. It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
ff And well deserves the praise. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

T

ABERTAWE (SWANSEA). 7.6.7.6. D. C. GOUDIMEL.



See also "Pwllheli," No. 638, and "Aurelia," No. 219.

224 "*But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Gal. vi. 14.

mp 1 IN Christ and His abasement,
And varied pains I see,
cr. Enough for me while living—
p At death enough for me;
f For through His cross I triumph—
I glory in His shame,
And find surpassing riches
In His beloved Name.

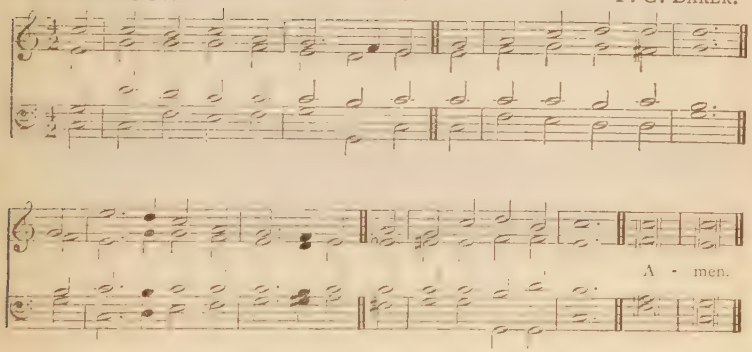
mf 2 Those held in sin's hard bondage,
He came to set at large!
mp And with His blood He purchased
cr. Their just and free discharge;
f There is no condemnation
To all the blood-freed throng;
The blood's redeeming virtue
Will be their endless song.

mf 3 He pardons sins though counting
Like drops of morning dew;
cr. His love no mind can measure—
Its life is ever new:
He craves for room to pity
And mercy to impart,
f For boundless store of mercy
Are treasured in His heart.

f 4 In praises after praises
Eternity I'll spend,
If I, a fainting pilgrim,
Shall see my journey's end:
ff All storms gone by for ever—
My sins all washed away—
Of spotless white my garment—
My light the perfect day. Amen.

M. RHYS, *tr.* W. HOWELLS.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.



225 "All the ends of the earth shall see the Salvation of our God."—Isa. lii. 10.

f 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound;
A cordial for our fears!

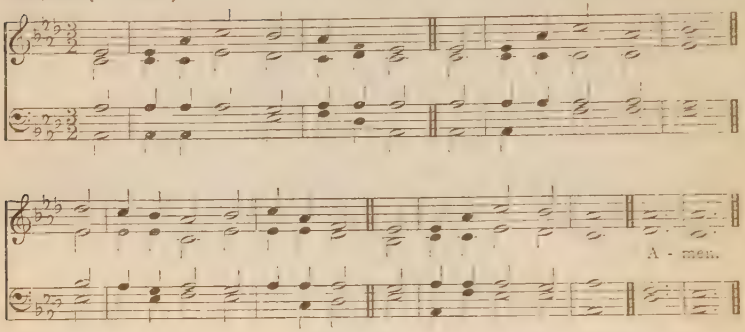
p 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
f But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

f 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
cr. While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound! Amen.

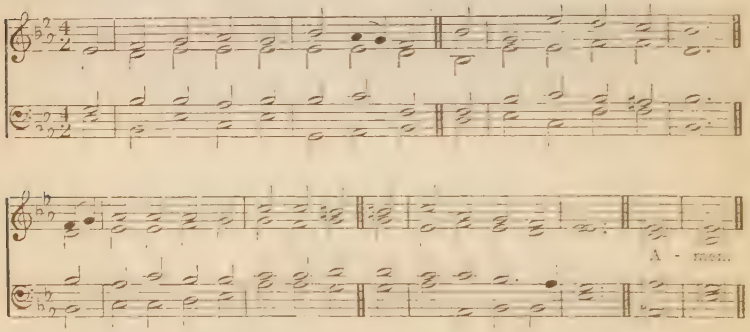
I. WATTS.

2.—*ITS INVITATIONS.*

EVAN (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



HORSLEY (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. HORSLEY.



226 *"There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."*—Zech. xiii. 1.

mf 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

mf 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
mp And there have I, as vile as he,
cr. Wash'd all my sins away.

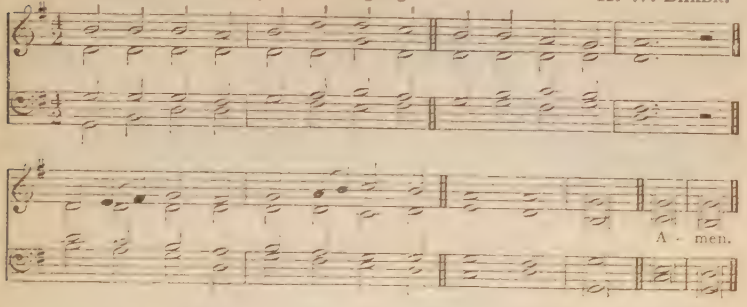
p 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
cr. Shall never lose its power,
f Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

mf 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
cr. Redeeming love has been my theme,
f And shall be till I die.

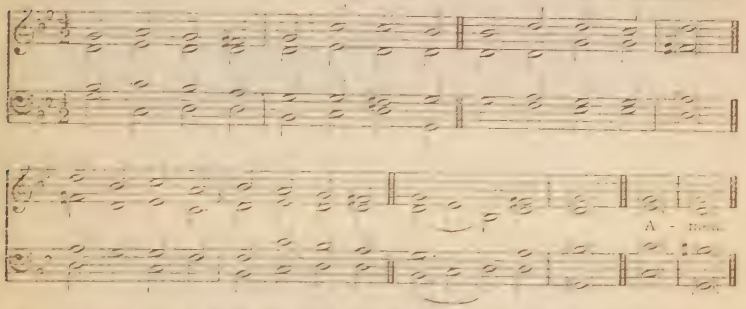
f 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
dim. When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
p Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

W. COWPER.

STEPHANOS (*1st Tune*). 8.5.8.3. H. W. BAKER.



CYRIL (*2nd Tune*). 8.5.8.3. A. R. REINAGLE.



227 "*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*"—Matt. xi. 28.

1.

mf ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
p Be at rest!"

2.

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
f "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3.

mf Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
cr. "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!"

4.

mf If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p Many [illegible] labour,
Many a tear."

5.

mf If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
cr. [illegible]
f Jordan past!"

6.

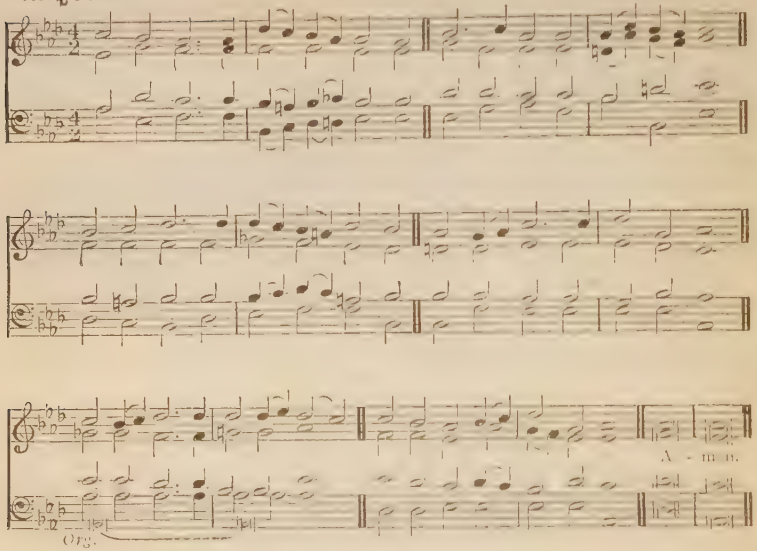
mf If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f "Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

7.

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
f "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
ff Answer, Yes!" Amen.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

REQUIEM. 8.7.8.7.7.7. W. SCHULTHES.



228

"*In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.*"—Zech. xiii. 1.

mf 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
cr. Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
f In a full, perpetual tide,
dim. Opened when our Saviour died.

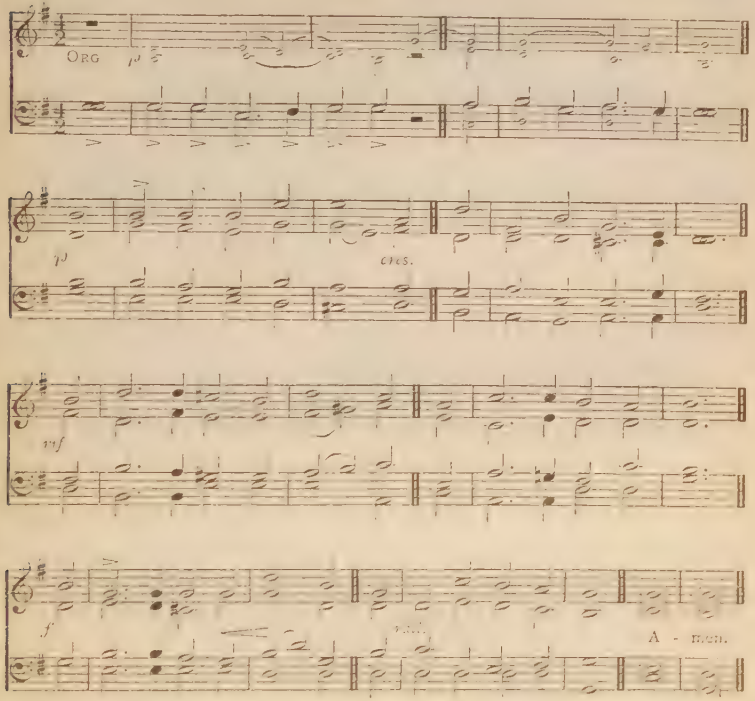
mp 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
cr. Wash your robes, and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.

mp 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
cr. Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
mf Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

mf 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
f God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
mp Signed when our Redeemer died,
cr. Sealed when He was glorified. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY

COME UNTO ME. 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. DYKES.



229

"*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*"—John vi 37.

mf 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest,"
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction;
Of pardon, grace, and peace;
cr. Of joy that hath no ending;
Of love which cannot cease.

mf 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
mp Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
mf But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

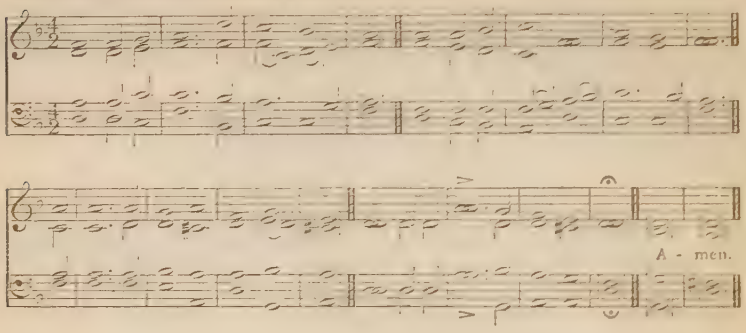
mf 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife:
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

f 4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
mp Which calls us—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
cr. Of love so free and boundless,—
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
Amen.

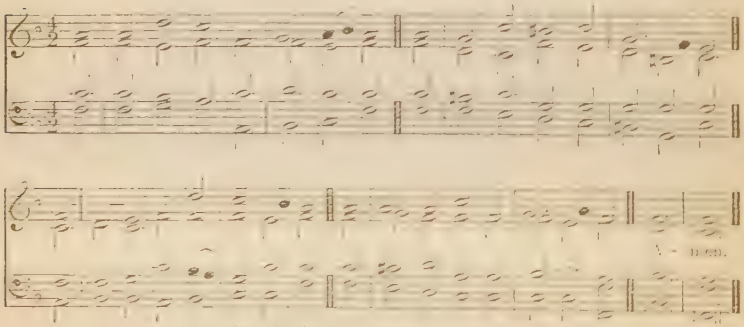
W. C. DIX.

NOTE.—It is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, but if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.

GOLGOTHA (ST. CROSS) (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



CONSECRATION (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. BOOTH.



See also "Holly," No. 197, and "Llef," No. 270.

230 "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.

1.

mf COME, sinner, sad and distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your guilt and fears away.

2.

mp Oppressed with grief, a painful load
Of sins unpardoned, crimes unrepented,
cr. Burdens of misery and sin,
Will all the promised blessing find.

3.

f Hear mercy's voice, behold her Lord,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4.

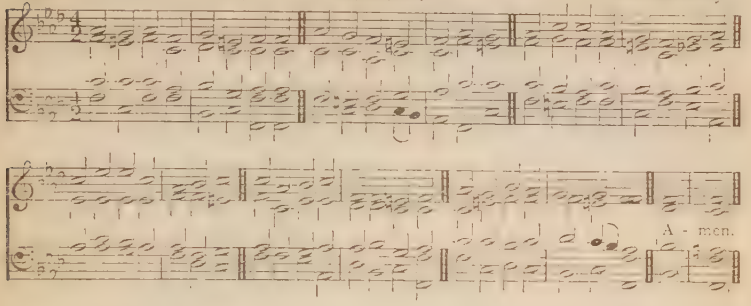
f Jesus, we accept with thankful heart,
Thy precious words, Thy gift;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5.

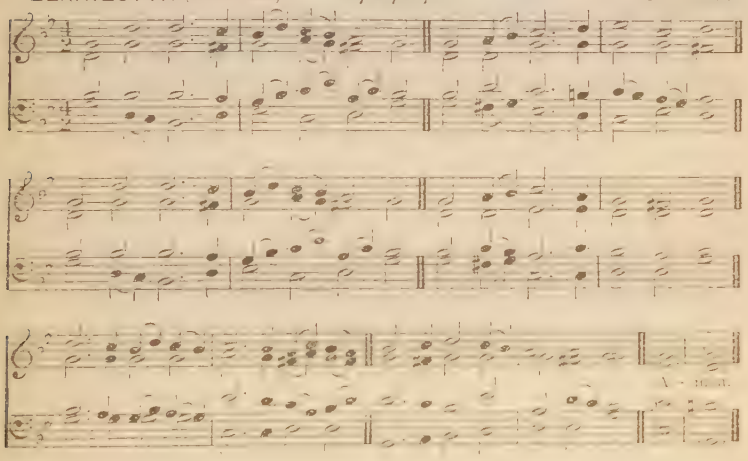
mf Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
cr. And sweetly influence every breast
And guide us to eternal rest. Amen.

A. STEELE.

ST. PETER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Old Melody.



LLANIESTYN (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. O. OWEN.



231

"For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Matt. ix. 13.

1.

mp COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
cr. Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power.
f He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

2.

mp Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
cr. God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh:
f Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3.

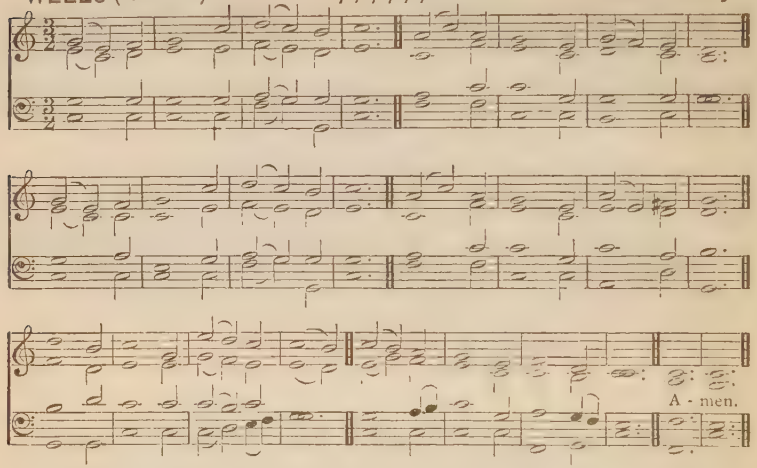
mp Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
cr. All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
f This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4.

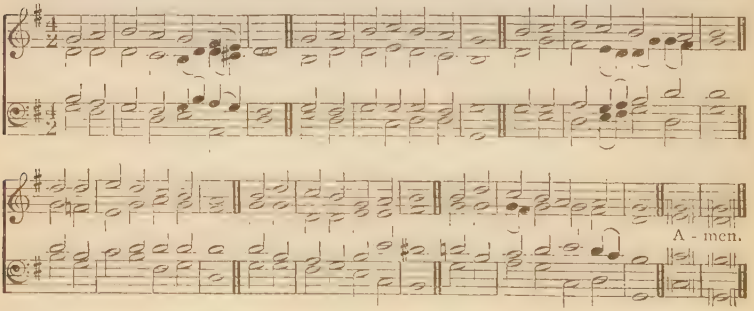
mp Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
p If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
f Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call. Amen.

J. HART.

WELLS (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. Russian Melody.



BERLIN (ORLEANS) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. German.



232

"*Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.*"—1 Cor. v. 7.

1.

mp FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
mf What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!—
cr. Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2.

mp Sprinkled now with blood the throne:
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
cr. Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3.

mf Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To Thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam—
f Come and welcome, sinner, come.

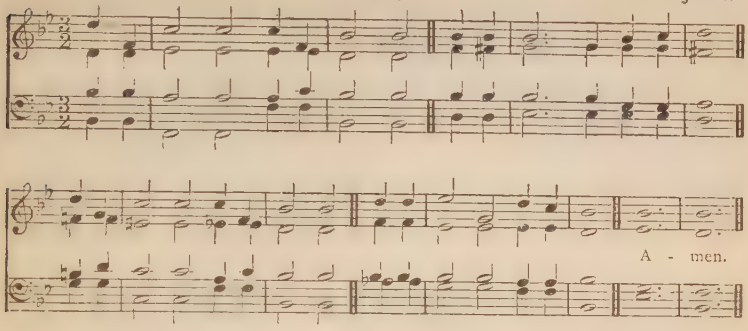
4.

mp Soon the days of life shall end;
mf Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day;
Up to My eternal home,
f Come and welcome, sinner, come.

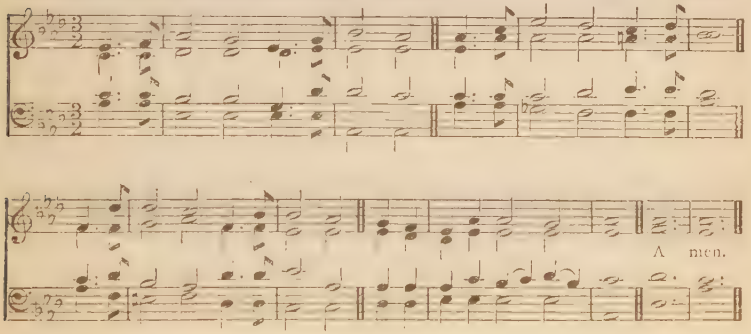
Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

GALILEE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. W. H. JUDE.



NORMAL COLLEGE (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. E. H. HARDING.



233

"*Follow Me.*"—Matt. ix. 9.

mf 1 JESUS calls us;—o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

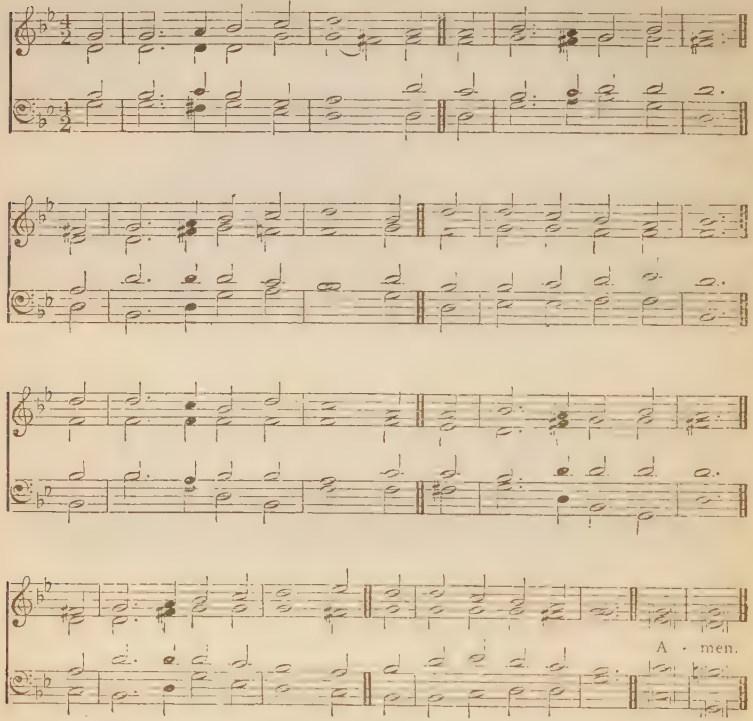
mf 2 Jesus calls us,—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

mf 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

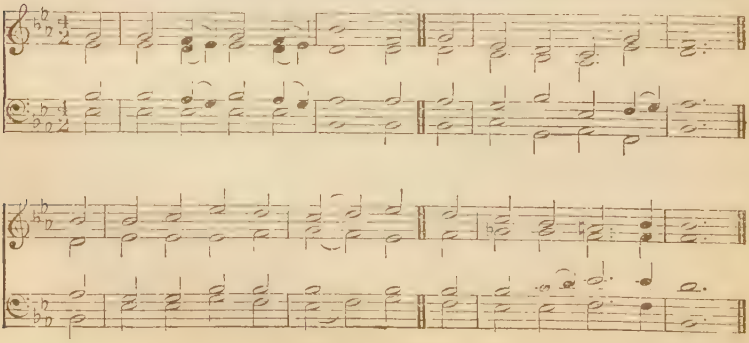
mp 4 Jesus calls us;—By Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
cr. Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
f Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

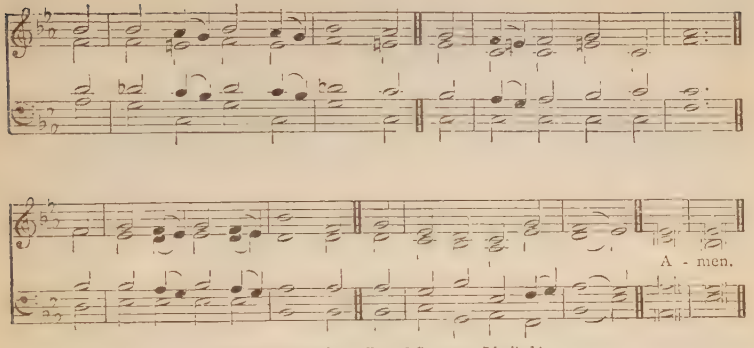
C. F. ALEXANDER.

KILMOREY (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. A. LLOYD, Jun.



LUX MUNDI (*2nd Tune*) 7.6.7.6. D. A. SULLIVAN.





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See also "Llydaw," No. 280.

234

"*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.*"—Rev. iii. 20.

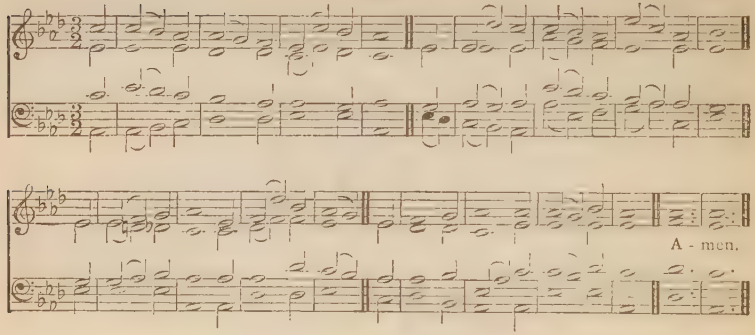
mp 1 O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
f Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and Sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
p To keep Him standing there.

mp 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
p And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
cr. Oh love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
dim. Oh sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

mp 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
p "I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
mp O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
cr. Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen

W. W. HOW.

EDEN. L.M. L. MASON.



235

"*Let him return unto the Lord.*"—Isa. v. 7.

1.

mp RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
cr. Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

3.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4.

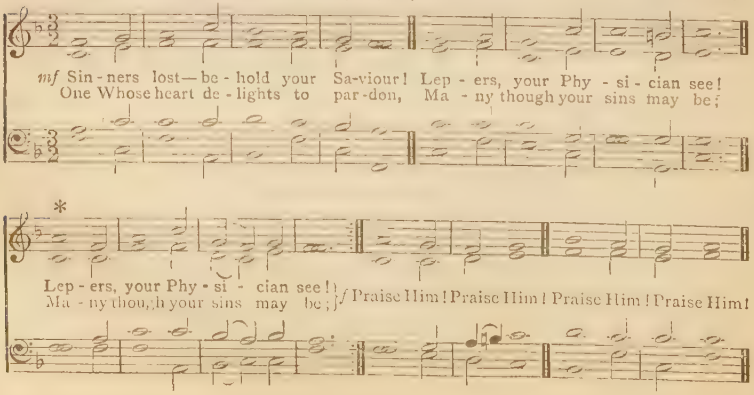
mp Return, O wanderer, return,
cr. Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet and learn
f How freely Jesus can forgive.

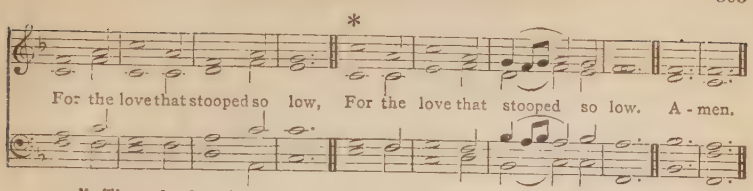
5.

mp Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
cr. 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn";
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near. Amen.

W. B. COLLYER.

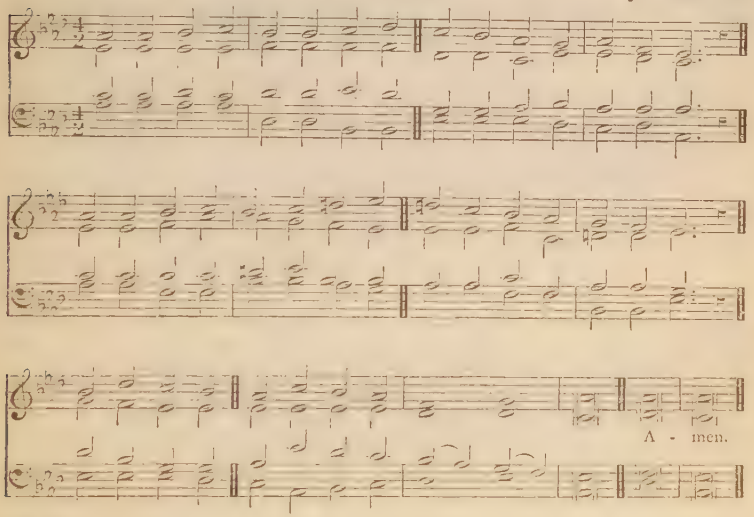
ST. GARMON (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. E. M. PRICE.





* The 2nd, 4th and 6th lines, in each verse, are to be repeated as shewn above.

HEBER (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



236

"*I will; be thou clean.*"—Matt. viii. 3.

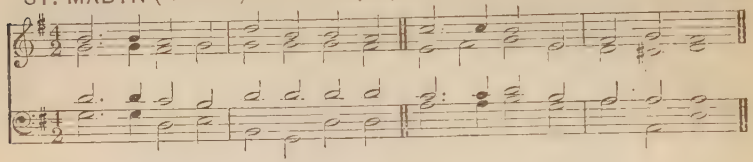
mf 1 SINNERS lost—behold your Saviour!
Lepers, your Physician see!
One Whose heart delights to pardon,
Many though your sins may be;
f Praise Him! Praise Him!
For the love that stooped so low.

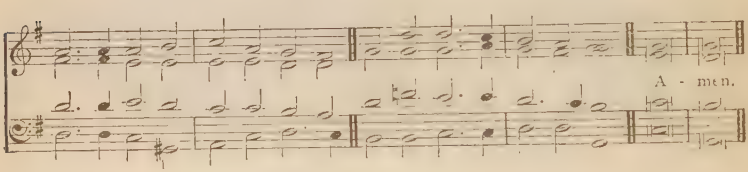
mf 2 See, my soul, the loving Shepherd
Search the wild for those astray;
Call the foolish wanderers homeward;
Gently lead them in the way;
f Ever blessèd,
Be His Name for saving grace.

mf 3 Life He gives the helpless wounded,
In their blood about to die;
Clothes in raiment white the naked;
Lifts the poor who prostrate lie.
f He is worthy
Of the glory evermore. Amen.
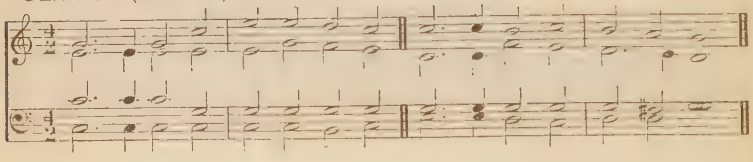
M. RHYS AND R. JONES, *tr.* W. HOWELLS
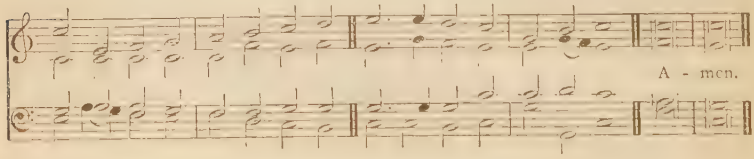
ST. MABYN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. A. H. BROWN.
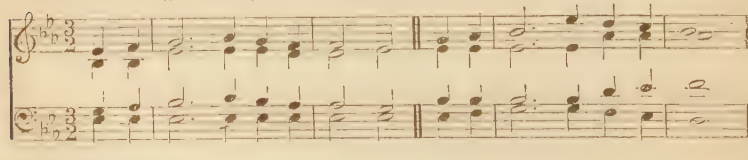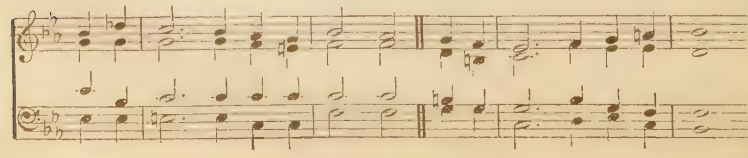




CLARION (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. W. S. SLOANE-EVANS.
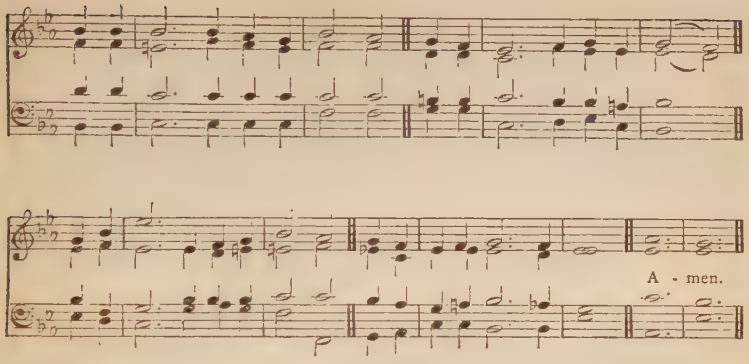




CHAMOUNI (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. G. LOMAS.







237 "*I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.*"—John x. 11.

mf 1 SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

mp 2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, Who would have us
cr. Come and gather round His feet?

f 3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

mp 4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

f 5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

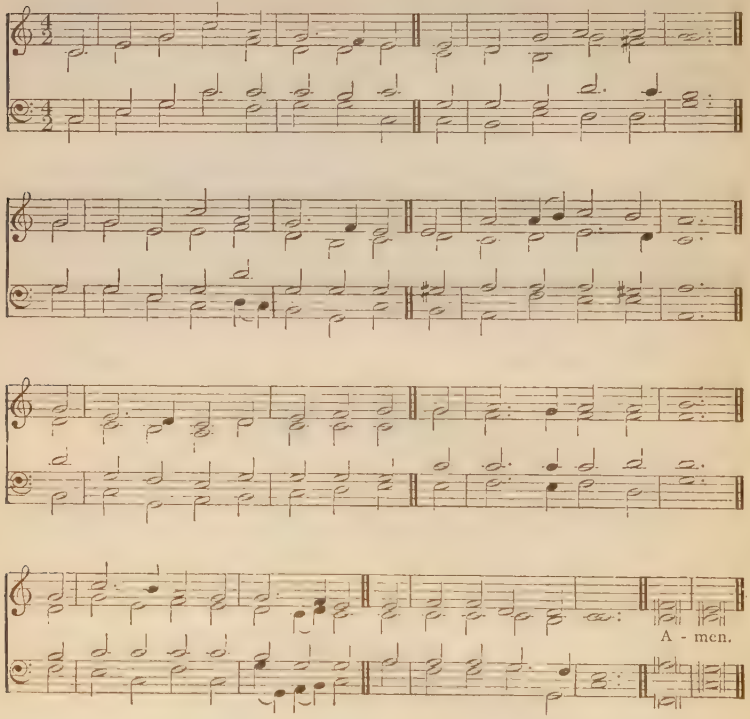
mf 6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

mp 7 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And oh come, not doubting thus,
cr. But with faith that trusts more bravely
His vast tenderness for us.

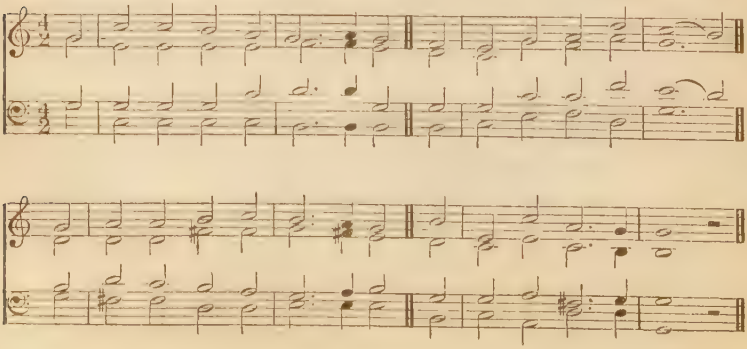
mf 8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
f And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

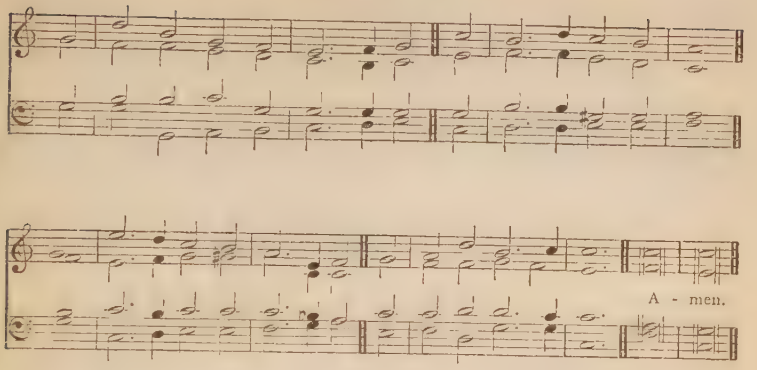
F. W. FABER.

PETERSHAM (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. C. W. POOLE.



ST. ELWYN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. E. J. HOPKINS.





238

"*Who is like unto the Lord our God!*"—Ps. cxiii. 5.

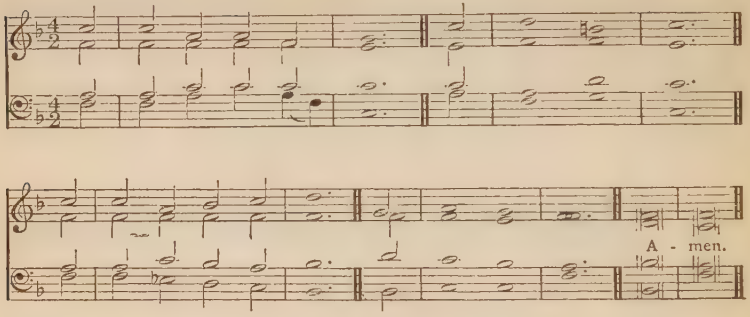
mf 1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh, come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
cr. His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

f 2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh, trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

f 3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh, learn of Him, learn now of Him
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest
Therein to work and live;
dim. And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive. Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

MERCY'S HOUR. 6.4.6.4. L. MASON.



239

"*To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.*"—Heb. iv. 7.

mf 1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
cr. O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

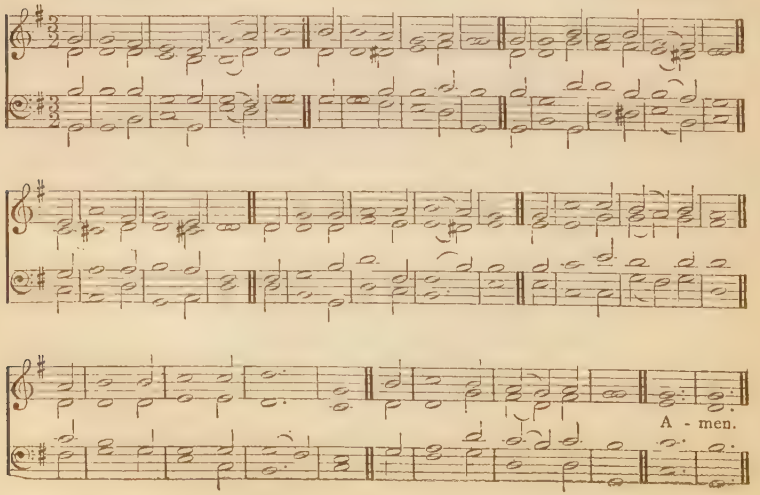
mf 2 To-day the Saviour calls:
cr. Oh! hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

mf 3 To-day the Saviour calls:
cr. For refuge fly;
p The storm of vengeance falls,
pp Ruin is nigh.

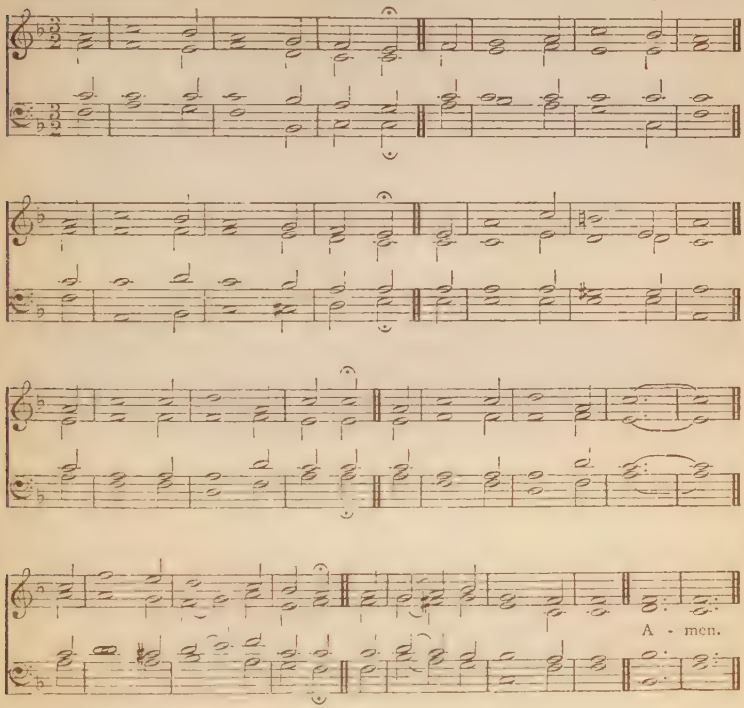
mf 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
cr. Yield to His power!
p Oh! grieve Him not away:
cr. 'Tis mercy's hour. Amen.

S. F. SMITH and T. HASTINGS.

GRAFENBERG (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. KUGELMANN.



PENLAN (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. D. JENKINS.



See also "Missionary," No. 248.

240

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—Ps. xcv. 7.

mf 1 TO-DAY Thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin:
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been.
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
f Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

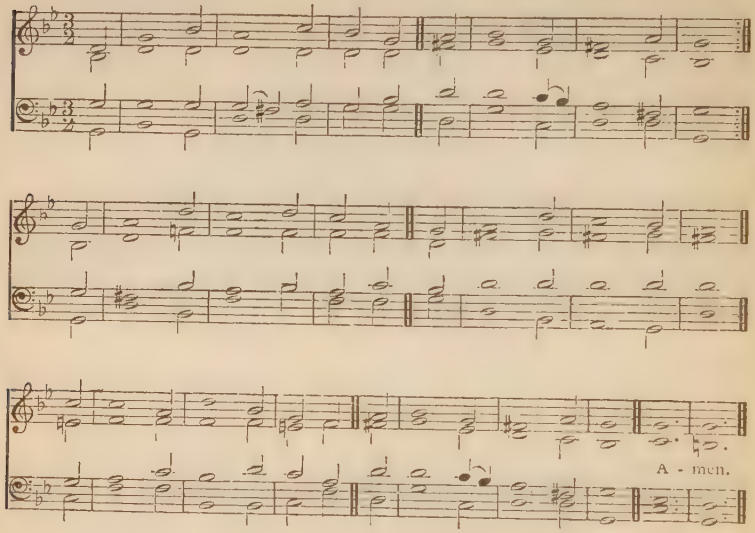
mf 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in,
cr. Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin:
f The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised—
A glorious crown in heaven.

mf 3 To-day the Father calls me;
The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wander'd,
It is my Father's home.

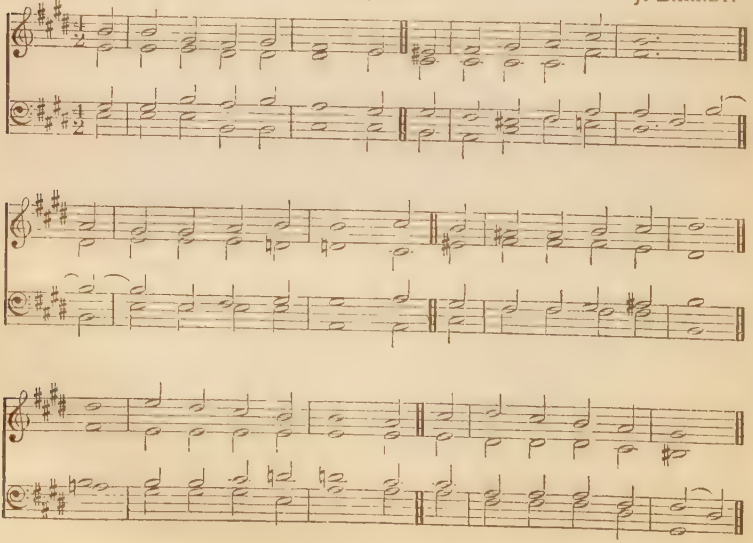
mf 4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What should I do without Thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
f I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.
Amen.

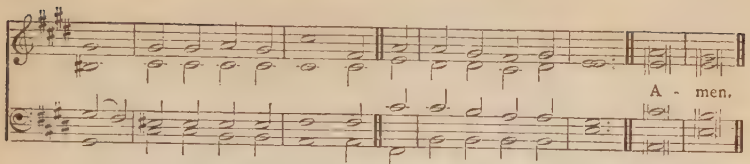
O. ALLEN.

LLYDAW (*3rd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Breton Melody.



ST. ANSELM (*4th Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. Barnby.





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See also "Missionary," No. 248.

240

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—Ps. xcv. 7.

mf 1 TO-DAY Thy mercy calls me,
To wash away my sin:
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been.
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
f Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

mf 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in,
cr. Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin:
f The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
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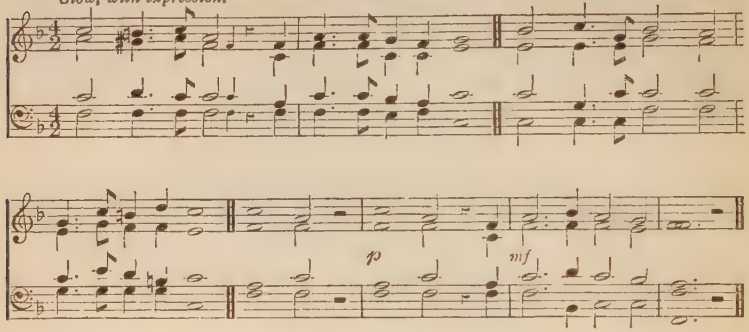
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The Holy Spirit waits;
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wander'd,
It is my Father's home.

mf 4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What should I do without Thee,
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
f I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer. Amen.

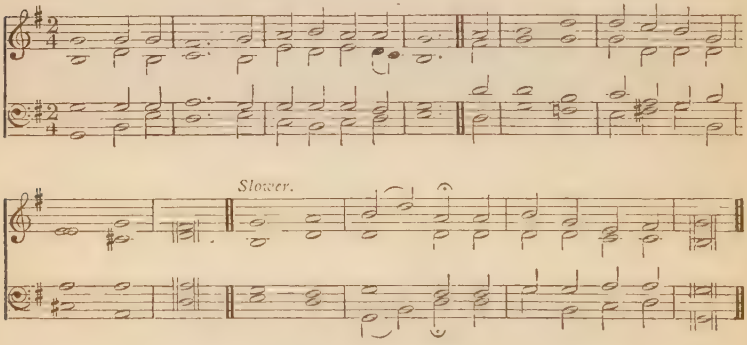
O. ALLEN.

YET THERE IS ROOM (*1st Tune*). 10.10.10. I. D. SANKEY.

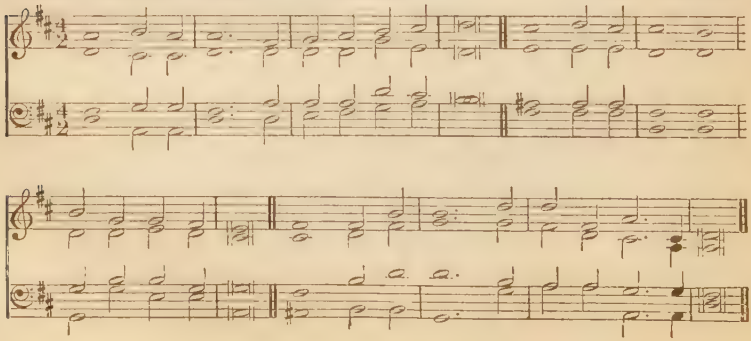
Slow, with expression.

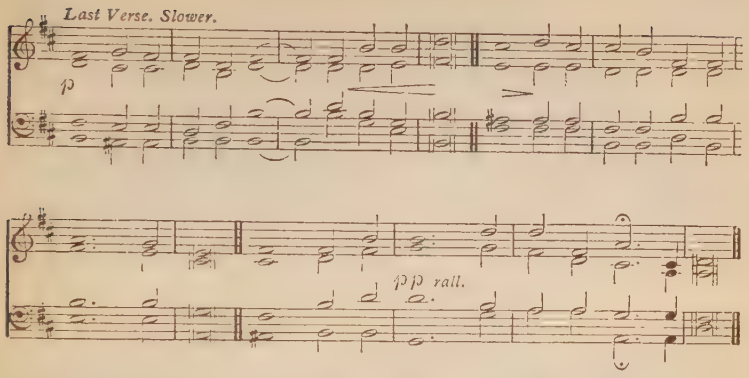


ST. REGULUS (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.10. A. C. FALCONER.



LOW FELL (*3rd Tune*). 10.10.10. C. F. LLOYD.





241 "*It is done as thou hast commanded; and yet there is room.*"—Luke xiv. 22.

mf 1 "YET there is room!"—The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
cr. Room! room! still room!—O enter, enter now!

mp 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen,—light makes haste to go;
cr. Room! &c.

mf 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
cr. Room! &c.

mf 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste! make haste!—'tis not too full for thee;
cr. Room! &c.

mf 5 "Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate.
The gate of love,—it is not yet too late;
cr. Room! &c.

f 6 Pass in, pass in! The banquet is for thee;
The cup of everlasting love is free;
cr. Room! &c.

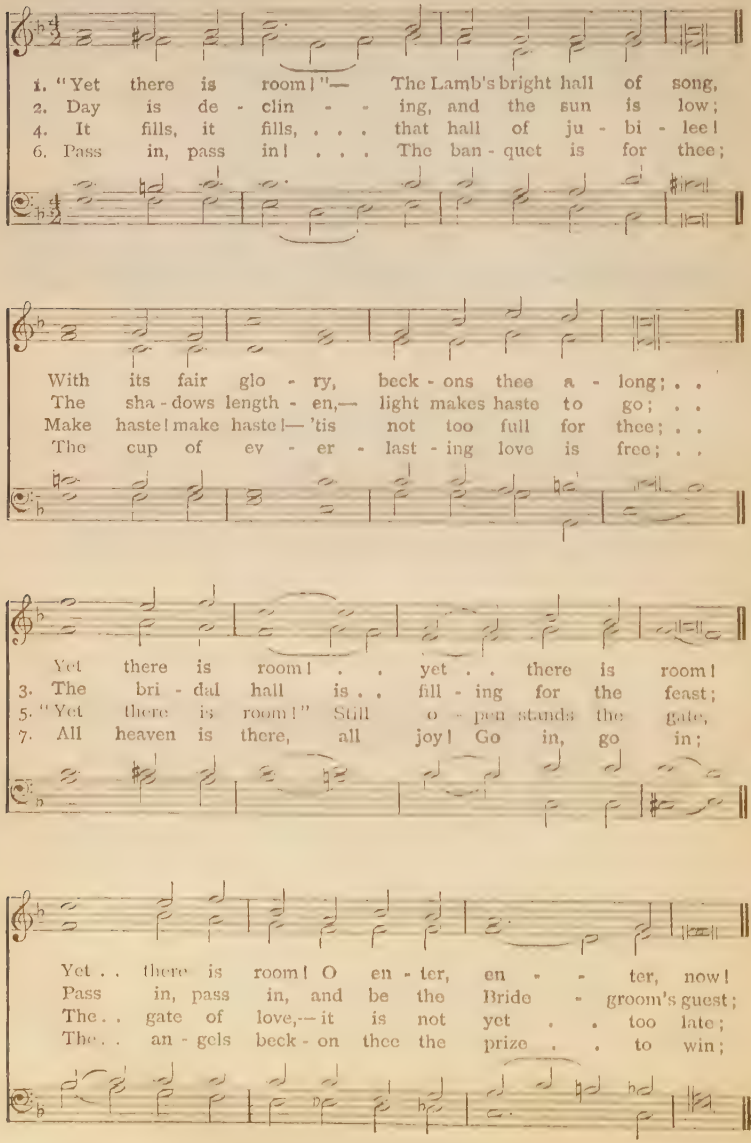
f 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win;
cr. Room! &c.

ff 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come!—enter that festal hall!
cr. Room! &c.

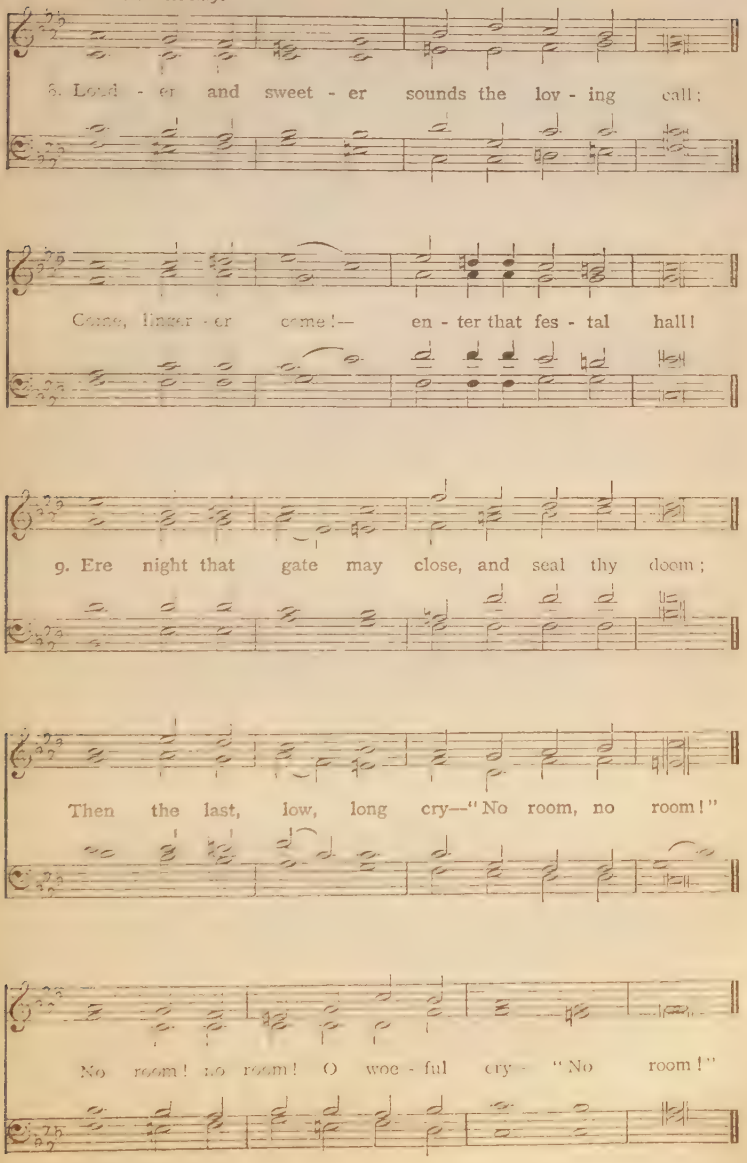
mp 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
p Then the last, low, long cry—"No room, no room!"
dim. No room! no room!—O woeful cry—"No room!"

H. BONAR.

CLIFTON STREET (*4th Tune*). 10.10.10. G. BULL.

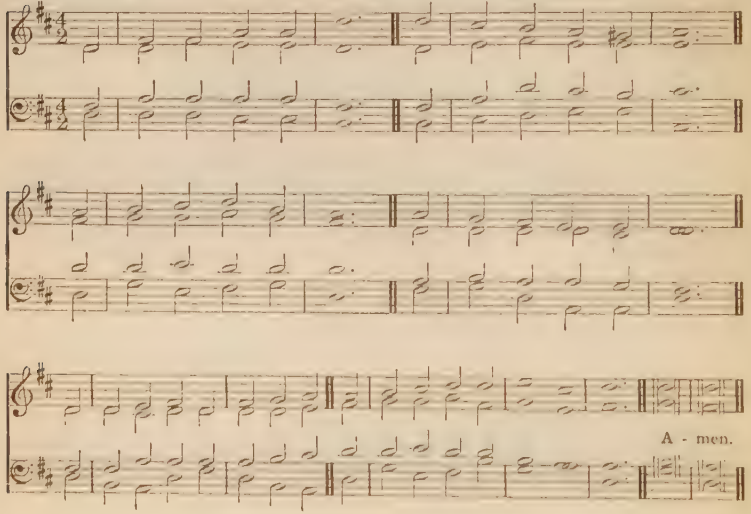


Last two Verses only.

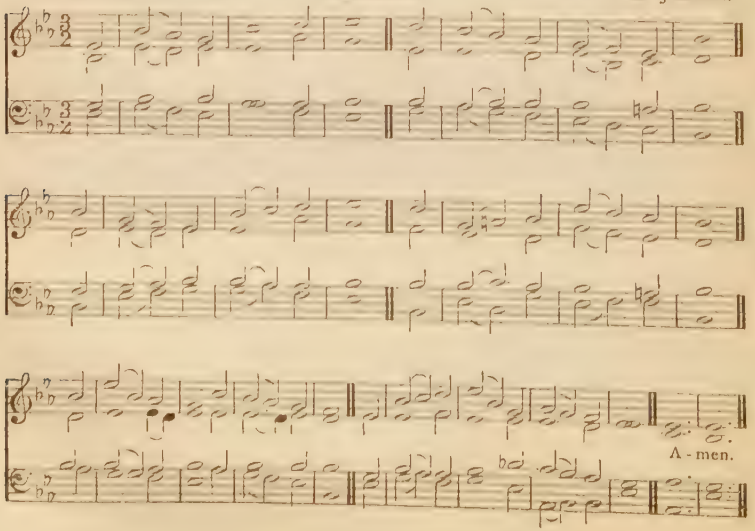


VI.—CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

ADORATION (ST. JOHN) (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. W. H. HAVERGAL.



EXETER (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. E. JESSER.



242 *"The Lord shall arise."*—Isa. lx. 2.

f 1 ARISE, O Lord, and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light;
cr. Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

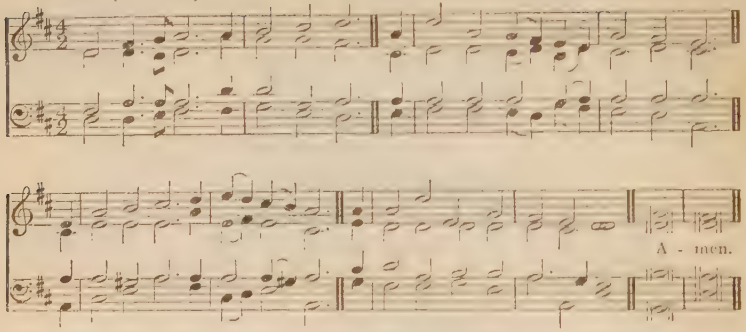
f 2 Bring distant nations near,
To sing Thy glorious praise;
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways:
cr. Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

f 3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee;
cr. God, our own God, His church shall bless
And fill the earth with righteousness.

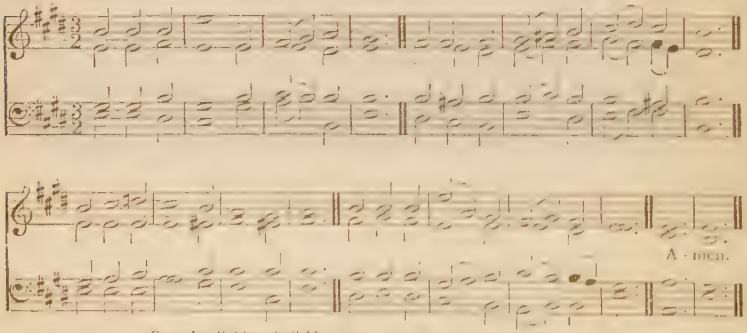
f 4 To God, the only wise,
The One Immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From every living thing:
ff Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

W. HURN.

TRURO (*1st Tune*). L.M. C. BURNEY.



ANTWERP (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.



See also "Advent," No. 213, and "Morningside," No. 289.

243

"*Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.*"—Isa. li. 9.

f 1 ARM of the Lord! awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
cr. And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

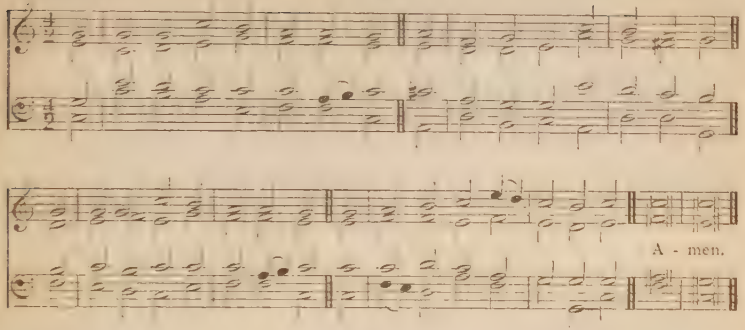
f 2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,—
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
cr. Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

mf 3 Let Zion's time of favour come:
O bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

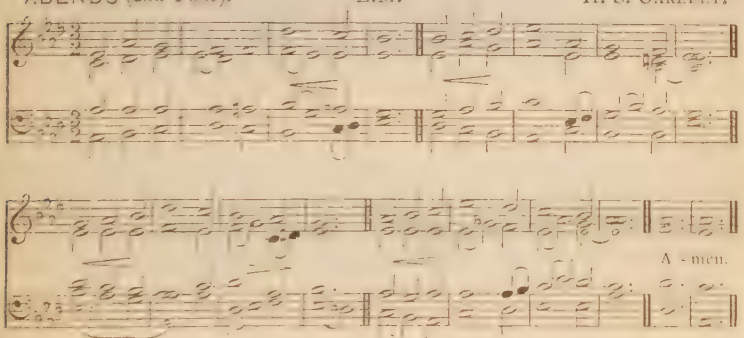
f 4 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
ff And crown the Saviour Lord of all. Amen.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

MAINZER (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. MAINZER.



ABENDS (*2nd Tune*). L.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



See also "David's Harp," No. 171.

244

"*The isles shall wait upon Me, and on Mine arm shall they trust.*"—Isa. li. 5.

1.

f AWAKE! all-conquering arm,
awake!
And let the Saviour's standard high
cr. Oh cause Thy cheering face to shine,
And call Thy chosen people nigh.

2.

mf Baptize benighted nations, Lord,
And let Thy saving truth be known.
cr. Arise, Thy royal power assume,
And claim the kingdoms for Thine own.

3.

mf Bless those who now in distant lands
Bid the untutored heathen live!
cr. Be Thou their Guard, their God, their Friend;
Success to every effort give.

4.

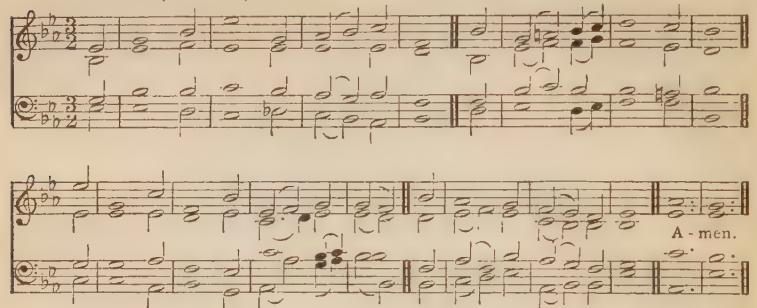
mf Eternal God, their hearts inspire;
Let each Thy sacred presence prove;
cr. Bid them go forth with holy zeal,
f And loud proclaim Thy dying love.

5.

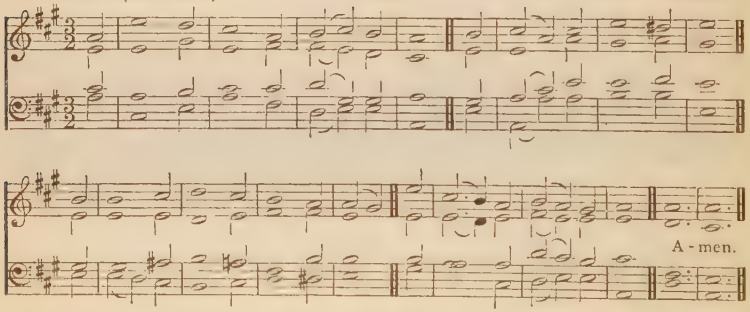
f Mountains of unbelief and sin
Shall fall before Thy sacred word;
And millions saved from death and hell,
Shall own the Saviour as their Lord. Amen.

A. C. H. SEYMOUR.

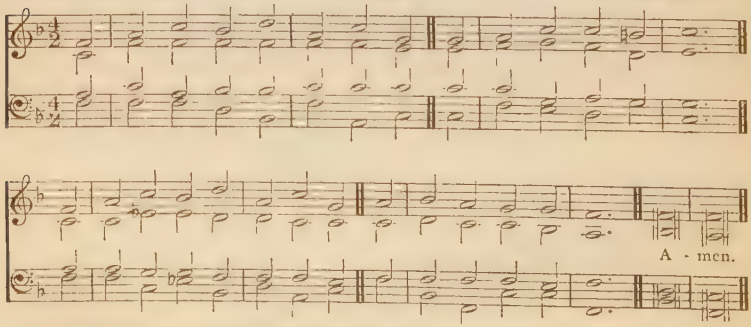
BELGRAVE (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. HORSLEY.



JORDAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



YORK (*3rd Tune*). C.M. Scotch Psalter.



245 *"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains."*—Isa. ii. 2.

f 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

f 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
cr. "Up to the hill of God," they'll say
"And to His house we'll go."

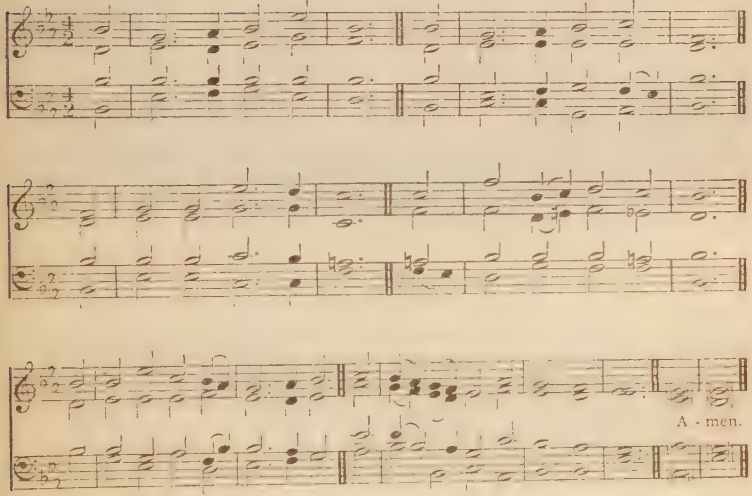
3 *f* The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

mp 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
cr. To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

mf 5 Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
cr. And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine. Amen.

M. BRUCE.

WATERSTOCK. 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. Goss.



See also "Adoration" (St. John), No. 242.

246

"*The trumpet of the jubilee.*"—Lev. xxv. 9.
"*The acceptable year of the Lord.*"—Luke iv. 19.

f 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
ff The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

mf 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
f The year, &c.

mf 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
f The year, &c.

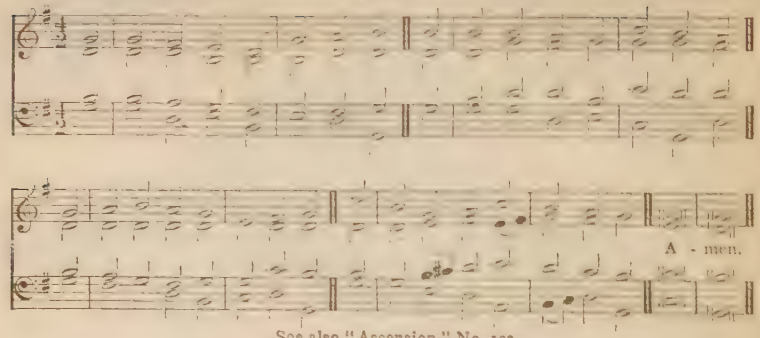
mp 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
cr. Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
f The year, &c.

mf 5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
f The year, &c.

mf 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
f The year, &c. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. W. FRANC.



See also "Ascension," No. 103.

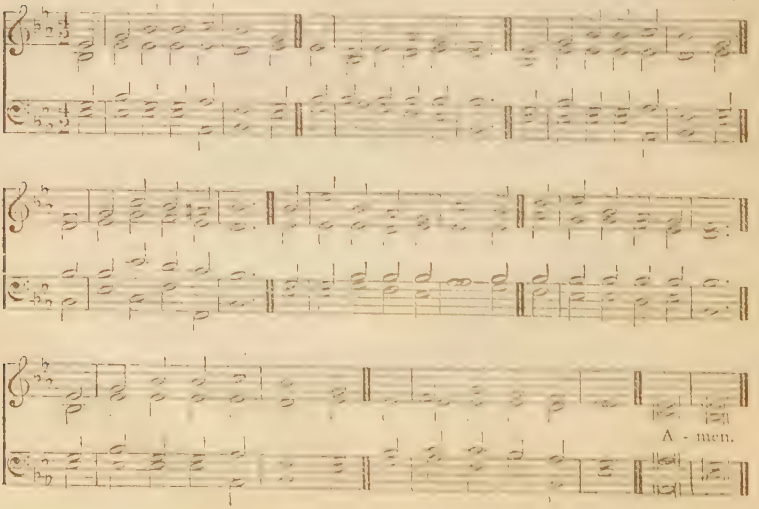
247 "*Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.*"—Ps. cl. 6.

f 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

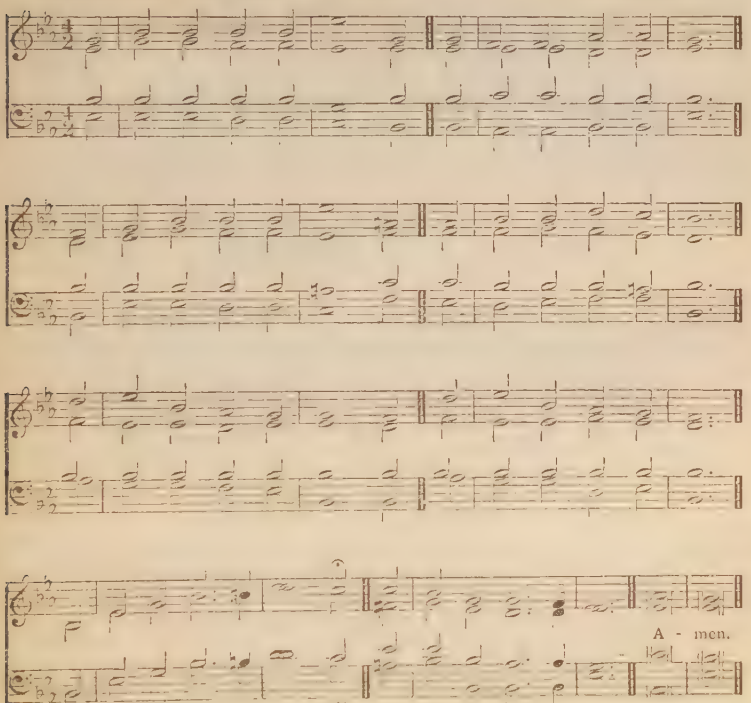
f 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
ff Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MISSIONARY (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. L. MASON.



GREENLAND (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Lausanne Psalter.



See also "Vandalia," No. 219.

248

"Come over . . . and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.

mf 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
cr. They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

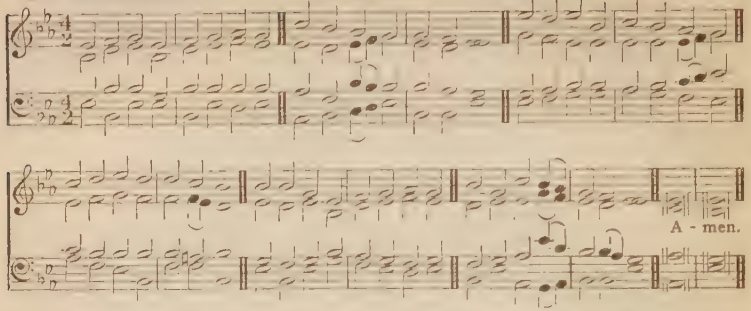
mf 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
dim. And only man is vile:
mp In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

mf 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,—
p Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! yea, Salvation
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's Name.

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
cr. Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
p Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
f Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

R. HEBER.

ST. WERBURGH. 8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE.



249

"*Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most Mighty.*"—Ps. xlv. 3.

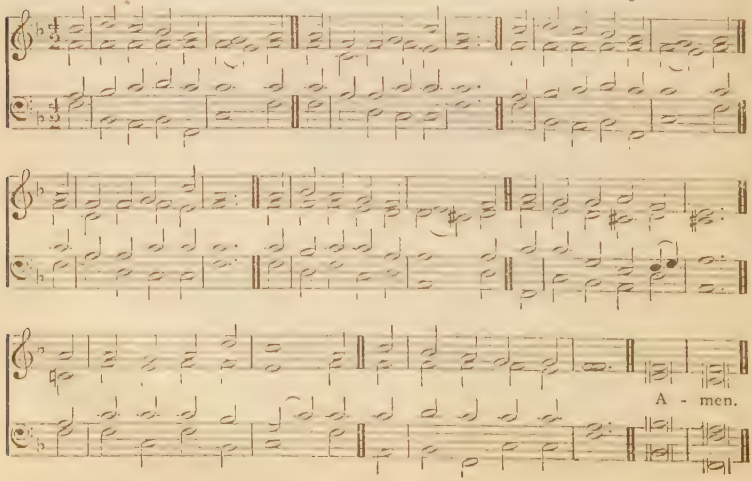
f 1 GIRD Thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
Make the word of truth Thy car;
cr. Prosper in Thy course triumphant,
All success attend Thy war;
ff Gracious Victor,
Bring Thy trophies from afar.

mf 2 Majesty combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To insure Thy blessed conquests;
Take possession of Thy right;
f Ride triumphant,
Decked in robes of purest light.

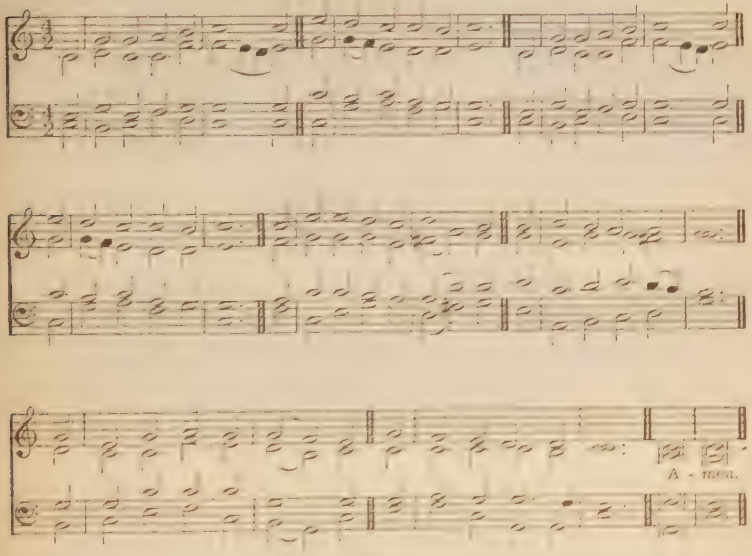
mf 3 Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre,
Blest are all that own Thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain;
f Saints and angels,
All who know Thee, bless Thy reign. Amen.

RYLAND.

CRÜGER (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. CRÜGER.



ST. THEODULPH (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. M. TESCHNER.



250

"All nations shall call Him blessed."—Ps. lii. 17.

f 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed:
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
ff He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf 2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
cr. To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
dim. Whose souls, condemned and dying,
mf Were precious in His sight.

mf 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
cr. Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

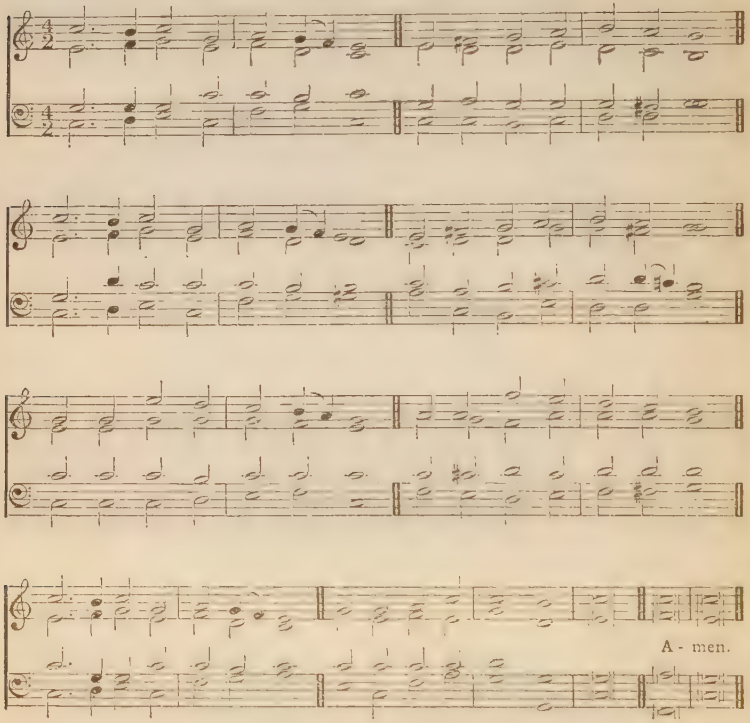
mf 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all peoples sing:
cr. For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

mf 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
cr. His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
mf The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
cr. Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

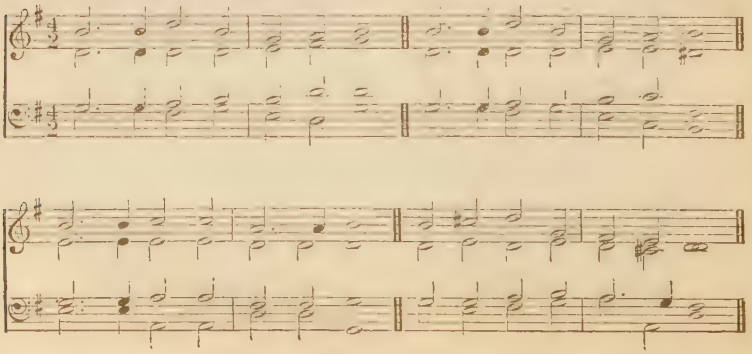
f 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest,
cr. The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
ff His Name shall stand for ever:
rall. That Name to us is—Love. Amen.

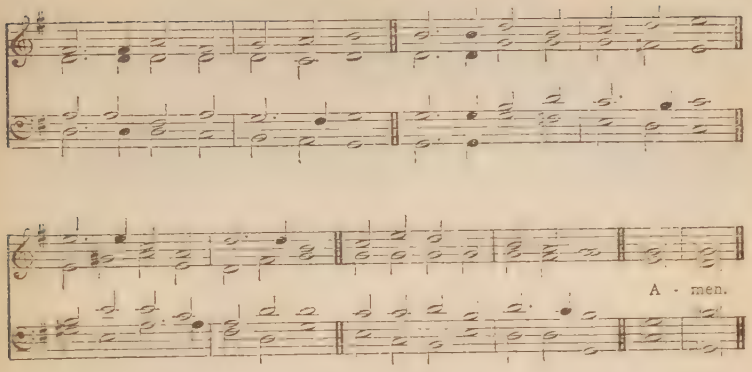
J. MONTGOMERY.

GILBERT (THANKSGIVING) (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. W. B. GILBERT.



ST. GEORGE (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. G. J. ELVEY.





251 "*Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"—Rev. xix. 6.

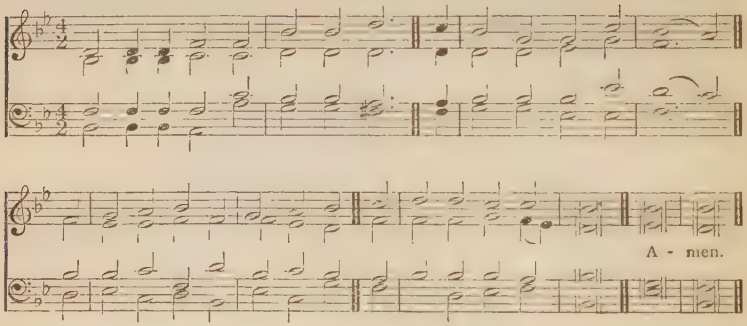
f 1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
cr. "Hallelujah!" for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
ff "Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

f 2 "Hallelujah!" Hark the sound
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword;—He speaks—'tis done,
cr. And the kingdoms of this world
ff Are the kingdoms of His Son.

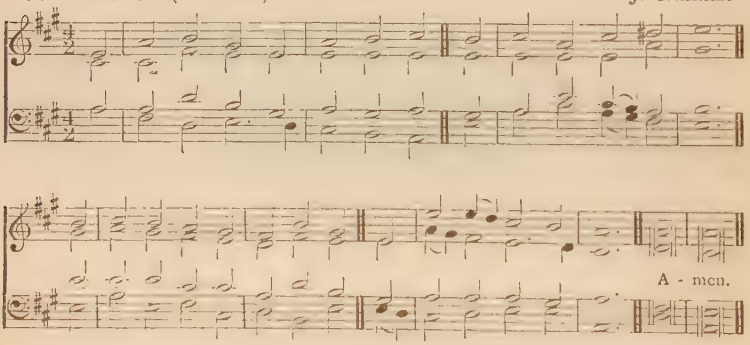
f 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
mf Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
cr. "Hallelujah!" Christ in God,
ff God in Christ, is All in all! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

NATIVITY (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. LAHEE.



ST. MAGNUS (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. CLARKE.



252

"*Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered.*"—Ps. lxviii. 1.

1.

f JESUS, Immortal King, arise!
Assume, assert Thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2.

f Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride!
Till all Thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.

3.

f Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the "joyful sound."

4.

mf Oh! may the dear Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
cr. And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5.

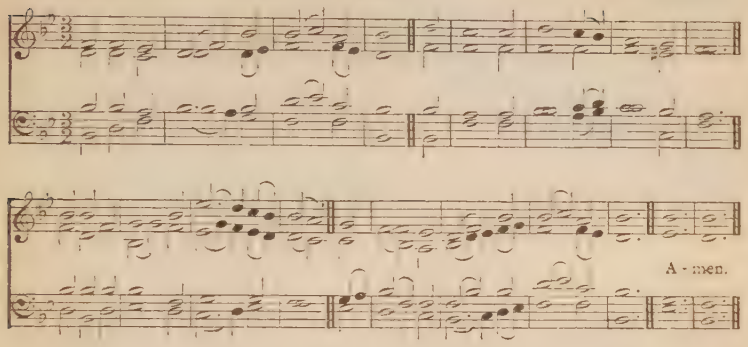
mf Oh, hasten, Lord, that happy time,
That long-expected day;
When every kingdom, tribe, and tongue
Shall own Thy gentle sway.

6.

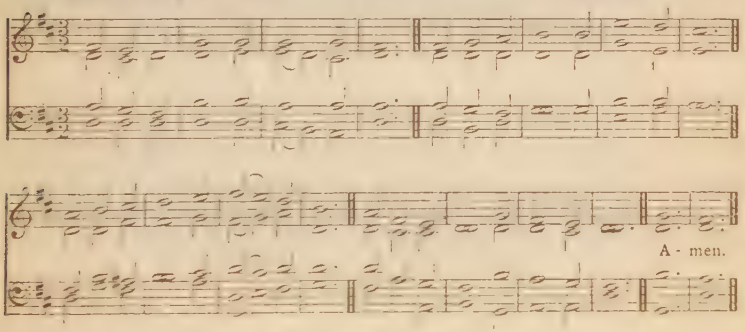
f From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord. Amen.

A. C. H. SEYMOUR.

WARRINGTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. R. HARRISON.



OMBERSLEY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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253

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea."—Ps. lxxii. 8.

1.

f JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2.

mf For Him shall endless prayer be made,
cr. And praises throng to crown His head;
mp His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3.

mf People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
mp And infant voices shall proclaim
cr. Their early blessings on His Name.

4.

f Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
p The weary find eternal rest,
cr. And all the sons of want are blest.

5.

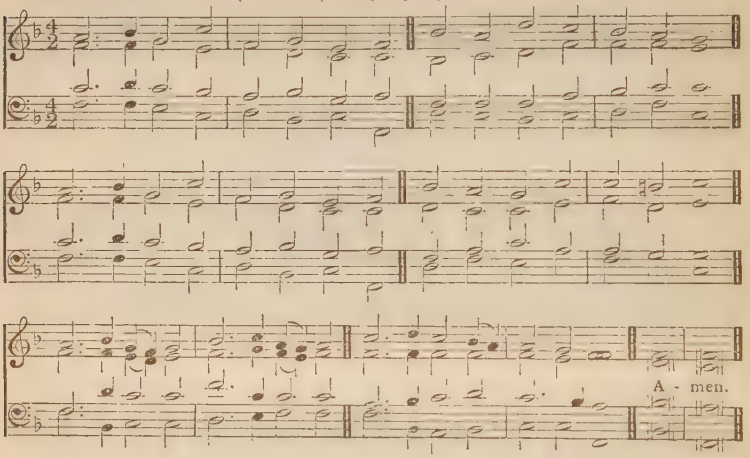
mf Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6.

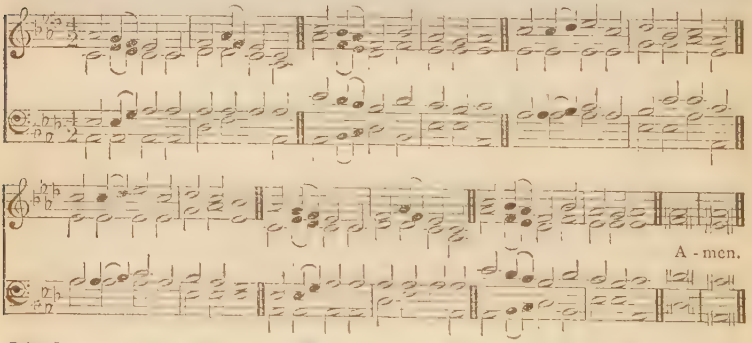
f Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
cr. Angels descend with songs again,
ff And earth repeat the long Amen.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

RANDALL (LEWES) (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. RANDALL.



DISMISSAL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Anon.



254

"*I will also give Thee for a Light to the Gentiles.*"—Isa. xlix. 6.

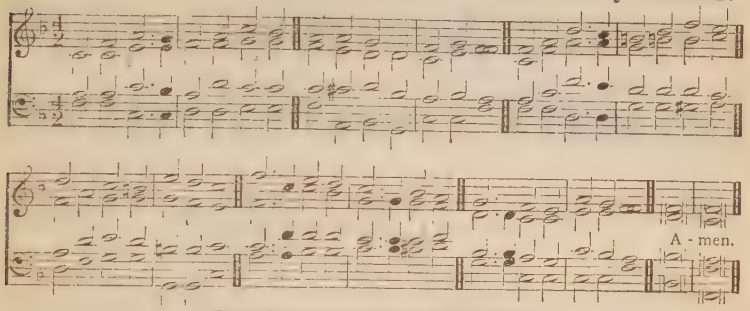
mf 1 LIGHT of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in Thy wing:
cr. To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

mf 2 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him
Serve the living God alone:
cr. Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

mf 3 Thou to Whom all power is given,
Speak the word, at Thy command
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy Name from land to land:
cr. Lord, be with them,
Always to the end of time. Amen.

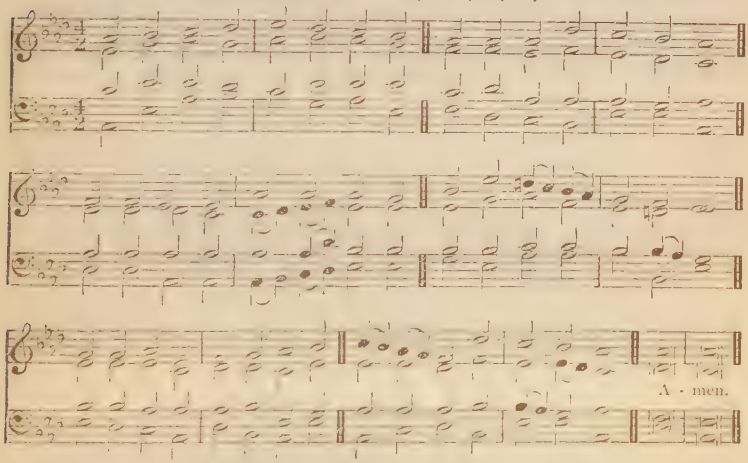
T. COTTERILL.

LEWISHAM (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. TILLEARD.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

BENEDICTION (CORINTH) (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. S. WEBBE.



255

"To give light to them that sit in darkness."—Luke i. 79.

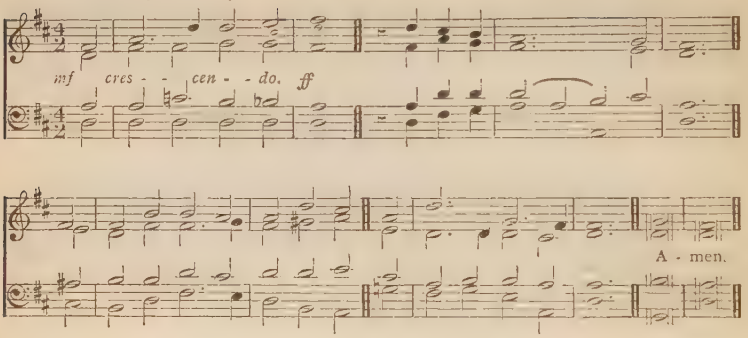
mf 1 MIGHTY Lord! extend Thine empire!
Be the truth with triumph crowned!
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious Gospel's sound,
cr. From our borders,
To the world's remotest bound.

mf 2 By Thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night!
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light,
cr. And the future
Realize our visions bright.

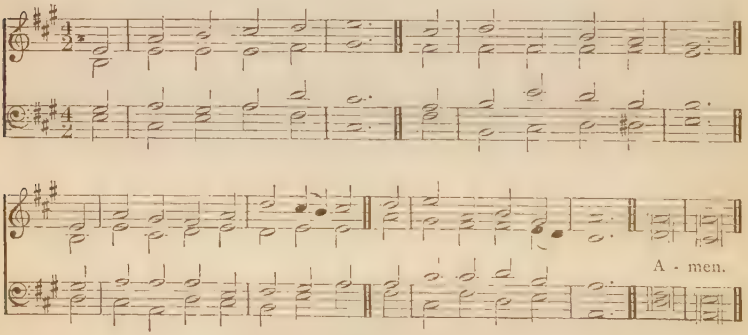
mf 3 Come, too long to earth a stranger,
Once again Thy reign restore!
In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more!
cr. Till the heathen
Shall the Lord supreme adore. Amen.

COTTLE.

WARDLAW (*1st Tune*). S.M. J. BOOTH.



HOLY ROOD (*2nd Tune*). S.M. A. H. BROWN.



See also "St. Michael," No. 195.

256

"*Arise, O God, judge the earth.*"—Ps. lxxxii. 8.

mf 1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of Truth maintain:
cr. And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessèd reign.

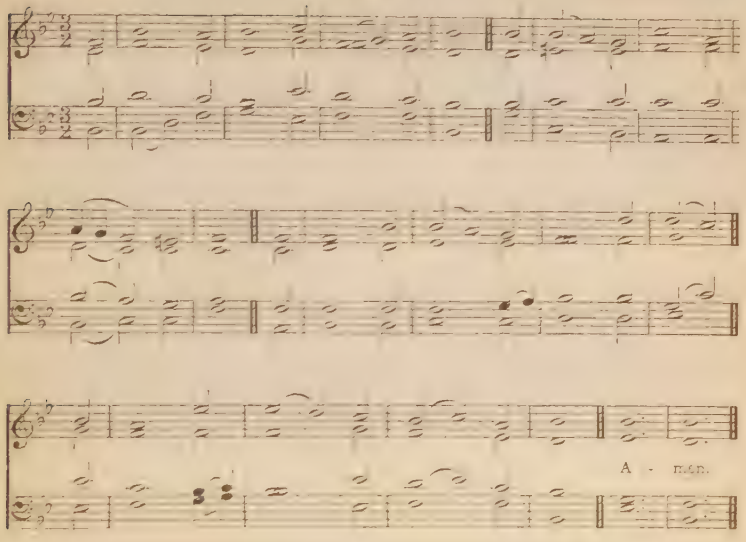
mf 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
cr. Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace!

mp 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
cr. Let light and order spring.

f 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing!
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring! Amen.

R. WARDLAW.

WALTON. L.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



See also "Rockingham," No. 93, and "Winchester New," No. 153.

257

"*I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*"—Joel ii. 28.

mf 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

mf 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
cr. Give power and unction from above
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

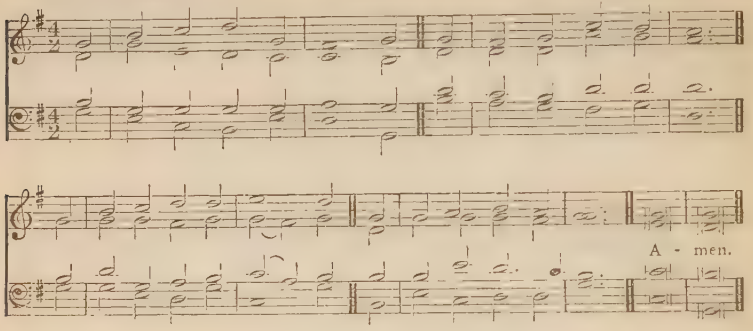
mf 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in Thy path:
cr. Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

mf 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
cr. The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

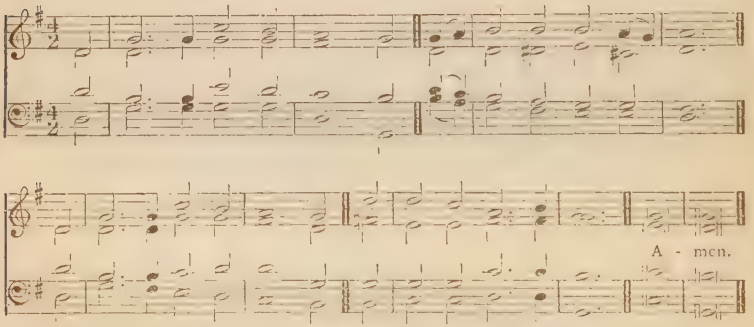
mf 5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see:
cr. So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' Thee. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. ALPHEGE (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



ST. PHILIP (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. Anon.



258 *"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!"*—Ps. xiv. 7.

mf 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
cr. To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

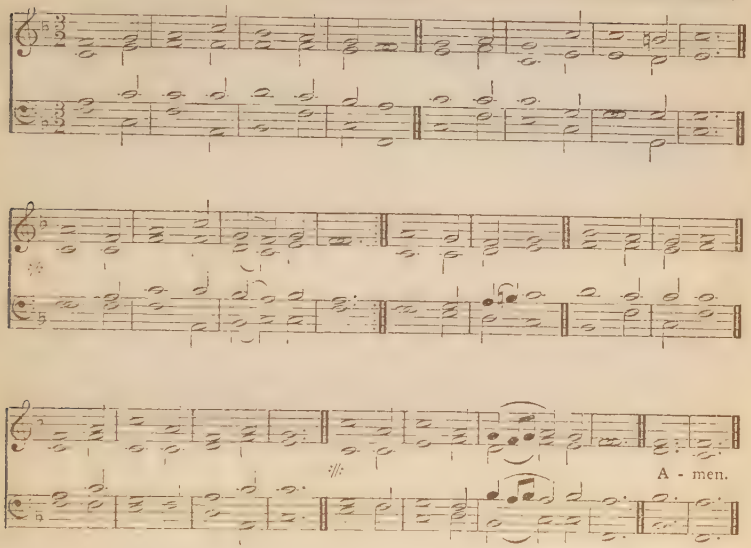
mp 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
cr. Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

mp 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror!
cr. Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

mf 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
f Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

ST. GARMON (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. E. M. PRICE.



259

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come."—Isa. lx. 1.

1.

mf O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
On a glorious day of grace:
f Blessed Jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2.

mf Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
f Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3.

mf Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
cr. Let them have the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
f And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4.

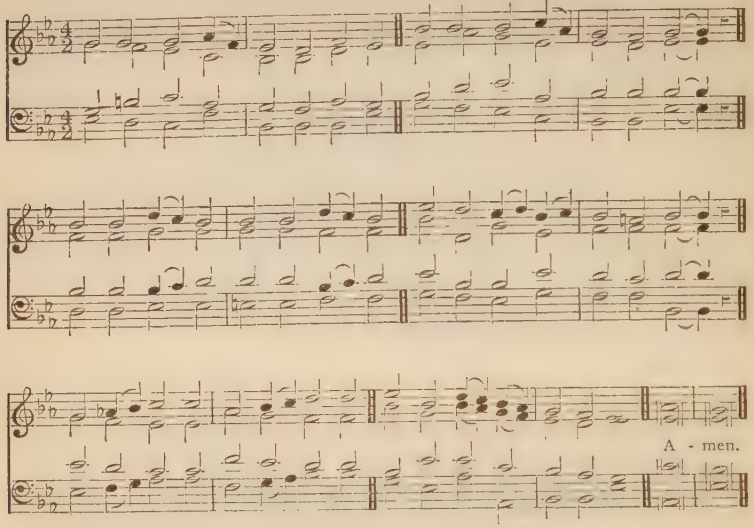
mp Lord, I long to see that morning,
When Thy Gospel shall abound,
And Thy grace get full possession
Of the happy promised ground;
cr. All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5.

f Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May Thy eternal wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
ff May Thy sceptre
Sway th' enlightened world around. Amen.

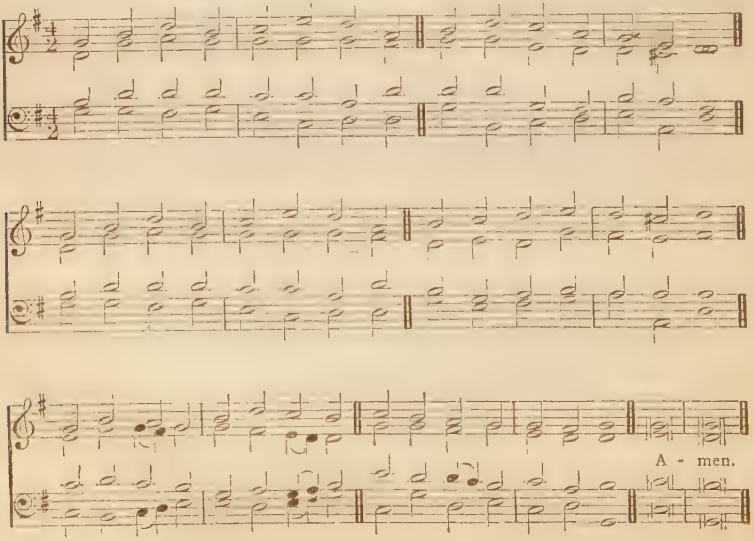
W. WILLIAMS.

REDEMPTION (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. GOUNOD.

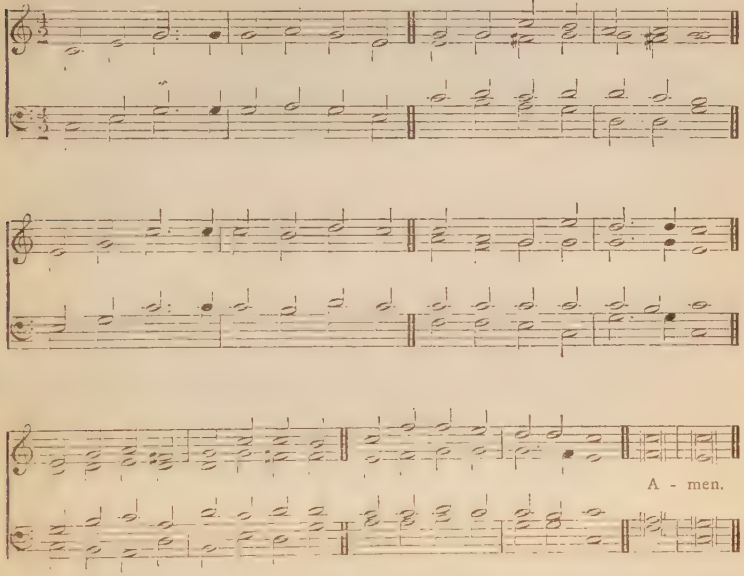


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VERONA (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Italian Melody.



TRIUMPH (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



259

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come."—Isa. lx. 1.

mf 1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
On a glorious day of grace;
f Blessed Jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

mf 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
f Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

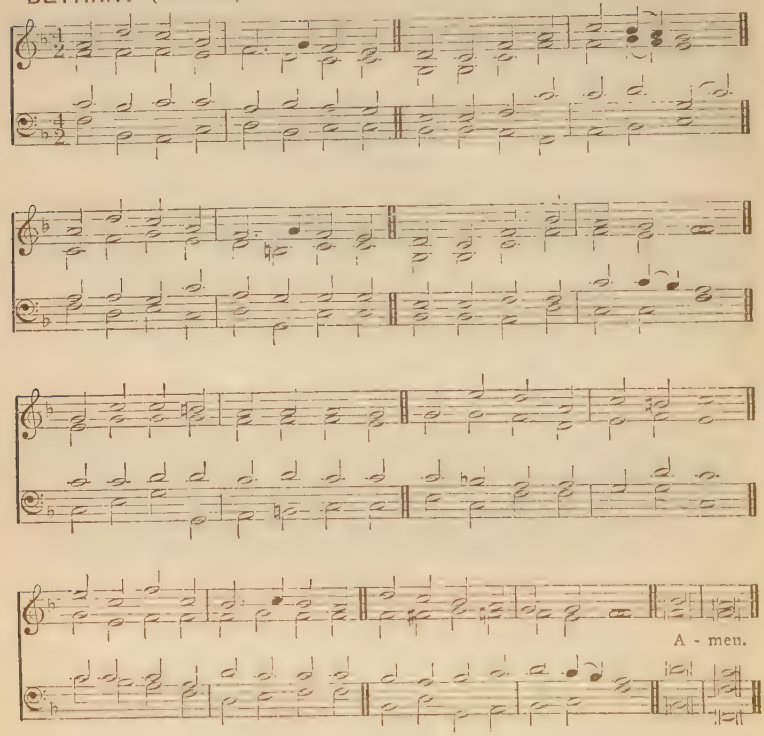
mf 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
cr. Let them have the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
f And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

mp 4 Lord, I long to see that morning,
When Thy Gospel shall abound,
And Thy grace get full possession
Of the happy promised ground;
cr. All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

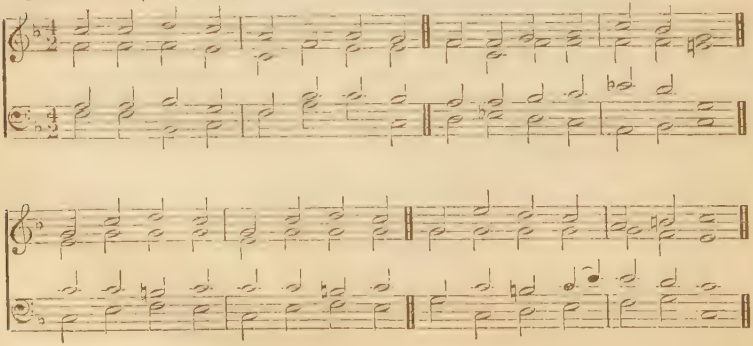
f 5 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May Thy eternal wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
ff May Thy sceptre
Sway th' enlightened world around. Amen.

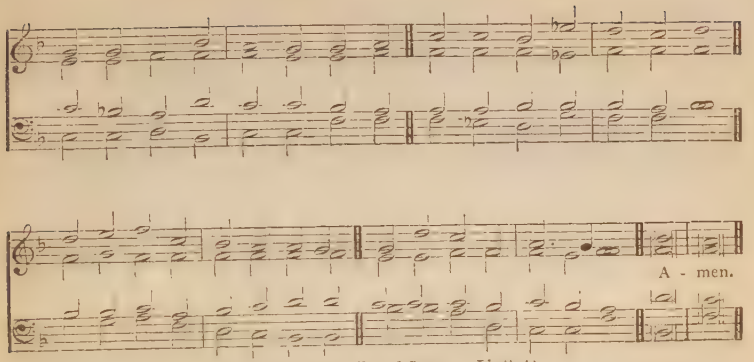
W. WILLIAMS.

BETHANY (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.



CARLTON (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. BARNBY.





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See also "Lux Eoi," No. 265, and "Austria," No. 261.

260

"Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most Mighty."—Ps. xlv. 3.

f 1 ONWARD march, all-conquering Jesus,
Gird Thee on Thy mighty sword!
Sinful earth can ne'er oppose Thee;
Hell itself quails at Thy word.
Thy great Name is so exalted,
Every foe shrinks back in fear;
Terror creeps through all creation,
When it knows that Thou art near.

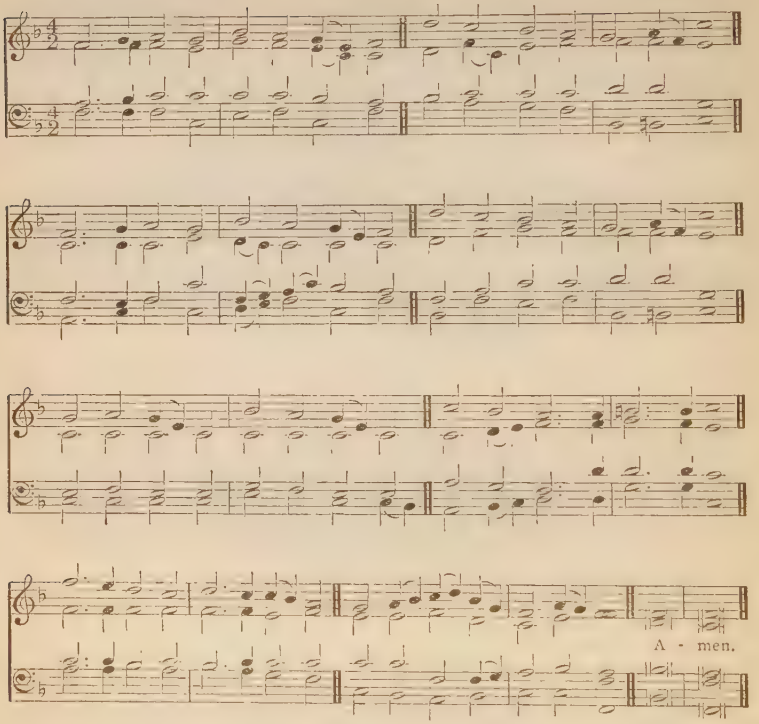
mf 2 Free my soul from sin's foul bondage;
Hasten now the glorious dawn;
cr. Break proud Babel's gates in sunder;
Let the massive bolts be drawn.
f Forth, like ocean's heaving surges,
Bring in myriads ransomed slaves;
Host on host, with shouts of triumph,
Endless, countless as the waves.

mf 3 E'en to-day I hear sweet music,
Praises of a blood-freed throng:
cr. Full deliverance, glorious freedom,
Are their themes for endless song.
mf Whiter than the snow their raiment,
cr. Victor palms they wave on high,
f As they pass with fullest glory
Into life's felicity.

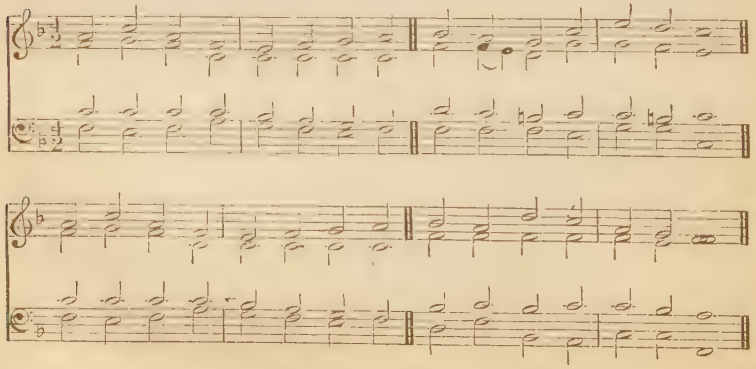
f 4 How my raptured soul rejoices
That the Jubilee is near;
Every word will be accomplished
Spoken by our Saviour here.
North and South, in countless myriads,
From earth's darkest ends they come,
With the dance and gladsome music
Into Heaven's eternal home. Amen.

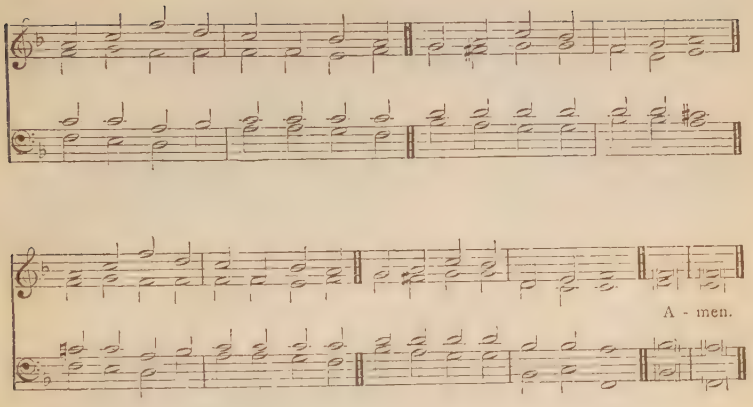
W. WILLIAMS, *tr.* W. HOWELLS, JUNR.

AUSTRIA (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. F. J. HAYDN.



DEERHURST (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. LANGRAN.





261 *"So shall He sprinkle many nations."*—Isa. lii. 15.

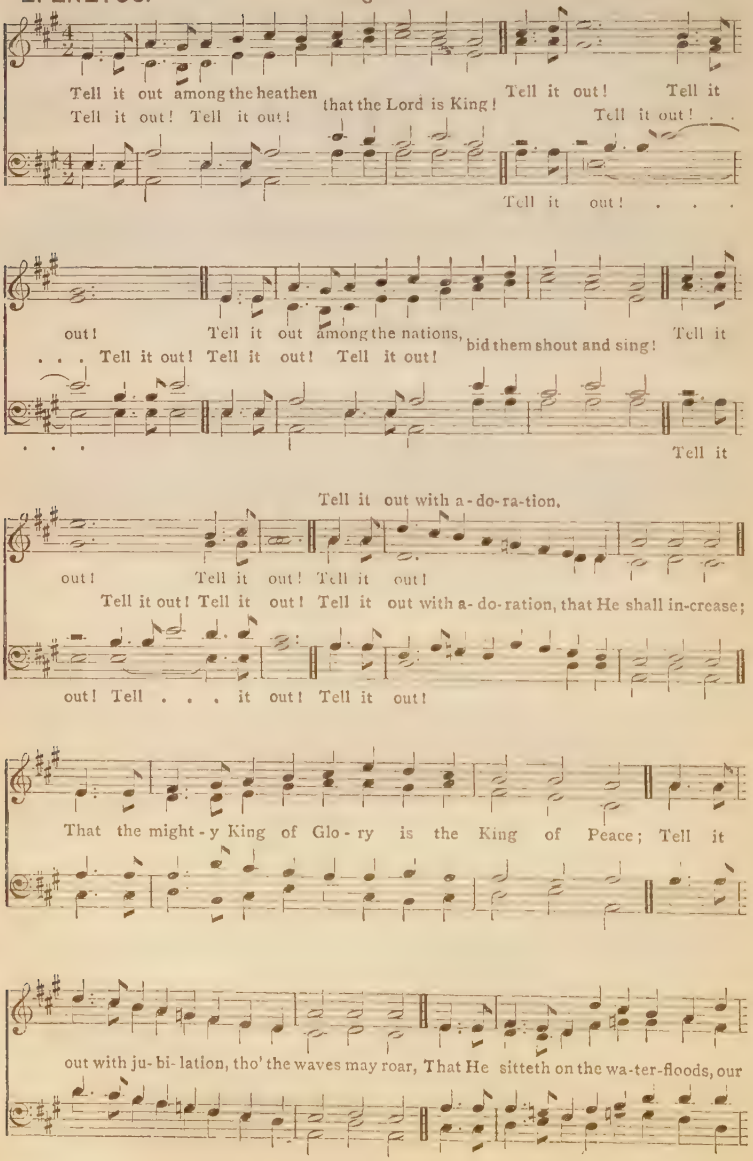
mf 1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

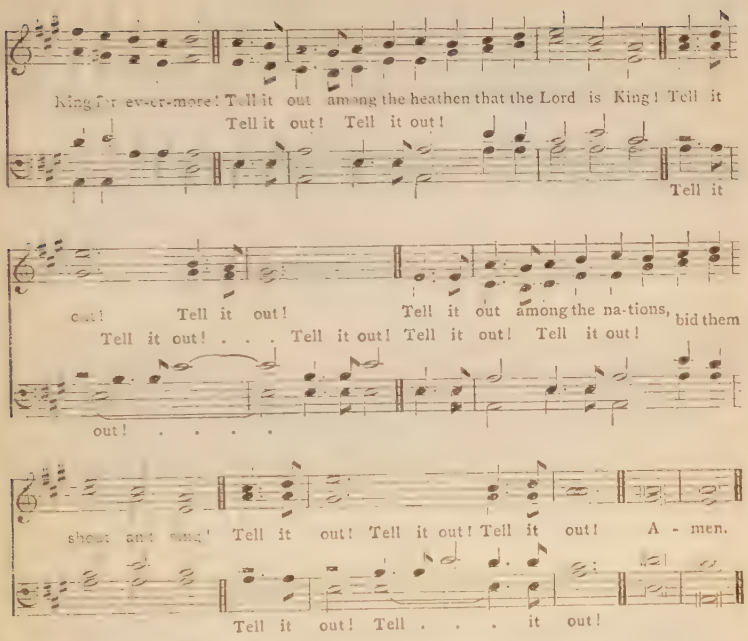
mf 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
p Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
cr. Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
dim. Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

mf 3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
cr. Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

A. C. COXE.

EPENETUS. Irregular. F. R. HAVERGAL.





262

"Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth."—Ps. xcvi. 10.

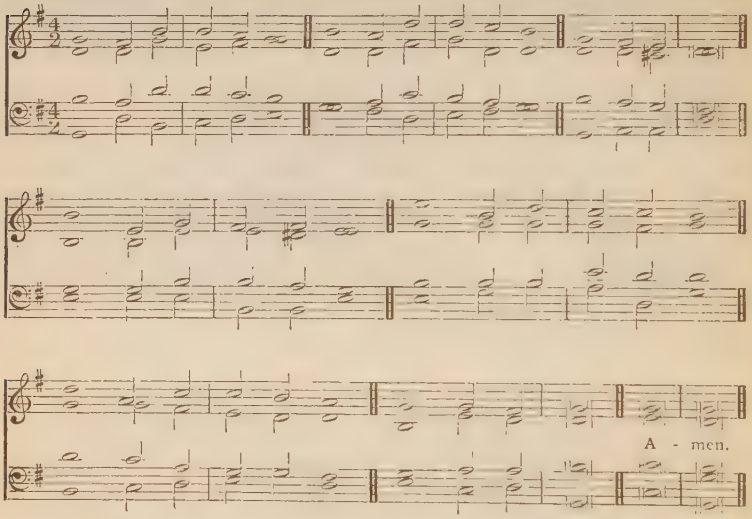
f 1 TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
cr. Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
mf Tell it out with adoration, (*cr.*) tidings that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of Glory (*dim.*) is the King of Peace;
f Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!

f 2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
cr. Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
p Tell it out among the weeping ones (*cr.*) that Jesus lives;
p Tell it out among the weary ones (*cr.*) what rest He gives;
p Tell it out among the sinners (*cr.*) that He came to save;
p Tell it out among the dying (*f*) that He triumphed o'er the grave

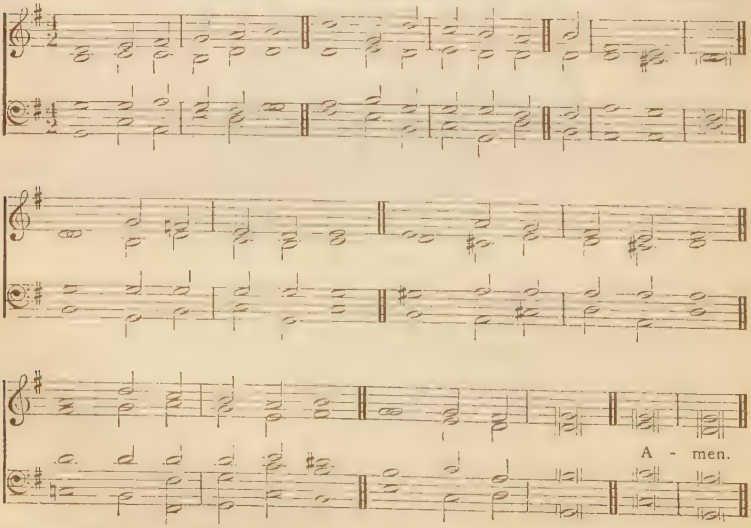
f 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
cr. Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Tell it out across the mountains and the ocean foam!
ff Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

SALEM (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



HUNGARY (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. German.



See also "Mount of Olives," No. 310, and "Malvern," No. 145.

263 "*And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.*"—Gen. i. 3.

f 1 THOU, Whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
cr. And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray;
cr. And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,—
f "Let there be light!"

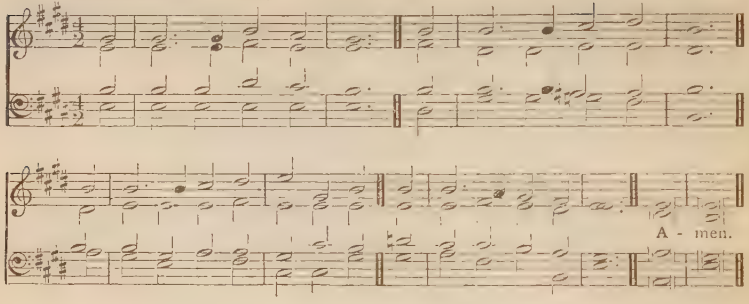
mf 2 Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr. O now, to all mankind,
f "Let there be light!"

mf 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
p Move o'er the waters' face,
cr. Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f "Let there be light!"

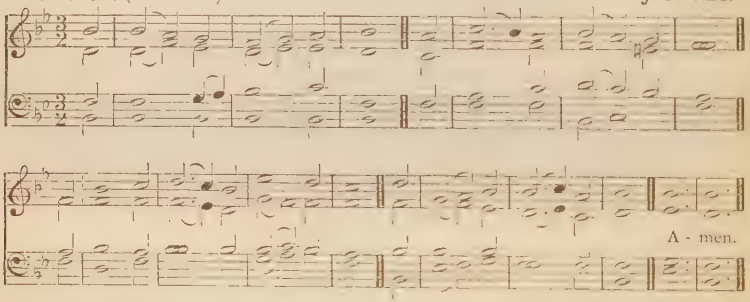
mf 4 Holy and blessèd Three!
Glorious Trinity!
Wisdom! Love! Might!
cr. Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
ff "Let there be light!" Amen.

J. MARRIOTT.

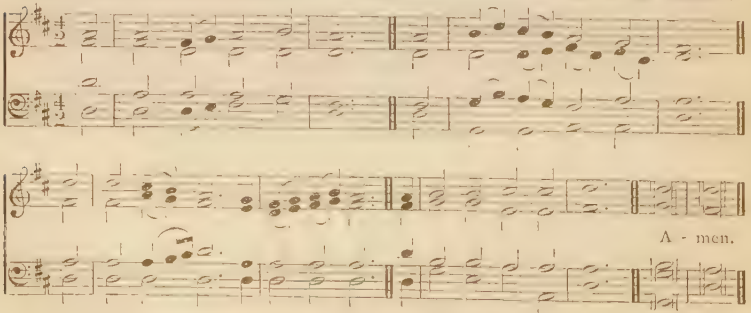
ALDERSGATE (*1st Tune*). S.M. G. P. MERRICK.



AYNHOE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. J. NARES.



SILCHESTER (*3rd Tune*). S.M. C. H. A. MALAN.



See also "Swabia," No. 293, and "Thetford," No. 86.

264

"*God be merciful unto us, and bless us.*"—Ps. lxvii. 1.

mp 1 TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
cr. And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

mf 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
cr. While distant lands their tribute pay
And Thy salvation own.

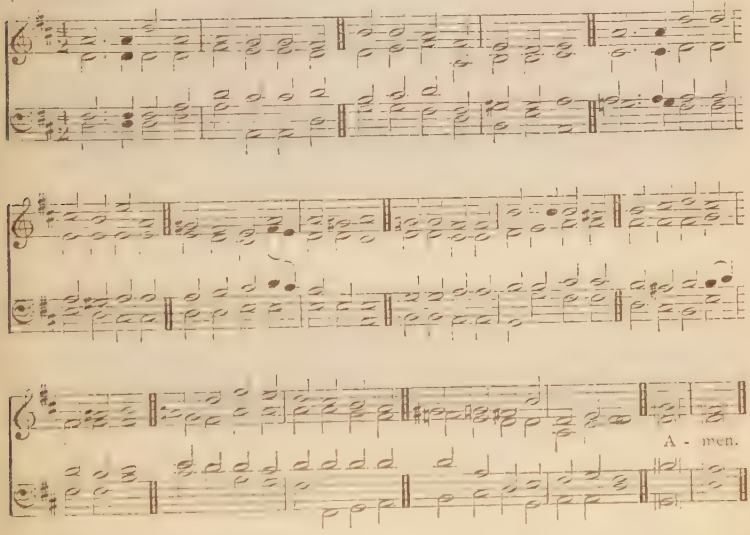
mf 3 Let differing nations join,
Their Saviour to proclaim;
cr. Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

f 4 Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

mf 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
cr. And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power. Amen.

N. TATE and N. BRADY.

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7. D. A. SULLIVAN.



265

"*The Lord shall reign for ever, even Thy God, O Zion.*"—Ps. cxlvi. 10.

f 1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway:
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day.

mp What though none on earth assist Him?
cr. God requires not help from man;
What though all the world resist Him?
f God will realize His plan.

mf 2 Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

f See the ancient idols falling!
Worshipped once, but now abhorred;
Men on Zion's King are calling—
Zion's King by all adored.

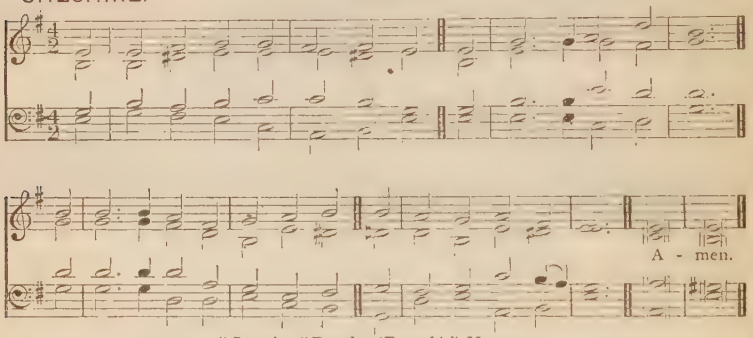
mf 3 Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning, seek the Lord their God,
mp Look on Him Whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.
cr. Then all Israel shall be savèd,
War and tumult then shall cease,
f While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.
Amen.

T. KELLY.

VII.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1.—*ITS BEGINNINGS: REPENTANCE.*

CHESHIRE. C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



"See also "Dundee (French)," No. 214.

266

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord."—Hos. vi. 1.

mf 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

f 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
mp And though His arm be strong to smite,
cr. 'Tis also strong to save.

p 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
cr. The dawn shall bring us light;
f God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

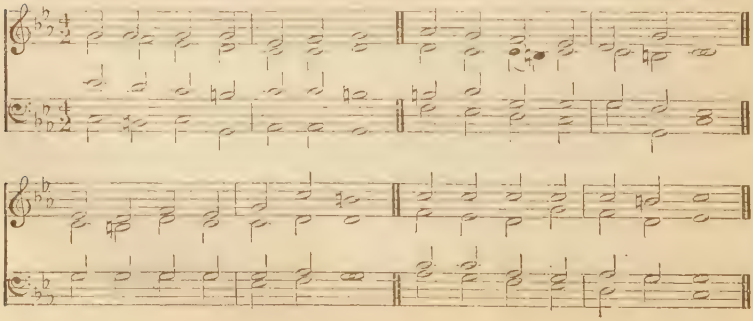
mf 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
cr. His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

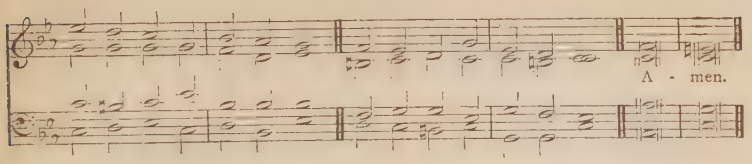
mp 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
cr. As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

mf 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

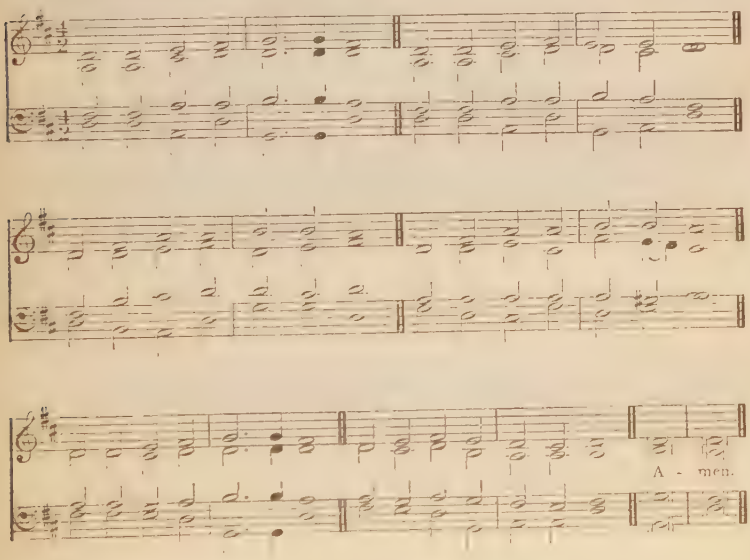
J. MORRISON.

CRAIG YR OESOEDD (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. RICHARDS (Isalaw).





NORWOOD (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. R. REDHEAD.



267

"*A Friend of publicans and sinners.*"—Matt. xi. 19.

mp 1 FRIEND of sinners! hear my cry,
Cast on me Thy pitying eye;
Groaning 'neath a load of sin,
Foes without, and fears within;
cr. Friend of sinners! hear my cry,
dim. Pardon, cleanse me, ere I die.

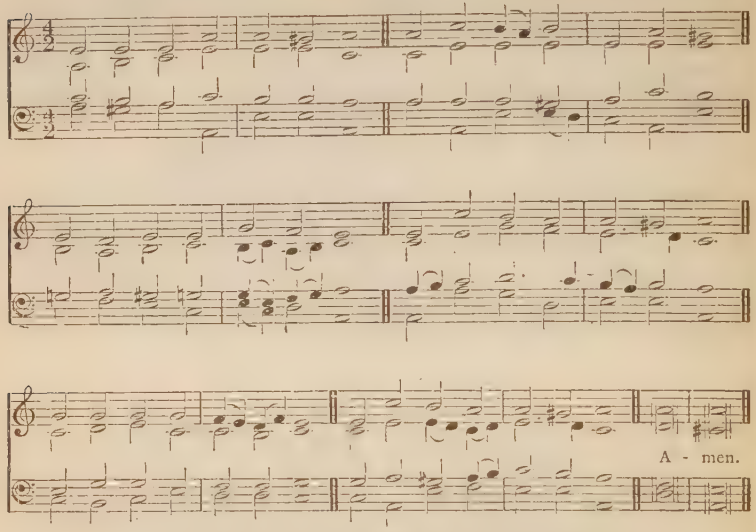
mf 2 Friend indeed Thou art to me,
p Yet how cold my love to Thee!
Shunning oft Thy kind embrace;
Slighting oft Thy Spirit's grace;
cr. Friend of sinners! hear my cry,
dim. Warm my heart before I die.

mf 3 Send me succour from above,
Fill me with constraining love;
All my sinful passions quell,
By Thy Spirit in me dwell;
cr. Friend of sinners! hear my cry,
dim. Fully save me, ere I die.

mf 4 'Neath Thy shadow let me hide,
Happy ever at Thy side;
cr. Faithful to the end of life,
Victor in the closing strife.
f Sinners' Friend! O be Thou nigh,
dim. Save, receive me, when I die. Amen.

N. HALL.

GETHSEMANE (TYE). 7·7·7·7·7·7. Harm. by W. H. MONK.



See also "Norwood," No. 267, and "Wells," No. 232.

268 *"For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great."*—Ps. xxv. 11.

mp 1 GOD, my Father, hear me pray,
Wash my crimson guilt away;
p Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
cr. Hear me for Thy blessèd Son;
p Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
cr. But eternal love is Thine.

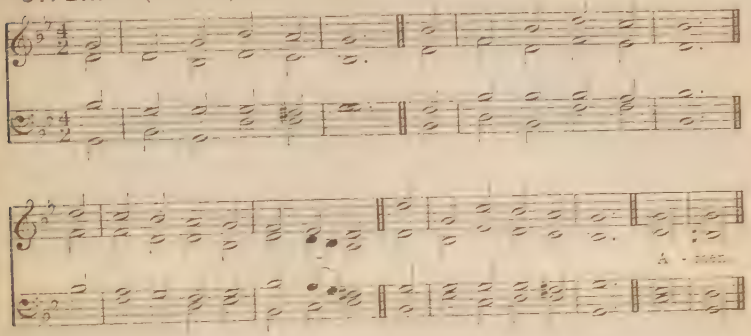
mp 2 God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease;
p Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
cr. But eternal love is Thine.

mf 3 God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might;
Make Thy dwelling in my heart;
Faith and joy and hope impart;
p Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
cr. But eternal love is Thine.

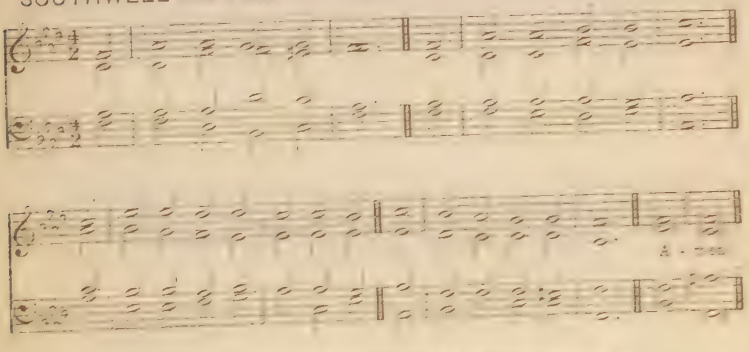
mf 4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
mp Hear, O hear my earnest prayer!
And my soul for heaven prepare!
p Lord, unnumber'd sins are mine,
cr. But eternal love is Thine. Amen.

J. HOLME.

ST. BRIDE (*1st Tune*). S.M. S. HOWARD.



SOUTHWELL (*2nd Tune*). S.M. DENHAM'S Psalter.



269

mp 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

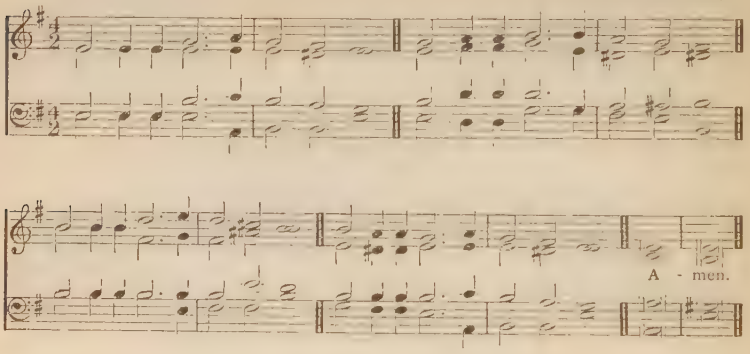
p 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

mp 3 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

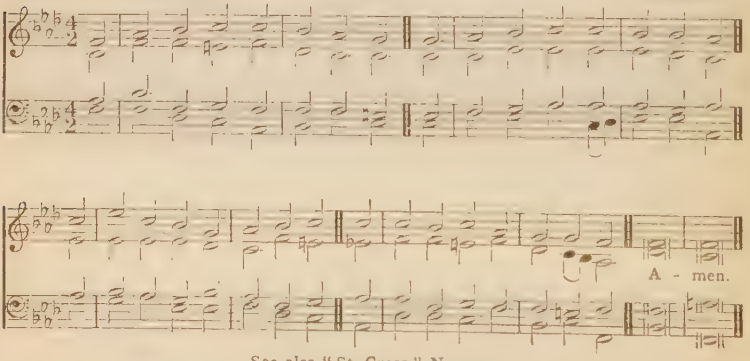
mf 4 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. Amen.

N. TATE and N. BRADY.

LLEF (*1st Tune*). L.M. G. JONES (Gutyn Arfon).



BABILON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. CAMPIAN.



See also "St. Cross," No. 230.

270

"*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"—Luke xviii. 13.

mp 1 HEAR, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
cr. My hope, my only hope's in Thee,
p O God, be merciful to me!

mp 2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door,
Indeed I've nowhere else to flee:
p O God, be merciful to me!

mp 3 To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
cr. From fear and weakness set me free;
p O God, be merciful to me!

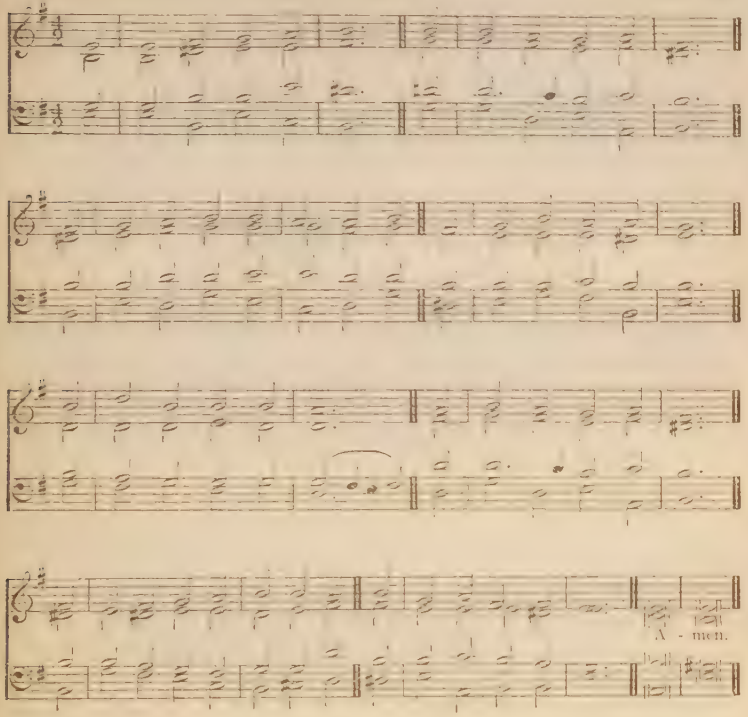
mp 4 To Thee I come, a sinner vile,
cr. Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile;
Mercy alone I make my plea:
p O God, be merciful to me!

mp 5 To Thee I come, a sinner great
And well Thou knowest all my state;
cr. Yet full forgiveness is with Thee;
p O God, be merciful to me!

mp 6 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
cr. But where Thou art, Lord, I would be;
dim. O God, be merciful to me! Amen.

S MEDLEY.

ST. BARNABAS (1st *Tune*). S.M. D. J. H. SCHEIN.



271

"*And when He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing.*"—Luke xv. 5.

mp 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

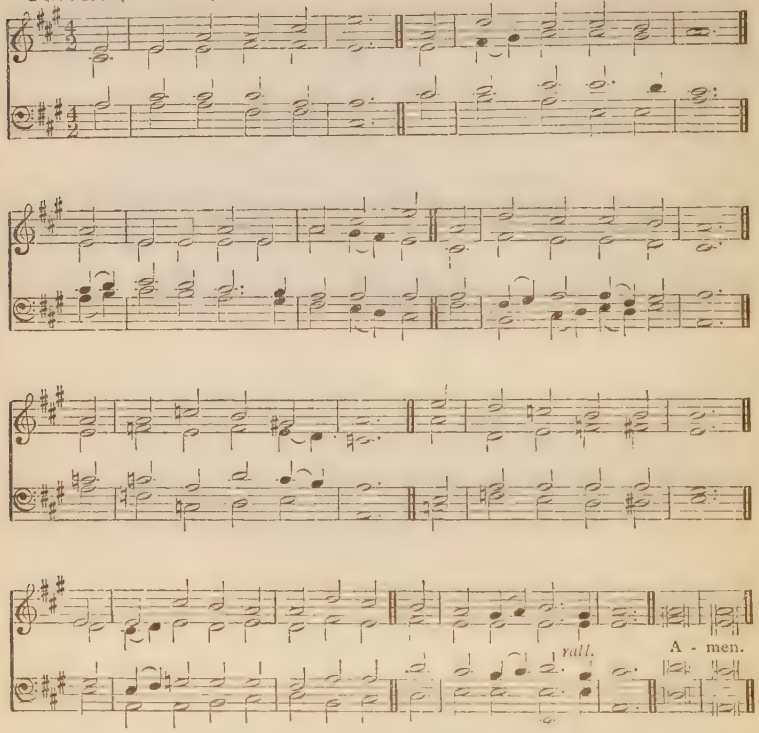
mf 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child:
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
p They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
cr. They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

f 3 Jesus my shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
Dim. That found the wandering sheep;
cr. 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

mp 4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
cr. But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
mp I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
f But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home! Amen.

H. BONAR.

OLIVET (*2nd Tune*). S.M. D. J. B. DYKES.



271

"*And when He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing.*"—Luke xv. 5.

mp 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

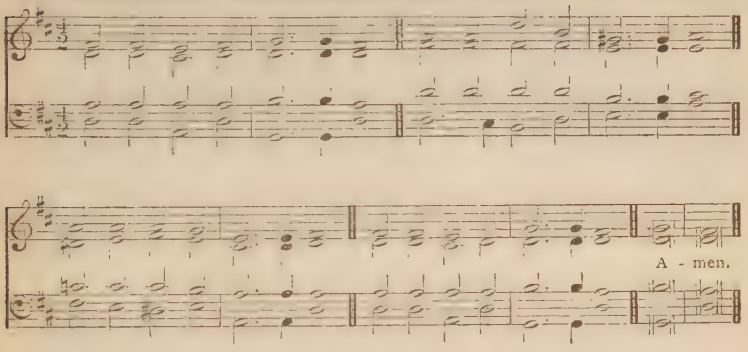
mf 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child:
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
p They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
cr. They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

f 3 Jesus my shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
dim. That found the wandering sheep;
cr. 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

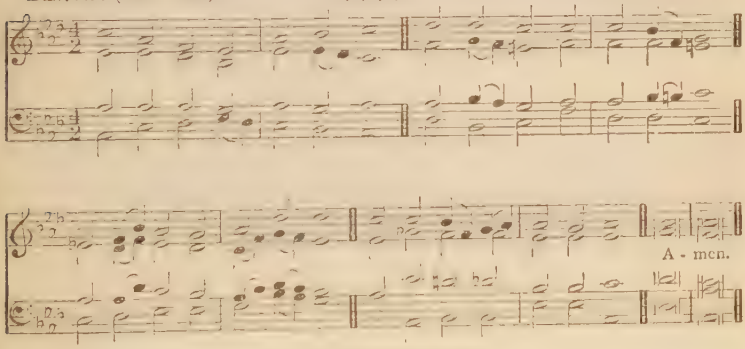
mp 4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
cr. But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
mp I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
f But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home! Amen.

H. BONAR.

CAPERNAUM (ST. DUNSTAN) (*1st Tune*). 7·7 7·7. R. REDHEAD.



ELIJAH (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. F. MENDELSSOHN.



See also "Heinlein," No 282.

272

"Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."—Ps. li. 12.

p 1 JESUS, all our guilt we lay,
Deeply sorrowing, at Thy feet;
Wipe our bitter tears away,
cr. Cheer us with Thy pardon sweet.

mp 2 Thou alone our burden sore,
Pitying Saviour, canst remove;
While Thy suppliants and implore,
Bend on them Thy look of love.

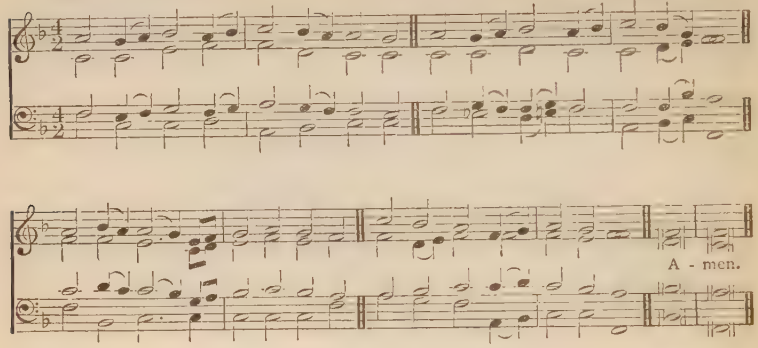
p 3 Kneeling low, we would abide
Where that pure and precious stream
Floweth from Thy wounded side,
All our trespass to redeem.

mp 4 Lamb of God, Who, without spot,
Bled for our iniquity:
From Thy mercy cast us not,
Outcasts though we well might be.

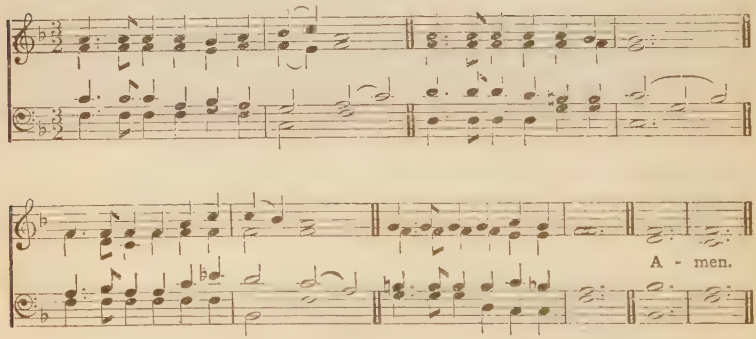
mp 5 Plead for us, Oh, plead on still!
Grant that penitential love
These our broken hearts may fill,
cr. Cleansing them for joys above. Amen.

C. SELLON.

LAUSANNE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. H. A. MALAN.



ST. SYLVESTER (*2nd Tune.*) 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.



273

"*Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*"—Mark x. 47.

mf 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry:
cr. Let me know Thy great salvation,
dim. Or in dark despair I die.

mp 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief;
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
cr. Send, O send me quick relief.

mf 3 Whither should my soul be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

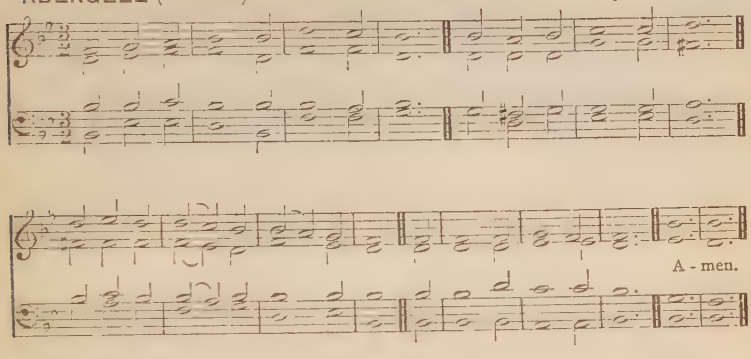
p 4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursèd tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That Thou suffer'dst thus for me.

mf 5 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me,
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
cr. Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in Thee I put my trust.

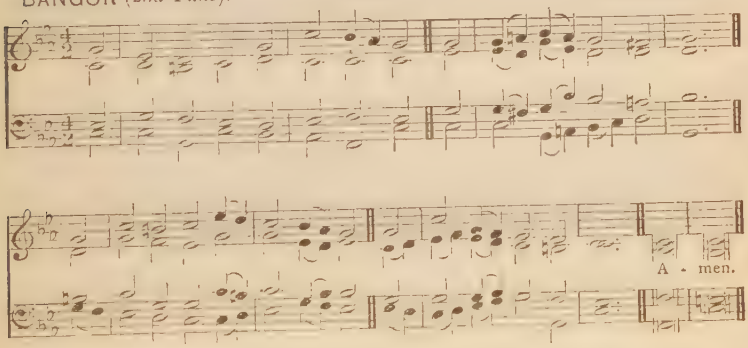
mf 6 On the word Thy blood hath sealèd,
Hangs my everlasting all,
cr. Let Thine arm be now revealèd;
dim. Stay, O stay me, lest I fall. Amen.

D. TURNER.

ABERGELE (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD.



BANGOR (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Welsh Melody.



274

"According to Thy mercy, remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord."—Ps. xxv. 7.

mf 1 JESUS! Thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to Thee:
cr. Now in the fulness of Thy love,
p O Lord! remember me.

mf 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
p Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
O Lord! remember me.

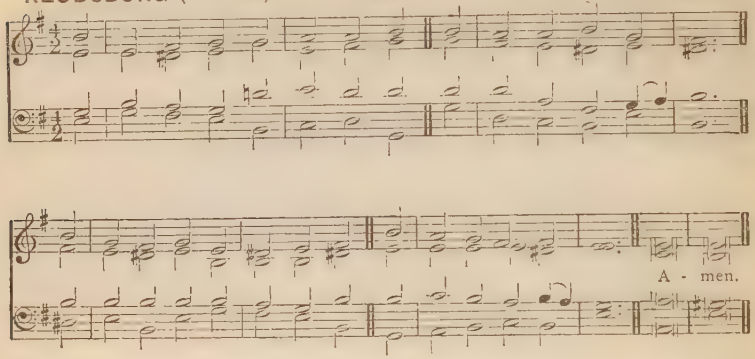
mf 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
p O Lord! remember me.

p 4 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile,
cr. But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
p O Lord! remember me.

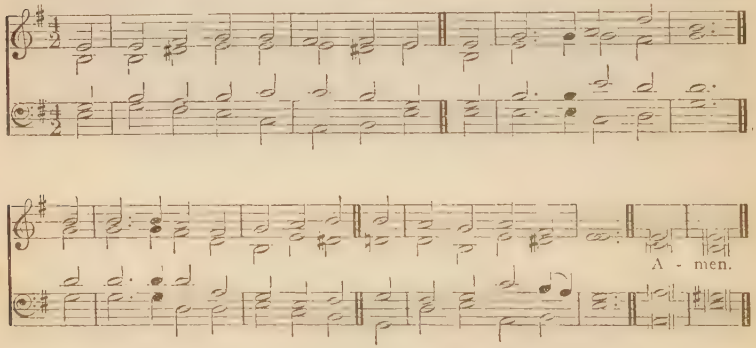
p 5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
cr. Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me. Amen.

R. BURNHAM.

REUDSBURG (*1st Tune*). C.M. A. KRUGER.



CHESHIRE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



275

"*Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever.*"—Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

mf 1 MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus! Redeemer! show Thy face
dim. In mercy, or I die.

mf 2 Save me, for none beside can save;
dim. At Thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave;
The wave goes o'er my head.

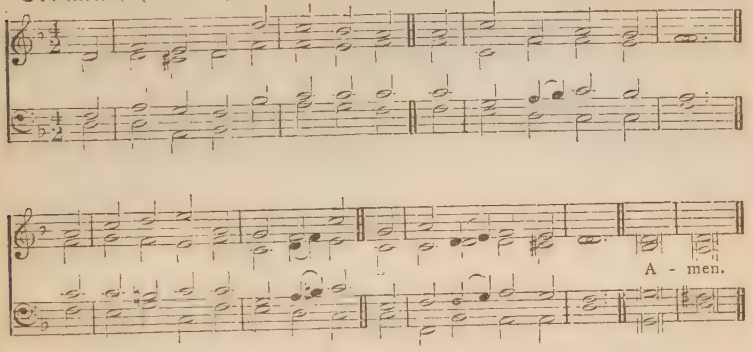
p 3 I perish, and my doom were just,
cr. But wilt Thou leave me? No:
f I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust,
I will not let Thee go.

f 4 Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on Thy hands,
p And graven on Thy side!

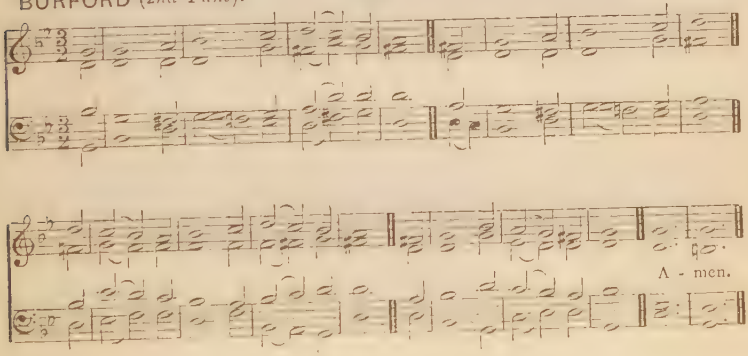
f 5 To this, this only, will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
Thy word is truth, and I believe;
p Have mercy, Lord, on me! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. MARY (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. BLOW.



BURFORD (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



276

"*Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications.*"—Ps. cxliii. 1.

p 1 OH Lord, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

mf 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin:
mp O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

p 3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell
What we have done; and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

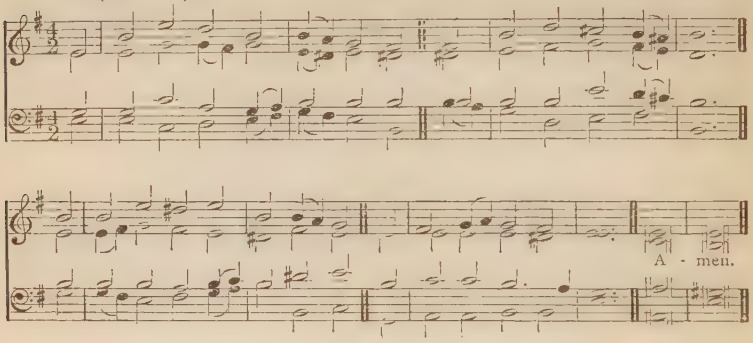
mp 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

mf 5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

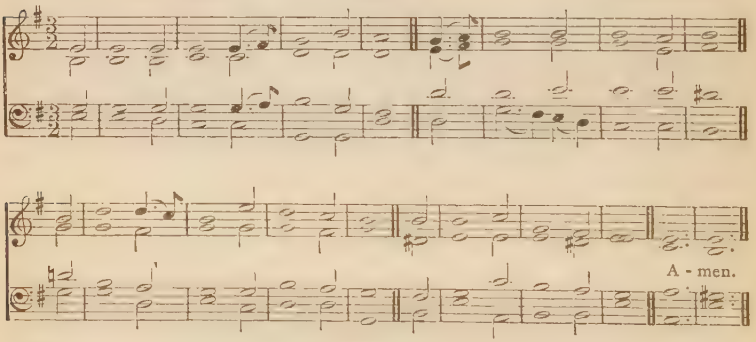
mf 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come! Amen.

Variation by R. HEBER, from J. MARCKANT

DINAS (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. DAVIES.



LUDWIG (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



277

"*Lord (Jesus, R.V.) remember me.*"—Luke xxiii. 42.

mf 1 O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee:
p In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

p 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
cr. My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me!

p 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
cr. Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!

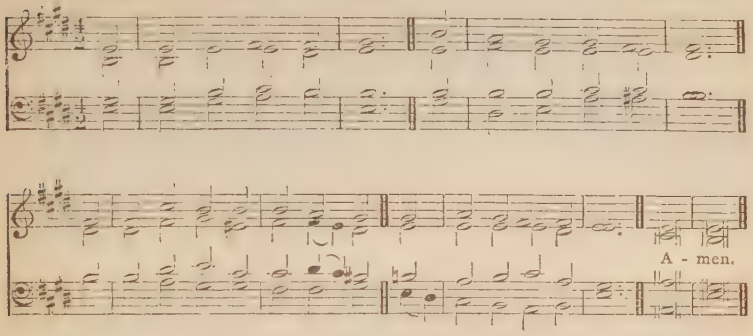
p 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body be,
cr. Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
p Hear, and remember me!

p 5 If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be;
f All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

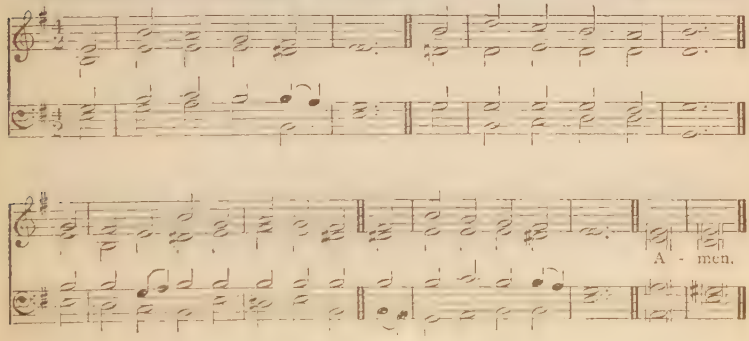
pp 6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I own Thy just decree,
"Saviour," with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me!"
Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

THETFORD (*1st Tune*). S.M. F. C. ATKINSON.



WIRKSWORTH (*2nd Tune*). S.M. M. GREEN.



See also "St. Bride," No. 286.

278

"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."—Isa. xxxviii. 14.

p 1 OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
cr. But I will not despair.

p 2 With this polluted heart
cr. I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
mf For Thou wilt pardon me.

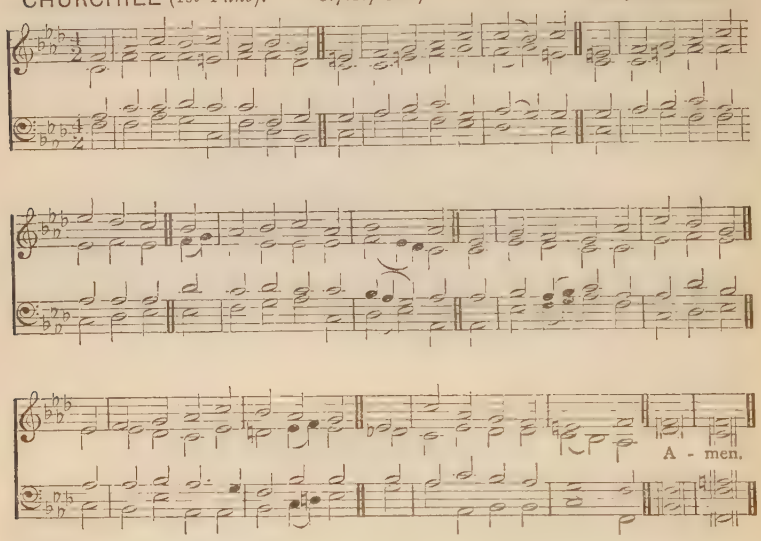
p 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
cr. But Thou Who giv.st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

mf 4 I need not fear my foes;
I need not yield to care:
I need not sink beneath my woes,
cr. For Thou wilt answer prayer.

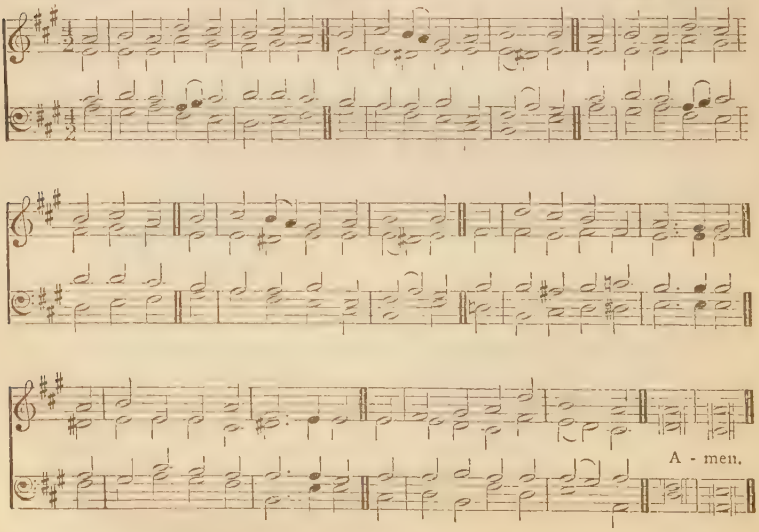
mf 5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
p And, all unworthy as I am,
cr. My God will cherish me. Amen.

A. BRONTE.

CHURCHILL (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



MAITLAND (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. A. E. TOZER.



See also "Attolle Paulum," No. 52, and "Luther," No. 110.

279

"*Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.*"—Ps. cxxx. 1.

mp 1 OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing!
dim. On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
p Or who can stand before Thee?

mf 2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
mp Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
p And humbly trust Thy mercy.

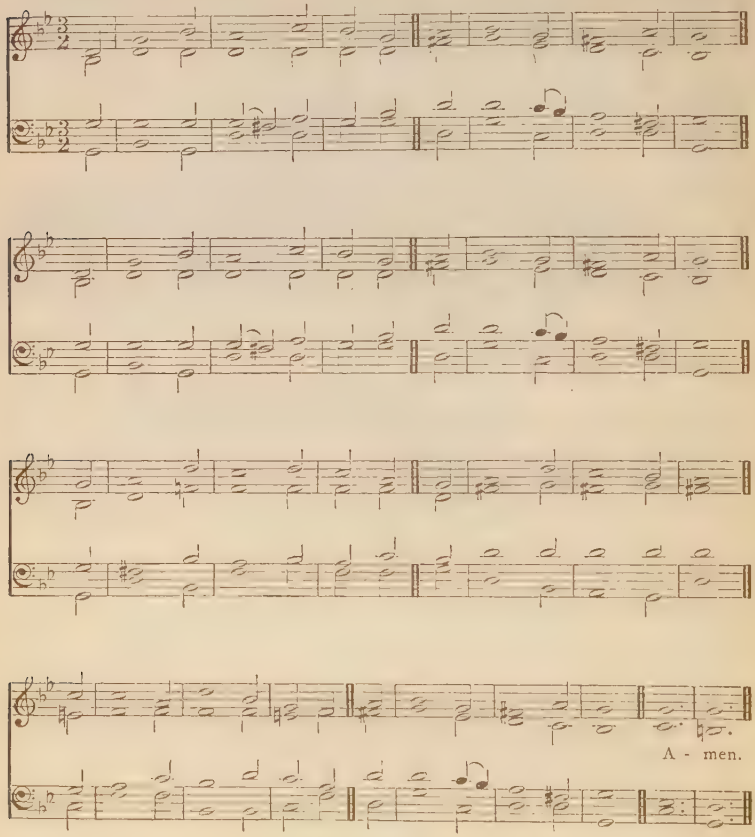
mf 3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation:
cr. Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
f Thy Word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

mp 4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
cr. I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
mf So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
cr. And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

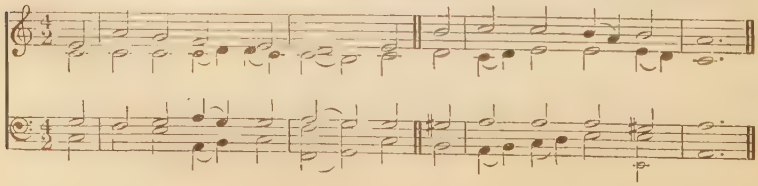
mp 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
mf By grace they are exceeded;
cr. Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed:
f Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression. Amen.

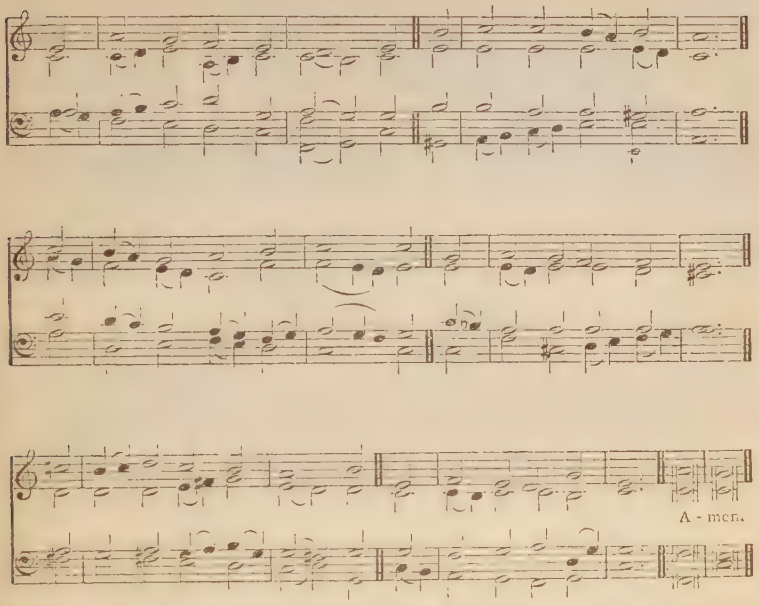
M. LUTHER, *tr.* NEW CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.

LLYDAW (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Breton Melody.



MANNHEIM (PASSION CHORALE) (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. L. HASSLER.





See also "St. Christopher," No. 424.

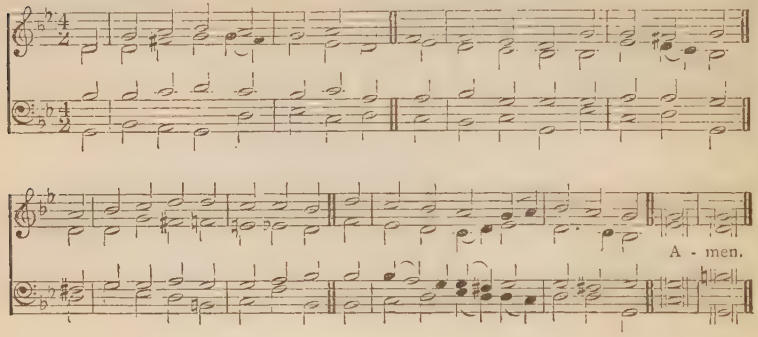
280 *"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us."*
—Ps. lxvii. 1.

mp 1 SEE, Lord, a needy sinner
Stand knocking at Thy door,
cr. For grace is ever treasured
In Thee a boundless store;
p The sins already pardoned
No mind but Thine can count;
f But, Lord, Thine ancient mercy
Is still a flowing fount.

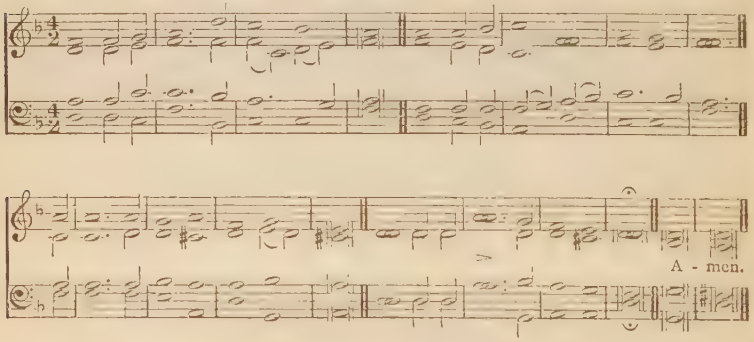
mf 2 Disperse the clouds concealing
My Father's house from view,
cr. And of the great salvation
Give daily visions new;
p And to my wounded spirit
cr. Speak Thou a healing word,
f Of full and free forgiveness,
Through Jesus Christ my Lord. Amen.

M. RHYS, *tr.* W. HOWELLS.

NEUMARK (LEIPSIC) (*1st Tune*). L.M. G. C. NEUMARK.



GOLGOTHA (ST. CROSS) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



281

"*Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness.*"—Ps. li. 1.

p 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
cr. Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

mp 2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
cr. The power and glory of Thy grace:
f Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
dim. So let Thy pardoning love be found.

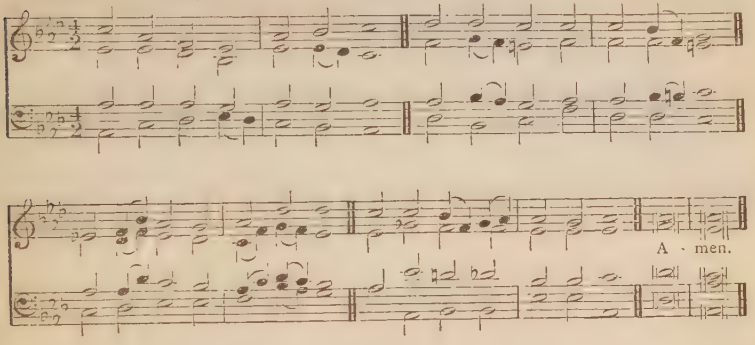
p 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

p 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

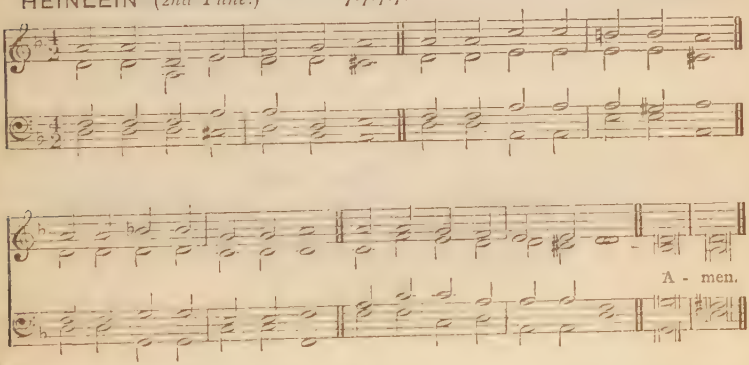
mp 5 Oh, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
cr. Would light on some sweet promise there,
f Some sure support against despair. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ELIJAH (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. F. MENDELSSOHN.



HEINLEIN (*2nd Tune.*) 7·7·7·7· P. HEINLEIN.



282

"*Be merciful unto me, O God.*"—Ps. lvii. 1.
"*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"—Luke xviii. 13.

mp 1 SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest,
p "God, be merciful to me!"

mp 2 Holiness, I've none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
p "God, be merciful to me!"

p 3 Broken heart and downcast eye;
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
cr. Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
p "God, be merciful to me!"

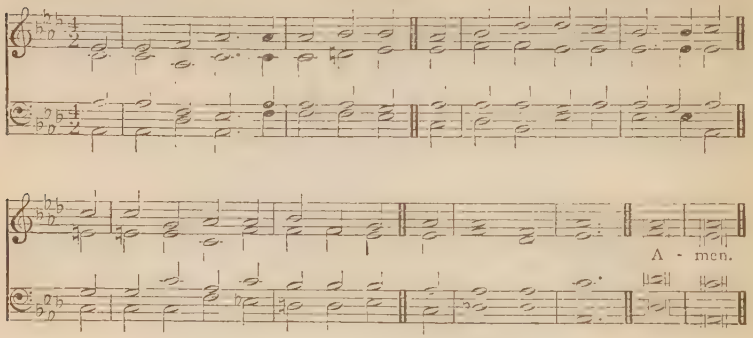
mp 4 From this sinful heart of mine
cr. To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine;
p "God, be merciful to me!"

mf 5 There is One beside Thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
cr. Are in Him, and Him alone:
p "God, be merciful to me!"

mf 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
f He's my all, and for His sake,
p "God, be merciful to me!" Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

RISEHOLME. 8.8.8.4. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



283

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."—Ps. li. 17.

mp 1 THERE is a holy sacrifice
cr. Which God in heaven will not despise;
mf Nay more, Jehovah deigns to prize
p The contrite heart.

mf 2 That "high and lofty One," Whose praise
Inspires the rapt archangels' lays,
With favourable eye surveys
p The contrite heart.

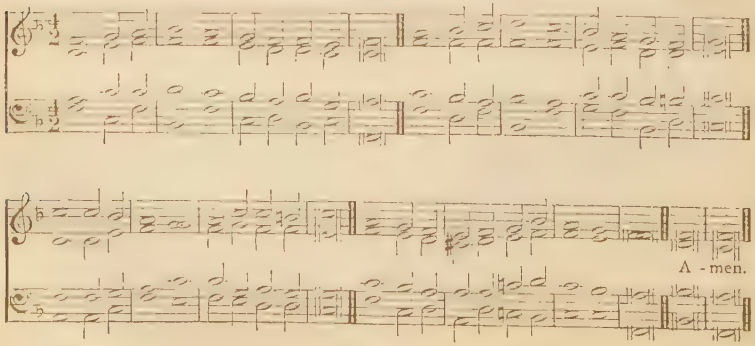
mf 3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His presence there will shed abroad,
And consecrate, as His abode,
p The contrite heart.

mp 4 The blessèd Spirit, from on high,
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
cr. And heal and cheer and purify
p The contrite heart.

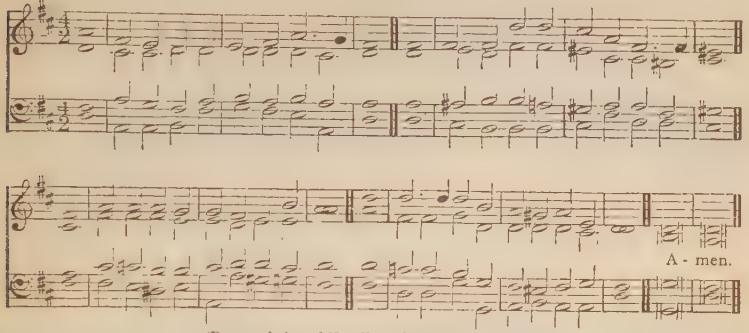
mp 5 Saviour! I make my prayer to Thee;
Such as Thou lovest I would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
p A contrite heart! Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

NAVARRE (TOULON) (*1st Tune*). 10.10.10.10. C. GOUDIMEL.



DALKEITH (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.10.10. T. HEWLETT.



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284

"*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.*"—1 John i. 9.

mp 1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in:
But there no evil thing may find a home;
cr. And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land—
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr. Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

mp 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day:
cr. Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

mf 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

mf 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
cr. And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

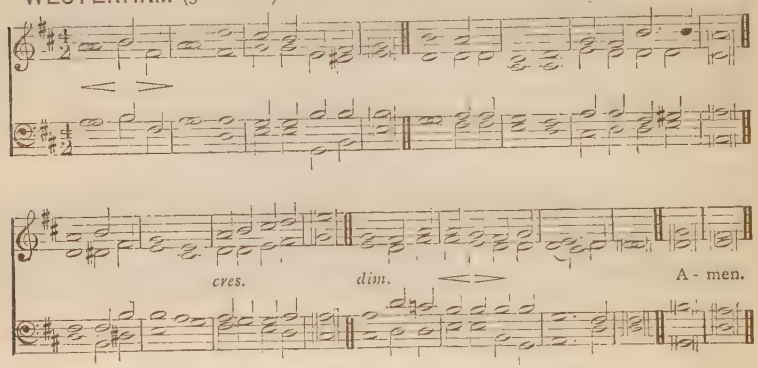
mp 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
cr. That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

mf 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
cr. Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
p Thine the sharp thorns, (*cr.*) and mine the golden crown;
f Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down.

mp 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe:
cr. Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
f Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love! Amen.

S. J. STONE.

WESTERHAM (*3rd Tune*). 10.10.10.10. W. C. FILBY.



284

"*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.*"—1 John i. 9.

mp 1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in:
But there no evil thing may find a home;
cr. And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

p 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land—
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
cr. Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

mp 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
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And His the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

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And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
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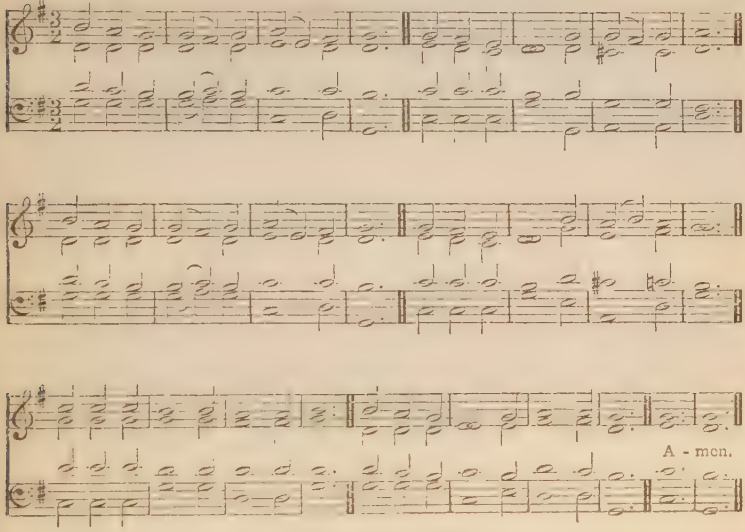
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f Mine the life won, (*p*) and Thine the life laid down.

mp 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe:
cr. Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
f Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love! Amen.

S. J. STONE.

ST. CATHERINE (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. G. WALTON.



See also "St. Chrysostom," No. 168.

285

"*I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.*"—Hos. xiv. 4.

mp 1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
cr. I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

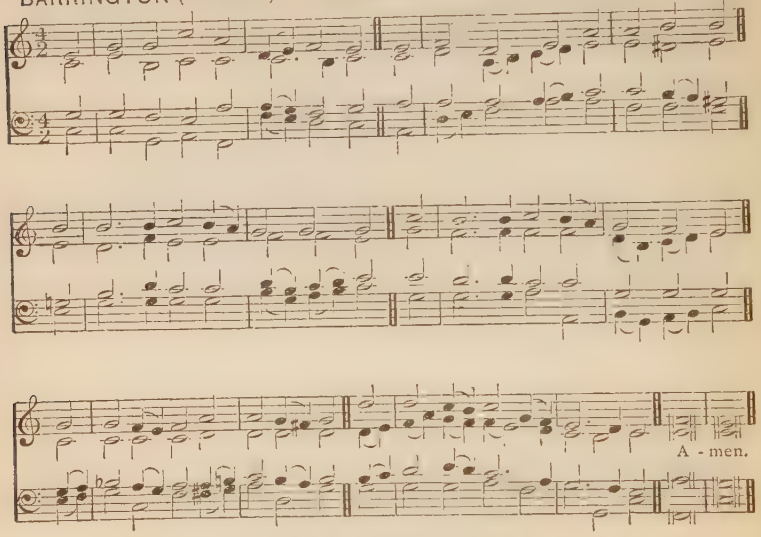
mf 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

mf 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
mp Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
p The ruins of my soul repair,
cr. And make my heart a house of prayer.

mp 4 Oh! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

BARRINGTON (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



See also "St. Chrysostom," No. 168.

285

"*I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.*"—Hos. xiv. 4

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I hear, and bow me to the rod;
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cr. I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

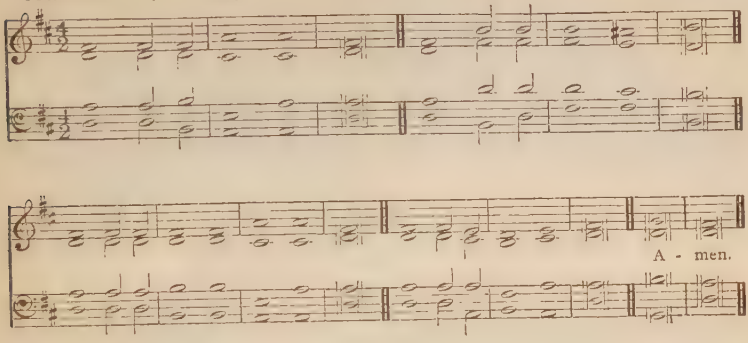
mf 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

mf 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back
My fallen spirit to restore;
mp Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
p The ruins of my soul repair,
cr. And make my heart a house of prayer.

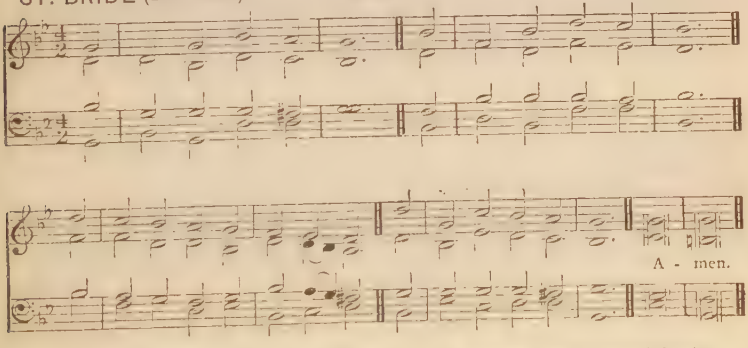
mp 4 Oh! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

SHAWMUT (*1st Tune*). S.M. L. MASON.



ST. BRIDE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. S. HOWARD.



286 *"From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."*—Ps. lxi. 2.

p 1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
cr. To heaven I lift mine eyes.

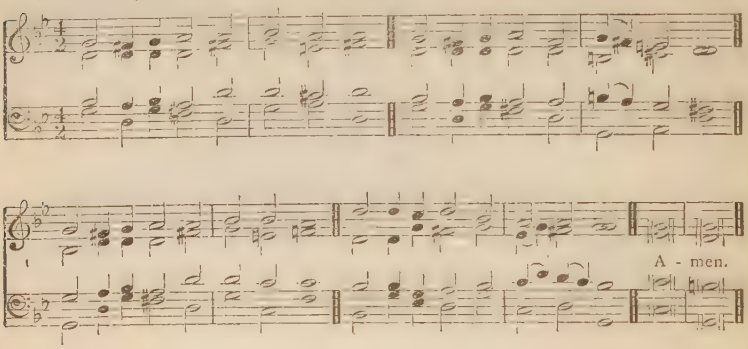
mp 2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
cr. And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

mp 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
cr. Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

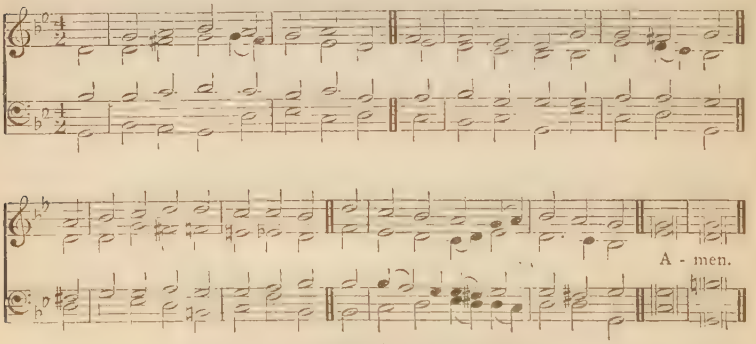
mf 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy Name:
cr. If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. GOAR (*1st Tune*). L.M. Anon.



NEUMARK (LEIPSIC) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. G. C. NEUMARK.



See also "Golgotha" (St. Cross), No. 281.

287

"*God be merciful to me a sinner.*"—Luke xviii. 13.

p 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
cr. Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,
p O God, be merciful to me.

p 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
cr. Christ and His Cross my only plea,
p O God, be merciful to me.

p 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

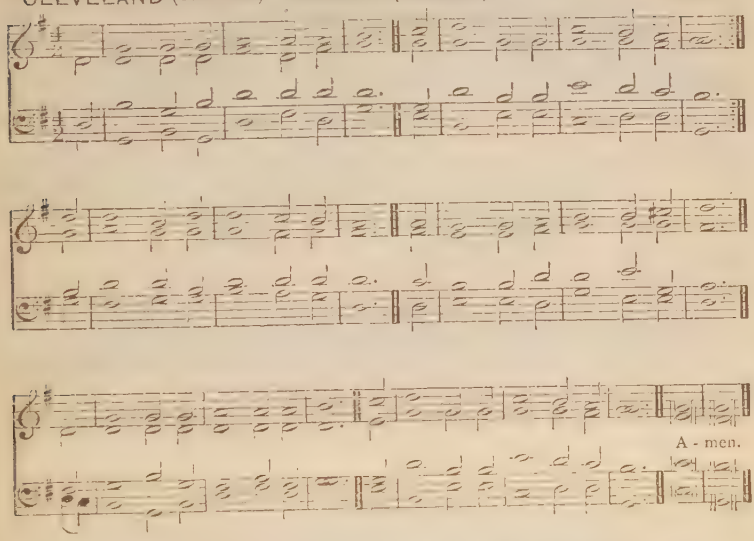
p 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
mf To Calvary alone I flee,
p O God, be merciful to me.

mf 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
cr. My raptured song shall ever be,
f God has been merciful to me. Amen.

C. ELVEN.

2.—*ITS PROGRESS.*

CLEVELAND (*1st Tune*). S.S.8.8. D. (Peculiar.) L. MASON.



288 "*Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith.*"—Heb. x. 22.

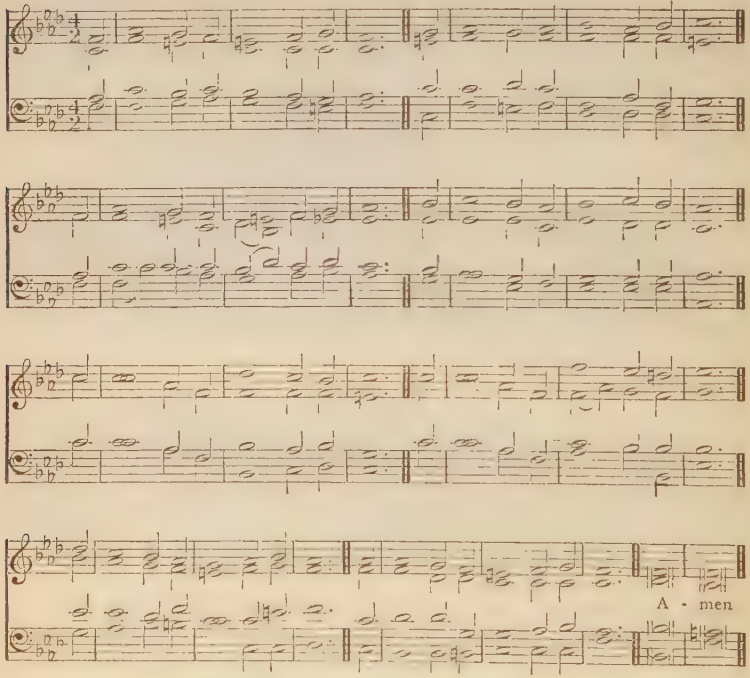
mf 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
cr. Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring.
f The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

mf 2 The work which His goodness began,
cr. The arm of His strength will complete,
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
mf Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
cr. Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

mf 3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
f Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven. Amen

A. M. TOPLADY.

TREWEN (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar.) D. EMLYN EVANS.



288 "*Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith.*"—Heb. x. 22.

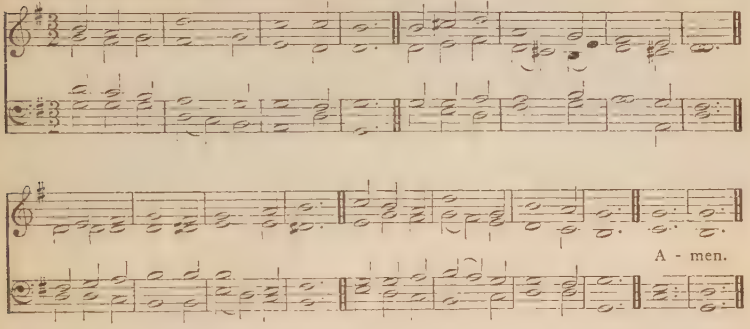
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Of covenant mercy I sing;
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My person and offering to bring.
f The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

mf 2 The work which His goodness began,
cr. The arm of His strength will complete,
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
mf Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
cr. Can make Him His purpose forego,
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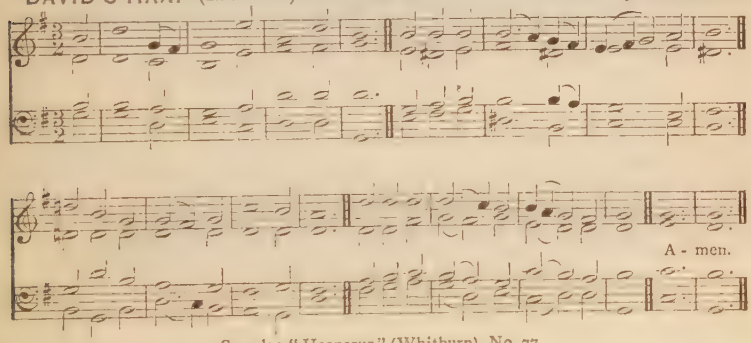
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Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
f Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

MORNINGSIDE (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. M. BELL.



DAVID'S HARP (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. DANIELL.



See also "Hesperus" (Whitburn), No. 77.

289

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Heb. xii. 1.

f 1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake! and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

mp 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
cr. But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

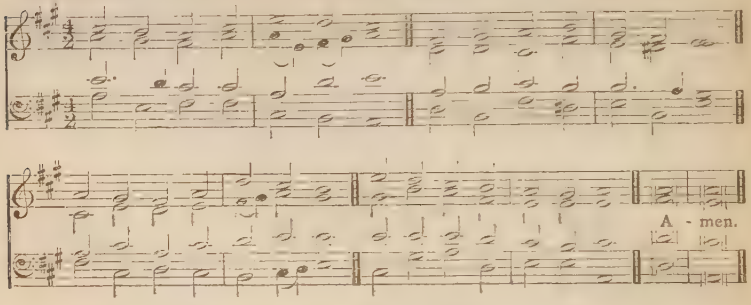
f 3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

f 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
dim. Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

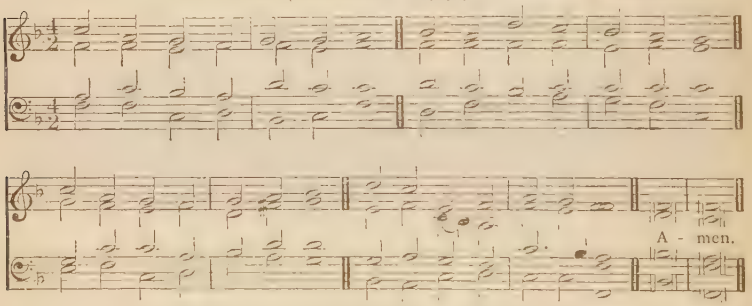
mf 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
cr. On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MANCHESTER (VIENNA) (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. German Chorale.



BATTISHILL (MELTON) (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. J. BATTISHILL.



See also "Durham" (Innocents), No. 18, and "Hart's," No. 180.

290

"*Let the Children of Zion be joyful in their King.*"—Ps. cxlix. 2.

mf 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
cr. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

mf 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
cr. They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

f 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
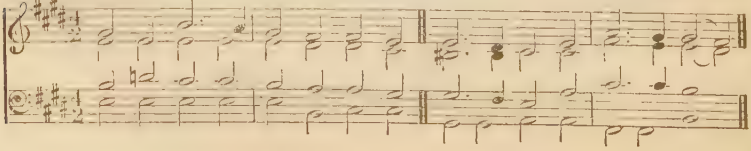
f 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

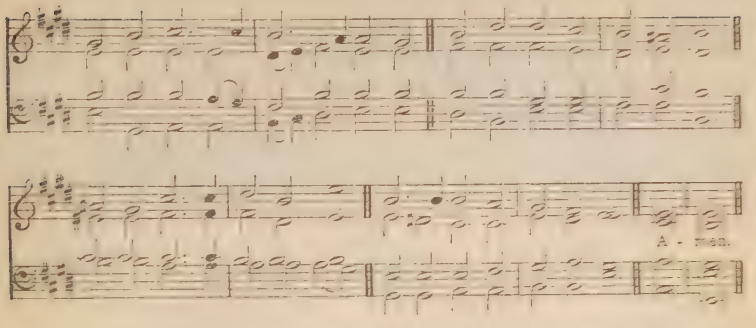
mf 5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
cr. Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

Amen.

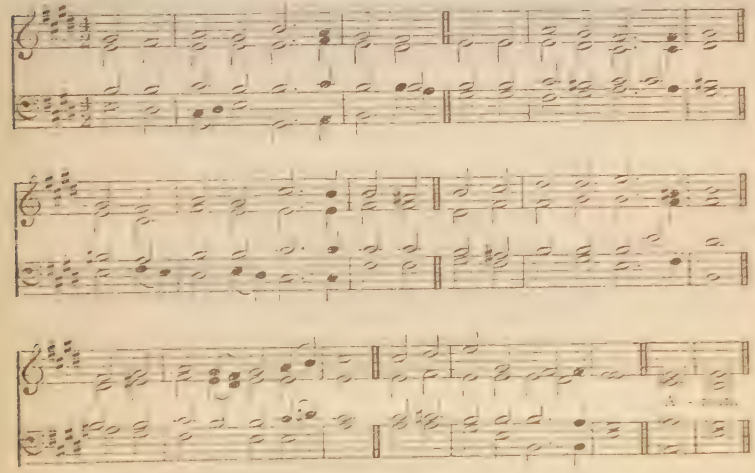
J. CENNICK.

STONELEIGH (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. S. JEKYLL.





CASTELL NEWYDD (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. D. EMLYN EVANS.



291

"*They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.*"
—John x. 28.

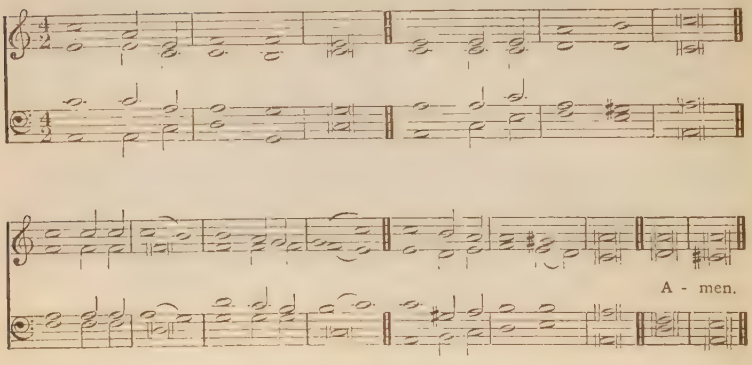
mp 1 CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee
For a season veil Thy face.
cr. Still I trust and cannot doubt Thee,
Jesus full of truth and grace:
f Resting on Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

mp 2 Oh, rebuke me not in anger!
Suffer not my faith to fail!
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
Over my strength and [illegible]:
cr. Holding fast Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

mf 3 In my heart Thy word I cherish,
Though unseen Thou still art near;
cr. Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
f Trusting in Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

LYTE. S.M. J. B. WILKES.



See also "St. Bride," No. 286.

292

"*How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?*"—Ps. cxxxvii. 4.

mp 1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit! come
And speed me to my rest!"

mp 2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

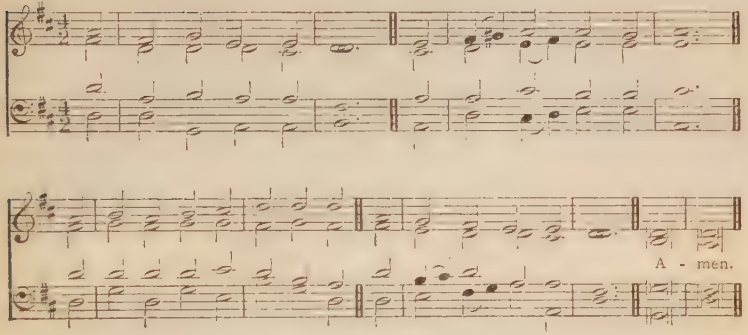
mf 3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
dim. My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

mp 4 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
cr. When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

mf 5 God of my life, be near!
cr. On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
f And bring me home at last! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

SWABIA. S.M. German Melody.



See also "Thetford," No. 278.

293 "*For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.*"—Heb. xi. 14.

mp 1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
cr. We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

mf 2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

mp 3 Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore;
cr. We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

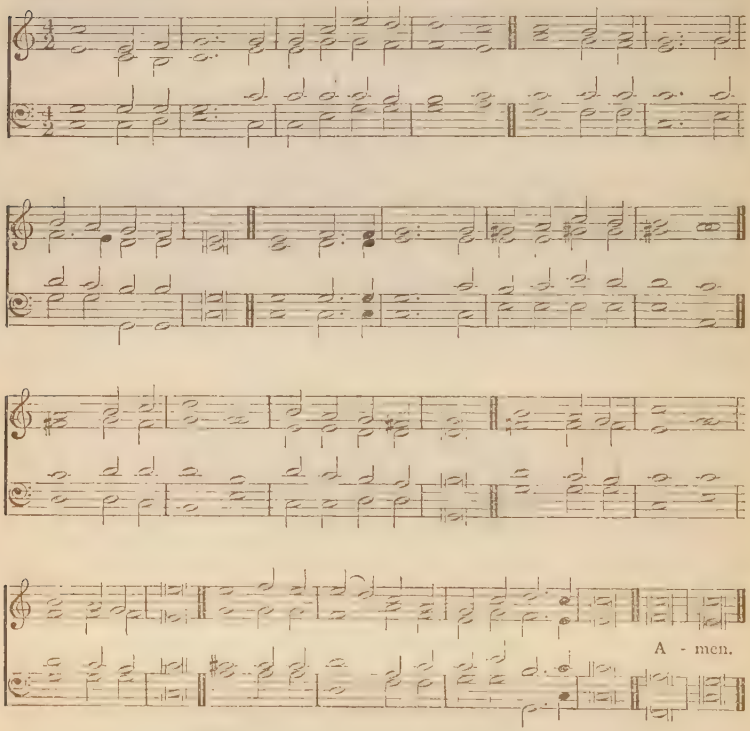
f 4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.

mf 5 We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
cr. And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

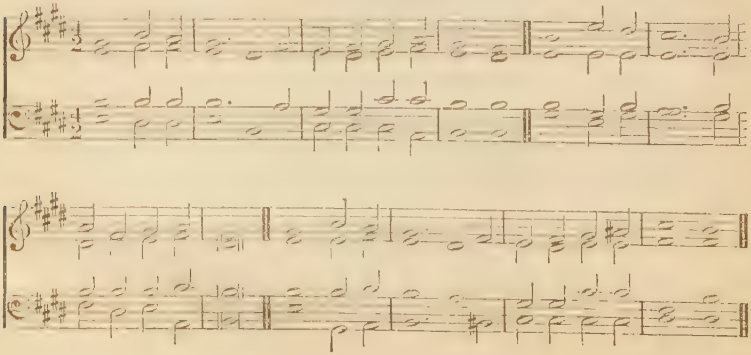
mf 6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
We're journeying through the wilderness,
cr. But soon shall gain our rest. Amen.

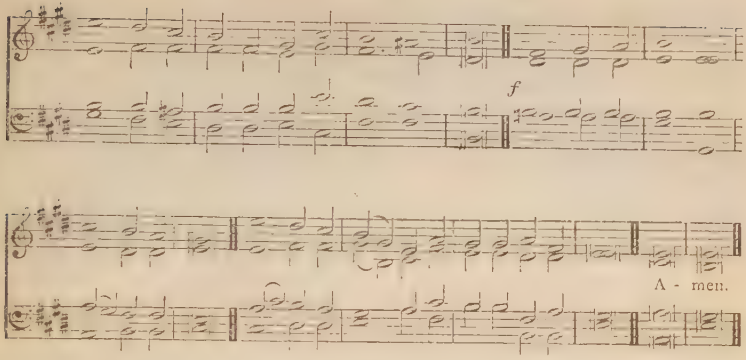
T. KELLY.

ANGELIC SONGS (*1st Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11. J. WALCH.



PILGRIMS (*2nd Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11. H. SMART.





294 *"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."*—Luke xv. 10.

mf 1 HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
cr. How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

f 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
cr. And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

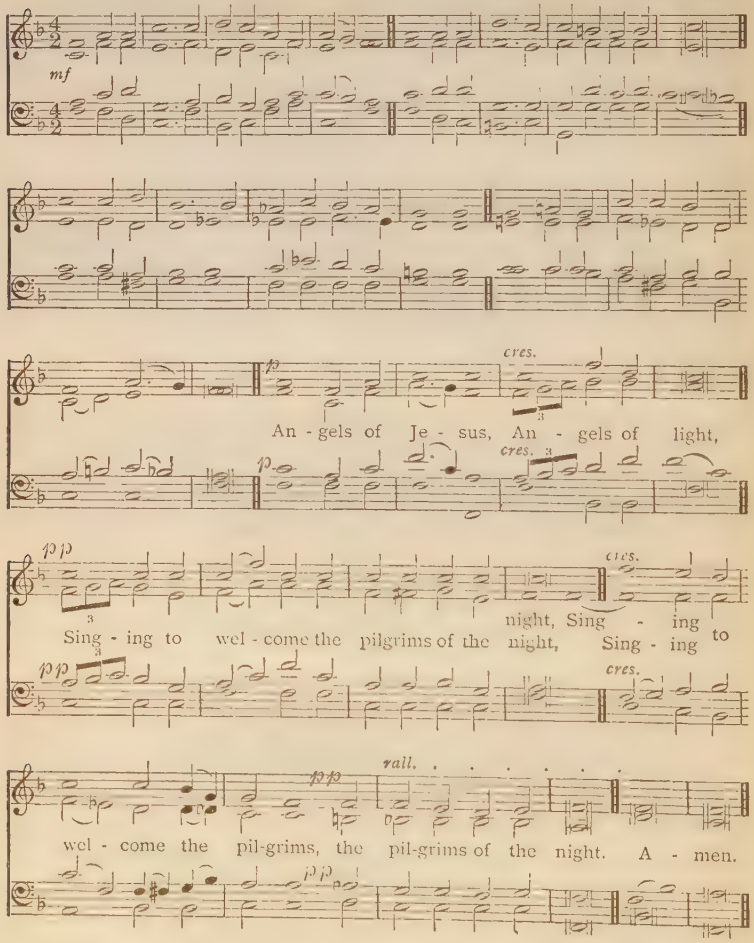
mp 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
cr. Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

mf 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

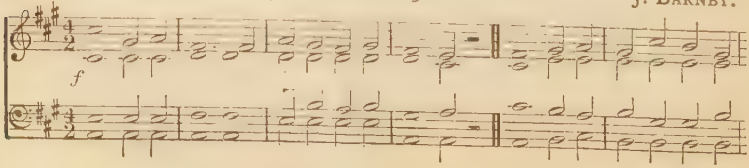
mf 5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cr. And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! Amen.

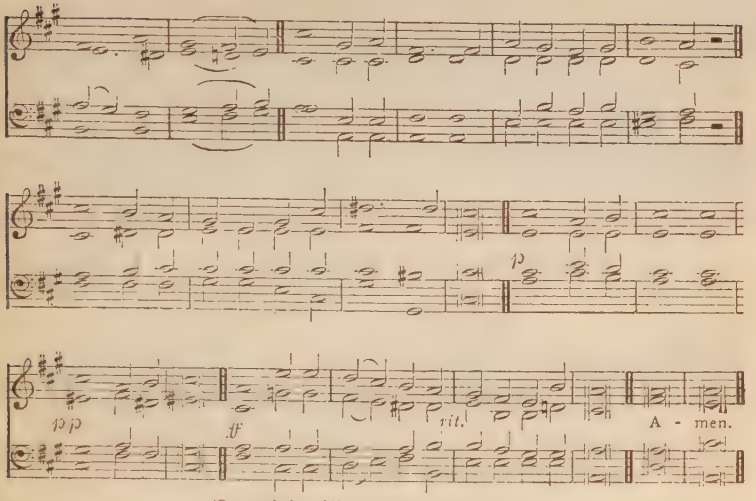
F. W. FABER.

VOX ANGELICA (*3rd Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11. J. B. DYKES.



ST. ANGELUS (*4th Tune*). 11.10.11.10.9.11. J. BARNBY.





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294

"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

mf 1 HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
cr. How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

f 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
cr. And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

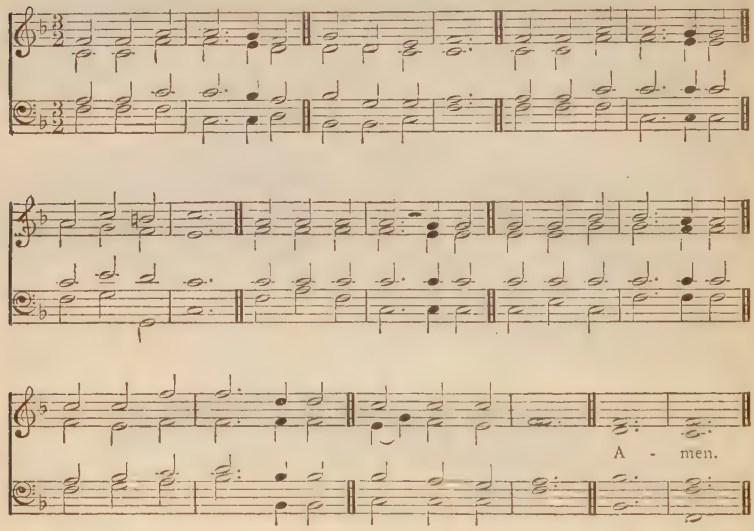
mp 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
cr. Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
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f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

mf 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

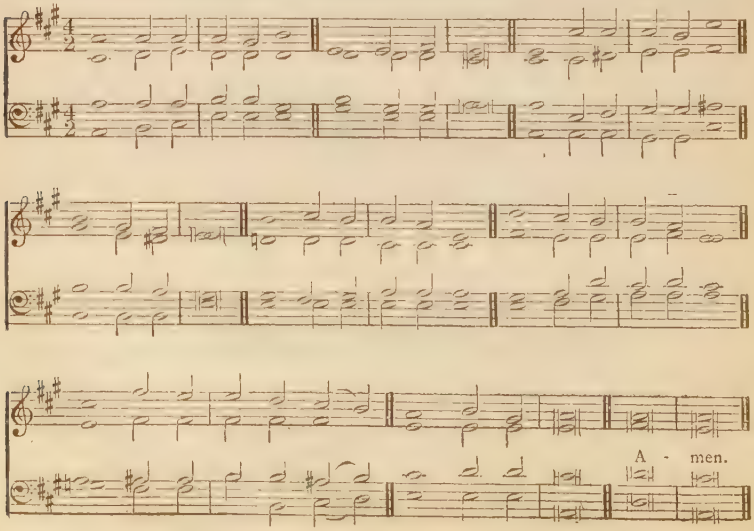
mf 5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cr. And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
p—cr. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
f—dim. Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! Amen.

F. W. FABER.

ST. NICHOLAS (*1st Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. Anon.



ST. EDMUND (*2nd Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. A. Sullivan.



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295 "*But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*" Heb. xi. 16.

mf 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
mp Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
cr. Heaven is my fatherland,
f Heaven is my home.

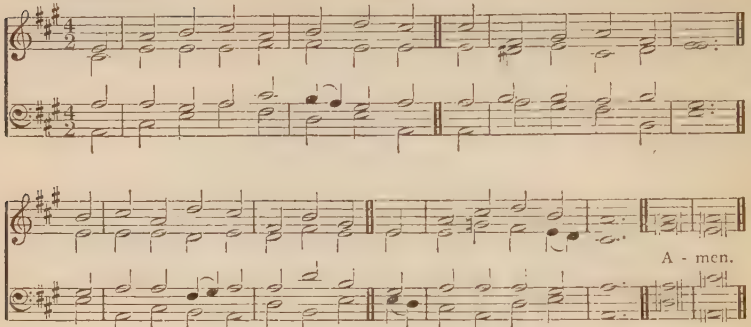
mf 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
mp Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
cr. And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
f I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

f 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
mf There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
p And there I too shall rest,
f Heaven is my home.

mf 4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
cr. And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
f Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.

T. R. TAYLOR.

ST. JAMES. C.M. R. COURTEVILLE.



296

"*He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.*"—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

f 1 MY God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

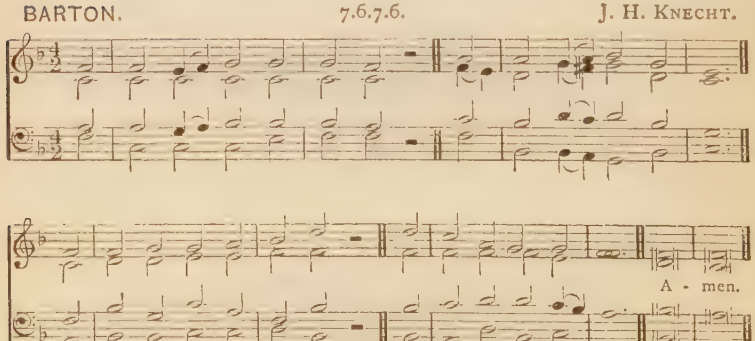
mf 2 Since Thou, the Everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven, my final home,—

f 3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will;
For all that will is love:
p And when I know not what Thou dost,
cr. I wait the light above.

f 4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart;
Which, (*p*) when mine eyelids close in death,
cr. Shall warm my chilling heart.
Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

BARTON. 7.6.7.6. J. H. KNECHT.



297

"*Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*"—Heb. xi. 13.

f 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

mf 2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
dim. O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

mp 3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
cr. The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

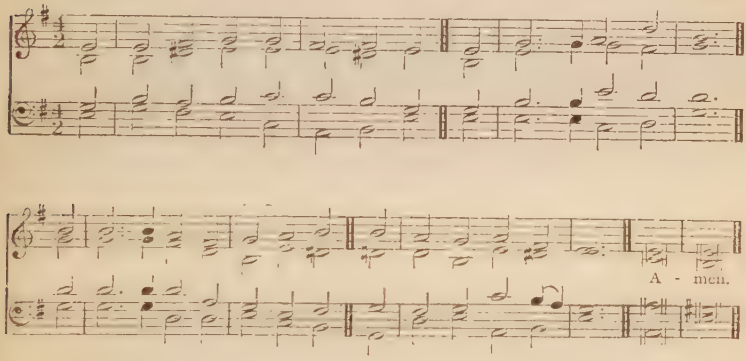
mp 4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

mf 5 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
cr. What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven, on earth?

f 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *tr. by* J. M. NEALE.

CHESHIRE. C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



298

"*Christ in you the hope of glory.*"—Col. i. 27.

mf 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within;
cr. Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin!

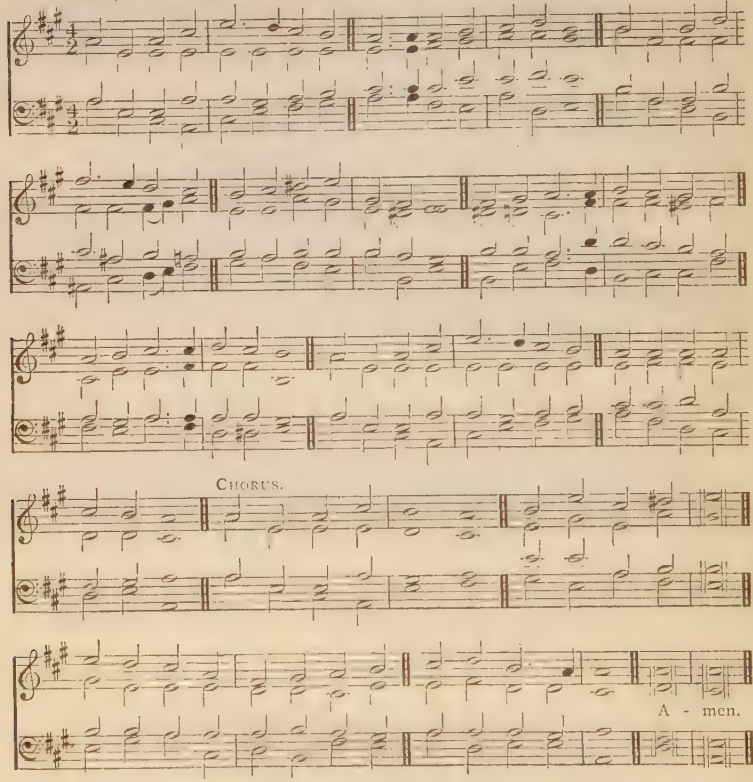
mp 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross,
cr. Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
dim. And earthly sorrows light!

mf 3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things!

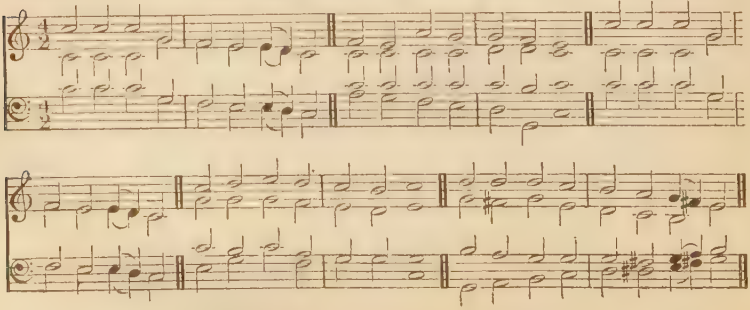
mf 4 There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee;
cr. And in a fairer, happier home
f Thy perfect beauty see! Amen.

W. H. BATHURST.

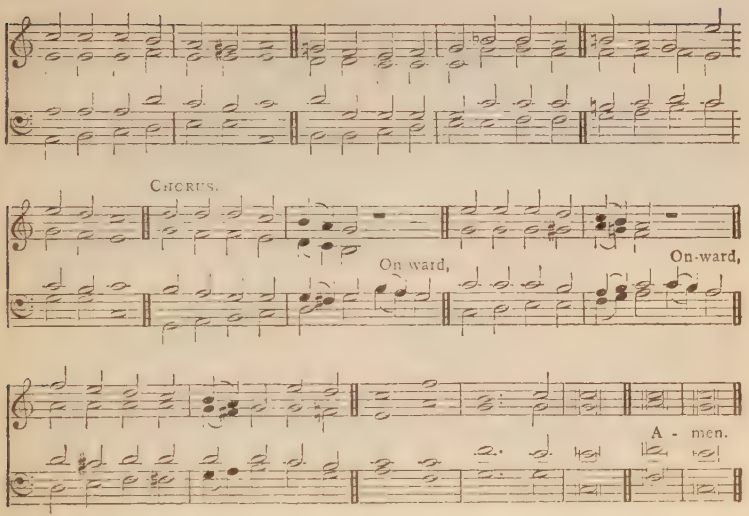
UPTON (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus. J. A. LLOYD, Junr.



*BRONCASTELL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus. D. JENKINS.



* Built on a phrase by the Rev. John Jones, Talsarn.



299 "*Speak unto the Children of Israel, that they go forward.*"—Ex. xiv. 15.

mf 1 ONWARD, pilgrims, through the desert,
Where in weariness you roam,
Longing to behold the portals
Of your everlasting home;
mp Though the way be full of dangers,
cr. You shall reach the promised rest,
Which awaits the truly faithful,
In the regions of the blest.

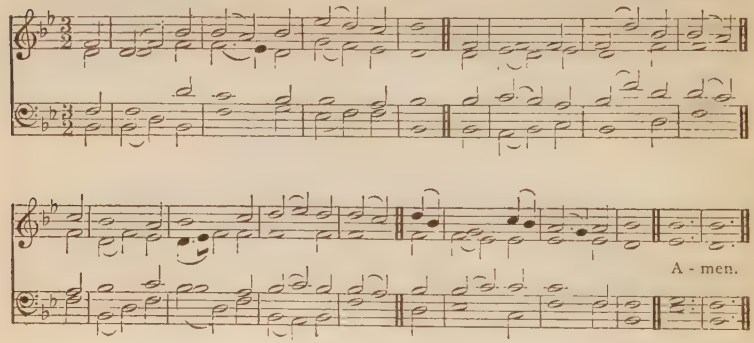
f Onward, pilgrims, onward!
All your journey through,
Do not waver, but remember
Heaven is for the true.

mf 2 Onward, pilgrims, through the desert,
Gather courage as you go;
mp Though beset by strong temptations,
And assailed by many a foe;
cr. Trusting to your heavenly armour,
Never falter in the strife—
f For to him that overcometh
Shall be given the "Crown of Life."

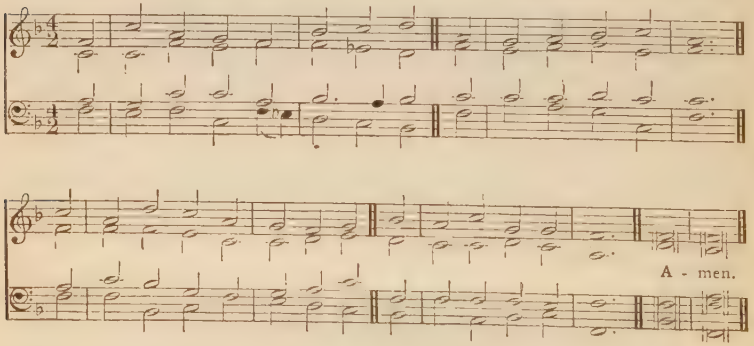
mf 3 Onward, pilgrims, through the desert,
mp Though your bleeding feet be sore,
cr. You are treading in the footsteps
Of the myriads gone before:
f Hearken to those shouts of triumph
Which from day to day increase,
For they speak of conflicts ended
And of never-ending peace. Amen.

D. ROWLANDS.

WILTSHIRE (*1st Tune*). C.M. G. SMART.



GLOUCESTER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter.



300

"*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*"—Col. iii. 3.

f 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own:
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

mp 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
cr. Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

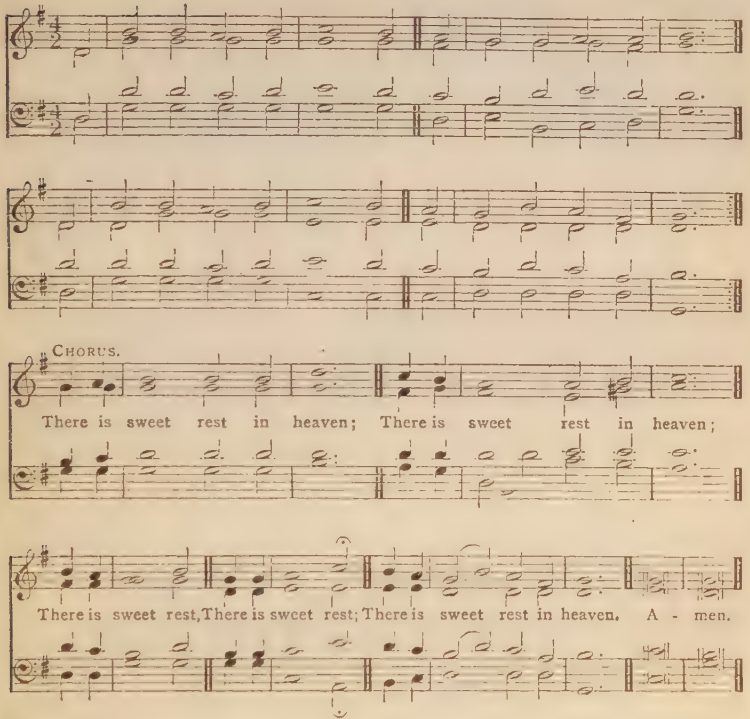
mp 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint;
Or fainting, shall not die:
cr. Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

mf 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
cr. A Guide, a Glory, a Defence:
Then what have you to fear?

f 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name,
Shall in Him triumph too. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

REST. 7.6.7.6. D., with Chorus. W. B. BRADBURY.



301

"*Thou shalt rest . . . at the end of the days.*"—Daniel xii. 13.

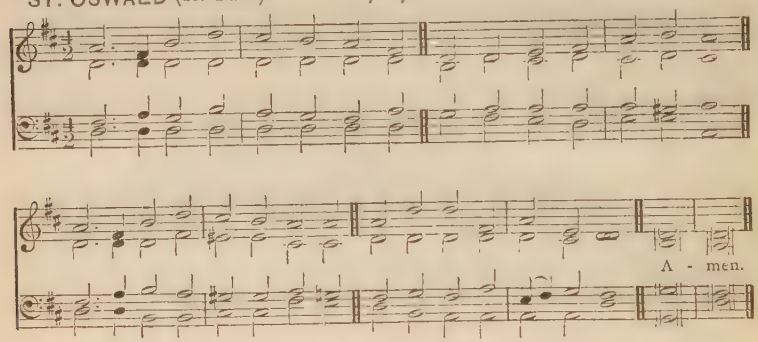
mp 1 THOUGH often here we're weary,
cr. There is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
mf Oh, let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain:
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain,—
There is sweet rest in heaven.

mf 2 Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
cr. He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest,—
There is sweet rest in heaven.

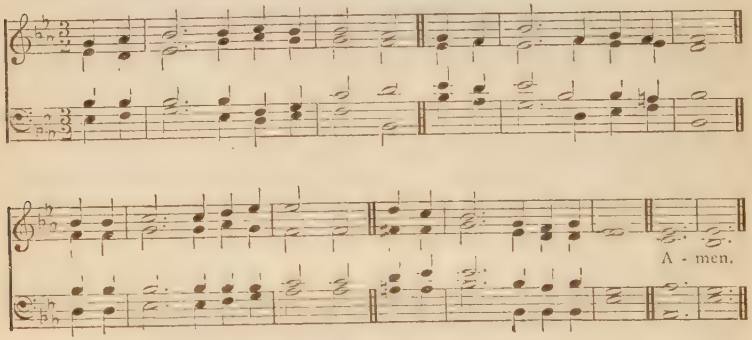
f 3 All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
And glory be to Jesus,
p Who bought us with His blood;
f And glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end;
To the triune God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend,—
There is sweet rest in heaven. Amen.

AMERICAN.

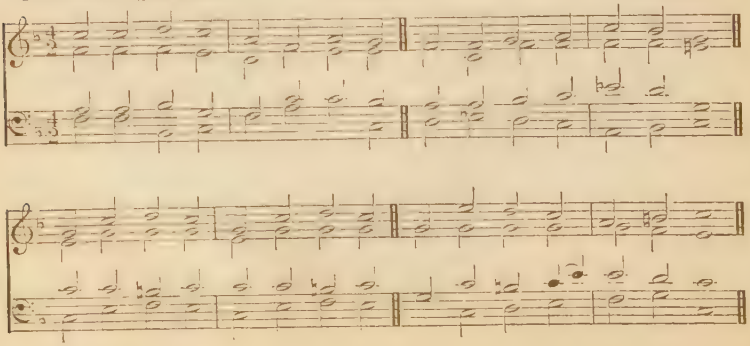
ST. OSWALD (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.

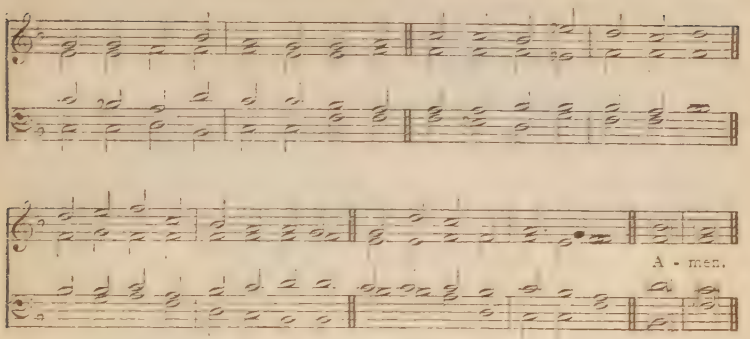


BUGAIL ISRAEL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. T. PRICE.



CARLTON (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. BARNBY.





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See also "Lux Eoi," No. 265.

302

"And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way."—Ex. xiii. 21.

mf 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim-band,
cr. Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land;

mf 2 And before us, through the darkness,
cr. Gleameth clear the guiding light;
f Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

mf 3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
cr. Banishing the gloom and terror,
Brightening the path we tread;

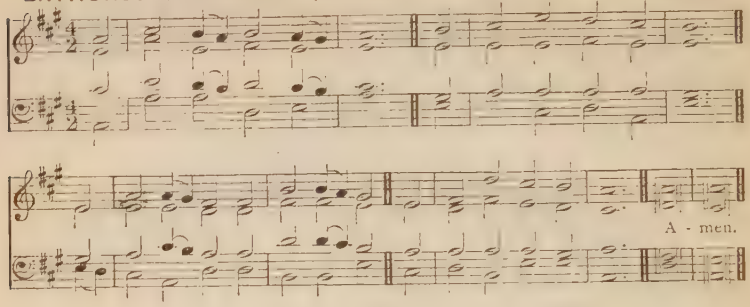
mf 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
cr. One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

f 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
p One the conflict, one the peril;
cr. One the march in God begun;

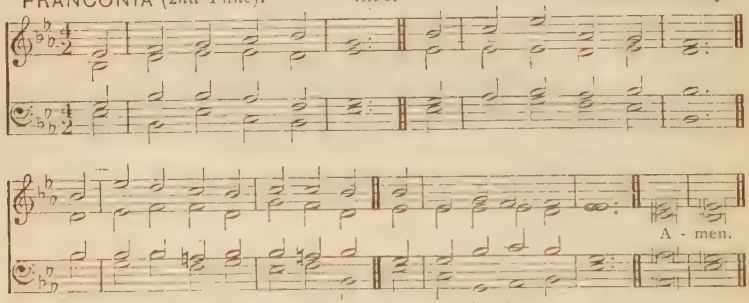
ff 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In His love for evermore. Amen.

B. S. INGEMANN, *tr.* S. BARING-GOULD.

BATHURST CAMBRIDGE) (*1st Tune*). S.M. BATHURST.



FRANCONIA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. German Melody.



303

"*To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen.*"—Rom. xvi. 27.

f 1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

mf 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

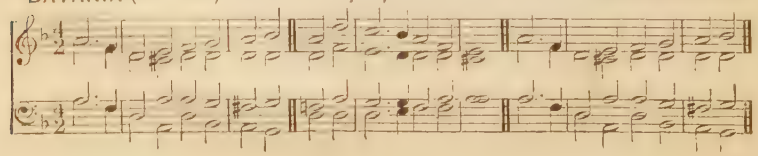
mf 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
cr. Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

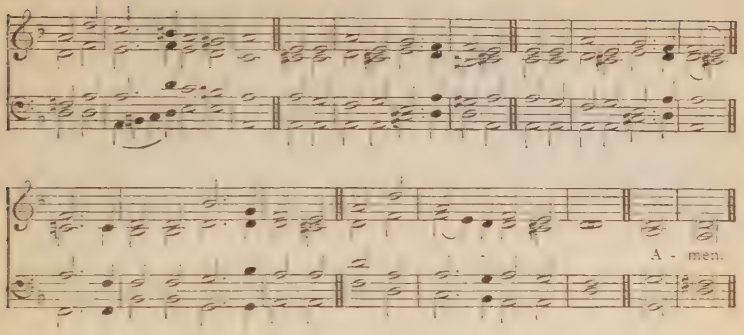
mf 4 Then all the chosen race
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace
And make His wonders known.

f 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song. Amen.

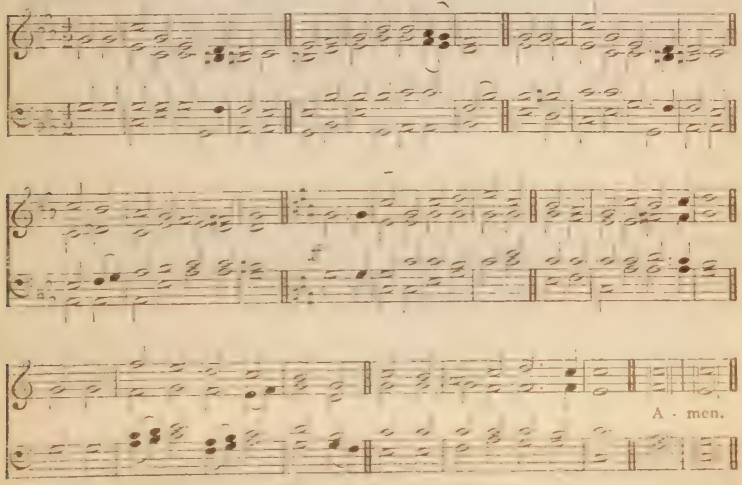
I. WATTS.

BAVARIA (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. F. MENDELSSOHN.





BALDUCCI (*and Tune*). S.7.S.7. D. A. H. MANN.



See also "Britain's Lament," No. 735.

304

"O visit me with Thy salvation."—Ps. cvi. 4.

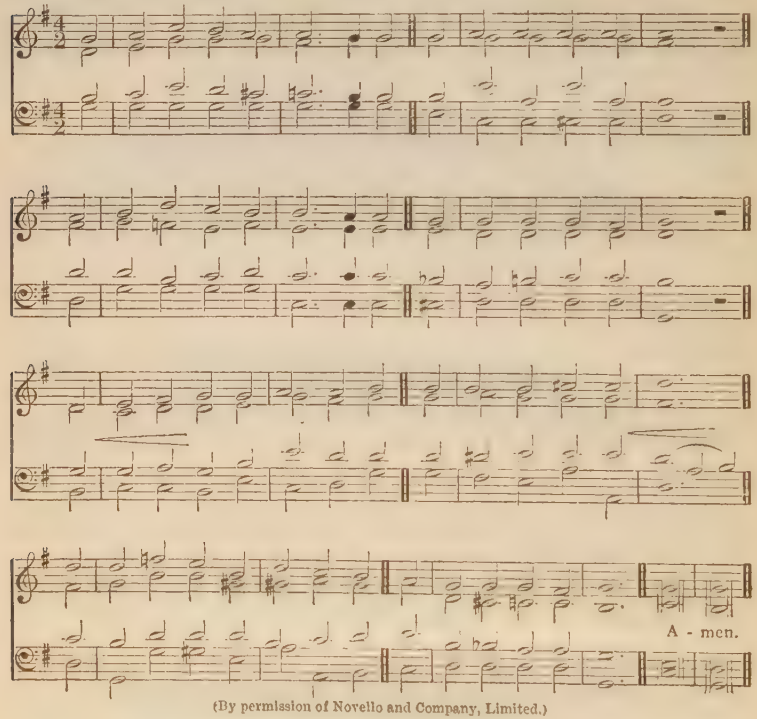
mp 1 VISIT, Lord, a helpless pilgrim
Who is on the heavenward way,
Who is wearied of the desert,
And who yearns for dawn of day;
cr. Let Thy beauteous rays shine on me,
Let the darkness disappear,
mp Quell the mighty storms which lash me,
And deliver me from fear.

mf 2 When I shall behold the city,
In whose mansions I may spend
Endless ages, in sweet converse
With my brethren, Father, Friend?
cr. Freed from wounds and freed from burdens,
Freed from weariness and strife,
f Ever feasting at the banquet
Of the Lamb Whose death brought life. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS, *tr.* D. EVANS.

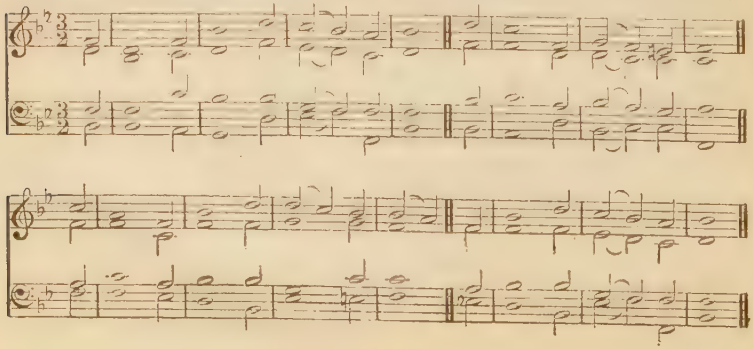
3.—*ITS GRACES: FAITH AND HOPE.*

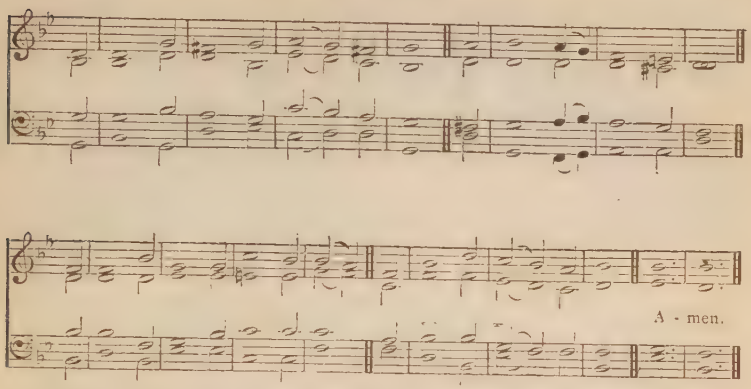
ST. LEONARDS (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. H. HILES.



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ST. MATTHEW (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. W. CROFT.





See also "Petersham," No. 238.

305

"*My soul is even as a weaned child.*"—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

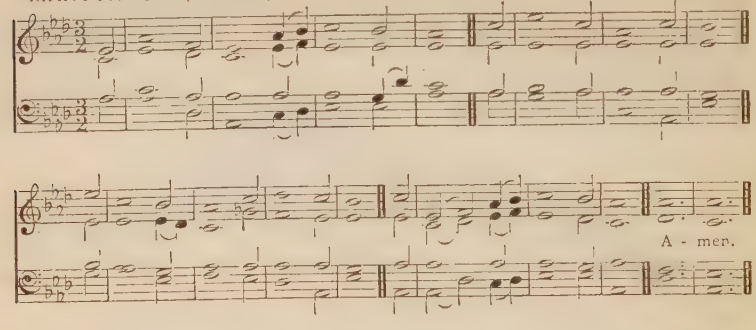
mp 1 AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;
mf So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.

mp 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
mf So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

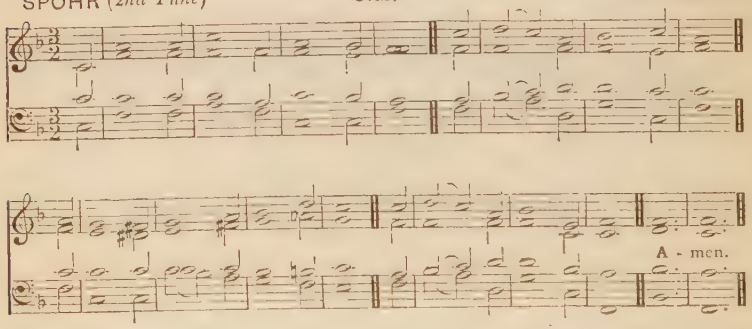
mp 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while He can have
That sweet society;
mf So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more. Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

MARTYRDOM (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. WILSON.



SPOHR (*2nd Tune*) C.M. L. SPOHR.



306

"*My soul thirsteth for God.*"—Ps. xlii. 2.

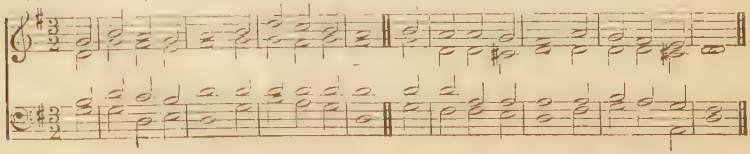
mp 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
cr. So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

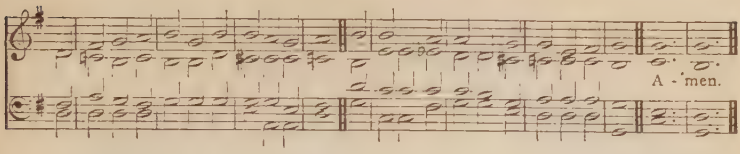
mf 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
cr. Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

mp 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cr. Hope still, and thou shalt sing
f The praise of Him Who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.

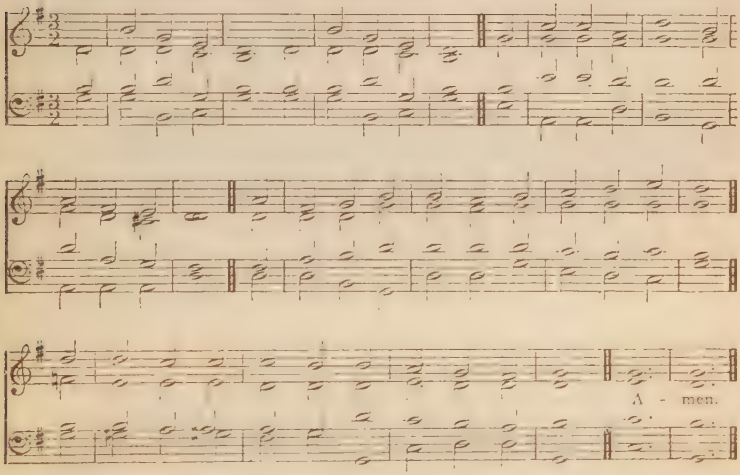
N. TATE and N. BRADY.

VENTNOR (*1st Tune*). 10.10.11.11. E. Moss.





HOUGHTON (*2nd Tune*. 10.10.11.11. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



307

"*Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith.*"—Matt. viii. 26.

f 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

mp 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
cr. The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

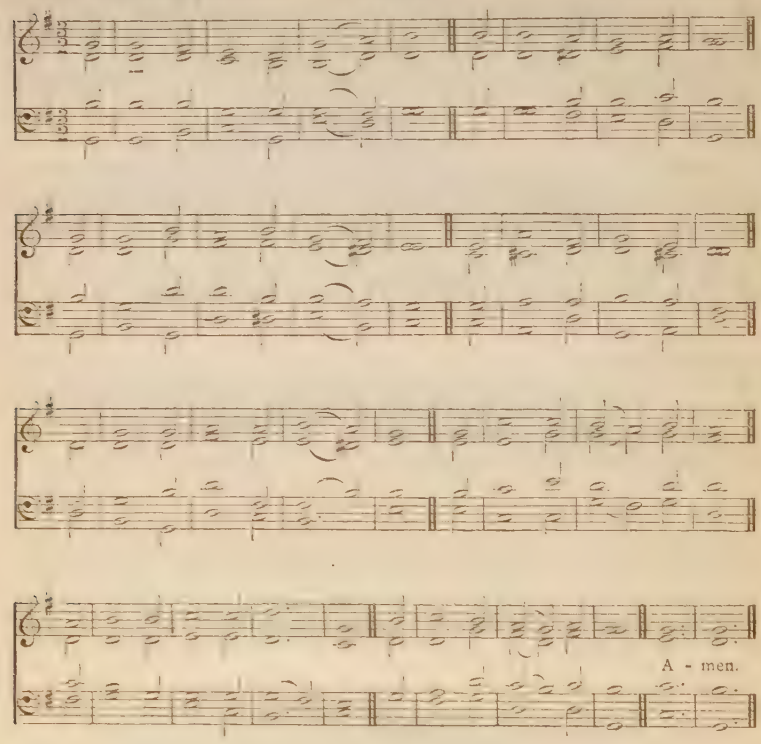
mf 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

mf 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

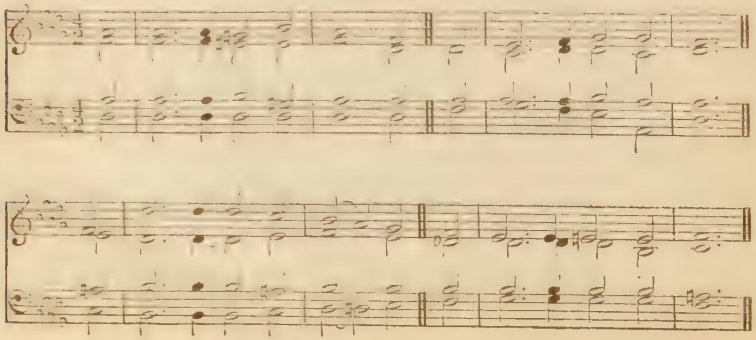
mf 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;
f And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song. Amen.

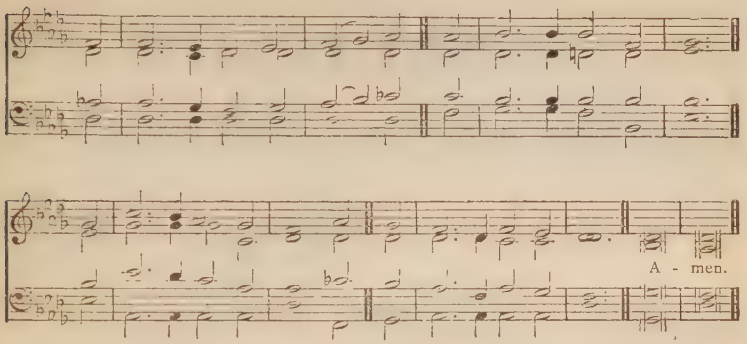
J. NEWTON.

GRAFENBERG (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. KUGELMANN.



ST. CHRISTOPHER (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. F. C. MAKER.





308 *"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me."*—Ps. xxiii. 4.

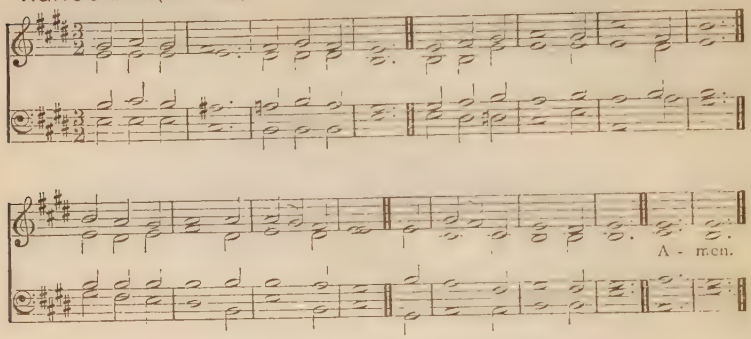
mf 1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
mp My heart may low be laid,
cr. But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

mf 2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

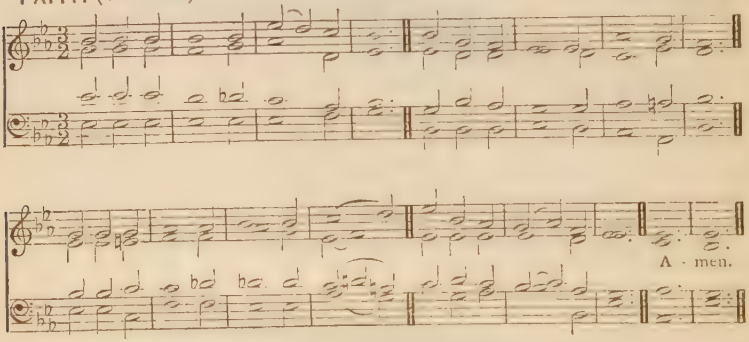
mf 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
cr. My hope I cannot measure:
My path to life is free:
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me. Amen.

A. L. WARING.

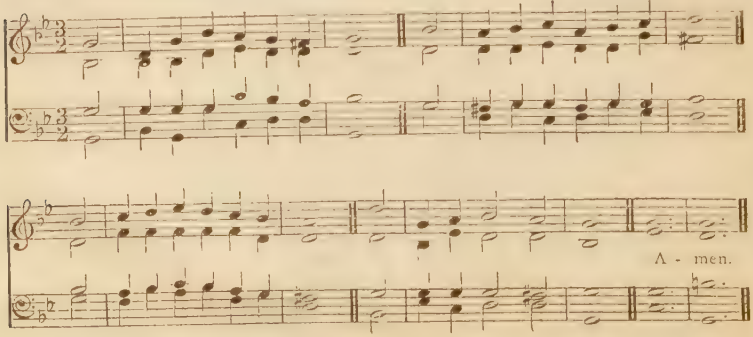
AGNUS DEI (1st Tune). 8.8.8.6. W. BLOW.



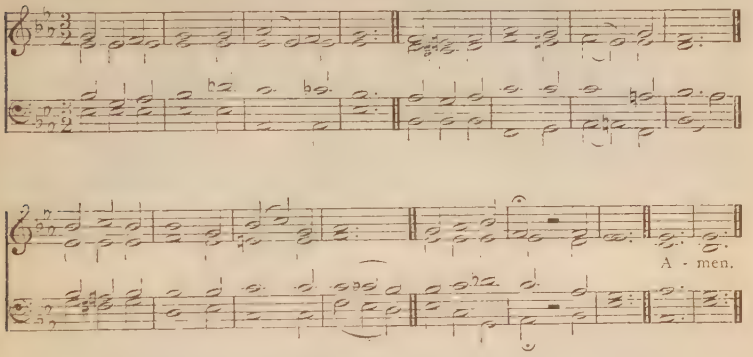
FAITH (2nd Tune). 8.8.8.6. H. F. BENSON.



LEEDS (3rd Tune). 8.8.8.6. L. MASON.



RAWDON (*4th Tune*). 8.8.8.6. Anon.



309

"*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*"—John vi. 37.

p 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
cr. And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
cr. To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
cr. Fightings and fears within, without,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

p 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr. Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

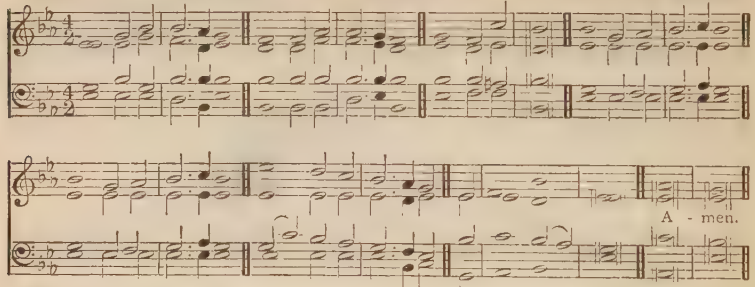
p 5 Just as I am—(*cr.*) Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
mf Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

p 6 Just as I am—(*cr.*) Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
mf Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

p 7 Just as I am, (*mf*) of that free love
"The breadth, length, depth, and height" to prove
cr. Here for a season, (*f*) then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

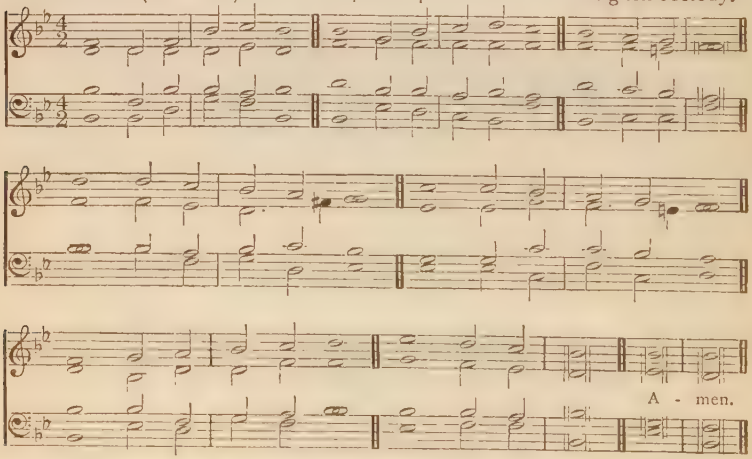
C. ELLIOTT.

MOUNT OF OLIVES (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. L. MASON.



* For another form of the Melody, see Hymn, No. 710.

MALVERN (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. English Melody.



310

"*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.*"—Isa. xlv. 22.
"*Looking unto Jesus.*"—Heb. xii. 2.

mf 1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine;
p Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
cr. O let me from this day
f Be wholly Thine!

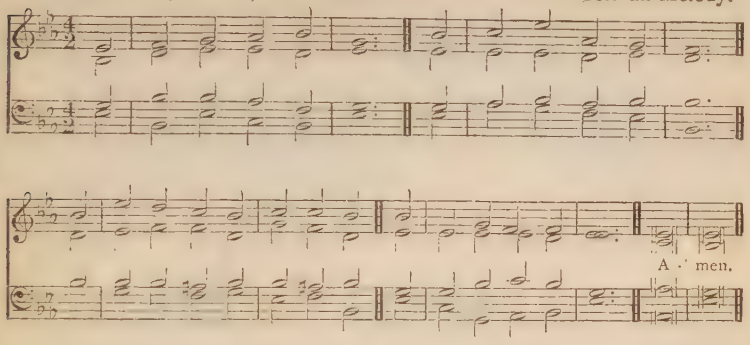
mf 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
p As Thou hast died for me,
cr. O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
f A living fire!

mp 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
cr. Be Thou my Guide;
mf Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
dim. Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

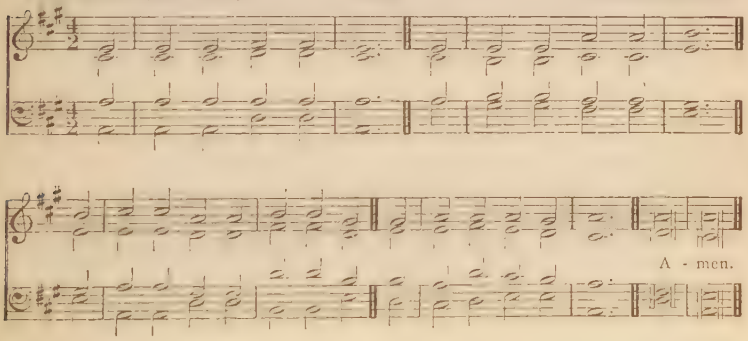
p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
pp When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll,—
cr. Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
f A ransomed soul! Amen.

R. PALMER.

FRANCONIA (*1st Tune*). S.M. German Melody.



LEONORA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



311

"*Into Thine hand I commit my spirit.*"—Ps. xxxi. 5.

mf 1 MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
dim. Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
cr. For Thou art love divine.

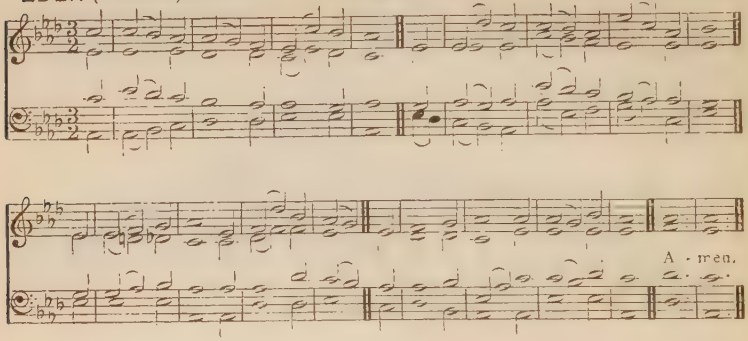
mf 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

mf 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
cr. Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

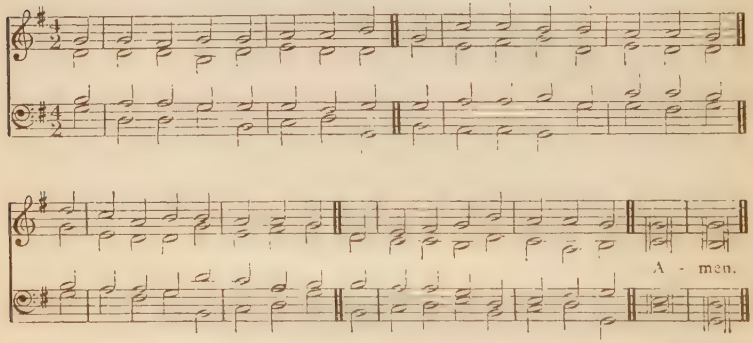
mf 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
cr. Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

EDEN (*1st Tune*). L M. L. MASON.



TALLIS' CANON (*2nd Tune*). L M. T. TALLIS.



312 "*But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ*"—Phil. iii. 7.

mf 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

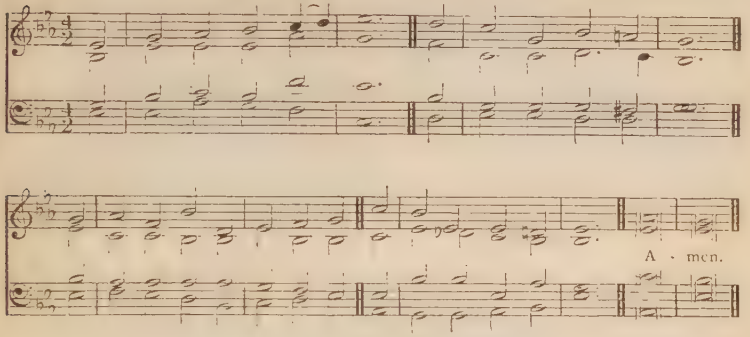
mf 2 Now for the love I bear His Name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

mf 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!

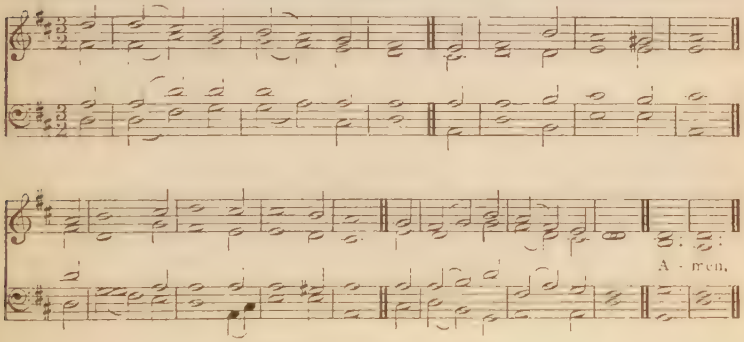
mf 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
cr. But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done. Amen.

I. WATTS.

BEN RHYDDING (*1st Tune*). S.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



TUAM (*2nd Tune*). S.M. W. MASON.



See also "St. Bride," No. 286.

313

"For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."—Heb. x. 4.

"Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."—John i. 29.

mp 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

f 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

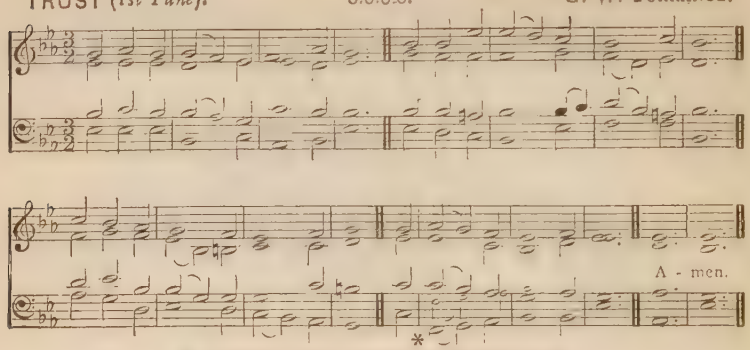
mf 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
mp While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

p 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

mf 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
dim. And sing His bleeding love. Amen.

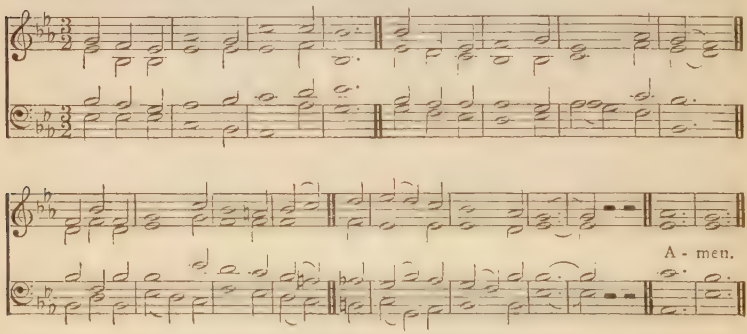
I. WATTS.

TRUST (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.6. G. W. TORRANCE.

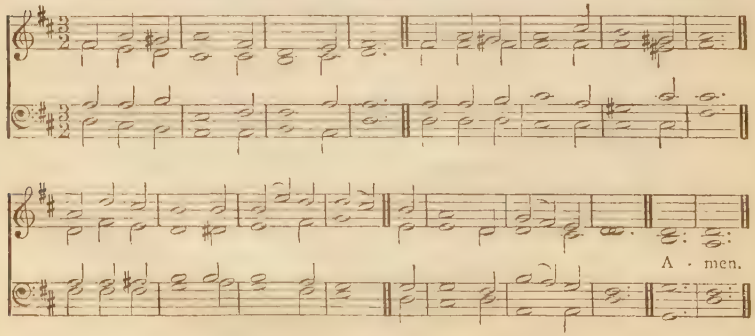


* The small notes to be sung by the Bass, *ad lib.*

MISERICORDIA (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.6. H. SMART.

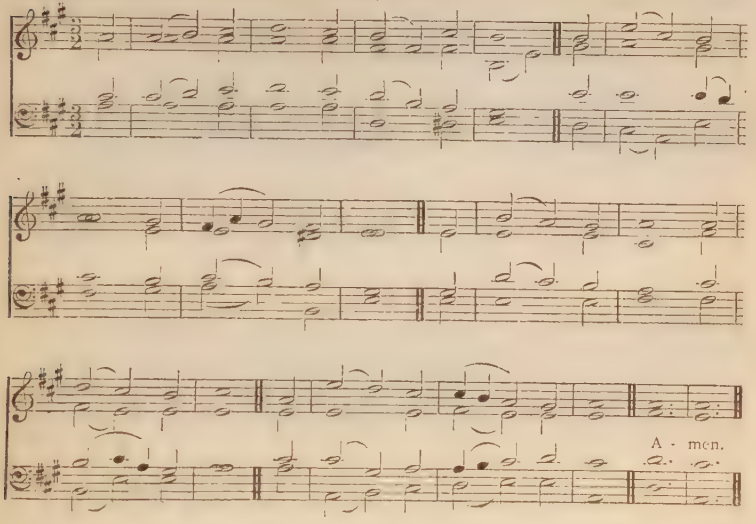


JUST AS I AM (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.8.6. J. STAINER.



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PRESWLFA (HOYLAKE) (*4th Tune*). 8.8.8.6. A. O. ROBERTS.



314

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved."
—Cant. viii. 5.

mp 1 O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
cr. Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

mf 2 Bless'd with communion so Divine,
dim. Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:
cr. When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee!

p 3 Far from her home, fatigued opprest,
cr. Here she has found a place of rest,
p An exile still, (*cr.*) yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee!

mf 4 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
cr. My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

mf 5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
cr. With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee!

p 6 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
pp Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

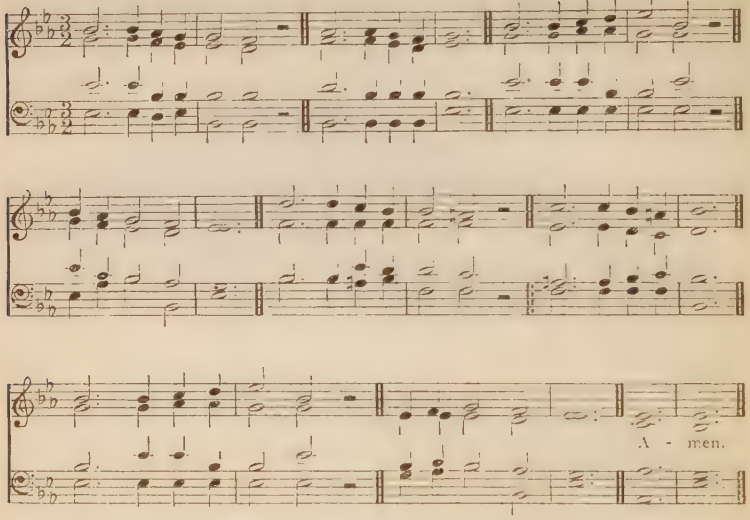
mp 7 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
cr. How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

mf 8 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark save,
wave;
f Because they cling to Thee!

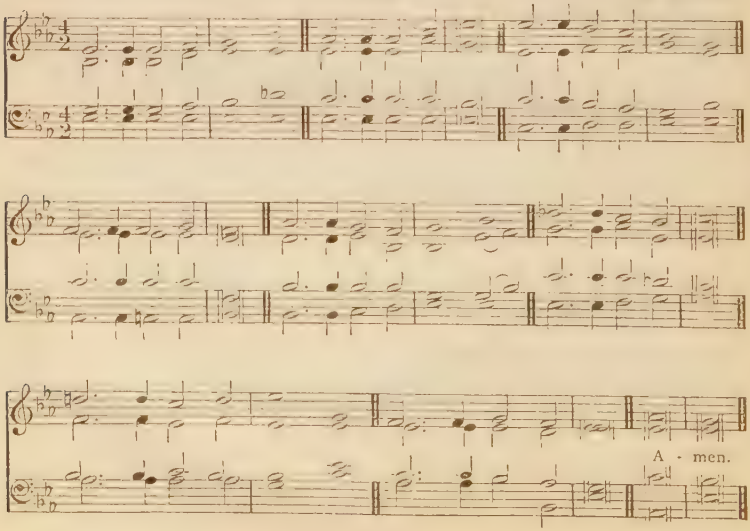
mf 9 Bless'd is my lot; whate'er befall;
What can disturb me? who appal?
f While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee. Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

FRANCONIA (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. Anon.



RUTH (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. S. Smith.



315 *"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."*—2 Cor. iv. 17.

mf 1 O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
cr. Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
p Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
cr. God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

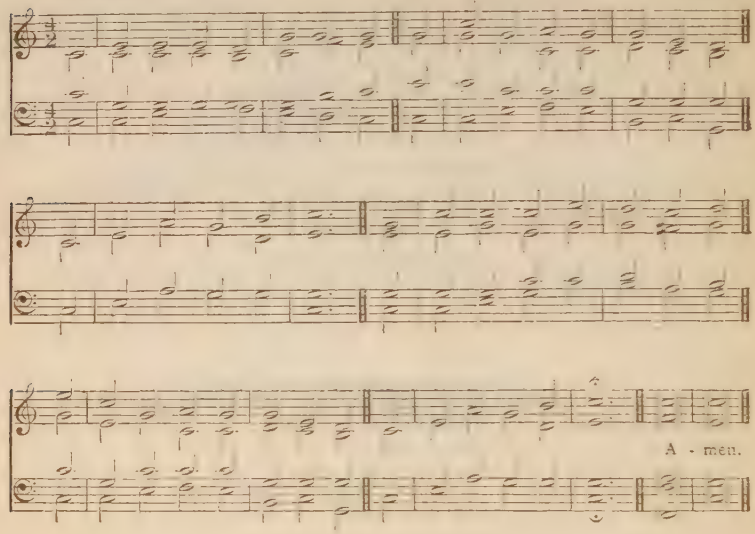
mf 2 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
cr. Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

p 3 When in grief we languish,
cr. He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
p All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
f Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

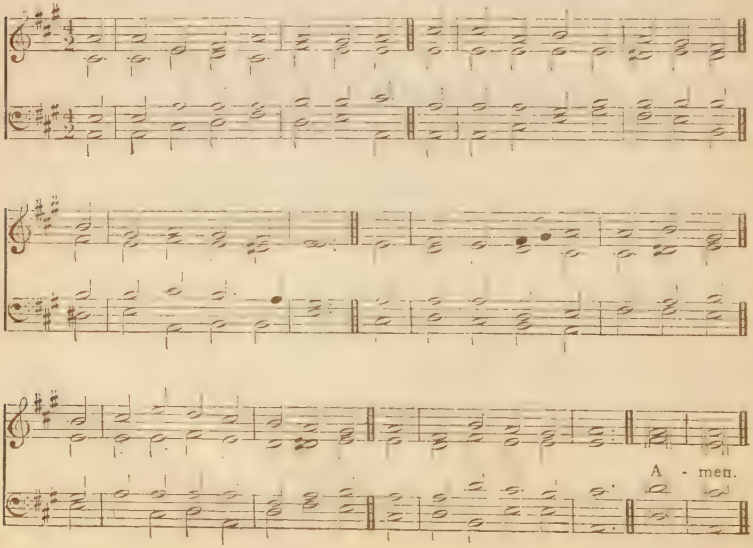
mf 4 On Thy truth relying,
In the mortal strife,
p Lord, receive us dying,
cr. To eternal life.
f Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour;
Fill us with Thy love. Amen.

H. S. OSWALD, *tr.* F. E. COX.

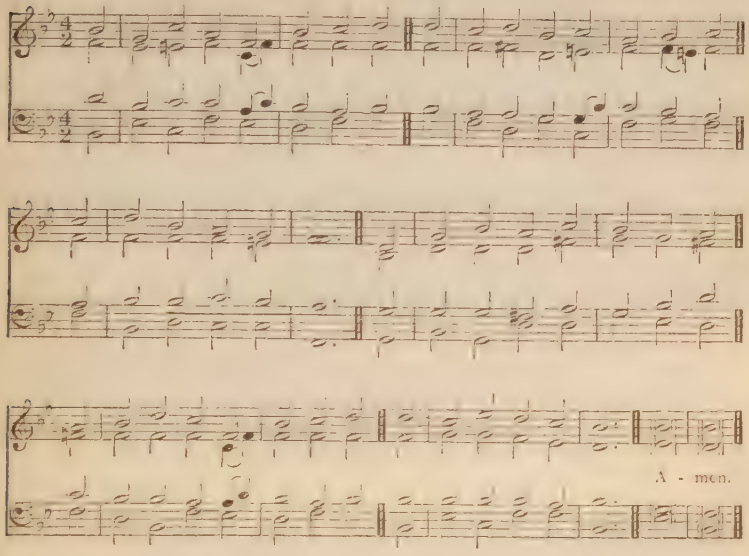
HULL (*1st Tune*). 8.8.6. D. Old Melody.



PURLEIGH (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.6. D. A. H. Brown.



GLANLLIEDI (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.6. D. J. A. LLOYD, Senr.



316 *"Casting all your care upon Him: for He careth for you."*—1 Pet. v. 7.

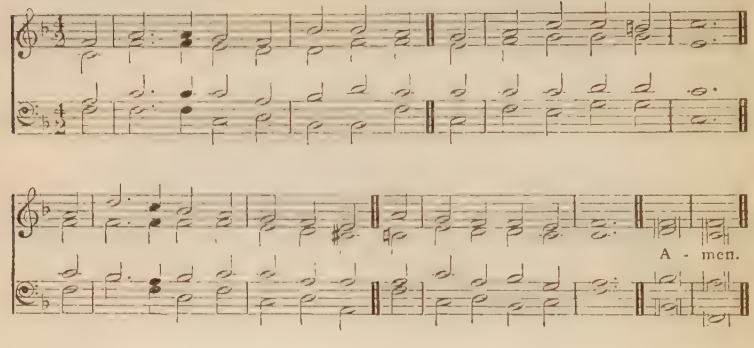
mf 1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee;
dim. If we from self could rest,
cr. And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

mp 2 How far from this, our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
cr. O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
f On Thine almighty arms!

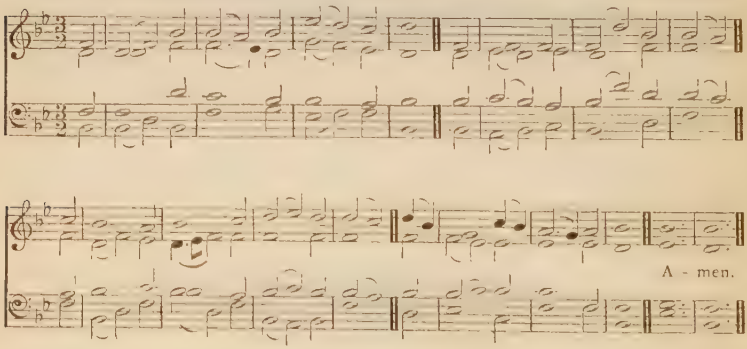
mp 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
cr. Then rise with lightened cheer,
mf Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear! Amen.

J. ANSTICE.

WINCHESTER OLD (*1st Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



WILTSHIRE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. G. SMART.



317

"*God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 26.

mf 1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend:
cr. To Thee in every trouble flee,
f My best, my only Friend!

mp 2 When all created streams are dried,
cr. Thy fulness is the same:
mf May I with this be satisfied,
f And glory in Thy name.

mp 3 No good in creatures can be found,
cr. But may be found in Thee:
f I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

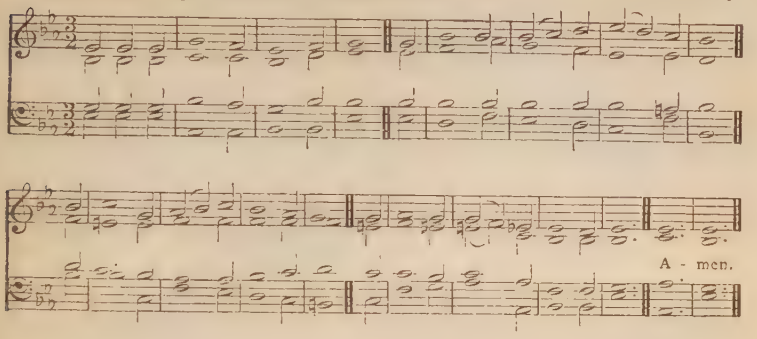
mp 4 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,—
cr. To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

mf 5 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
cr. While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

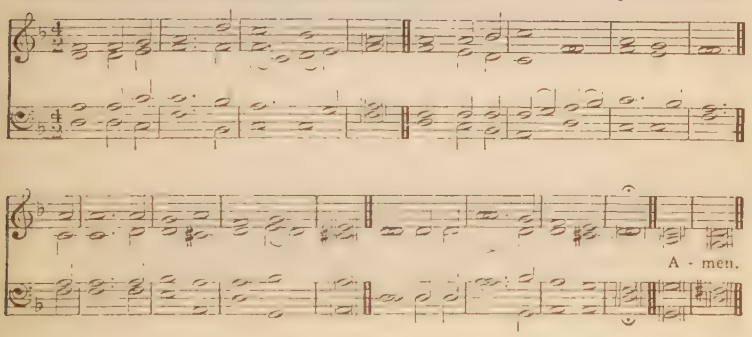
mf 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
cr. I triumph and adore;
f Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.
Amen.

J. RYLAND.

NE DERELINQUAS ME (*1st Tune*). L.M. C. H. LLOYD.



GOLGOTHA (ST. CROSS) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



318

"*Thou art near, O Lord.*"—Ps. cxix. 151.

mp 1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care:
cr. We smile at pain while Thou art near.

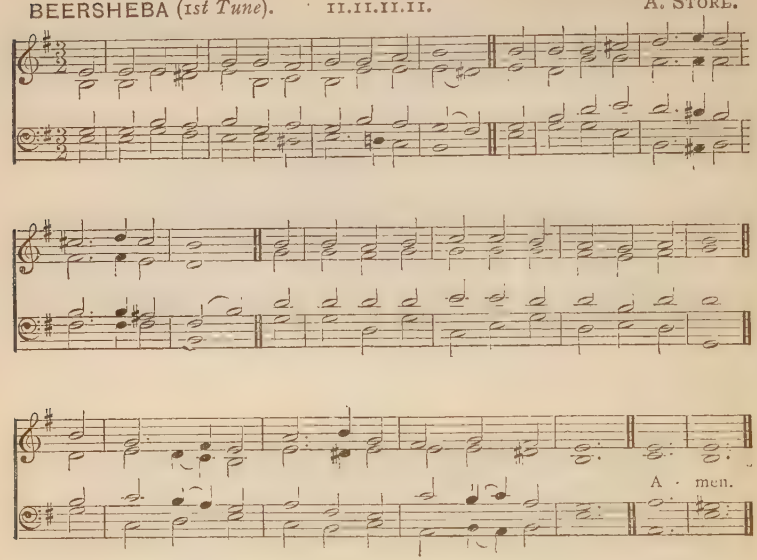
mp 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
cr. No path we shun, no darkness dread,
p Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

mp 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear;
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
p Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

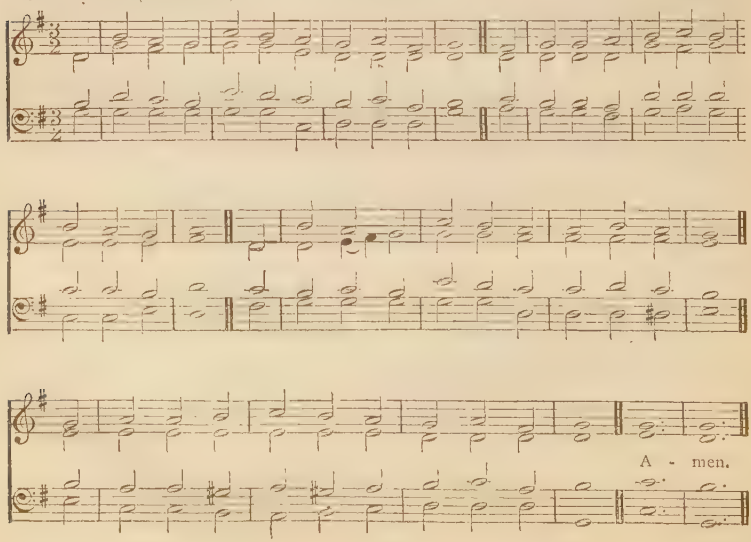
mf 4 On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear:
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near! Amen.

O. W. HOLMES.

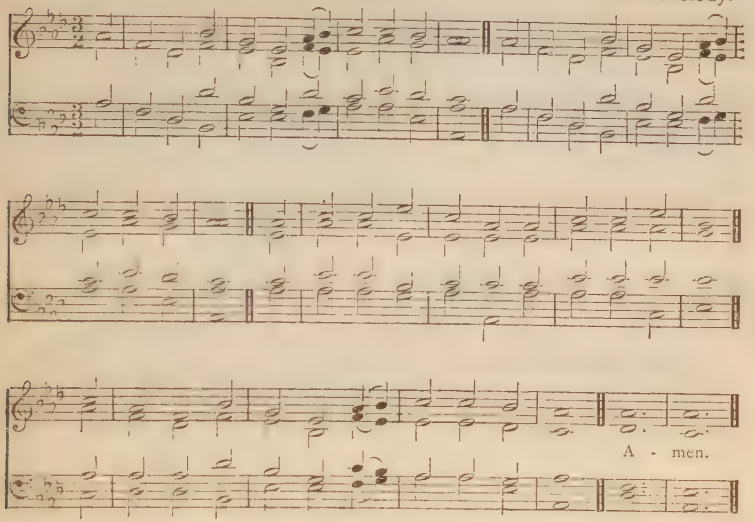
BEERSHEBA (*1st Tune*). 11.11.11.11. A. STORE.



ST. LUKE (*2nd Tune*). 11.11.11.11. Anon.



JOANNA (*3rd Tune*). 11.11.11.11. Welsh Melody.



319

"*O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted.*"—Isa. liv. 11.

mp 1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
By darkness surrounded, by terrors undone,
In toiling and rowing thy strength almost gone.

mp 2 Thy en'mies are many, thy fears overwhelm,
cr. But thy blessèd Pilot, He sits at the helm;
f His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends,
dim. In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

mp 3 "O fearful, O faithless!" in mercy He cries,
mf "My promise, My truth; are they light in thine eyes?
cr. Yet I am still with thee,—My promise shall stand—
Through tossing and tempest I'll bring thee to land.

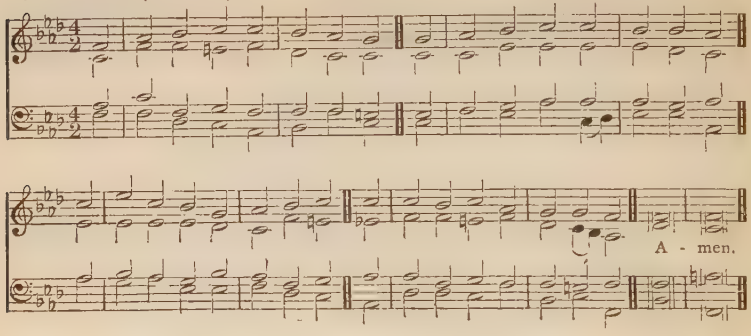
f 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on My heart it does ever remain;
On the palms of My hands, while looking, I see
dim. The wounds I received in dying for thee.

f 5 Then trust me and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine.

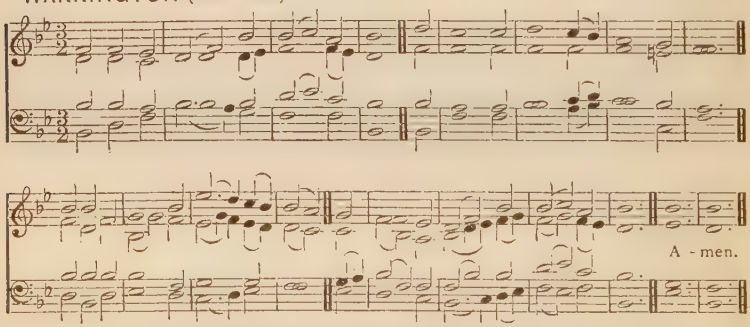
mp 6 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are My care!
The hopeless, the helpless, I hear their sad prayer;
cr. From all their afflictions My glory shall spring,
p And the deeper their sorrows, (*f*) the louder they'll sing." Amen.

J. GRANT.

BABYLON (*1st Tune*). L.M. T. CAMPIAN.



WARRINGTON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. R. HARRISON.



See also "Eden," No. 312, and "Hesperus" (Whitburn), No. 77.

320

"All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me."—Ps. xlii. 7.
"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxxx. 1.
"Lord, save us: we perish."—Matt. viii. 25.

mf 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
mp Out of the depths (*cr.*) to Thee I call,
My fears are great, (*dim.*) my strength is small.

mf 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm,
Defend me through each threatening ill,
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still!"

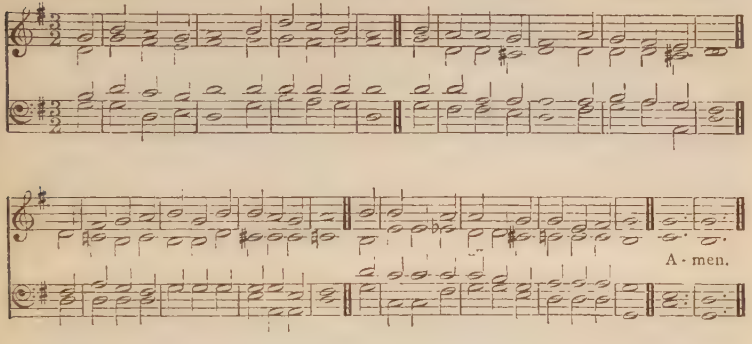
f 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
p My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee,
cr. Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

mp 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
cr. Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

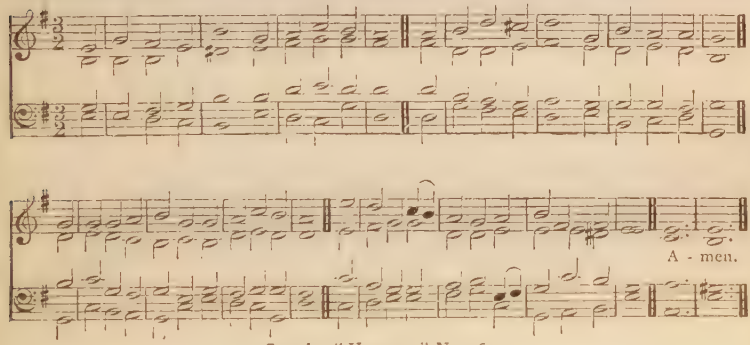
mp 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
cr. My Saviour through the floods I seek;
f Let neither winds nor stormy main,
p Force back my shattered bark again! Amen.

W. COWPER.

VENTNOR (*1st Tune*). 10.10.11.11. E. Moss.



OLD 104TH (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.11.11. RAVENSCROFT.



See also "Hanover," No. 163.

321

"*And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh.*"—Gen. xxii. 14.

mp 1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
cr. Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,—
f "The Lord will provide."

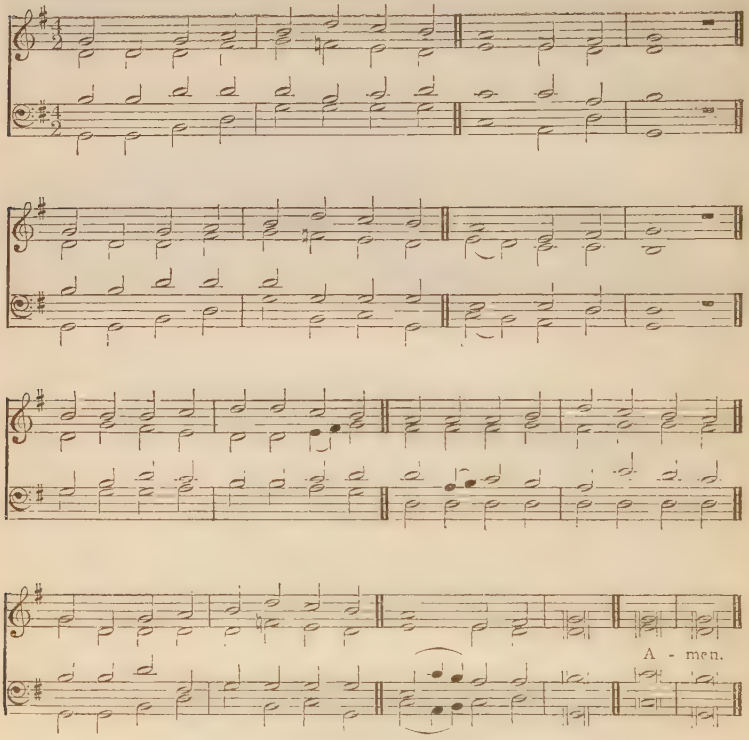
mf 2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
cr. His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written—
f "The Lord will provide."

mf 3 His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
p Not knowing our way,
cr. But faith makes us bold;
mp For, though we are strangers,
cr. We have a good Guide,
And trust in all dangers,
f "The Lord will provide."

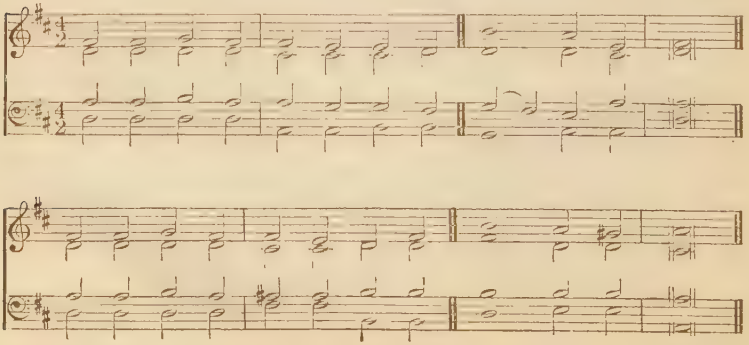
mp 4 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
cr. Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great Name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide:
Almighty His power—
f "The Lord will provide." Amen.

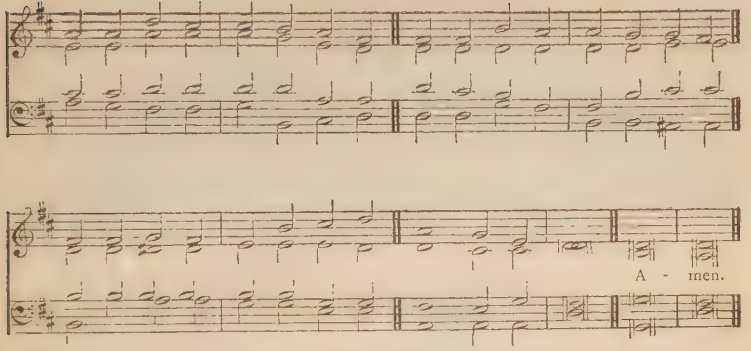
J. NEWTON.

EVENSONG (*1st Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. T. B. SOUTHGATE.



TEMPLE (*2nd Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. E. J. HOPKINS.





See also "Wynnstay," No. 173.

322

"Is it well with thee? . . . It is well."—2 Kings iv. 26.
"I know that it shall be well with them that fear God."—Eccl. viii. 12.

mf 1 THROUGH the love of God my Saviour,
f All will be well;
mf Free and changeless is His favour;
f All, all is well.
p Precious is the blood that healed us;
cr. Perfect is the grace that sealed us!
f Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us—
All must be well.

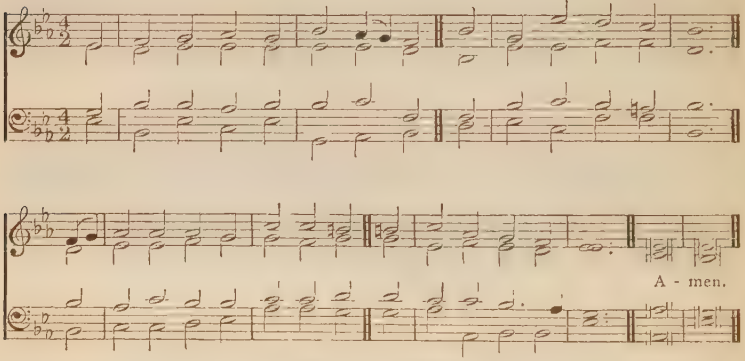
mp 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
cr. All will be well;
mf Ours is such a full salvation,
f All, all is well.
mf Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
mp Holy, through the Spirit's guiding—
f All must be well.

f 3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
cr. On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, (*p*) or in dying,
f All must be well. Amen.

M. PETERS.

4.—*ITS GRACES: TRUST AND SUBMISSION.*

HORSLEY. C.M. W. HORSLEY.



323 "*Nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done.*"—Luke xxii. 42.

mf 1 ALL as God wills, Who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

mf 2 Enough that blessings undeserved,
Have mark'd my erring track;
dim. That wheresoe'er my feet have swerv'd,
His chastening turn'd me back;

mf 3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
cr. Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

mp 4 That death seems but a cover'd way
cr. Which opens into light,
mf Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

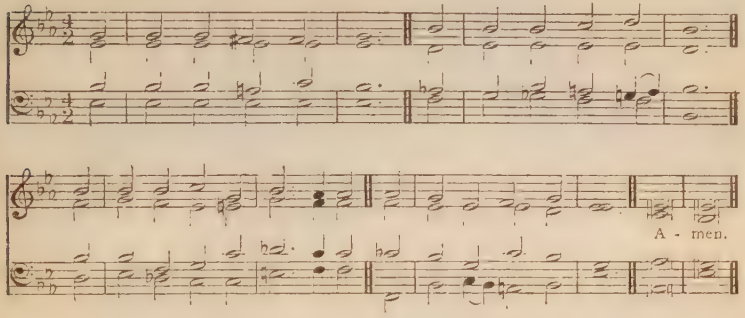
mp 5 That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
cr. Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

mp 6 That all the jarring notes of life
cr. Seem blending in a psalm,
mp And all the angles of its strife
dim. Slow rounding into calm;

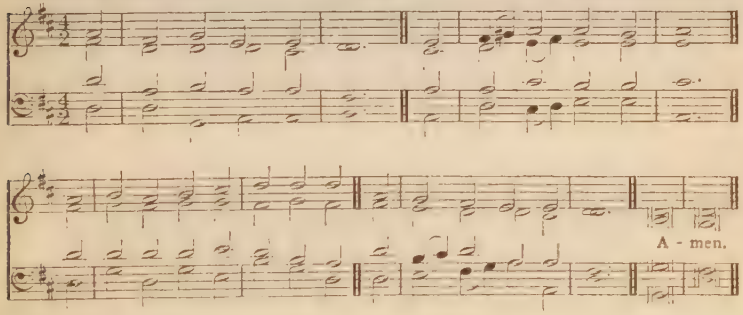
mp 7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
cr. And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day. Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER.

ST. CATHARINE (*1st Tune*). S.M. F. C. ATKINSON.



SWABIA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. German Melody.



324

"*Commit thy way unto the Lord.*"—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

mf 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

mf 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

mf 3 Thou on the Lord rely:
So safe shalt thou go on;
cr. Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

f 4 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
mp God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
cr. God shall lift up thy head.

mp 5 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
cr. Wait thou His time; so shall this night
f Soon end in joyous day.

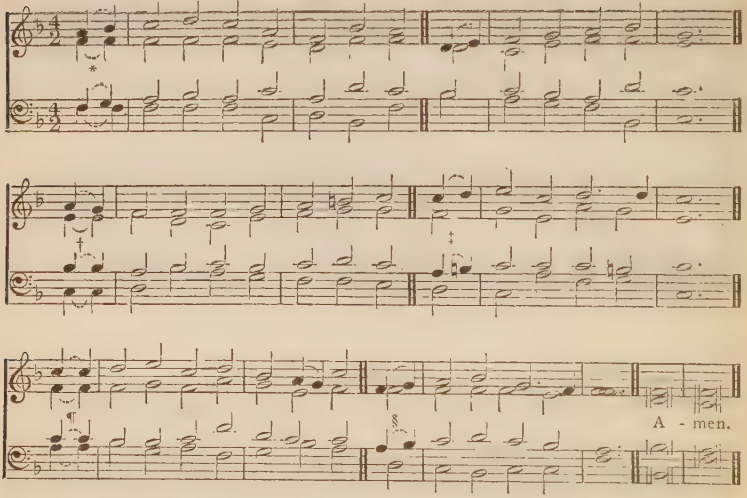
mf 6 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
cr. How wise, how strong His hand!

mp 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee;
cr. Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

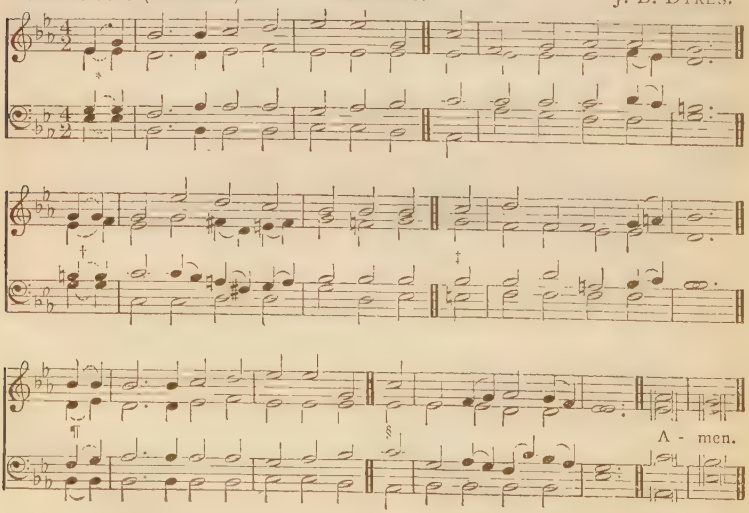
mp 8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
f And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!
Amen.

P. GERHARDT, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

MORWELLHAM (*1st Tune*). 8.6.8.6.8.6. C. STEGGALL.



SLINGSBY (*2nd Tune*). 8.6.8.6.8.6. J. B. DYKES.



* In vv. 5, 6 and 7 omit the binds and slur.
† In vv. 1, 5 and 7 omit the binds and slur.
¶ In vv. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7 omit the binds and slurs.
‡ In v. 6 divide this beat into two parts.
§ In vv. 4 and 7 divide this beat into two parts.

325 "Deal with Thy servant according unto Thy mercy, and teach me Thy statutes"
—Ps. cxix. 124.

mf 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
cr. But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

mf 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
mp And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
p To soothe and sympathise.

mf 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
mp I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

mf 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
mp And a work of lowly love to do
cr. For the Lord on Whom I wait.

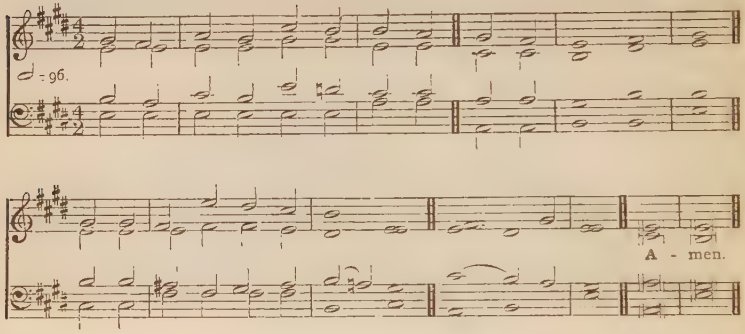
mf 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
mp Content to fill a little space,
cr. If Thou be glorified.

mp 6 There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
cr. But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

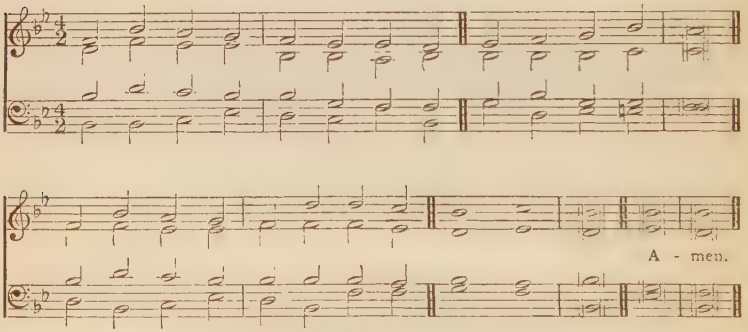
mf 7 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
cr. And a life of self-renouncing love
f Is a life of liberty. Amen.

A. L. WARING.

ST. HELEN'S (*1st Tune*). 8.5.8.3. R. P. STEWART.



GOODWICK (*2nd Tune*). 8.5.8.3. D. JENKINS.



See also "Stephanos," No. 227.

326

"*In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.*"—Ps. xxxi. 1.

mf 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
cr. Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

mp 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
cr For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

mp 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
cr. Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

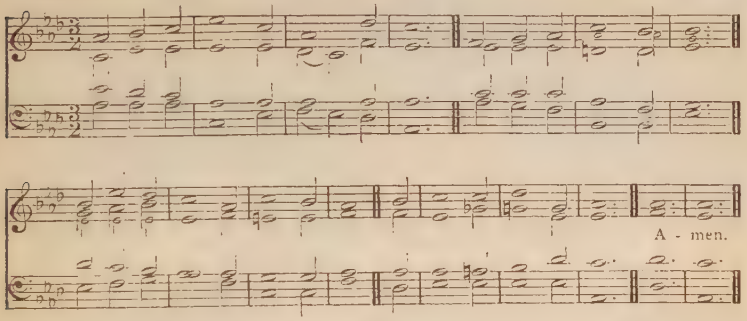
mf 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead:
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

mf 5 I am trusting Thee for power;
cr. Thine can never fail:
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
f Must prevail.

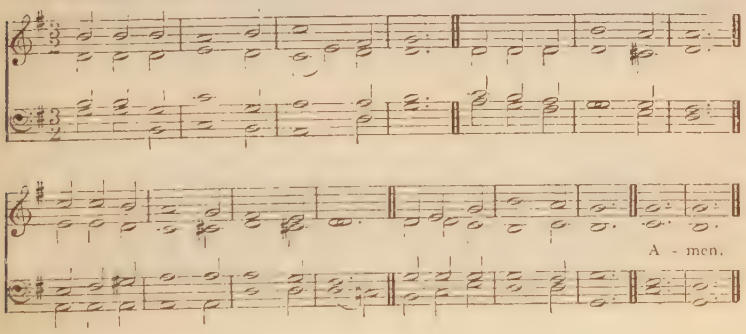
mf 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall:
f I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all. **Amen.**

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BEATITUDO. (1st *Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



ST. AGNES (2nd *Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



327

"*I will trust, and not be afraid.*"—Isa. xii. 2.

mf 1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine:
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

mf 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict His will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

mf 3 It is the Lord—Who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease,
mp And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.

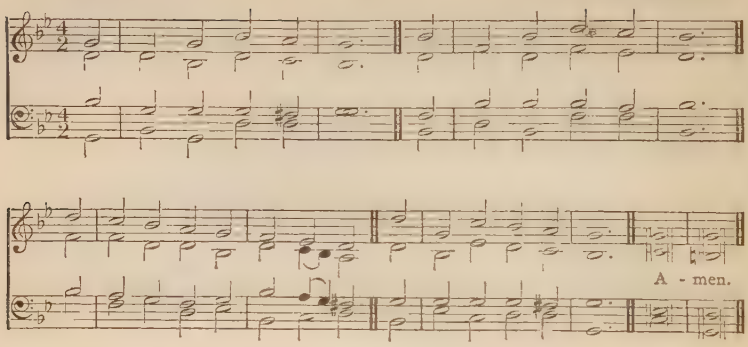
mf 4 It is the Lord—Who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
cr. From Whom assistance I obtain
p To tread the thorny road.

f 5 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessèd be His name!
Whose gracious promise, (*p*) sealed with blood,
cr. Must ever be the same.

f 6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine? [wilt,
mf No, gracious God, take what Thou
cr. To Thee I all resign. Amen.

T. GREENE.

ST. BRIDE. S.M. S. HOWARD.



328

"It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good."—1 Sam. iii. 18.

mp 1 IT is Thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from Thee:
p I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

mp 2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before Thee I am dumb;
p Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
cr. To Thee for help I come.

mf 3 My God, Thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is Thine;
mp With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry,—Thy will be mine!

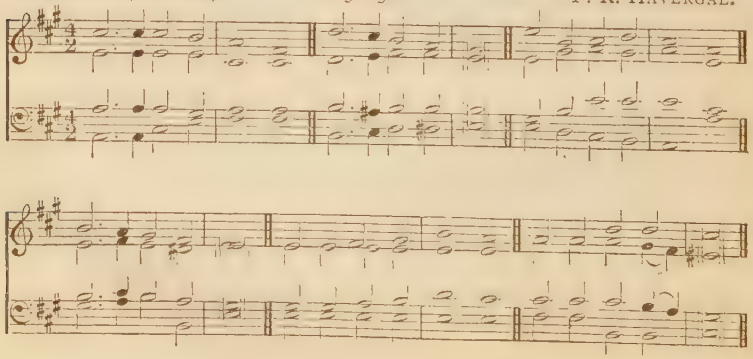
mf 4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

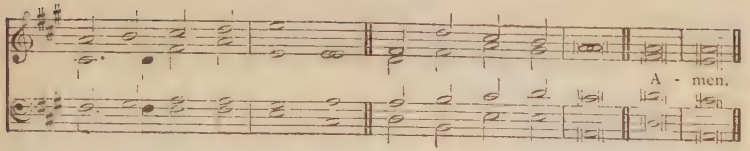
mp 5 Jesus for me hath died;
The Son Thou didst not spare;
p His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
cr. Thy love for me declare.

mf 6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee;
cr. Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me. Amen.

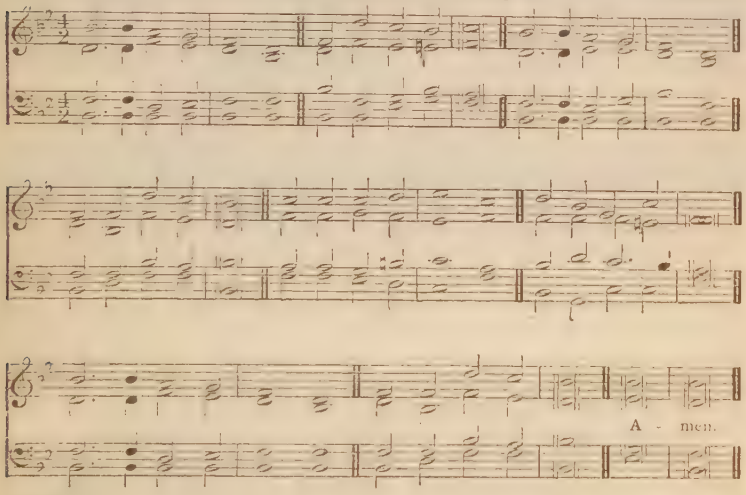
J. G. DECK.

HERMAS (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. F. R. HAVERGAL.





GOSHEN (PASTOR BONUS) (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. Anon.



329

"They that know Thy Name will put their trust in Thee."—Ps. ix. 10.

mf 1 JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
mp Guilty, lost, and helpless,
cr. Thou canst make me whole;
There is none in heaven,
Or on earth like Thee:
p Thou hast died for sinners--
cr. Therefore, Lord, for me.

mf 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee,
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth!
Written, and for ever,
p On Thy cross of shame;
cr. Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that Name!

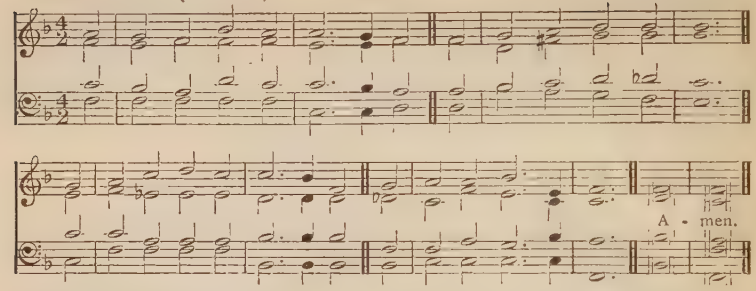
mf 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days;
mp Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
dim. None too vile or loathsome
cr. For a Saviour's grace.

mf 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written word,
dim. Though Thy voice of pity
I have never heard:
cr. When Thy spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.

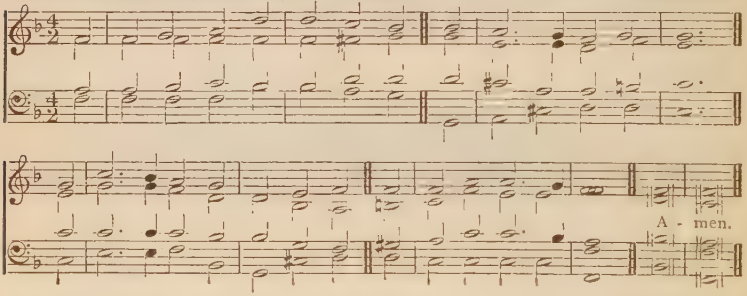
f 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt!
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out;
cr. Faithful is Thy promise,
p Precious is Thy blood;
ff These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God! Amen.

M. J. WALKER.

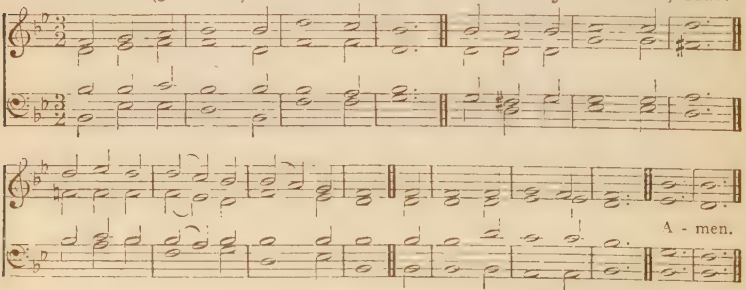
DALEHURST (*1st Tune*). C.M. A. COTTMAN.



NORTHREPPS (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. BOOTH.



ABERGELE (*3rd Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Senr.



330

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

mf 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

mf 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey:
p If short—yet why should I be sad
cr. To soar to endless day?

mp 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

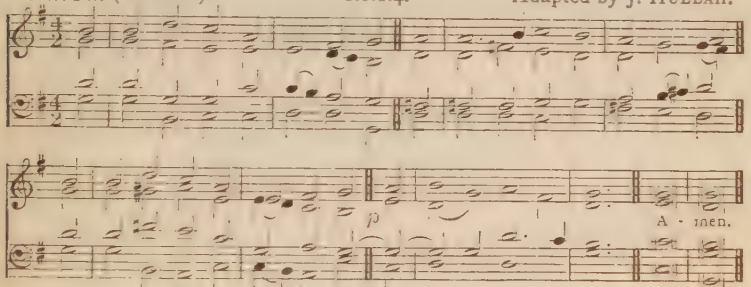
mf 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
cr. For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

mf 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days:
f And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

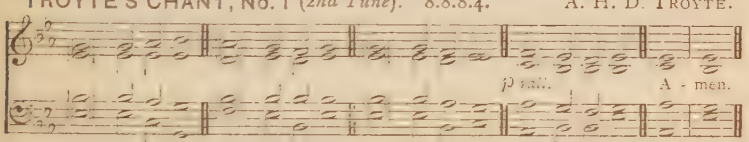
mp 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim: [all
cr. But 'tis enough that Christ knows
f And I shall be with Him. Amen.

R. BAXTER.

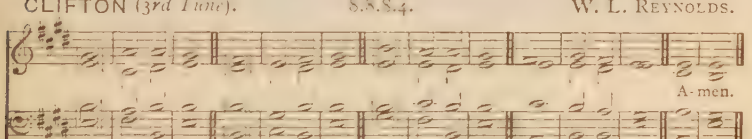
SARUM (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.4. Adapted by J. HULLAH.



TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.4. A. H. D. TROYTE.



CLIFTON (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.8.4. W. L. REYNOLDS.



331

"*Thy will be done.*"—Matt. xxvi. 42.

mp 1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
cr. O teach me from my heart to say,
p "Thy will be done."

mp 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
cr. Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p "Thy will be done."

mp 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
p "Thy will be done."

mp 4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized,—it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was Thine:
p "Thy will be done."

mp 5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
p "Thy will be done."

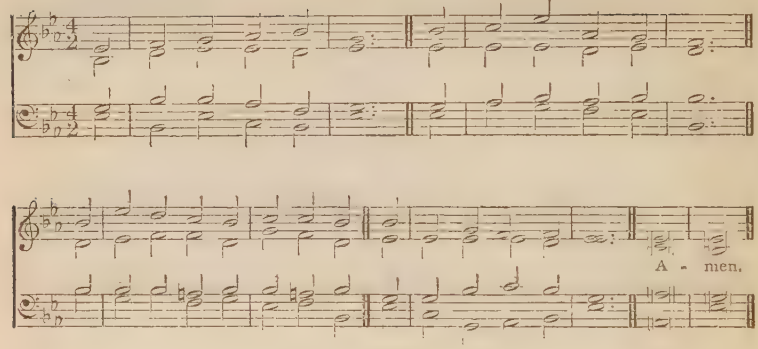
mf 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
p My God! to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

mf 7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
p All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

mp 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
cr. I'll sing upon a happier shore,
f "Thy will be done." Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

FRANCONIA. S.M. German.



See also "Thetford," No. 278.

332

"My times are in Thy hand."—Ps. xxxi. 15.

mf 1 "MY times are in Thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

mf 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

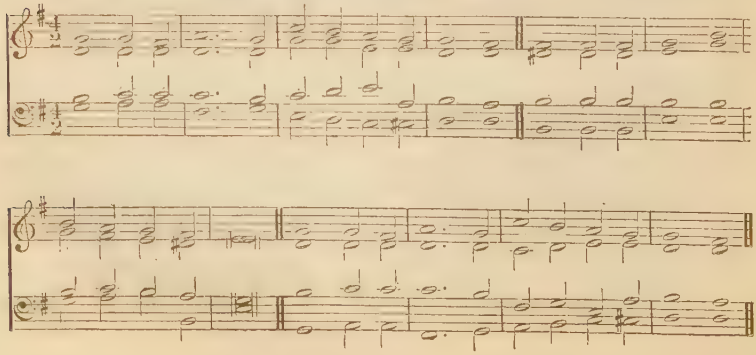
mf 3 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

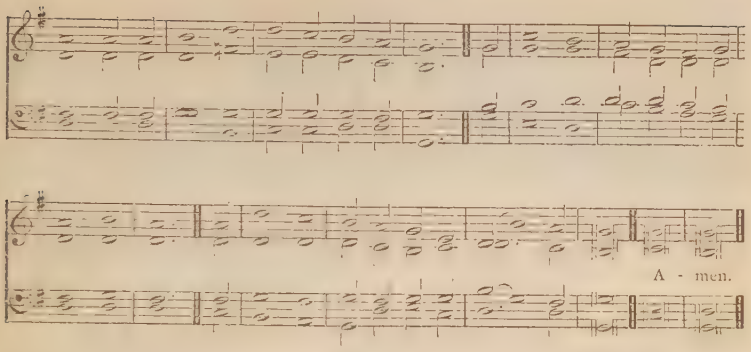
mf 4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified;
p The hand my cruel sins have pierced
cr. Is now my Guard and Guide.

mf 5 "My times are in Thy hand,"
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
f I shall for ever be. Amen.

W. F. LLOYD.

THOU KNOWEST, LORD. 11.10.11.10.10.10. O. R. BARNICOTT.





333

"*Lord, Thou knowest all things.*"—John xxi. 17.

mp 1 THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed:
cr. I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
dim. And lay them at Thy feet: (*p*) Thou knowest, Lord.

mp 2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
cr. How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
p And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
f And brought back life and hope and strength again.

mp 3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
p All pensive memories, as we journey on,
dim. Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

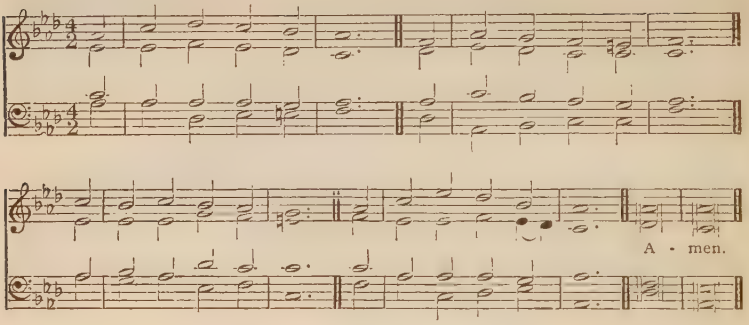
mf 4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
dim. Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
p And the dark river to be crossed at last;
cr. Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, "Thou knowest, Lord"?

mf 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
cr. And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

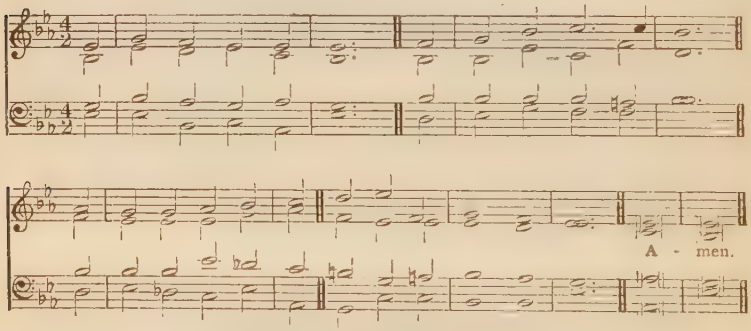
mf 6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
cr. On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
f Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as I am known. Amen.

J. BORTHWICK.

ENTREATY (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6. Anon.

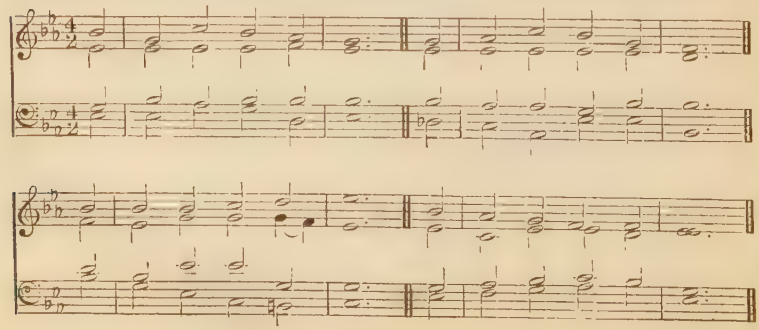


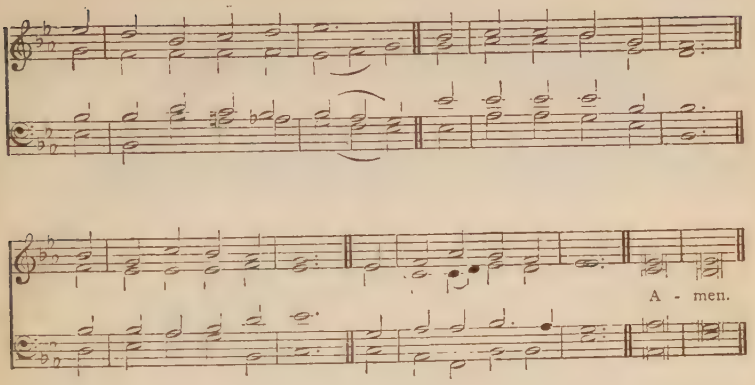
VIA CRUCIS (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6. J. BARNBY.



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BROADLANDS (*3rd Tune*). 6.6.6.6. D. Arr. by E. F. RIMBAULT.





334

"*Not what I will, but what Thou wilt.*"—Mark xiv. 34.

mf 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
mp However dark it be!
cr. Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

mf 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
cr. Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

mp 3 I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
mf Choose Thou for me, my God
So shall I walk aright.

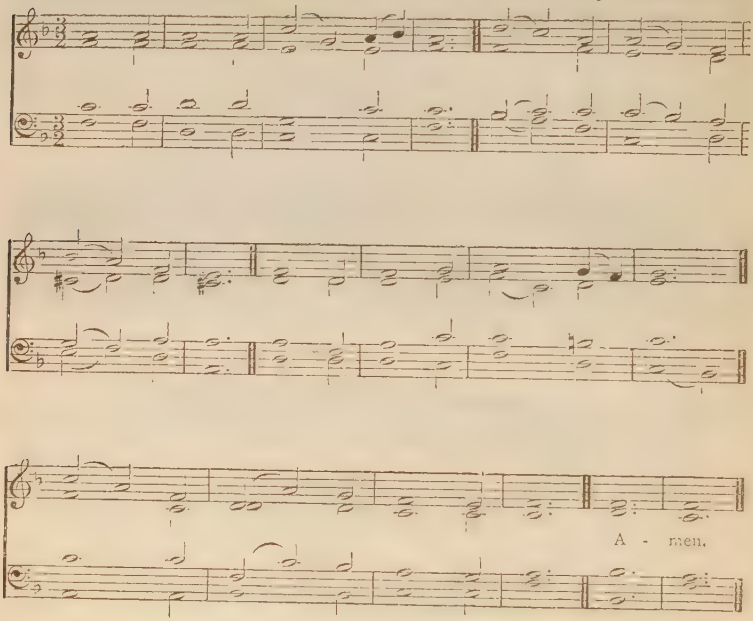
mf 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
dim. Else I must surely stray.

mf 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill!

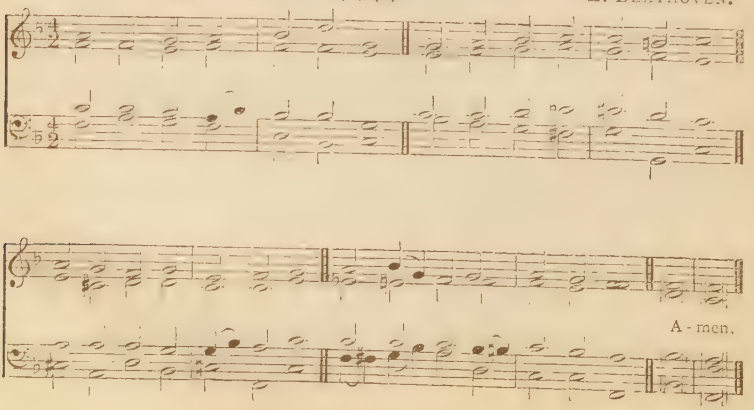
mf 6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr. Be Thou my guide, my strength,
f My wisdom and my all. Amen.

H. BONAR.

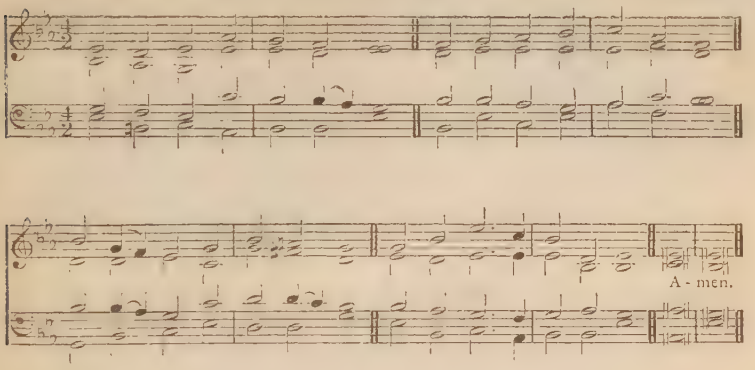
ABERAVON (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. J. H. ROBERTS.



BEETHOVEN (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. L. BEETHOVEN.



FIDUCIA (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. S. S. WESLEY.



335 "*But He saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid.*"—John vi. 20.

mp 1 WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,
cr. "It is I; be not afraid."

mp 2 When we dimly trace Thy Form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
cr. "It is I; be not afraid."

mp 3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
p Whisper to the fainting heart,
"It is I; be not afraid."

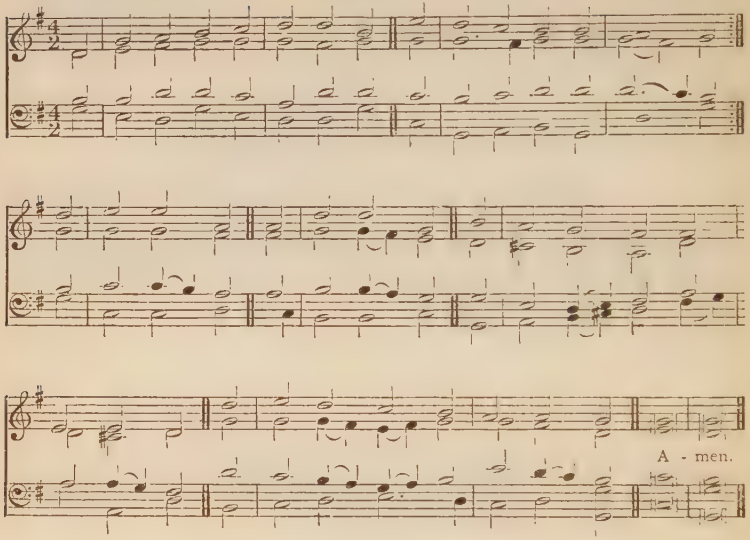
p 4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,
pp "It is I; be not afraid."

p 5 When with wearing, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
cr. "It is I; be not afraid."

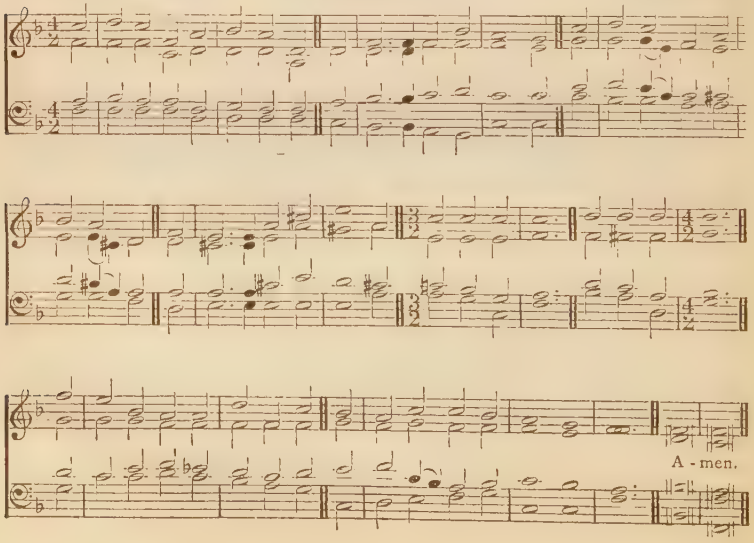
p 6 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cr. May the voice be strong and clear,
f "It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

W. W. HOW.

BADEN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8. S. CASTORIUS.



JESSE (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.4.8.8. T. PRICE.



336

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."—Lam. iii. 26.

mf 1 WHATE'ER my God ordains is
Holy His will abideth; [right:
I will be still, whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth.
cr. He is my God;
p Though dark my road,
cr. He holds me that I shall not fall;
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

mf 2 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

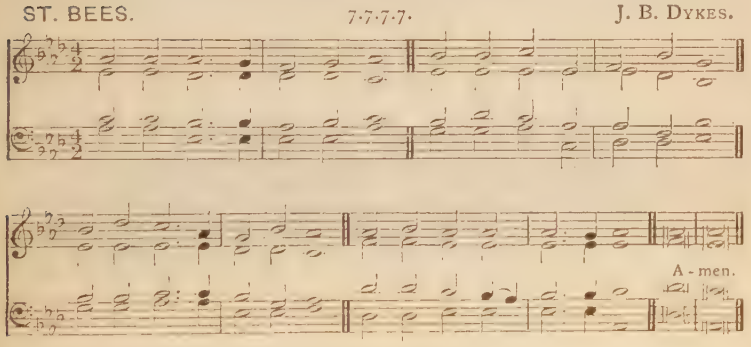
mf 3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
p Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
cr. I take it, all unshrinking;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
mf Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

mf 4 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
p Though sorrow, need, or death be
cr. Yet am I not forsaken; [mine,
My Father's care
Is round me there;
f He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all. Amen.

S. RODIGAST, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

5.—*ITS GRACES: LOVE.*

ST. BEES. 7·7·7·7. J. B. DYKES.



337

"Lovest thou Me?"—John xxi. 17.

mf 1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
p "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

mf 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
cr. Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

mp 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
cr. Yet will I remember thee.

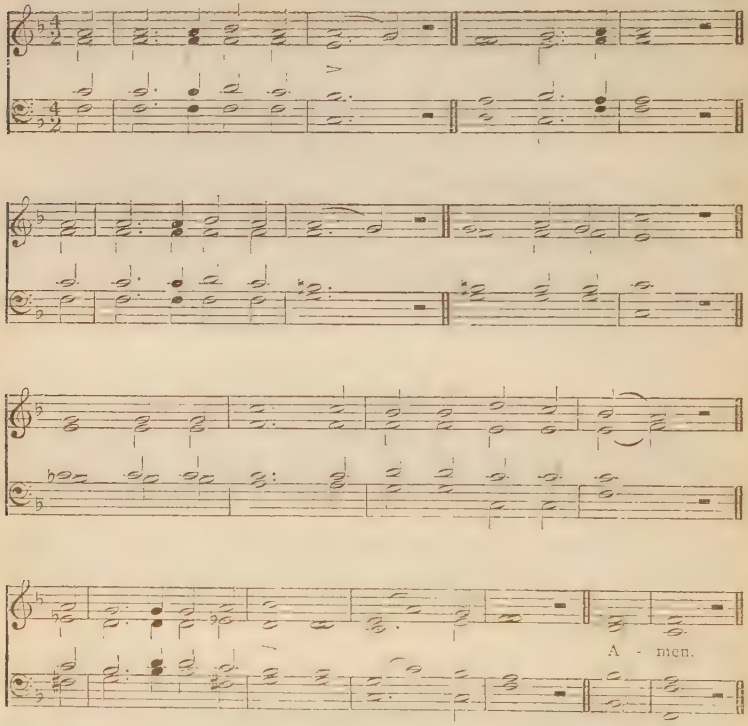
f 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath:
Free and faithful, strong as death.

f 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
mf When the work of grace is done;
cr. Partner of My Throne shalt be;
p Say, poor sinner, (*cr.*) lov'st thou Me?"

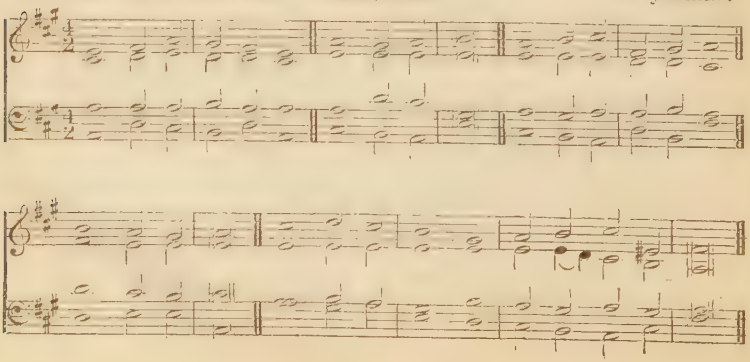
mp 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
cr. Yet I love Thee, (*dim.*) and adore;
f O for grace to love Thee more.
Amen.

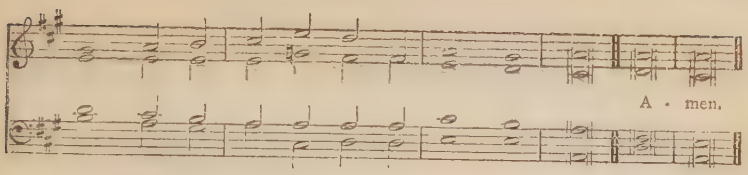
W. COWPER.

BUDLEIGH (*1st Tune*). 6.4.6.4.10.10. T. M. MUDIE.



SPRINGFIELD (*2nd Tune*). 6.4.6.4.10.10. D. JENKINS.





338

"*My Beloved is mine, and I am His.*"—Sol. Song ii. 16.

mf 1 I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine!
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
cr. Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
f That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His"?

mf 2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
cr. By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

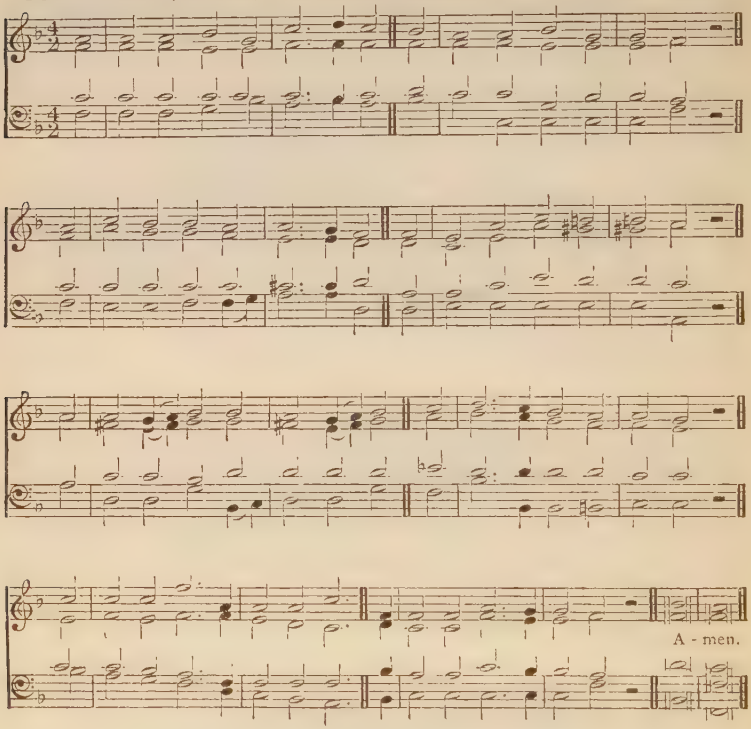
mp 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
cr. All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

mf 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

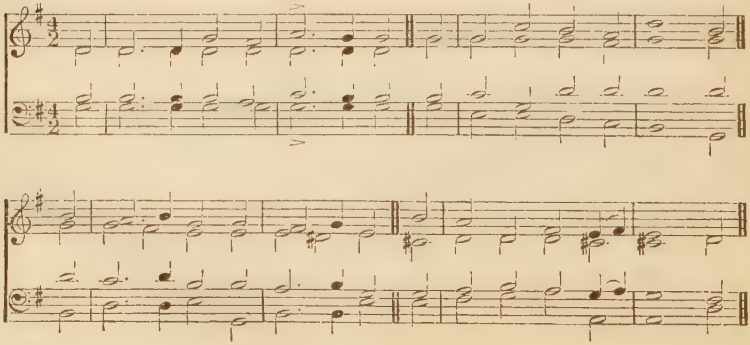
mp 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
pp Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
cr. To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
f Thou and Thine own are one for evermore. Amen.

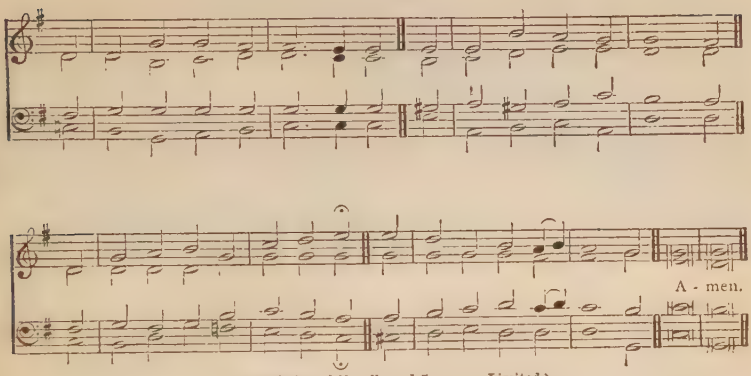
C. E. MUDIE.

CONSTANCE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. (Peculiar). A. SULLIVAN.



HIS FOR EVER (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. (Peculiar). J. BARNBY.





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339

"*This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.*"—Sol. Song v. 16.

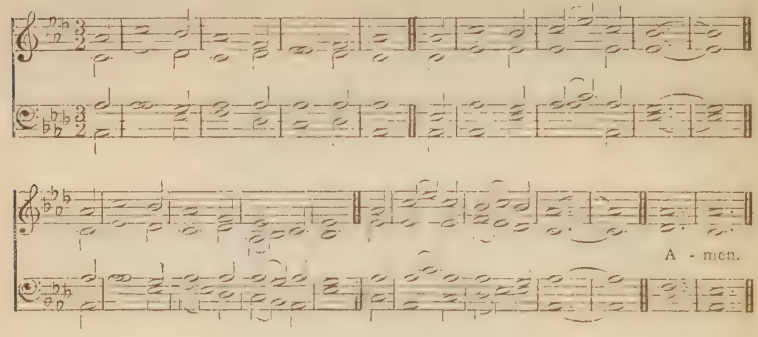
mf 1 I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him!
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever;
cr. For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

mp 2 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend
dim. He bled, He died to save me;
cr. And not alone the gift of life,
But His own Self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
f My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

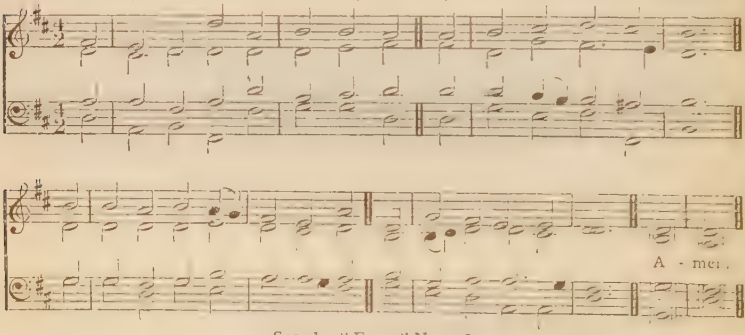
mf 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend
So kind, and true, and tender,
cr. So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
f So mighty a Defender.
mf From Him, Who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
cr. Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell?
f No! I am His for ever! Amen.

J. G. SMALL.

BALLERMA (*1st Tune*). C.M. R. SIMPSON.



REDHEAD, No. 66 (WAVENEY) (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. REDHEAD.



See also "Evan," No. 226.

340

"*We love Him, because He first loved us.*"—1 John iv. 19.

mf 1 MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
p Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die.

mf 2 I love Thee, Saviour dear, and still
I ever will love Thee,
cr. Solely because my God Thou art
Who first hast lovèd me.

p 3 For me to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase;
For me didst bear the cross and shame
And manifold disgrace;

p 4 For me didst suffer pains unknown,—
Blood, sweat, and agony,
Yea, death itself—all, all for me,
Who was Thine enemy.

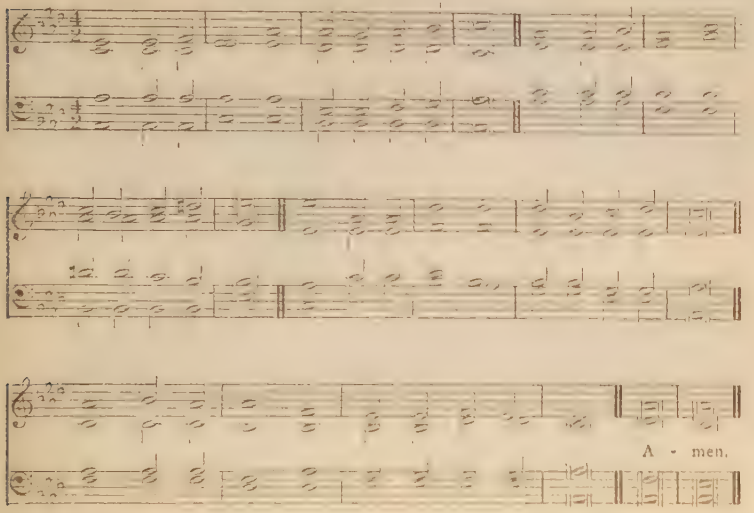
mf 5 Then why, O blessèd Saviour mine,
Should I not love Thee well?
cr Not for the sake of winning heaven,
dim. Nor of escaping hell.

mf 6 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
cr. But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast lovèd me, O Lord!

f 7 Even so, I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King. Amen.

F. XAVIER, *tr.* E. CASWALL, *alt.*

BENEDICTION (ELLERS). 10.10.10.10. E. J. HOPKINS.



See also "Eventide," No. 553.

341

"*If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.*" Gal. v. 25.

mf 1 SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
cr. And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

mf 2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies:
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies:
dim. But take the dimness of my soul away.

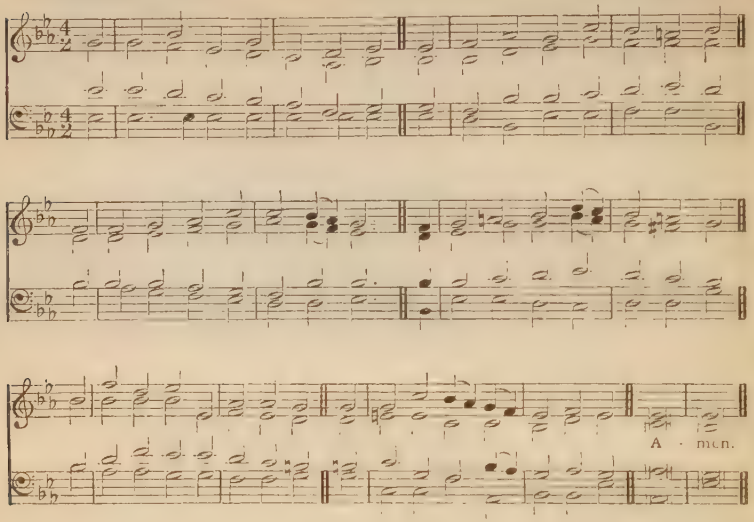
f 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
mp I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
cr. O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

mf 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
mp Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
dim. Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

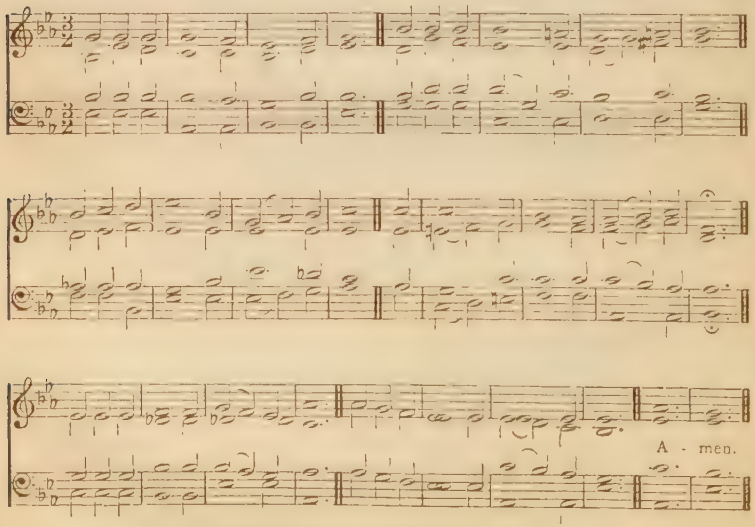
f 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame. Amen.

G. CROLY.

VALETE (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. A. SULLIVAN.

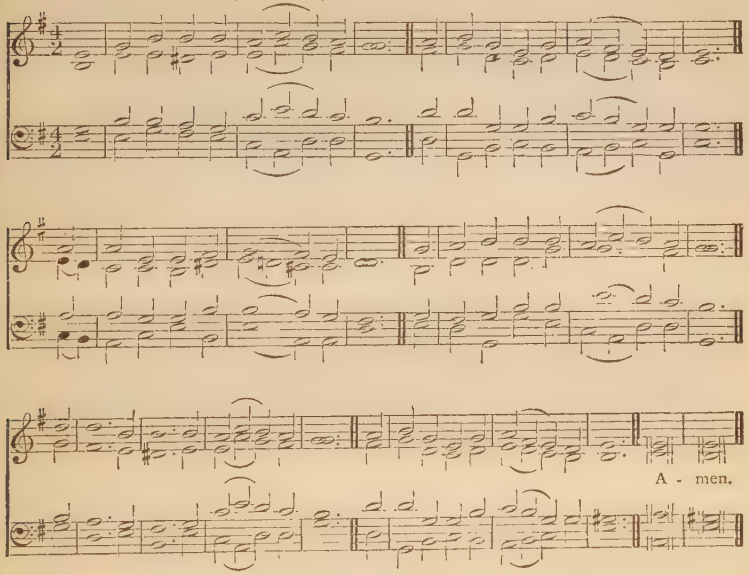


ST. CHRYSOSTOM (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. BARNBY.



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VENI EMMANUEL (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. Latin Melody.



(This tune is usually sung in unison.)

See also "Melita," No. 200.

342

"*I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.*"—Ps. xviii. 1.

f 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

f 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

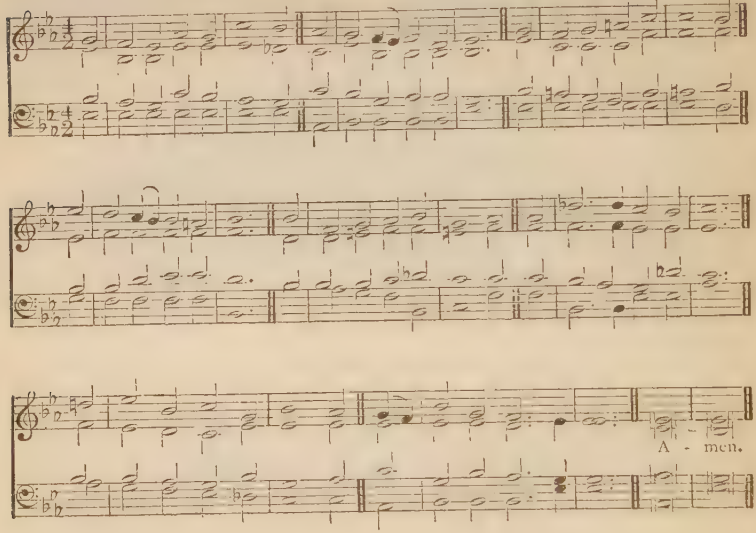
mf 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
cr. Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way:
f My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

mp 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
cr. The love that all heaven's host inspires:
f That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

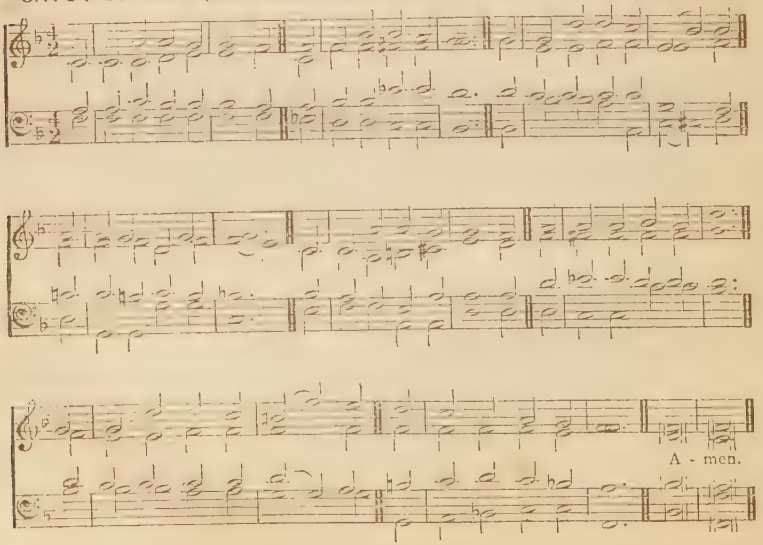
f 5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
mf Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
p What though my flesh and heart decay,
f Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.

J. SCHEFFLER, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

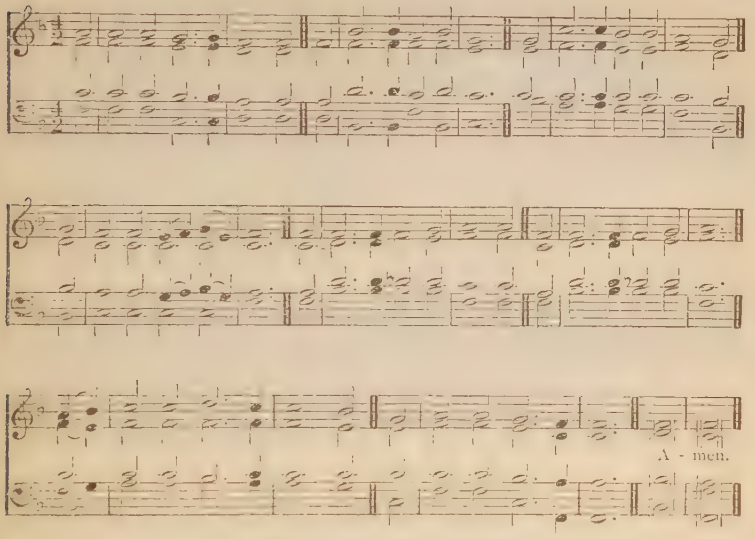
SWANLAND (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. BARNBY.



SAVOY CHAPEL (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. CALKIN.



RUTHERFORD (*3rd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. D'URHAN.



See also "Jesu Magister," No. 433.

343

"*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal life.*"—John vi. 68.

mf 1 TO Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast;
mp Though all the world deceive me,
cr. I know that I am Thine,
f And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour mine.

mf 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou Whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
cr. O Thou Whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
f And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

mp 3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
f My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to thine.

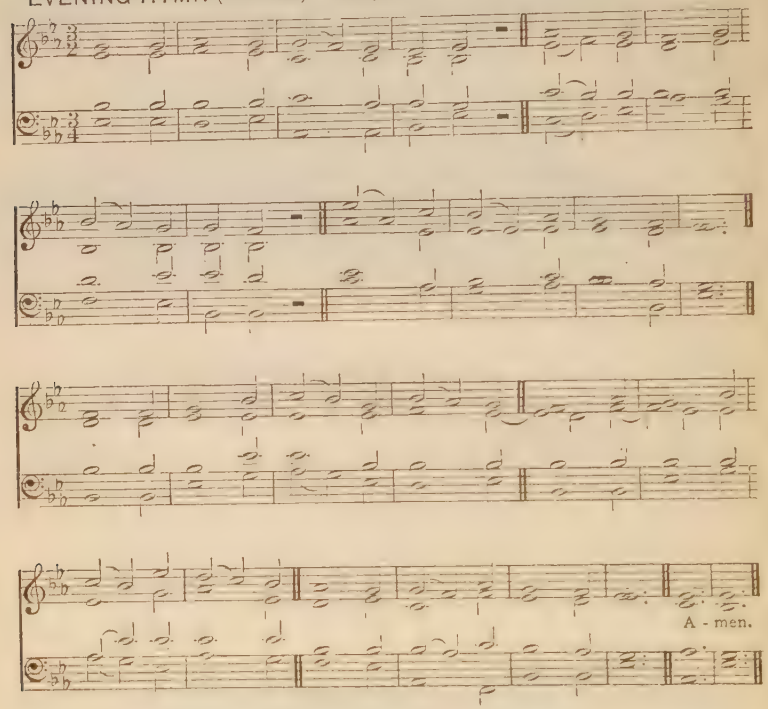
mp 4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one Who never
Forgat or slighted me!
cr. O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

f 5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
dim. The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose. Amen.

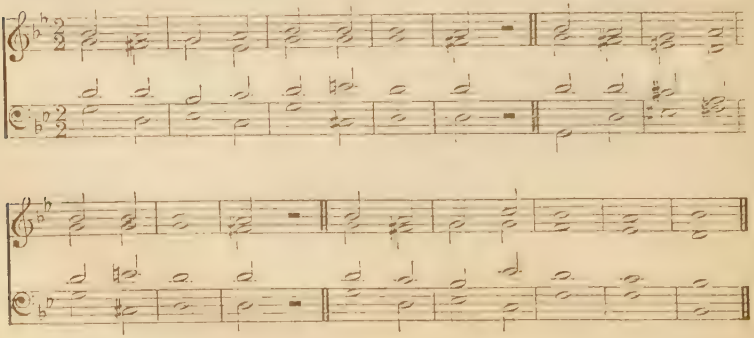
J. S. B. MONSELL.

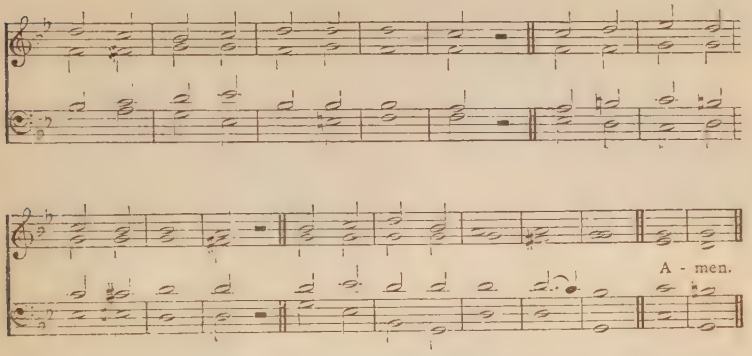
6.—*ITS GRACES: PEACE AND JOY.*

EVENING HYMN (*1st Tune*). 8.8.7. D. W. JACKSON.



PRAETORIUM (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.7. D. ZINCK.





344 "*Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.*"—John xix. 25.

mf 1 BY the Cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
cr. Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
p From the blessèd Sufferer's face.

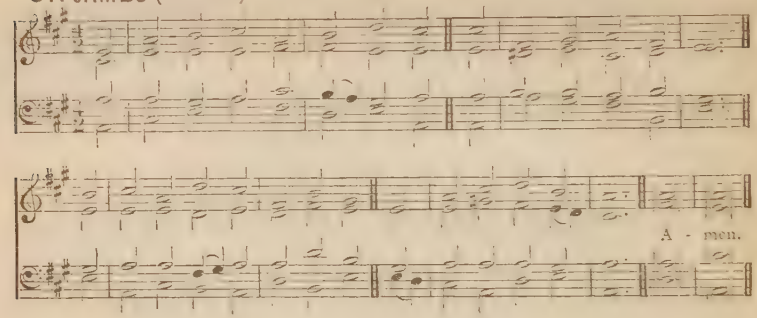
mf 2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made.
cr. Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.

mf 3 All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,
cr. Glorious life our souls is filling,—
Life eternal, only here!

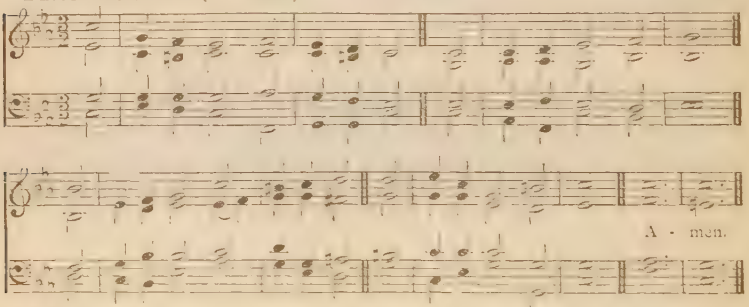
mf 4 Here the living water welleth,
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.
cr. This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
f This the very gate of heaven. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ST. JAMES (*1st Tune*). C.M. R. COURTVILLE.



BLACKBOURNE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



345

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Is. xxx. 15.

mp 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretchèd wing,
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

mp 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

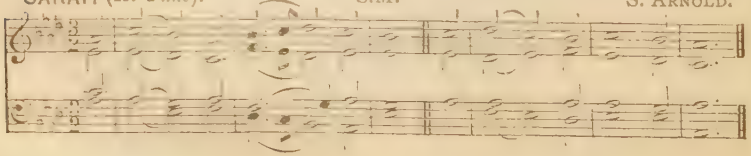
mf 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
mp Calm in my hour of pain;
cr. Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.
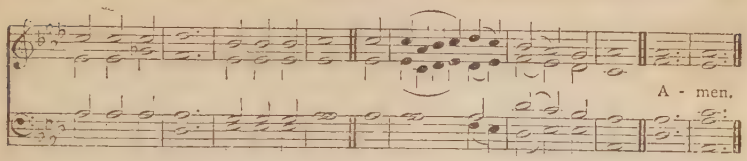
mp 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name.

mp 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
cr. Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
dim. And bid my spirit rest. Amen.

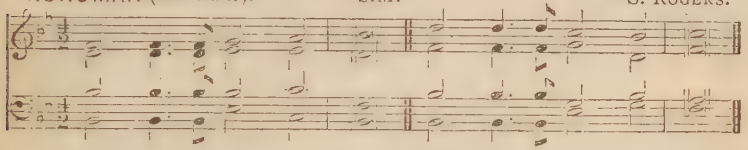
H. BONAR.

SARAH (*1st Tune*). S.M. S. ARNOLD.

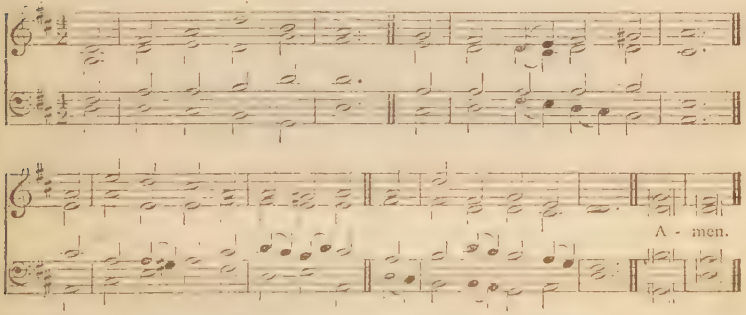




KURUMAN (*2nd Tune*). S.M. S. ROGERS.



TYTHERTON (*3rd Tune*). S.M. L. R. WEST.



346 *"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing."* Ps. c. 2.

f 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround His throne.

mf 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
cr. But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

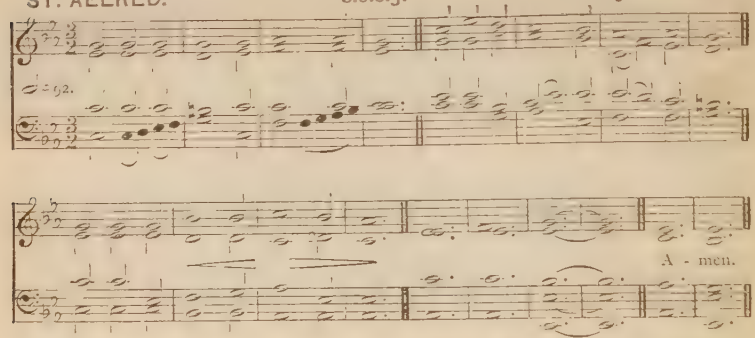
mf 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

mf 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

f 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. AËLRED. 8.8.8.3. J. B. DYKES.



347 *"And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and saith unto the sea, 'Peace, be still.'"*
—Mark iv. 39.

f 1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
dim. But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
p Calm and still.

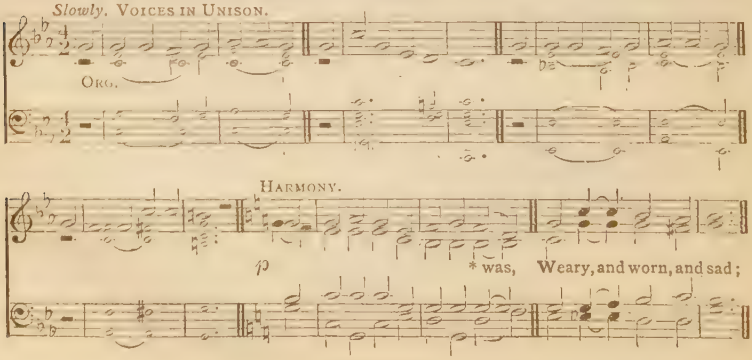
f 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still!"

mf 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
dim. Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
mf The sullen billows ceased to leap
cr. At Thy will.
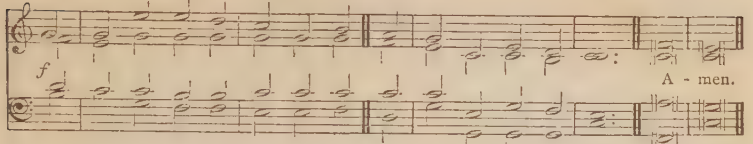
mf 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
cr. And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
mp Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
p "Peace, be still!" Amen.

G. THRING.

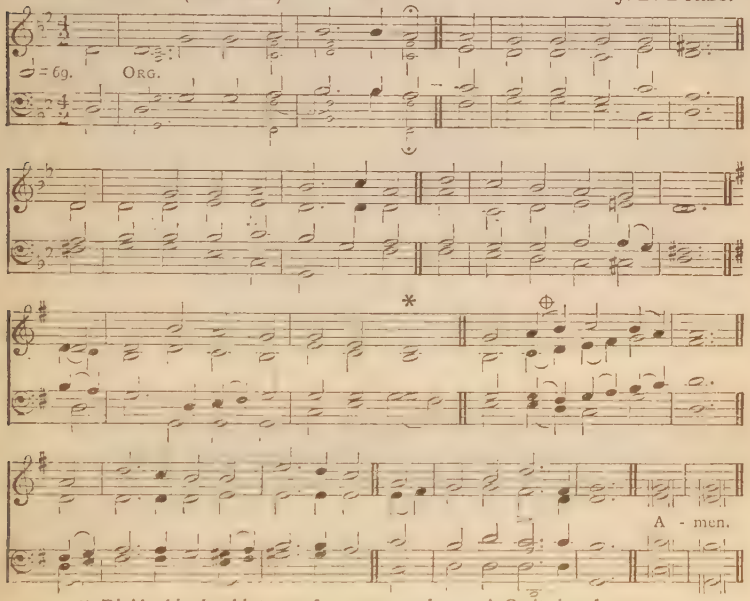
AUDITE AUDIENTES ME (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. A. SULLIVAN.



* First verse only.



VOX DILECTI (*2nd Tune*). C.M.D. J. B. DYKES.



* Divide this chord into two for verses 2 and 3. ⊕ Omit slurs for verse 1.

See also "Petersham," No. 238, and "St. Matthew," No. 305.

348

"Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.
"He would have given thee living water."—John iv. 10.
"I am the light of the world."—John viii. 12.

mf 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

mp I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;

cr. I found in Him a resting-place,

f And He has made me glad.

mf 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down; and drink, and live."

cr. I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;

f My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

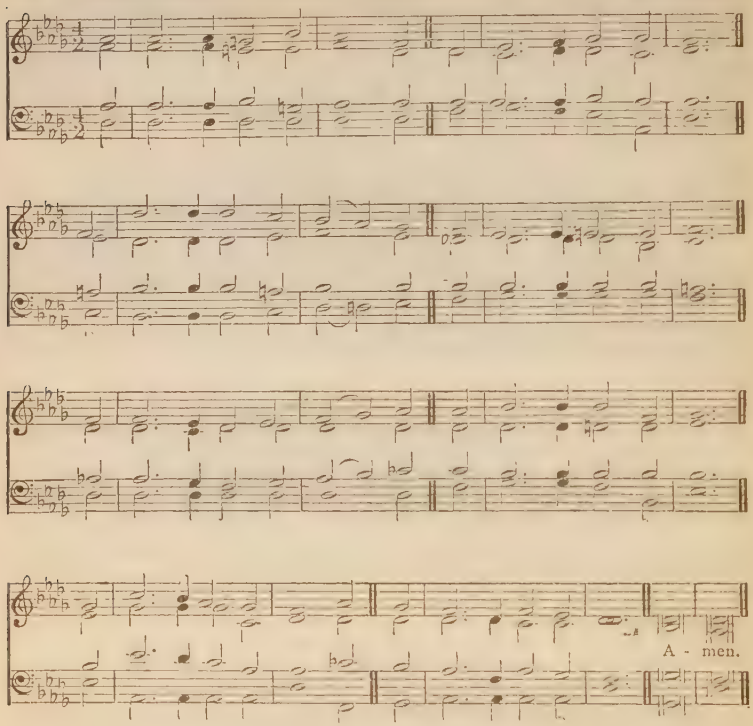
mf 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;

cr. Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

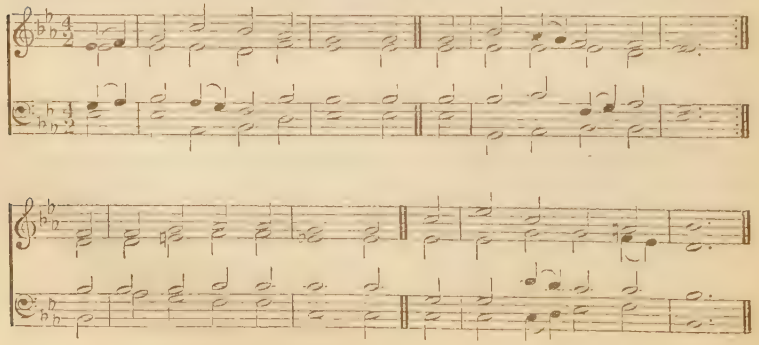
f I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.
Amen.
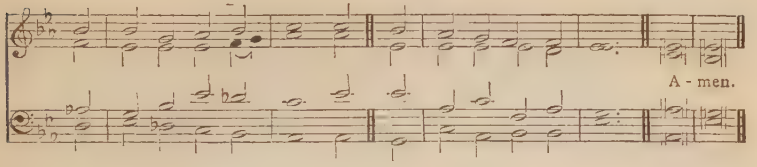
H. BONAR.

ST. CHRISTOPHER (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. F. C. MAKER.



BREMEN (MUNICH) (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. German Melody.





349

"*Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.*"—John xvi. 20.

mf 1 I'VE found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring;
mp A whisper'd promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

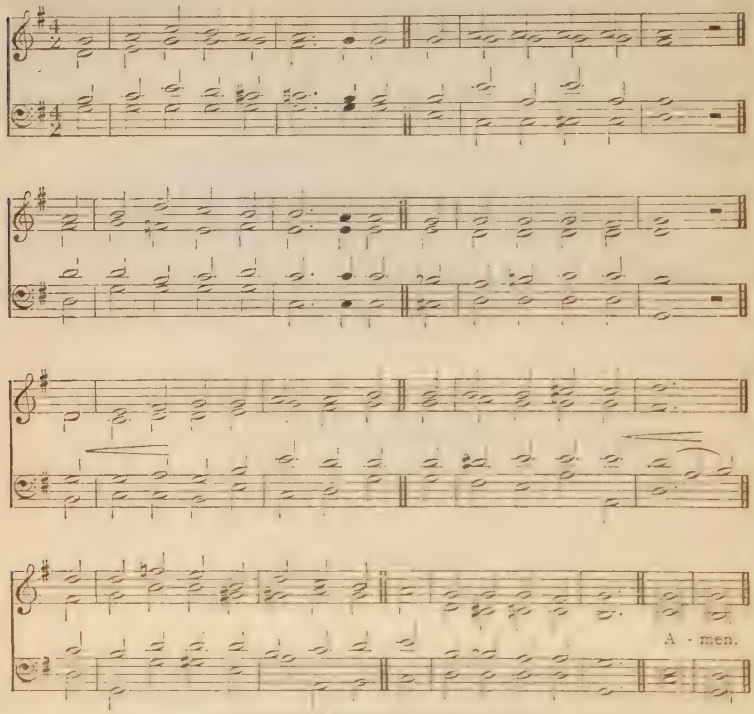
mf 2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
I've found a Rock of ages,
When desert wells were dry,—
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

mf 3 An Elim, with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade!
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade!
mp O'er tears of soft contrition,
cr. I've seen a rainbow light:
A glory and fruition,
So near;—yet out of sight.

mf 4 My Saviour! Thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing, and the blessing—
The sunshine and the psalm;
cr. The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
f The glory for the saint. Amen.

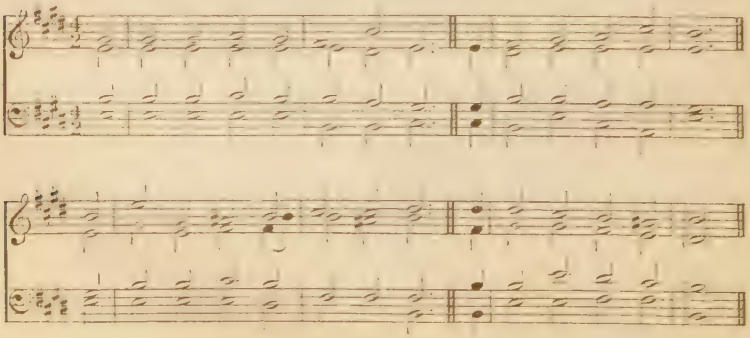
J. CREWDSON.

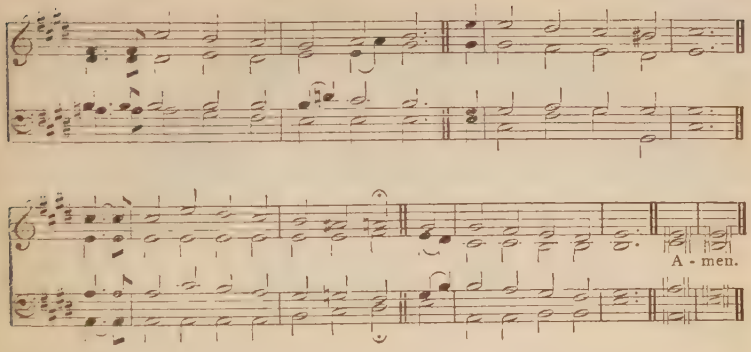
ST. LEONARDS (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. H. HILES.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited).

ELIM (REST) (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. W. H. CALLCOTT.





350 "*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.*"—Lam. iii. 24.

mf 1 MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
mp Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
dim. The waters of the earth have failed
And I am thirsty still.

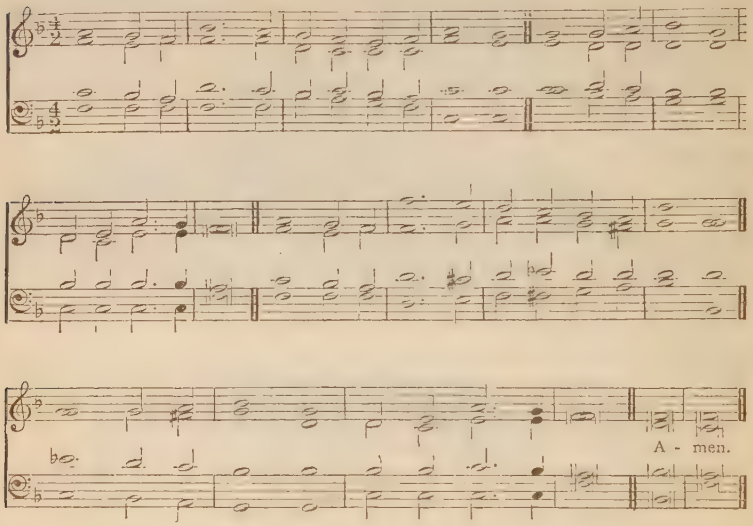
mf 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life.
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
cr. And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
"Glory to Thee for all the grace
dim. I have not tasted yet.

mf 3 "Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
cr. The fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own!"
f I have a heritage of joy
dim. That yet I must not see;
p The hand that bled to make it mine
cr. Is keeping it for me.

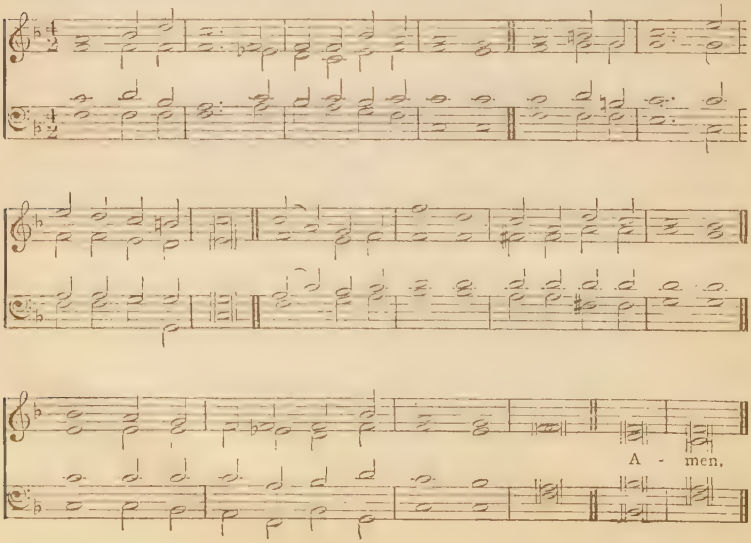
mf 4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
cr. I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
f "Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
The music of their glad "Amen"
Will never die away. Amen.

A. L. WARING.

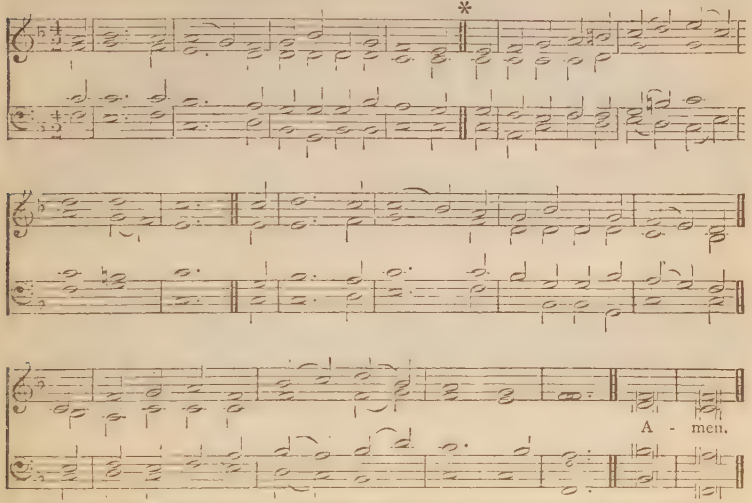
BERLIN (*1st Tune*). 11.10.11.10. F. MENDELSSOHN.



CULLINGWORTH (*2nd Tune*). 11.10.11.10. E. MOSS.



MARLBOROUGH (*3rd Tune*). 11.10.11.10. Anon.



* Omit the first chord in line 2, and divide the second into two chords, for verse 1 only.

351

"*What is this that He saith, 'A little while.'*"—John xvi. 18.

mp 1 OH, for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
mf Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for-ever,"
dim. Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

mp 2 "A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
cr. To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
mp "A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
cr. Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

mp 3 "A little while," to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary step through miry ways;
cr. Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

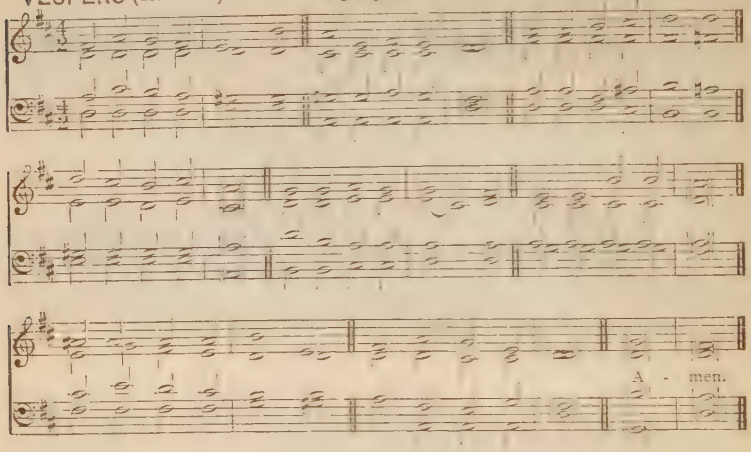
mp 4 "A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
cr. Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

mf 5 "A little while," to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
cr. And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
f To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

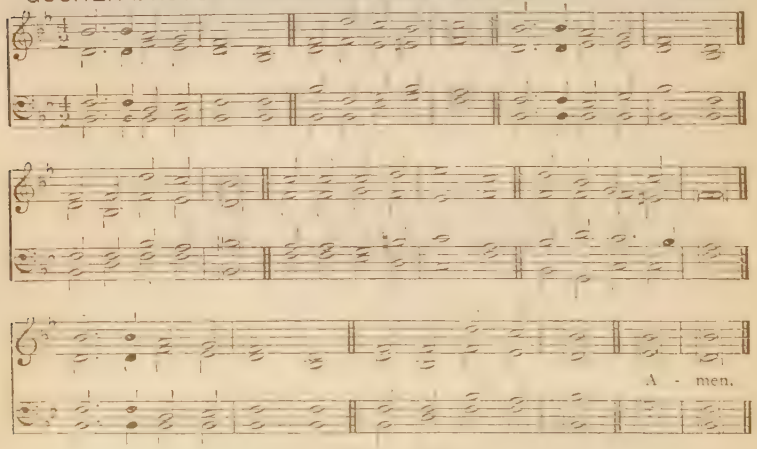
f 6 And He Who is Himself the Gift and Giver,—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for-ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while." Amen.

J. F. CREWDSON.

VESPERS (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. H. A. PROTHERO.



GOSHEN (PASTOR BONUS) (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. Anon.



See also "Hermas," No. 329.

352

"And he went on his way rejoicing."—Acts viii. 39.

mf 1 ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
mp Is there grief or sadness?
cr. Thine it cannot be:
mp If our sky be clouded,
cr. Clouds are not from Thee.

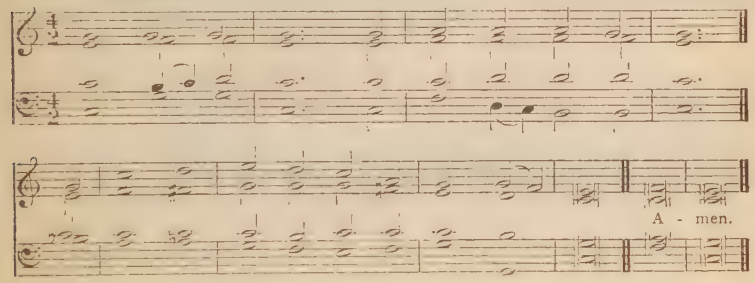
mf 2 If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing all we can,
cr. Thou Who givest the seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

f 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Victor is the Leader!
Vanquished is the foe!
Christ without—our safety!
Christ within—our joy!
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

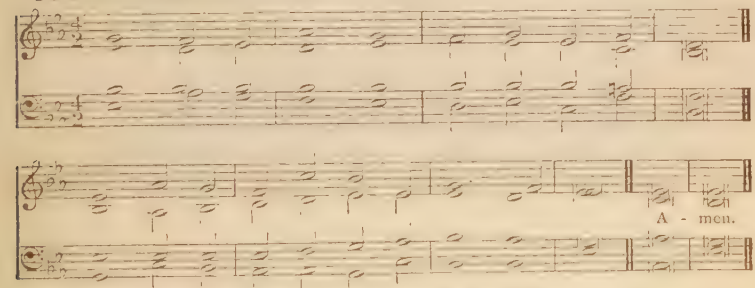
f 4 Unto God the Father!
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour!
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit!
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

PAX TECUM (*1st Tune*). 10.10. G. T. CALDBECK.



COENA DOMINI (*2nd Tune*). 10.10. A. SULLIVAN.



353 "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.*"—Isa. xxvi. 3.

p *cr.* 1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf *cr.* 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

p *cr.* 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

p *cr.* 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

mp *cr.* 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

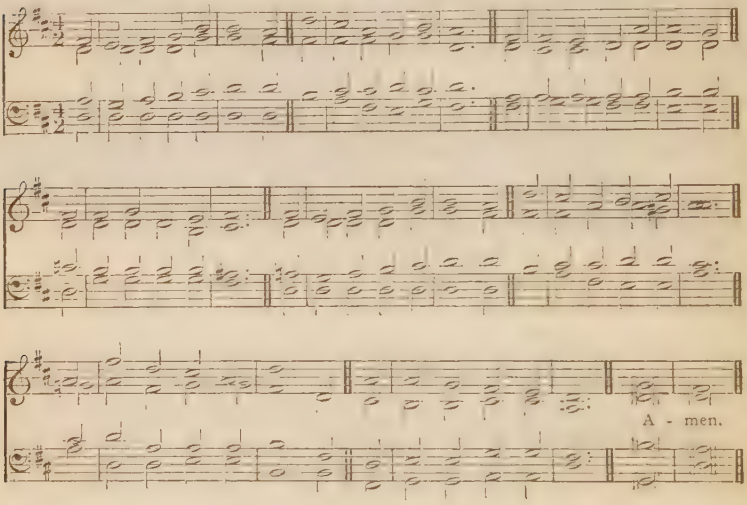
p *cr.* 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

mf *cr.* 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

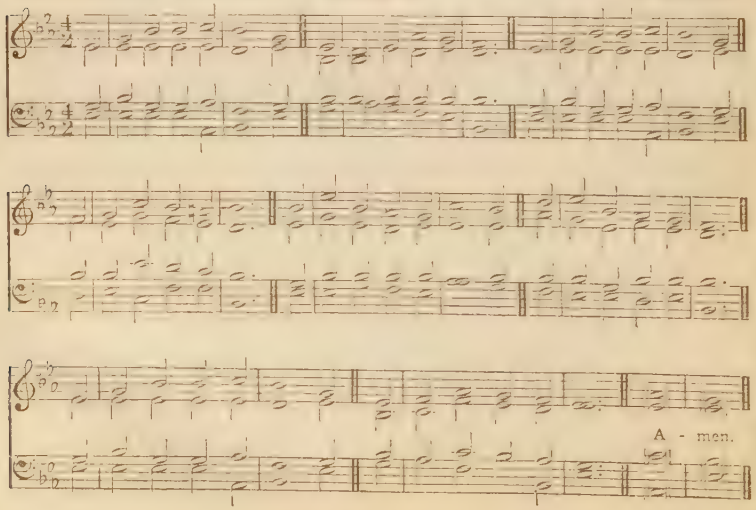
E. H. BICKERSTETH.

7.—*ITS DUTIES: GRATITUDE.*

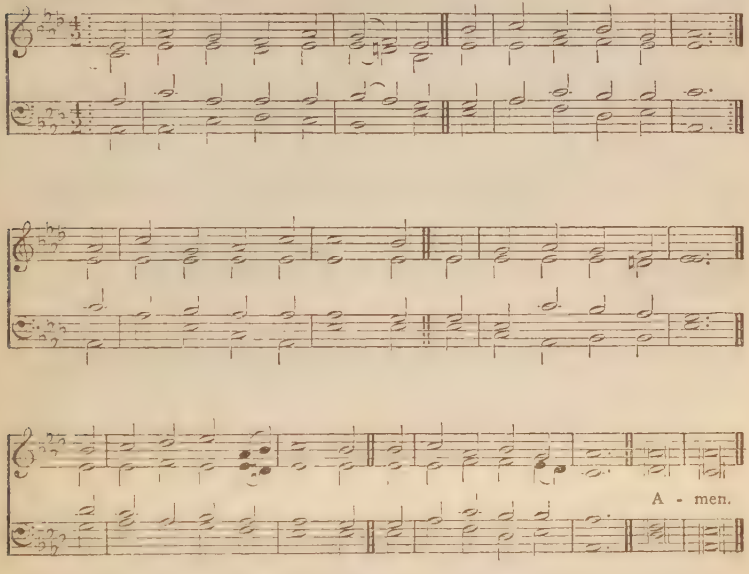
BENTLEY (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. HULLAH.



MISSIONARY (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. L. MASON.



TALYLLYN (*3rd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Welsh Melody.



See also "St. Christopher," No. 349.

354

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."—Ps. cxii. 4.

mf 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His wings:
mp When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
cr. A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

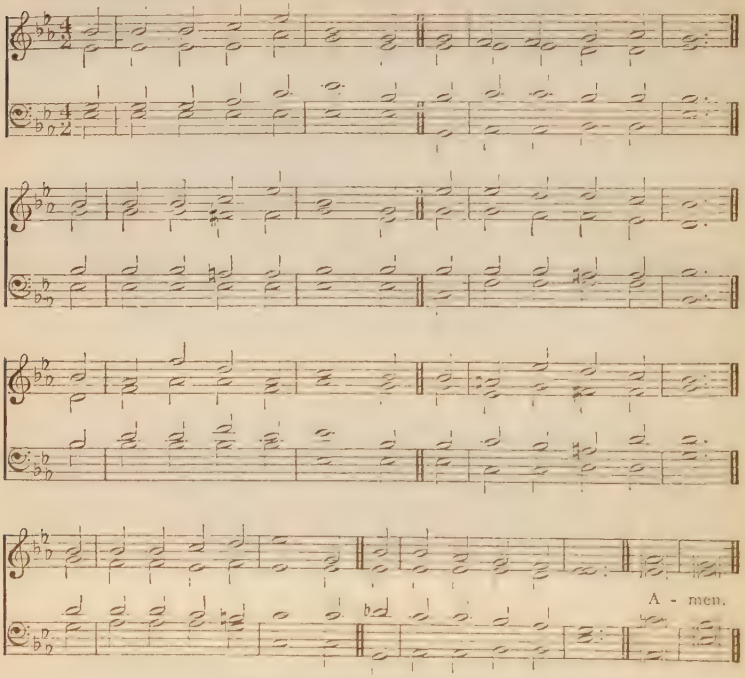
mp 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
cr. Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
mf E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may:

mf 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed:
cr. And He, Who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

mp 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
cr. Yet, God the same abiding,
f His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

W. COWPER.

PROVIDENCE (*4th Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. FORTAY.



See also "St. Christopher," No. 349.

354

"*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.*"—Ps. cxii. 4.

mf 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His wings:
mp When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
cr. A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

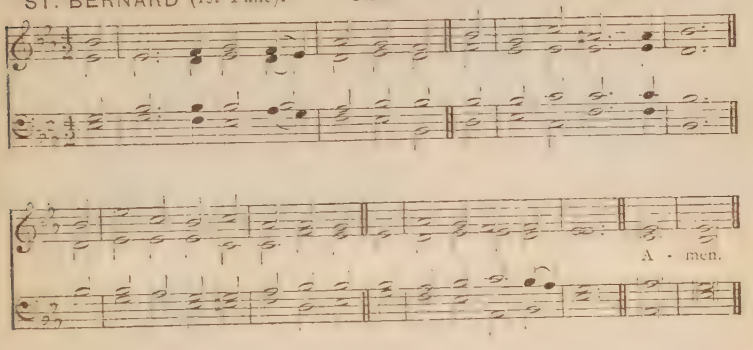
mp 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
cr. Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
mf E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may:

mf 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed:
cr. And He, Who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

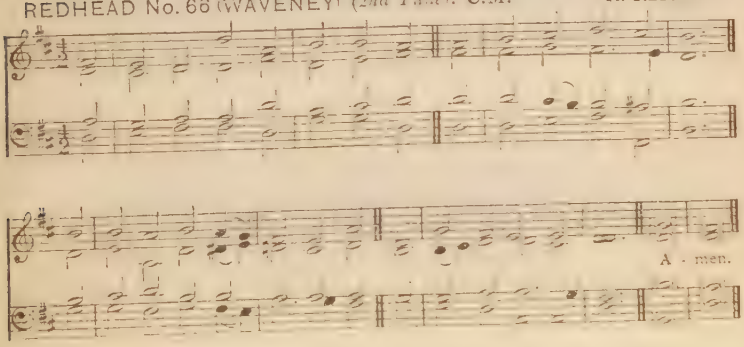
mp 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
cr. Yet, God the same abiding,
f His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

W. COWPER.

ST. BERNARD (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. RICHARDSON.



REDHEAD No. 66 (WAVENEY) (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. REDHEAD.



355

"*But by the grace of God I am what I am.*"—1 Cor. xv. 10.

mf 1 ALL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
cr. All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

mf 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
cr. The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

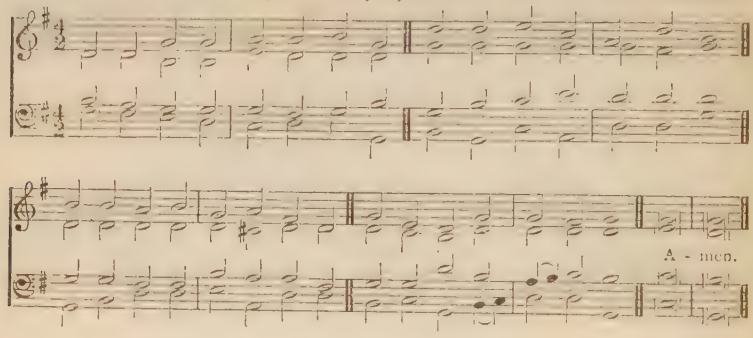
mf 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine;
cr. The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.

mf 4 The grace that made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
p Then, in believing, peace I found,
f And now in Christ I live.

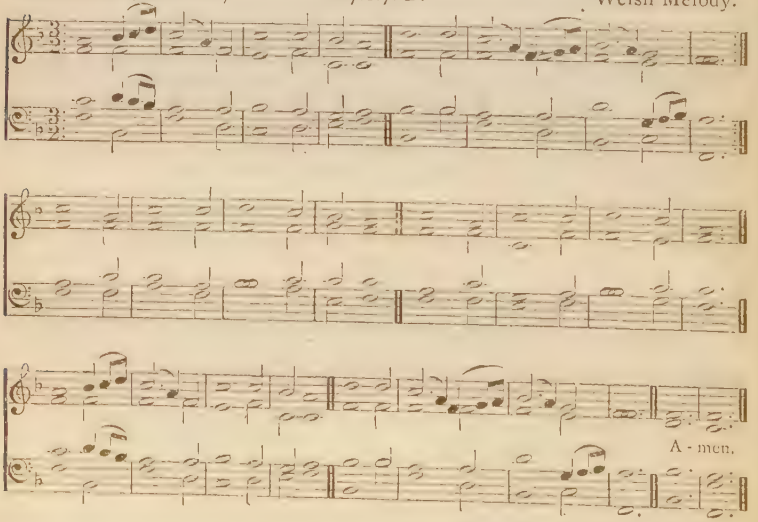
mf 5 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
f When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

H. BONAR.
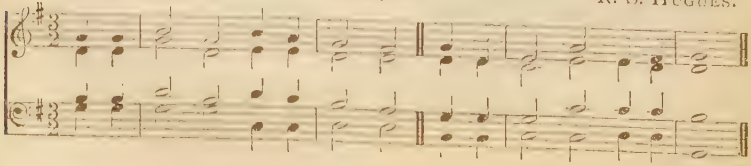
STUTTGART (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. German.

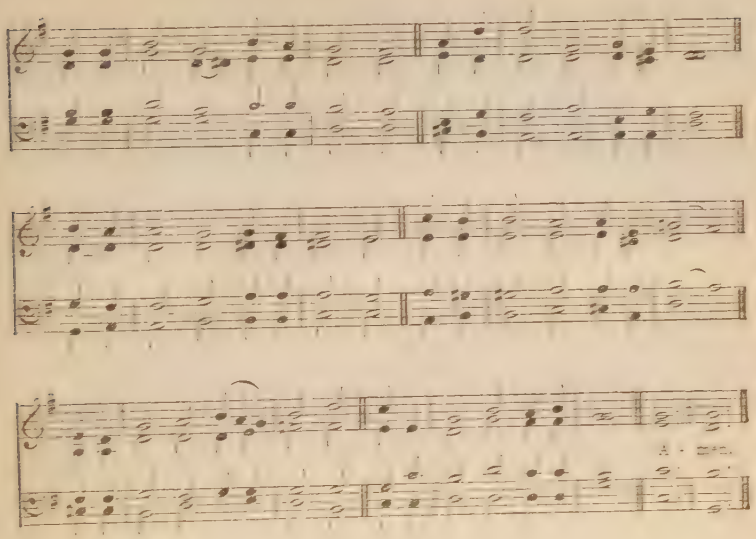


MORIAH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. Welsh Melody.



ST. CYR (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. R. S. Hughes.





356

"*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"—1 Sam. vii. 12.

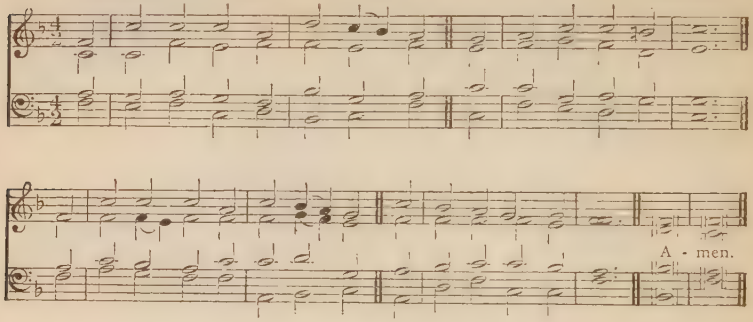
mf 1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
f Call for songs of loudest praise.
mf Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above,
f Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.

mf 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come,
cr. And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger.
mp Wandering from the fold of God;
cr. He, to rescue me from danger,
f Interposed His precious blood.

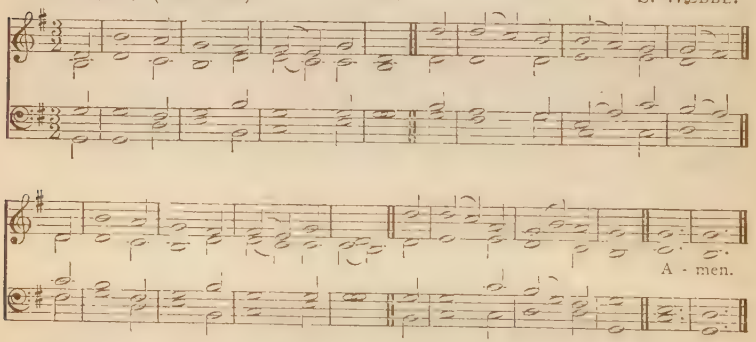
mf 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
cr. Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
mp Prone to wander; Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
cr. Here's my heart—O take and seal it!
Sea it for Thy courts above. Amen

R. ROBINSON.

ST. GEORGE (*1st Tune*). C.M. N. HERMAN.



BELMONT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. S. WEBBE.



357 "*What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?*"—Ps. cxvi. 12.

mf 1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

mp 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin:
My all is nothing worth.

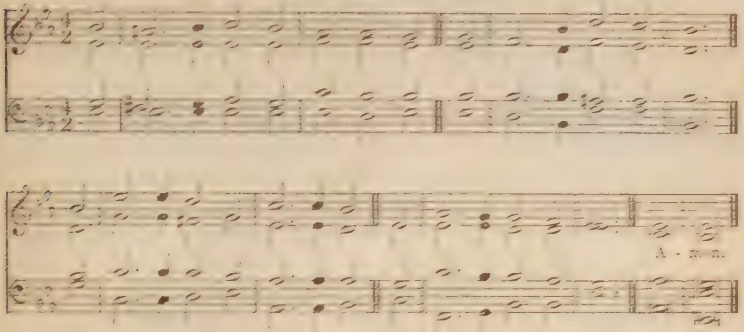
mf 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

mf 4 The best return for one like me,
p So wretched and so poor,
cr. Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

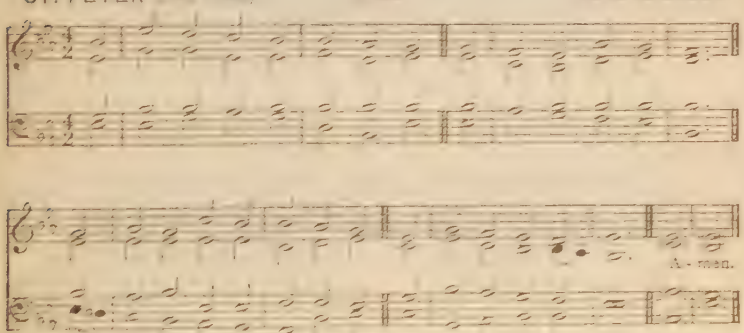
mf 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
cr. Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

FAVERSHAM (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. C. FILBY.



ST. PETER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



358

"*I love the Lord.*"—Ps. cxvi. 1.

mf 1 I LOVE the Lord:—He lent an ear
When I for help implored;
f He rescued me from all my fear
Therefore I love the Lord.

mp 2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest
From God no longer roam;
cr. His hand hath bountifully blest:
His goodness called thee home.

mf 3 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

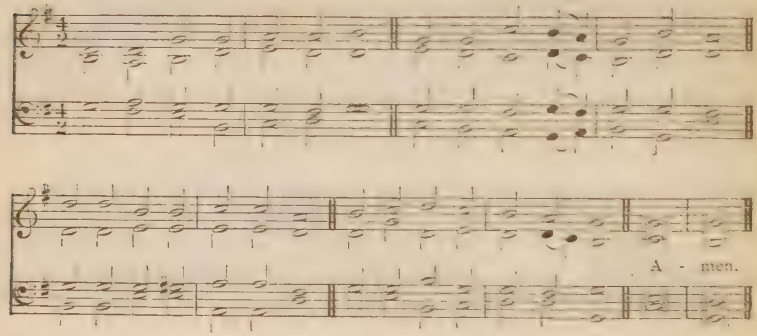
mf 4 [illegible]
cr. And thus Thy power proclaim,
f [illegible]
And call upon Thy name.

mf 5 [illegible]
[illegible]
And at Thine altar bow.

mf 6 [illegible]
With single heart and eye,
f [illegible]
[illegible] Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HART'S. 7·7·7·7. Anon.



359

"*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"—1 Sam. vii. 12.

mf 1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
cr. With a grateful heart I own
Hitherto Thy help I've known.

mf 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest—
What Thy will ordains is best.

mp 3 I my all to Thee resign;
Father, let Thy will be mine:
cr. May but all Thy dealings prove
Fruits of Thy paternal love.

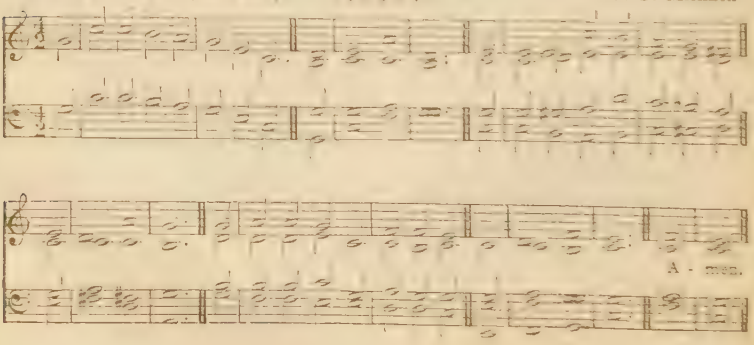
mf 4 Guard me, Saviour, by Thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour;
Let Thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

mp 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to Thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
cr. Shall be tranquil and serene.

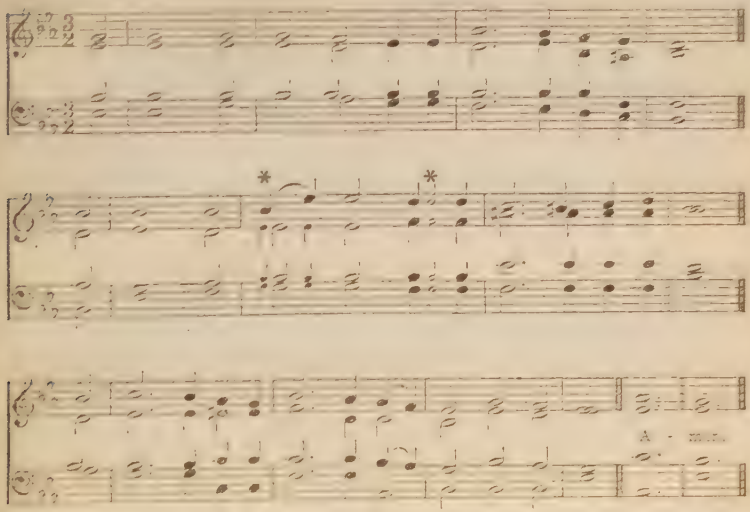
mf 6 To Thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
cr. Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of Thy special love. Amen.

J. FAWCETT.

WENTWORTH (*1st Tune.*). S.4.S.4.S.4. F. C. MAKER.



CARROW (*2nd Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.4. A. SULLIVAN.



* Small notes for Verses 2, 3, 4, and 5.

360

"*Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"—Eph. v. 20.

f 1 MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of sweetness and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

mf 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
mp So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
dim. That in the darkest spot of earth
cr. Some love is found.

mf 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
f That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
cr. So that earth's blessings be our guide,
And not our chain.

mp 4 For Thou, Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
cr. So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

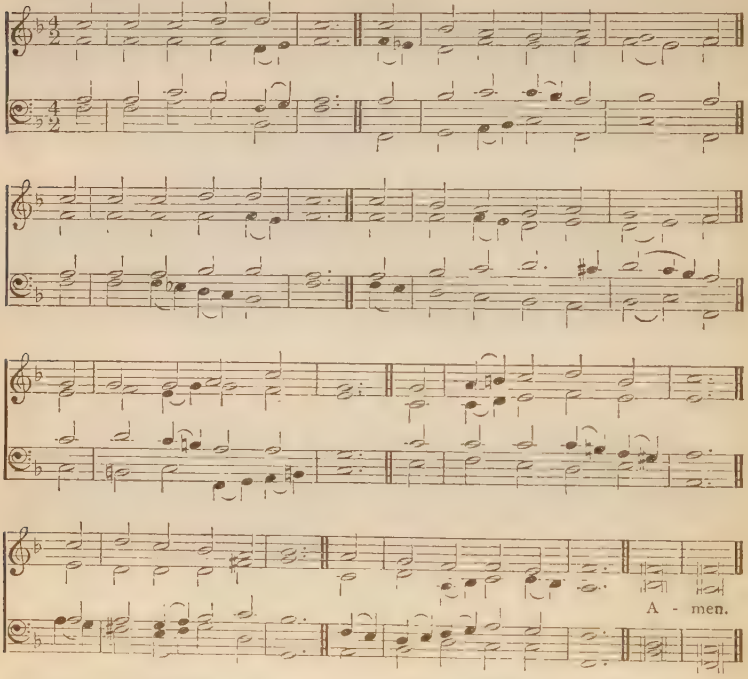
f 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
mf We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
mp A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

mf 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest,—
mp Nor ever hope, wherever they be,
On Jesus' breast.

Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. J. CRÜGER.



361

"*Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name.*"—1 Chr. xxix. 13.

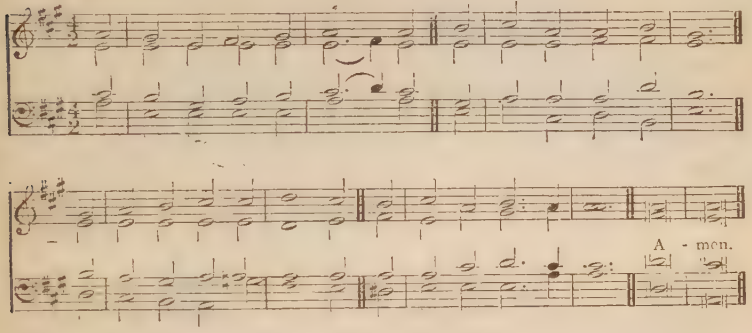
f 1 NOW thank we all our God.
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
mp Who, from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way
cr. With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

mf 2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
cr. With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
mp And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
cr. And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

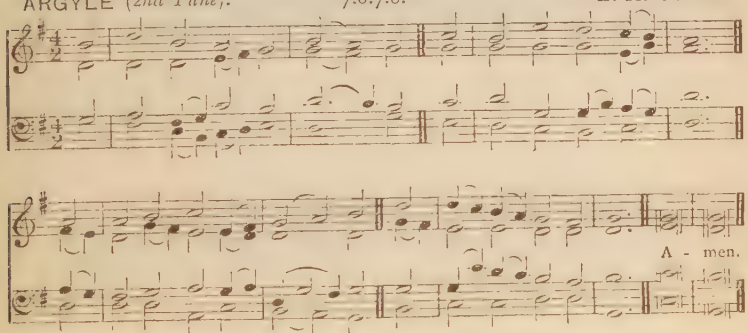
f 3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Holy Ghost
Supreme in highest heaven,
ff The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore! Amen.

M. RINCKART, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

PISA (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. W. H. JUDE.



ARGYLE (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. E. H. TURPIN.



362 "*If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*"—John viii. 36.

mf 1 O THOU, Whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
cr. And then for ever bound me
With three-fold cords to Thee!

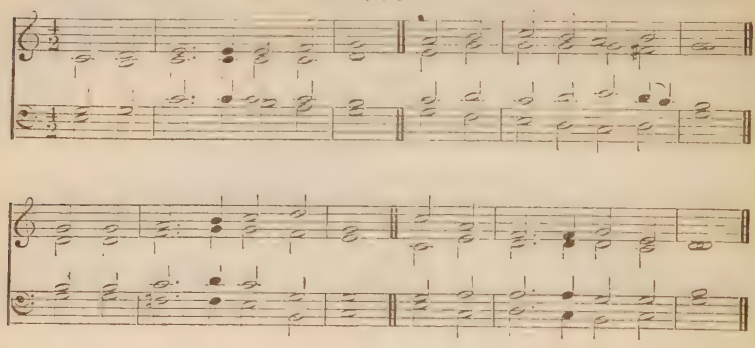
mp 2 Though all the world deceive me,
cr. I know that I am Thine,
f And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour, mine!

mp 3 O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
cr. And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought!

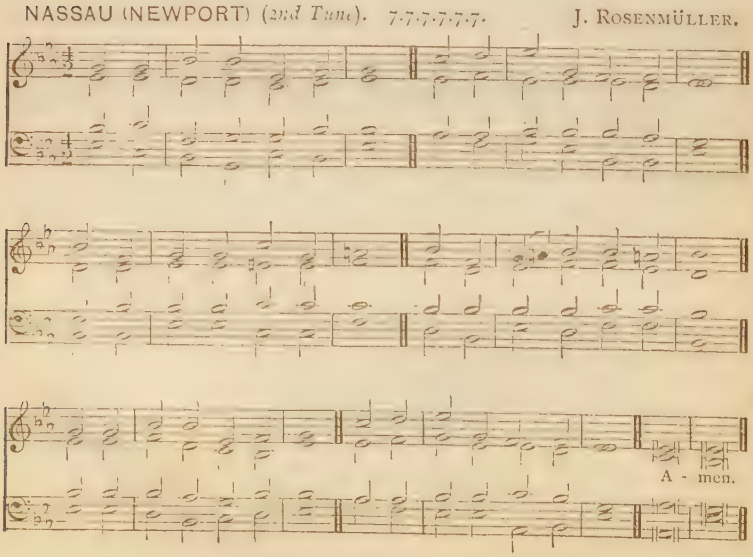
mf 4 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
cr. And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

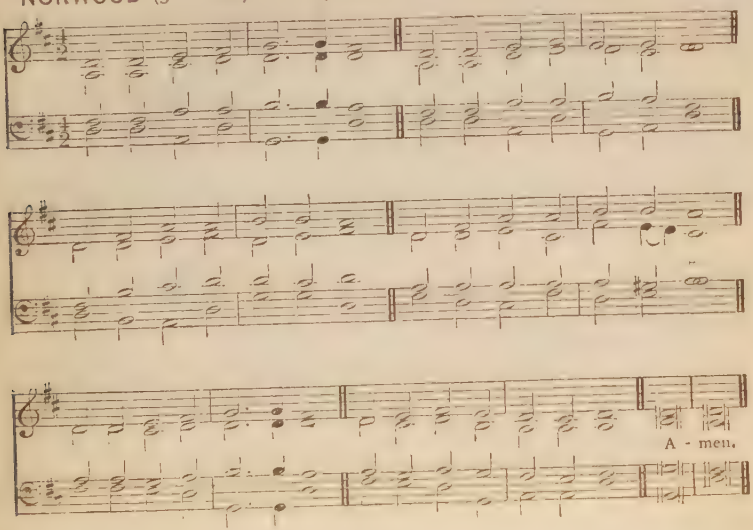
BARMOUTH (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. W. MACFARREN.



NASSAU (NEWPORT) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. ROSENMÜLLER.



NORWOOD (3rd Tune). 7·7·7·7·7·7. R. REDHEAD.



363

"*How much owest thou unto my lord?*"—Luke xvi. 5.

mp 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun;
mf When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

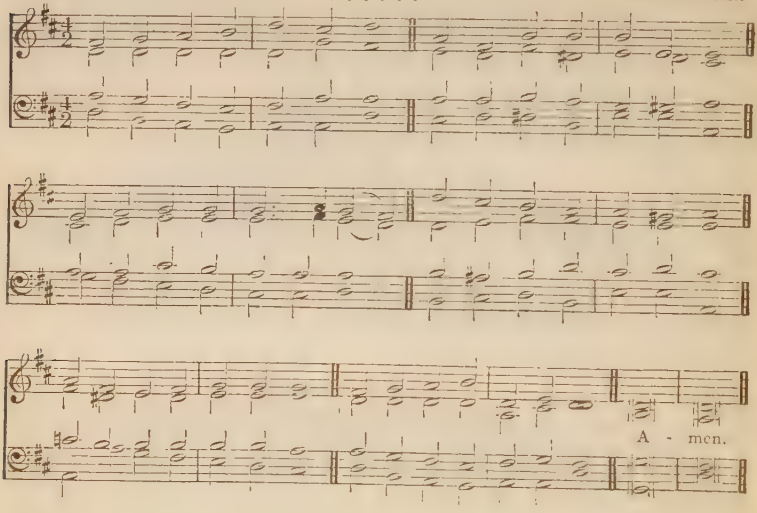
mf 2 When I stand before the Throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

mp 3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
cr. Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

mp 4 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified!
cr. Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love how much I owe. Amen.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

MOUNT ZION (*4th Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. A. SULLIVAN.



363

"*How much owest thou unto my lord?*"—Luke xvi. 5.

mp 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun;
mf When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

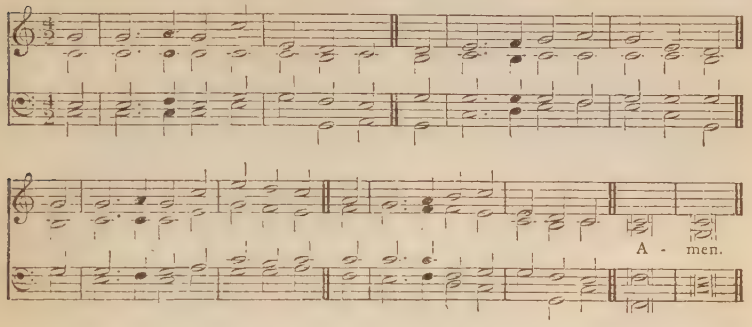
mf 2 When I stand before the Throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

mp 3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
cr. Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

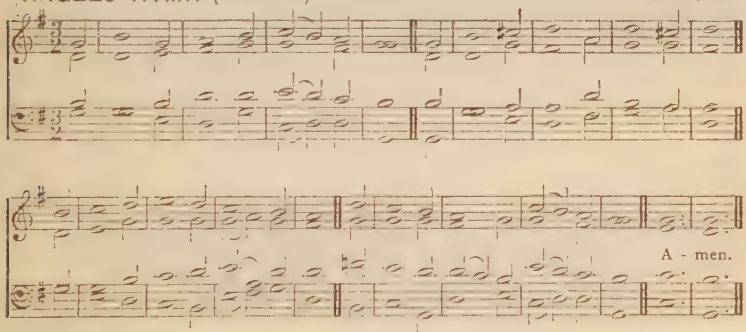
mp 4 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified!
cr. Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

ALSTONE (*1st Tune*). L.M. C. E. WILLING.



ANGELS' HYMN (*2nd Tune*). L.M. O. GIBBONS.



See also "Boston," No. 213.

364

"*We see Jesus.*"—Heb. ii. 9.

f 1 WITH mind and heart in glad accord,
We come to praise Thee, blessèd Lord;
mf For in the maze of life we see
cr. We have a faithful guide in Thee.

mf 2 In all we think; in all we say;
In all we do; throughout each day—
mp We feel our weakness, Lord, but see
cr. We have a gracious help in Thee.

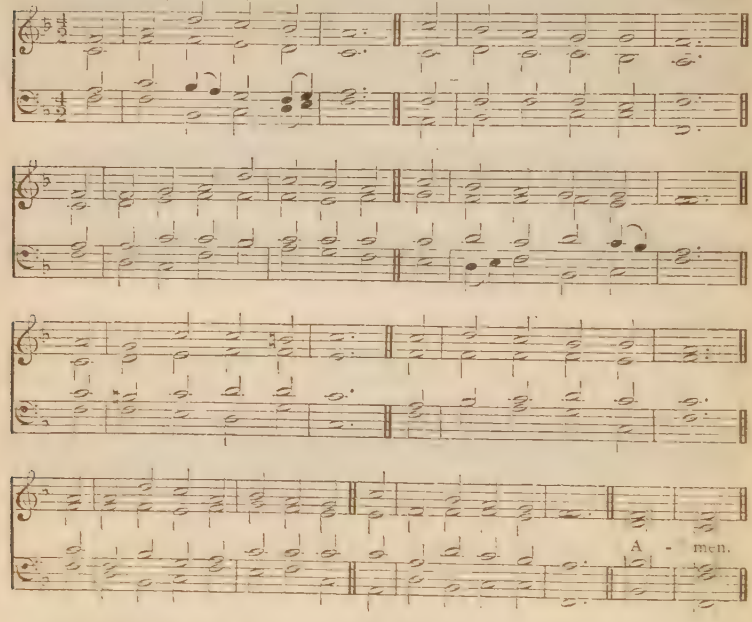
mp 3 When doubts or fears our minds perplex
When earthly cares our spirits vex,
cr. We look to Jesus, and we see
Through Him a holy calm in Thee.

mp 4 The end of all things draweth near,
We've no abiding city here;
cr. But with the eye of faith we see
A home for ever, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

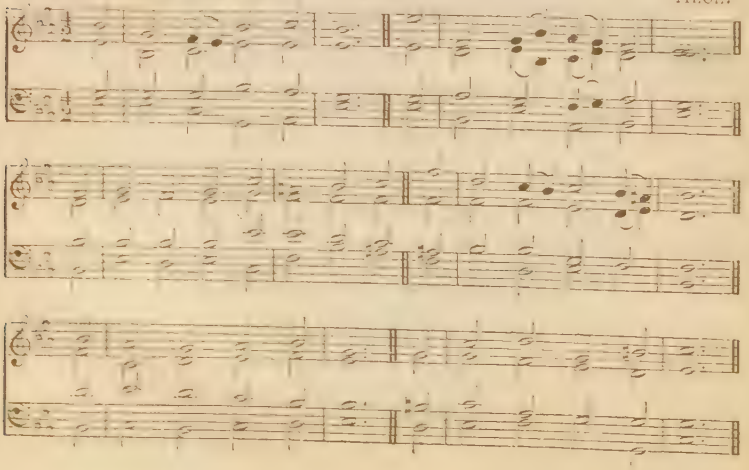
E. J. BAILLIE.
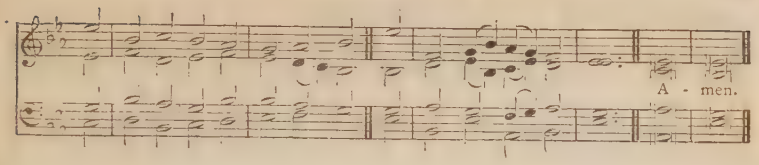
8.—*ITS DUTIES: CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.*

ABERDARE (*1st Tune*). S.M. D. German.

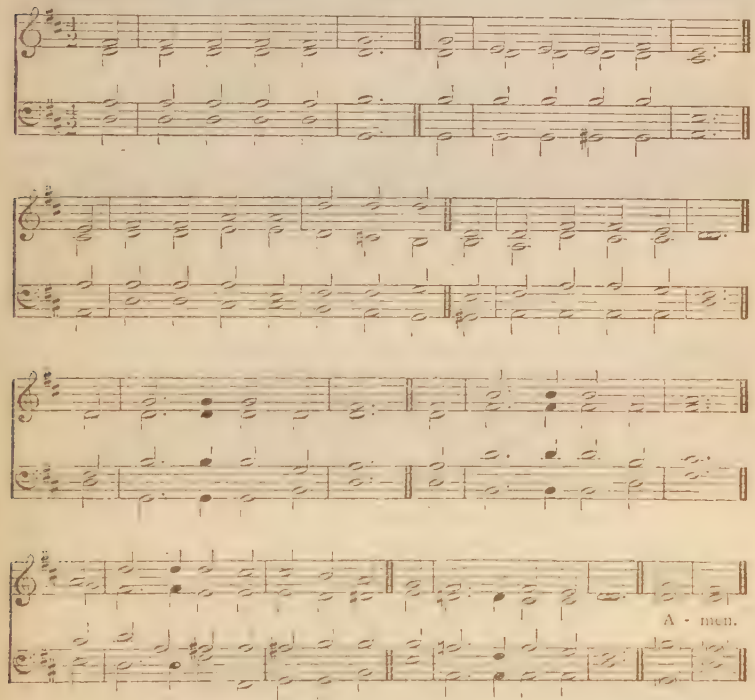


HEIDELBERG (*2nd Tune*). S.M. D. Anon.





LEOMINSTER (*3rd Tune*). S.M. D. G. W. MARTIN.



365

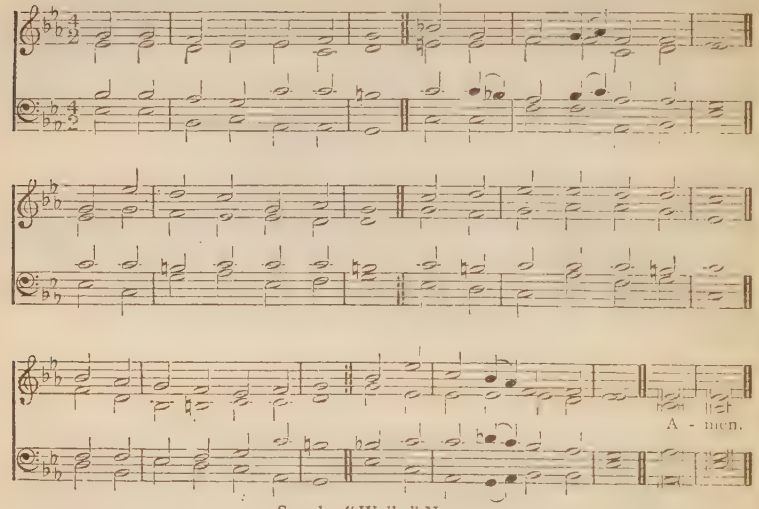
"*Keep that which is committed to thy trust.*"—1 Tim. vi. 20.

mf 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
mp A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky;
cr. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
f O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

mf 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
mp And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
cr. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself depend;
f Lord, let me not my trust betray,
Oh, keep me to the end. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ROCK OF AGES. 7·7·7·7·7·7· E. EDWARDS.



See also "Wells," No. 372.

366

"*Yield yourselves unto God.*"—Rom. vi. 13.

mf 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One!
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
f Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

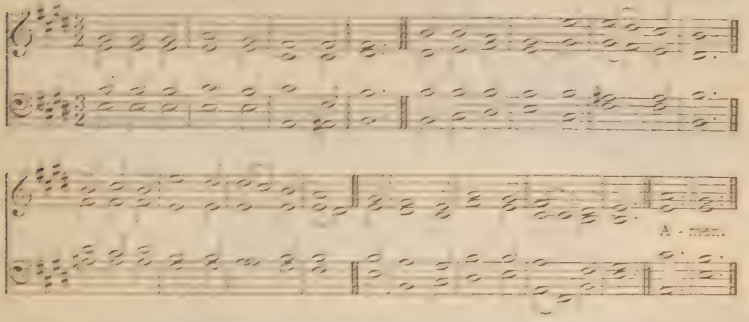
mp 2 If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live;
All my actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive;
cr. Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

f 3 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart:—but make it new.

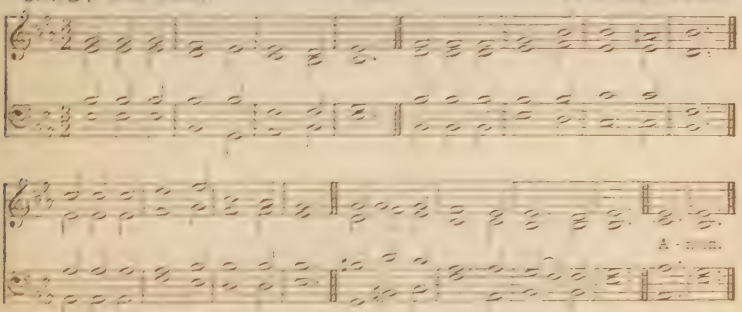
mf 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One!
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done;
f Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

MARYTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. P. SMITH.



SAXBY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. B. MATTHEWS.



By permission of the Congregational Union.

367

mf 1 (I) spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
Should not the servant tread it still?

mf 2 Go labour on: spend, and be spent,—
Thy calling is to labour and to live;
f Do this right well, for this thee not;
cr. Do all men good, and kill no
men?

mf 3 Do noble things, not dream them all day long:
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
cheer!

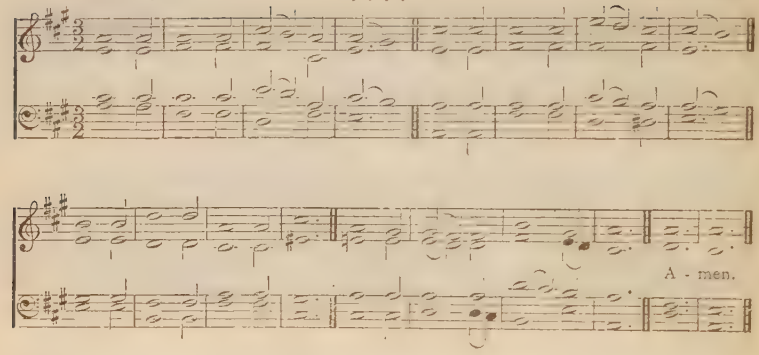
p The world's dark night is hastening on;
cr. Speed forth your work while yet it is day,
away;
p Let not your hands grow faint and weak,
cr. Take up the torch and wave it wide,
gloom.

mf 4 Toil on, pray;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Go and the wanderer to come in.

f 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home:
cr. Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come." Amen.

H. BONAR.

CHRISTUS. 7·7·7·7. W. Blow.



See also "Battishill" (Melton), No. 373.

368

"*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*"—Acts ix. 6.

mf 1 HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,—
As Thou art, so let us be!

mp 2 Jesus, see my panting breast!
See, I pant in Thee to rest!
cr. Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me now from every sin.

mp 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
cr. Swallow up my soul in love.

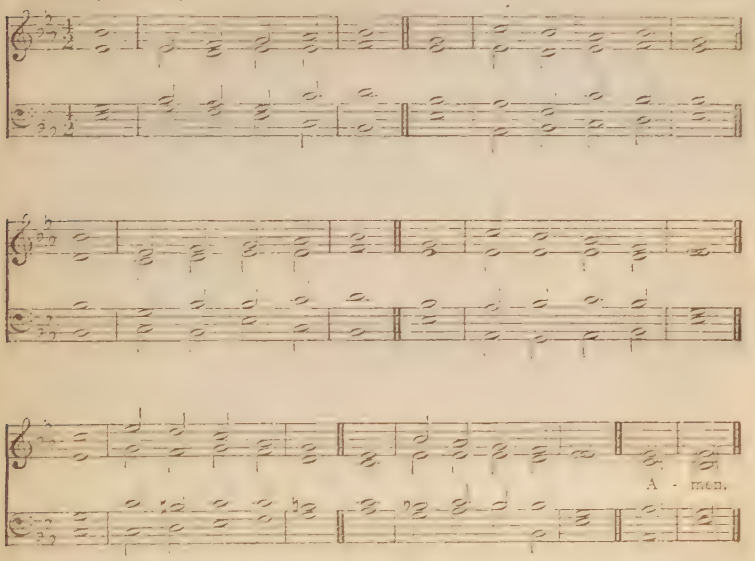
mp 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
cr. Thine we are, Thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of Thy blood!

mf 5 Jesus, when Thy light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee:
cr. When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

mf 6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine:
f Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven! Amen.

A. DOBER, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

BACA (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.6.6. W. H. HAVERGAL.



369

"*He died for all.*"—2 Cor. v. 15.

mp 1 I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
cr. That thou might'st ransomed be
f And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee:
dim. What hast thou given for Me?

mp 2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
cr. That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee:
dim. Hast thou spent *one* for Me?

mf 3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne
mp I left for earthly night,
For wanderings—sad and lone;
cr. I left it all for thee:
dim. Hast thou left aught for Me?

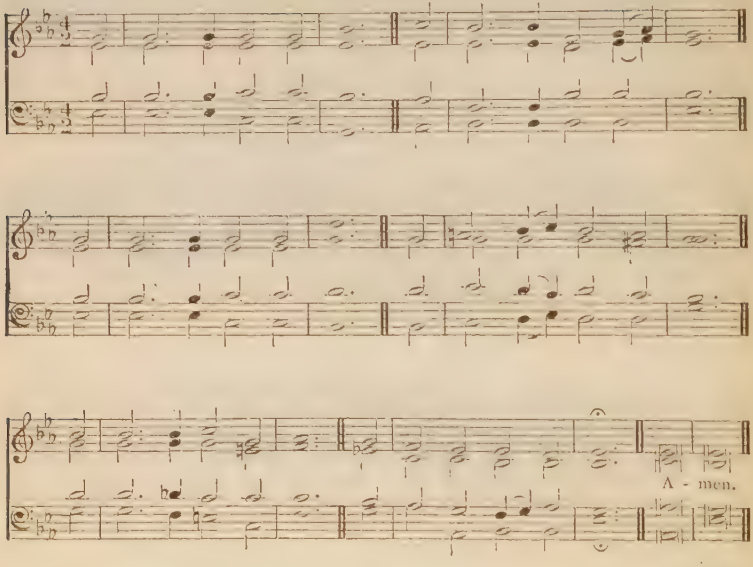
mf 4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell
p Of bitterest agony
To rescue thee from hell.
mp I suffered much for thee:
dim. What canst thou bear for Me?

mf 5 And I have brought to thee
Down from My home above,
f Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
dim. What hast thou brought to Me?

mf 6 Oh let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
cr. Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

HARROW (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.6.6. J. FARMER.



369

"*He died for all.*"—2 Cor. v. 15.

mp 1 I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
cr. That thou might'st ransomed be
f And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee:
dim. What hast thou given for Me?

mp 2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
cr. That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee:
dim. Hast thou spent *one* for Me?

mf 3 My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne
mp I left for earthly night,
For wanderings—sad and lone;
cr. I left it all for thee:
dim. Hast thou left aught for Me?

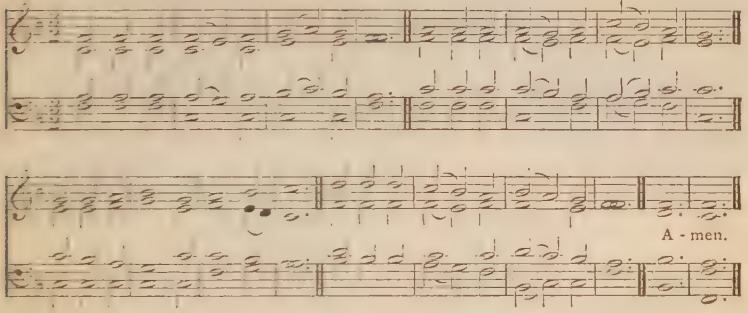
mp 4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell
p Of bitterest agony
To rescue thee from hell.
mp I suffered much for thee:
dim. What canst thou bear for Me?

mf 5 And I have brought to thee
Down from My home above,
f Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
dim. What hast thou brought to Me?

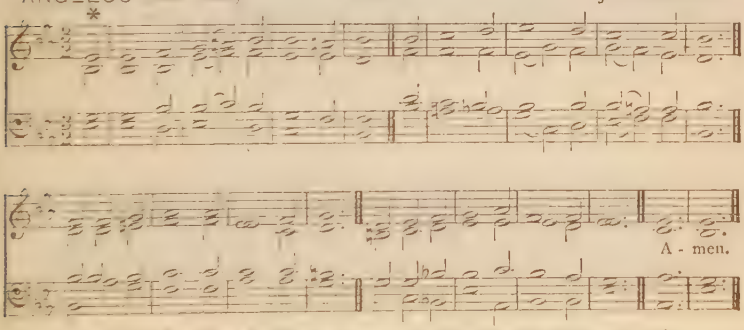
mf 6 Oh let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
cr. Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

HURSLEY (*1st Tune*). L.M. P. RITTER.



ANGELUS (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. SCHEFFLER.



* Omit the first chord and divide the second into two chords with verse 1 only.

370

For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."—Luke ix. 26.

mf 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
mf Scorned be the thought by rich and poor:
O may I scorn it more and more!

mf 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
cr. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.

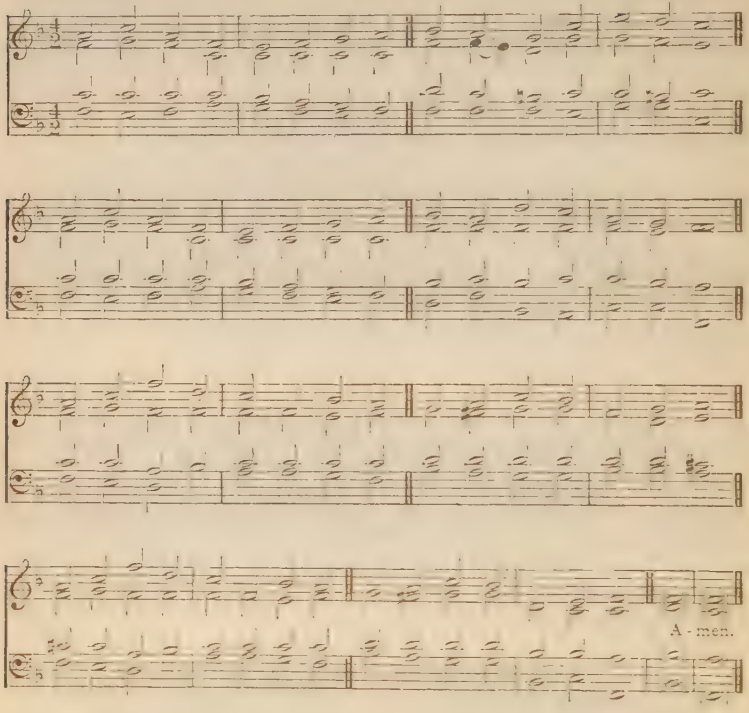
mf 3 Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend,
On Whom for heaven my hopes depend!
cr. It must not be! be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

mf 4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
mp When I've no crimes to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

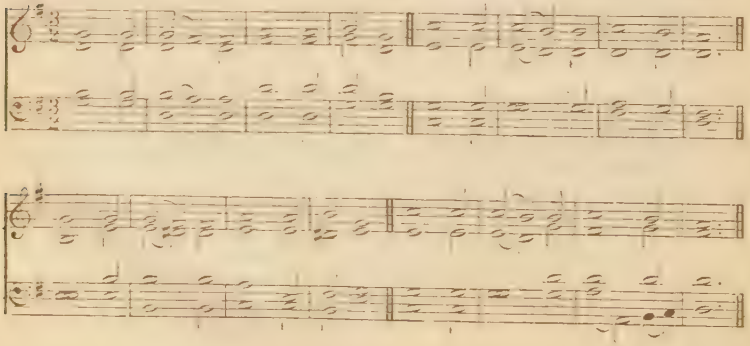
mf 5 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
cr. And oh, may this my portion be—
f That Saviour not ashamed of me! Amen.

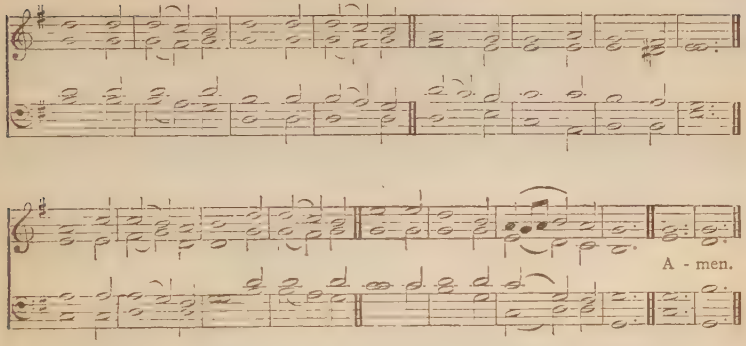
J. GRIGG.

DEERHURST (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. LANGRAN.



TANYCASTELL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. JONES (Talysarn).





371 "*If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.*"—Matt. xvi. 24.

mp 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
cr. Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
p Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
f Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

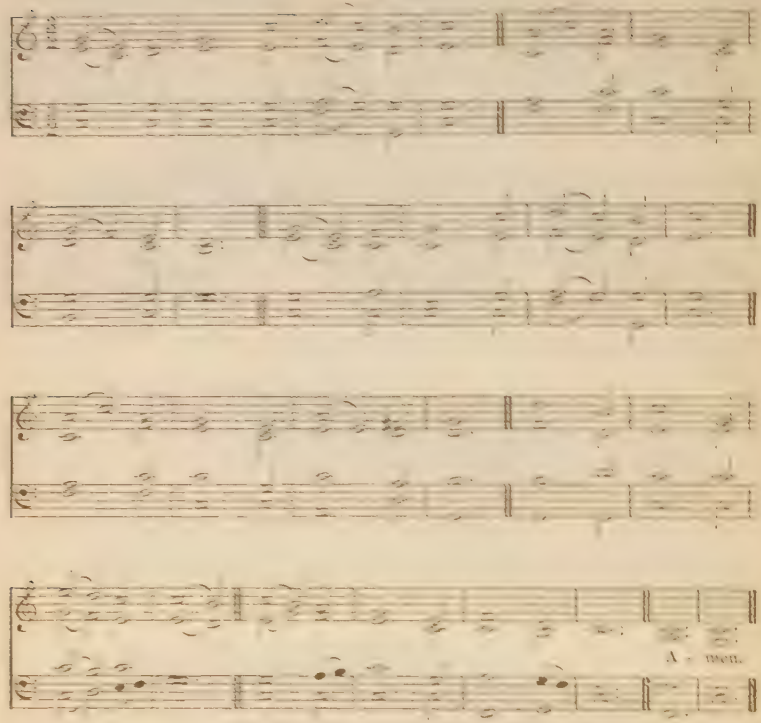
mp 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
cr. Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

f 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
mp Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
cr. What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, should'st thou repine?

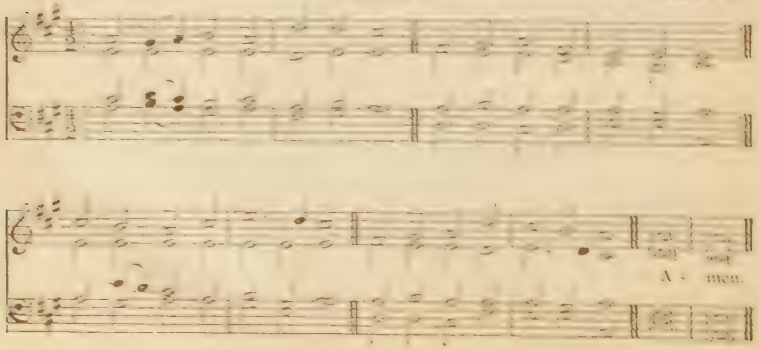
f 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there!
p Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
cr. Hope soon change to full fruition,
f Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

WELLS (*1st Tune*). Russian Melody.



DIX (*2nd Tune*). German.



372 "*Whose I am, and Whom I serve.*"—Acts xxvii. 23.

PART I.

mf 1 JESUS, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
mp By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
cr. Let my heart be all Thine own:
Let me live to Thee alone.

mp 2 Other lords have long held sway;
cr. Now, Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
f Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

mf 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
mp Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
cr. Oh, be Thou my All in all. Amen.

PART II.

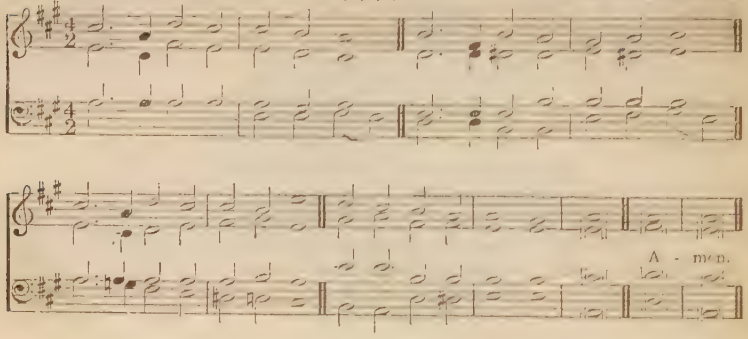
mf 1 Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,
p Though so feebly and so ill,
cr. Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

mp 2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
cr. Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me;
f Let me be a praise to Thee.

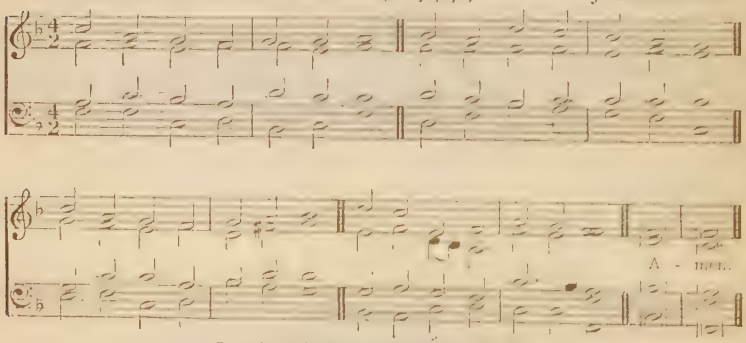
mp 3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
mf Jesus, let me always be,
f In Thy service, glad and free! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

ELLINGHAM (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. S. N. GODFREY.



BATTISHILL (MELTON) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. J. BATTISHILL.



See also "University College," No. 18.

373

"*But one thing is needful.*"—Luke x. 42.

mf *cr.* *f* 1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb!
Thine, and only Thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only Thou possess the whole.

mf *cr.* 2 Thou my "One thing needful" be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

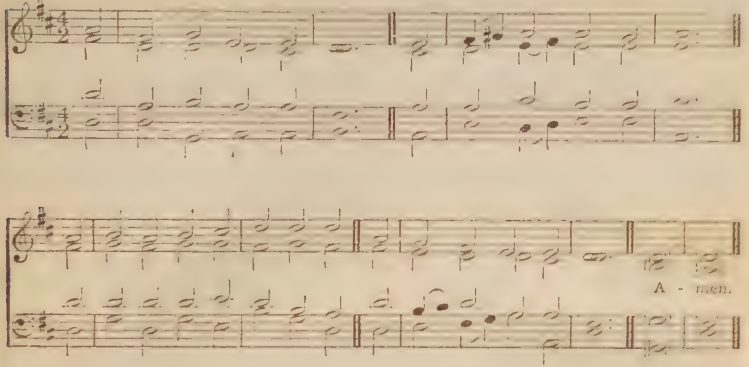
mp 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

mf *cr.* 4 Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I long to know:
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art All in all to me.

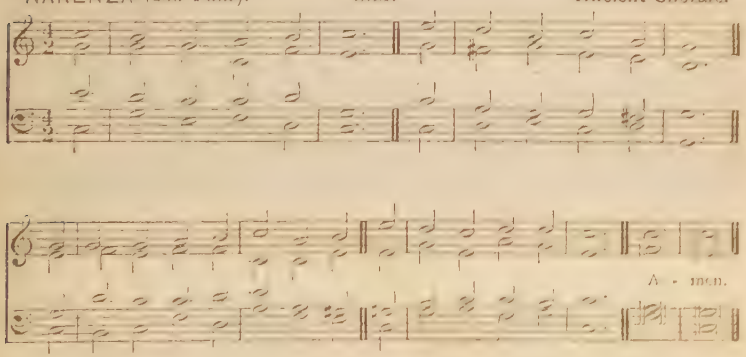
f 5 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is Thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

SWABIA (*1st Tune*). S.M. German.



NARENZA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. Ancient Chorale.



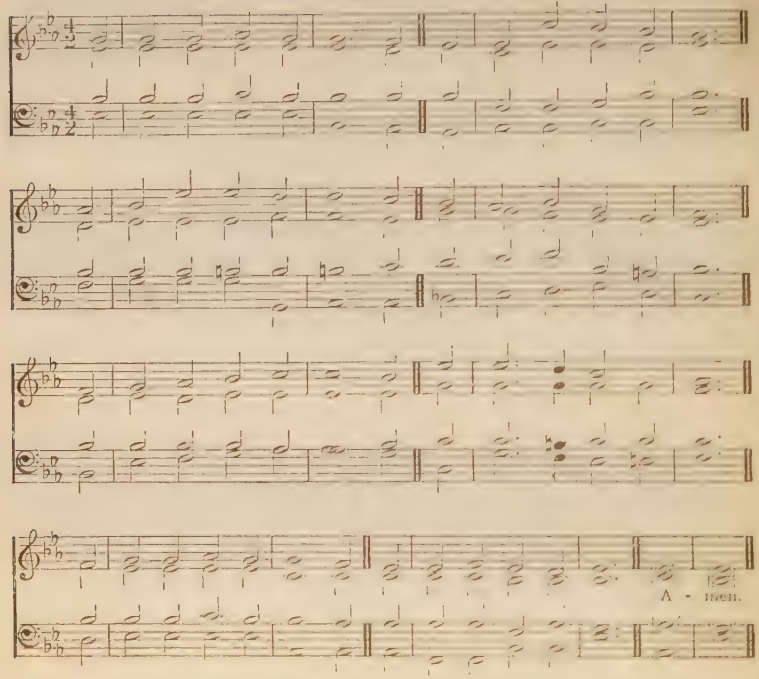
374 *"Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"*—1 Chron. xxix. 5.

mf 1 LORD! in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

mf 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own:
cr. And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



375

"*Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.*"—Matt. ix. 38.

mf 1 LORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love
cr. And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

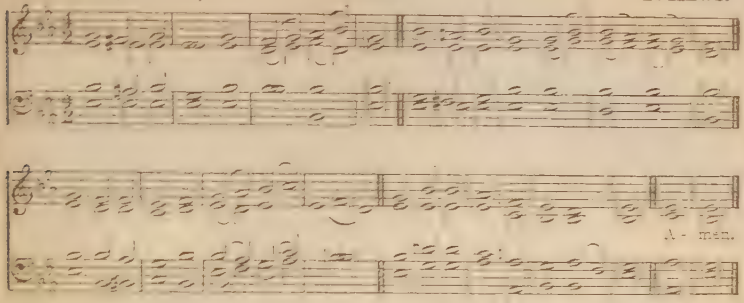
mf 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
mp Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
mf We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

mp 3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

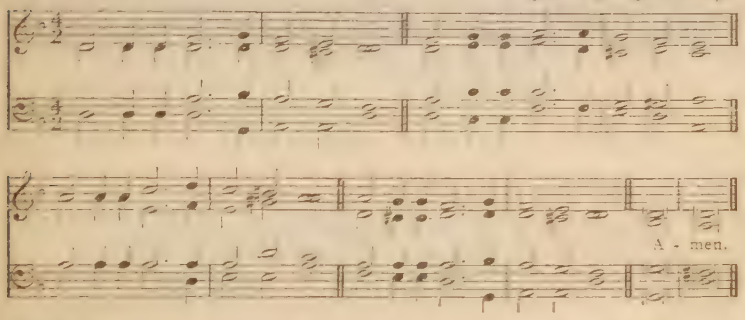
mf 4 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
O blessèd Three in One!
cr. Make us a Royal Priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
f And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

HOLLY (*1st Tune*). L.M. G. HEWS.



LLEF (*2nd Tune*). L.M. G. [illegible] (Gutyn Arfon).



376

"*I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.*"—Exod. iv. 12.

mf 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone:
cr. As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
dim. Thy erring children lost and lone.

mf 2 O teach me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering *mp*
feet;
cr. O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

mf 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
cr. Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many heart.

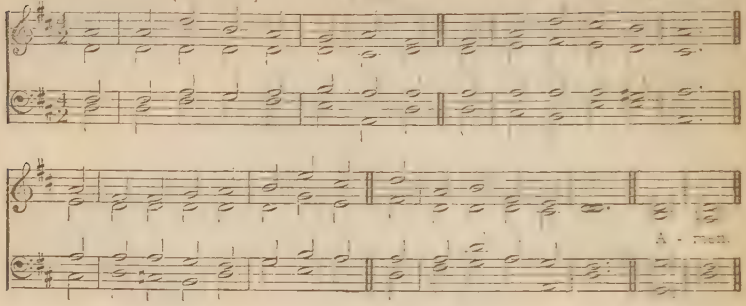
mp 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

f 6 O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy power to show.

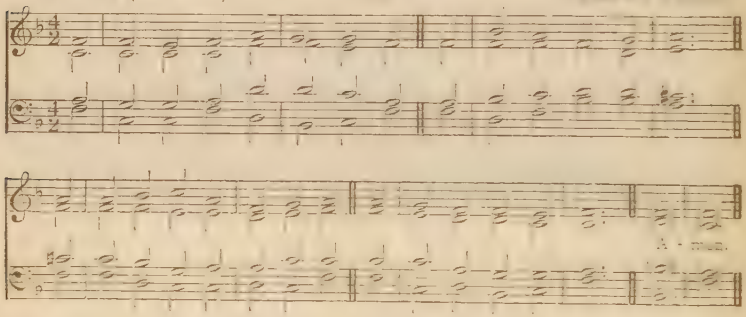
mf 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
f Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BYZANTIUM (*1st Tune*). C.M. T. Jacobson.



FLAVIAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Ravenscroft's Psalter.



377

"*My Son, give Me thine heart.*"—Prov. xxiii. 26.

mp 1 LORD, take my heart, just as it is,
Set up therein Thy Throne;
cr. So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to Thee alone.

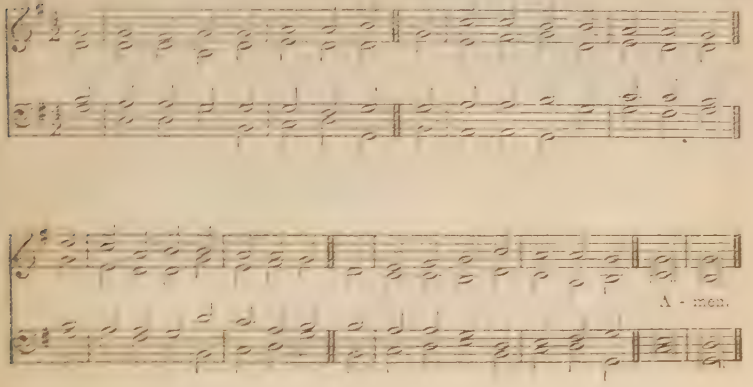
mf 2 Complete Thy work and crown Thy grace,
That I may faithful prove;
mp O teach me by that small still voice,
Which only whispers love;

mf 3 Which teaches me what is Thy will,
And tells me what to do;
p Which covers me with shame, when I
Do not Thy will pursue.

mp 4 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord,
cr. And learn obedience to Thy voice,
In Thy most holy word. Amen.

M. STONEHOUSE.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M. T. TALLIS.



378

"*We live unto the Lord.*"—Rom. xiv. 8.

mf 1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
cr. And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

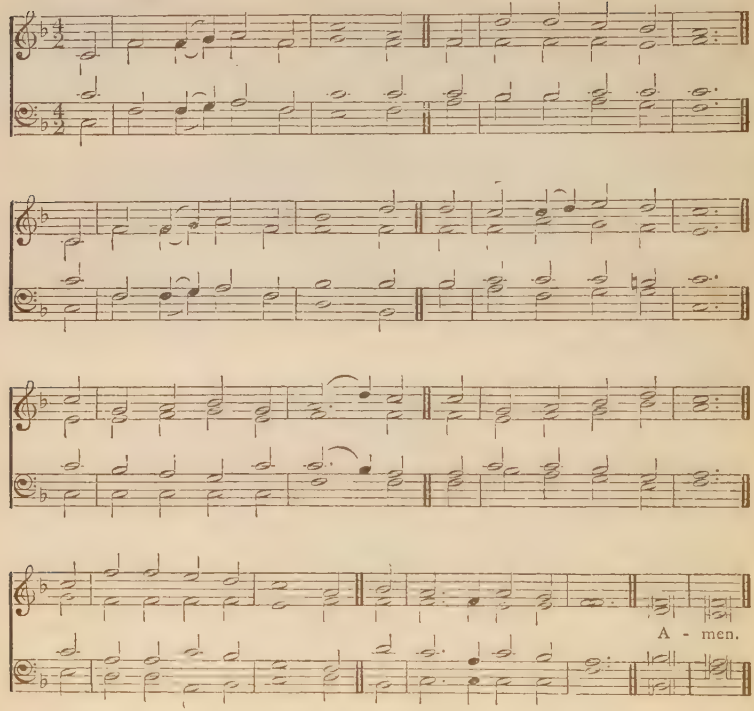
mf 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
cr. Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

mf 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him Who for my ransom died;
cr. Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

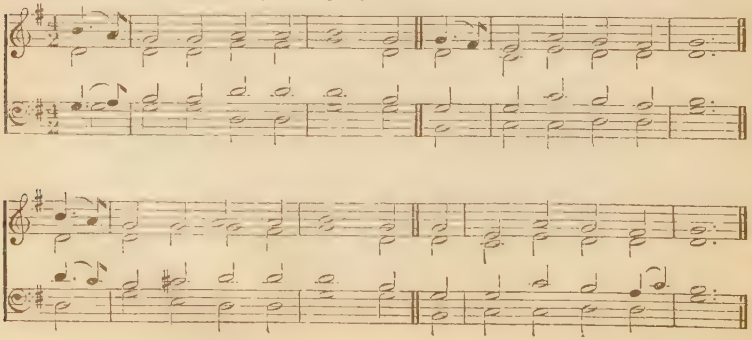
mf 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
dim. When youthful vigour is no more:
And my last hour of life confess
cr. His love hath animating power. Amen.

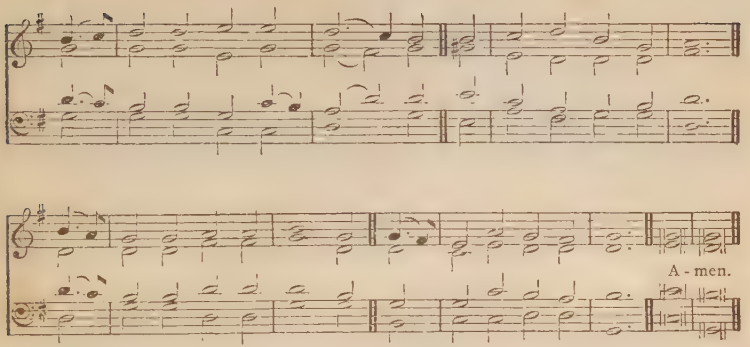
P. DODDRIDGE.

LYMINGTON (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. R. JACKSON.



ENDSLEIGH (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. S. SALVATORI.





See also "Missionary," No. 248, and "St. Theodulph," No. 250.

379

"*I will sing of mercy and judgment.*"—Ps. ci. 1.

mf 1 MY song shall be of mercy;
To Thee, O Lord, I sing,
Who all my life hast hid me
Beneath Thy sheltering wing:
cr. Who still, in love so patient,
This mortal journey through,
Hast followed me with goodness,
And blessings ever new.

mp 2 My song shall be of judgment,
All-wise and holy God;
Thou makest all Thy children
To pass beneath Thy rod;
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
And oh, my soul shall tell
That in Thy fiercest anger
Thou doest all things well.

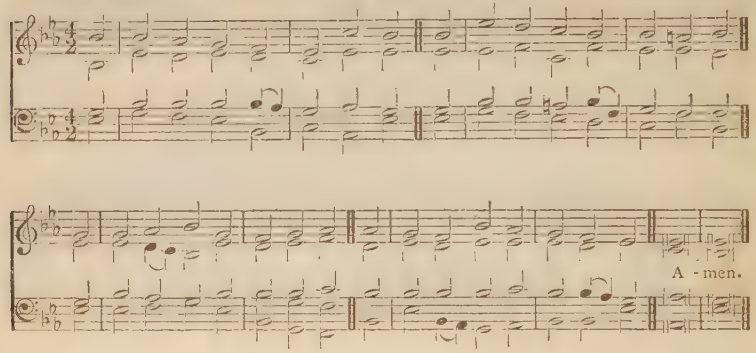
mf 3 My song shall be of mercy;
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful word,
f Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His Name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.

mp 4 My song shall be of judgment
Ye who His chastenings feel,
O faint not, nor be weary,
He wounds that He may heal;
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.

f 5 Of mercy and of judgment,
To Thee, O Lord, we sing,
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O great eternal King;
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone,
And mercy still, and judgment,
Are pillars of Thy Throne. Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE, Senr.



380 *"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly."*—Ps. i. 1.

mf 1 O BLEST is he who never walks
In counsels where the ungodly meet,
Nor in the way of sinners stands,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's seat.

mf 2 The man who in Jehovah's law
Hath learned to place his whole delight,
And on His word of wisdom loves
To meditate both day and night:

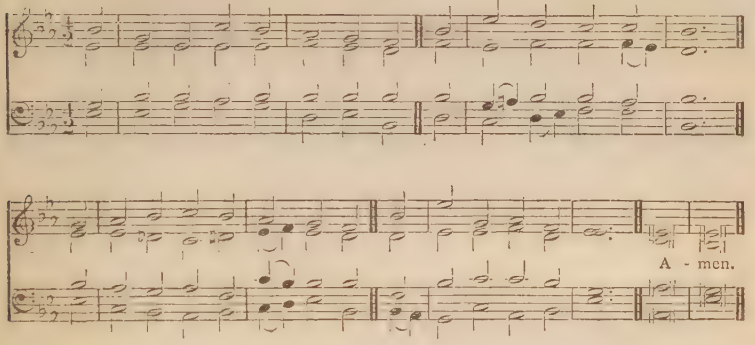
mf 3 He shall be like a tree that stands
Beside a stream of water clear,
And in its season yields its fruit,
And keeps its foliage all the year.

mf 4 All things shall prosper in his hand:
mp The ungodly have no root nor stay,
Like chaff which from the threshing-floor
Before the wind is whirled away.

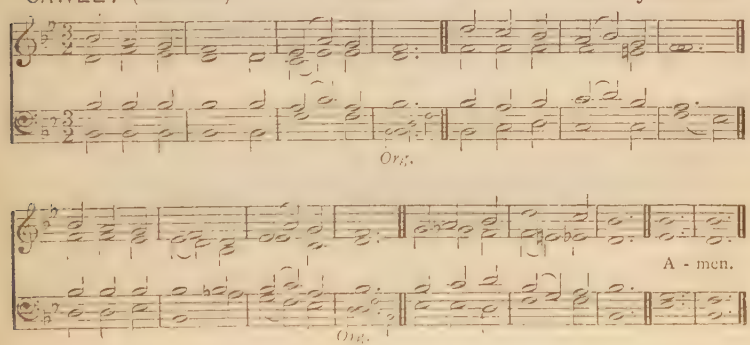
p 5 They shall not in the judgment stand,
No place among the blest is theirs:
f The Lord, who loves the good man's way,
For him a joyful home prepares. Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

BEDFORD (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. WHEALE.



SAWLEY (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. WALCH.



"*Enoch walked with God.*"—Gen. v. 24.
"*Oh that I were as in months past.*"—Job xxix. 2.
"*Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.*"—Ps. li. 12.

381

mp 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
cr. A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

mp 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

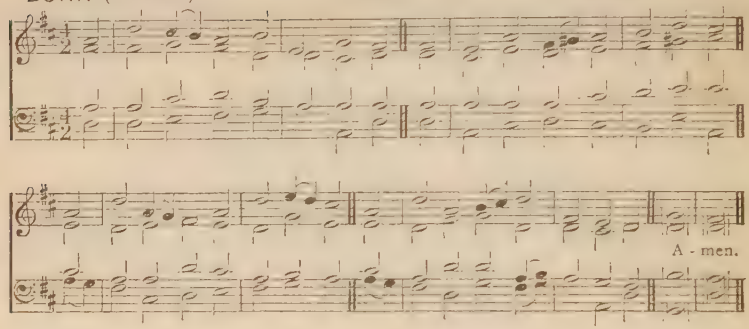
mp 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
cr. I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

mf 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
cr. Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

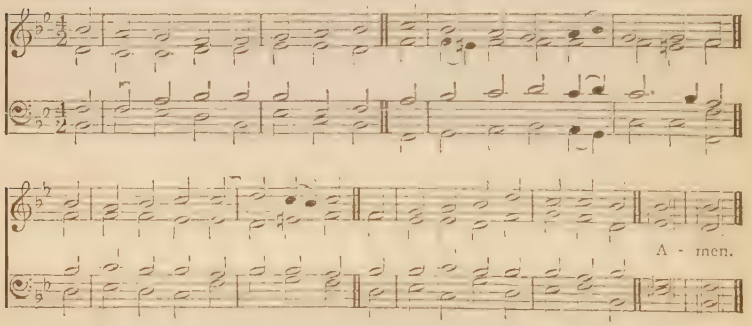
mf 5 So shall my walk be close with God:
Calm and serene my frame:
cr. So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

W. COWPER.

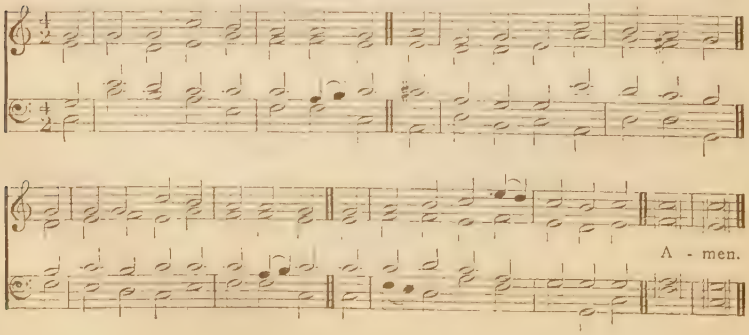
BONN (*1st Tune*). L.M. German Chorale.



BECCLES (OLDENBURG) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. German Chorale.



MAINZER (*3rd Tune*). L.M. J. MAINZER.



382 *"Yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."*—Ps. cxliv. 15.

1.

mf O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
cr. Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2.

mf O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love!
cr. Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3.

mf 'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
cr. I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
f He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.

4.
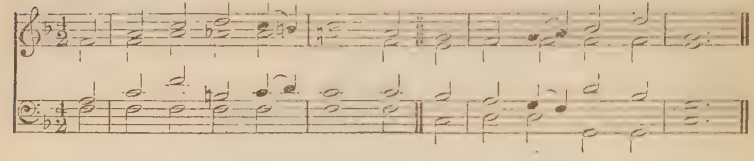
mf Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest!
cr. O who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?
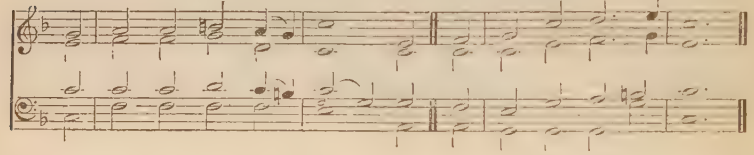
5.

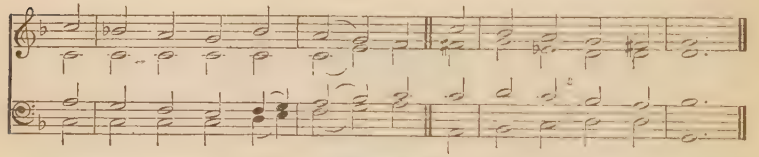
mf High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
mp Till in life's latest hour I bow,
cr. And bless in death a bond so dear. Amen.
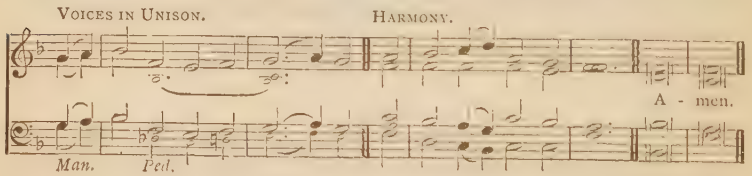
P. DODDRIDGE.

DAY OF REST (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.

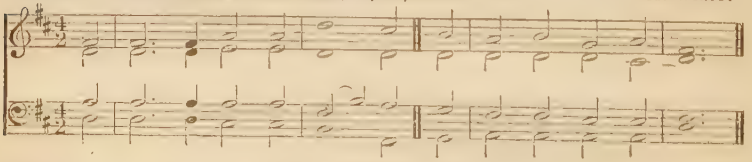


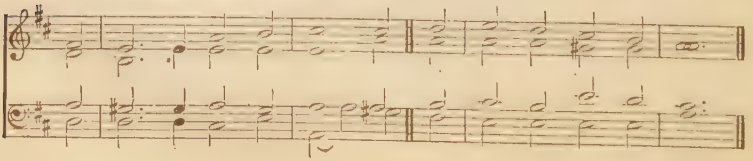


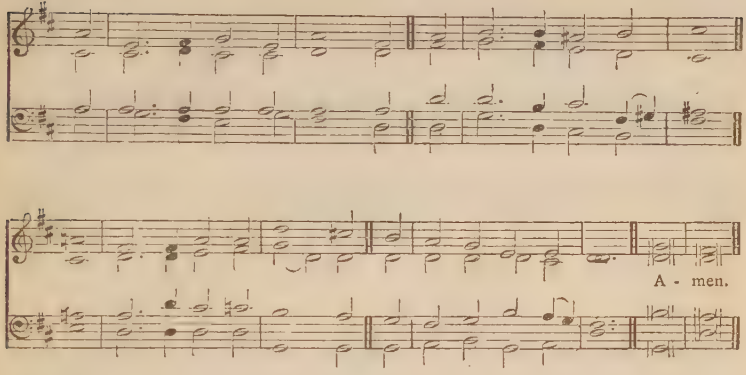




TRINITY COLLEGE (*2nd Tune.*) 7.6.7.6. D. A. GRAY.







383

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."—John xii. 26.

mf 1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
cr. I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

mf 2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
mp My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cr. But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

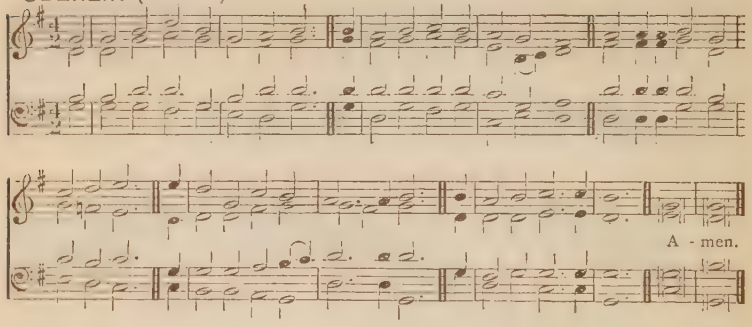
mf 3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
cr. Oh! speak to re-assure me
To hasten or control:
Oh! speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

mf 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall thy servant be;
mp And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
cr. Oh! give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

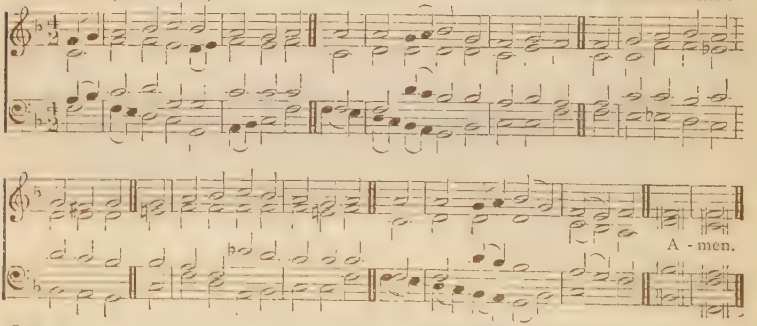
mp 5 Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone!
cr. Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

J. E. BODE.

OBERLIN (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.6. S. ELVEY.



HALLE (*2nd Tune.*) 8.8.8.8.6. H. KUGELMANN.



384

"*Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.*"—Eph. v. 1.

mp 1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
cr. Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

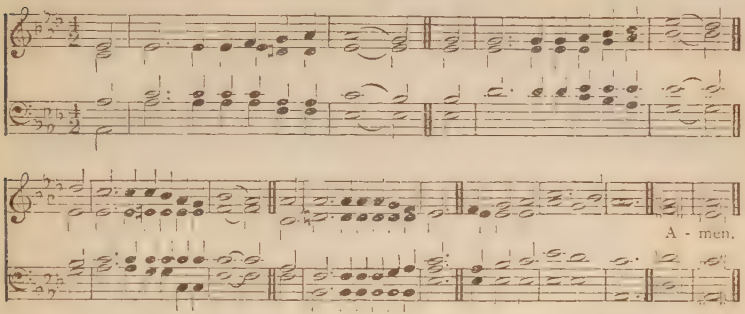
mf 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
mp That silent, secret thought shall be,
cr. That all my hopes are fixed on Thee!
On Thee, my God, on Thee!

mf 3 Thy glorious Eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
cr. And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

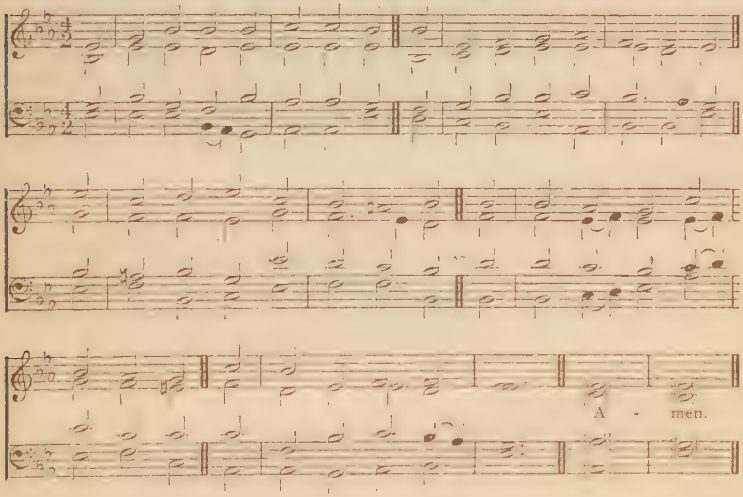
f 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing:
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee. Amen.

J. F. OBERLIN, *tr.* L. WILSON.

ST. MARGARET (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.6. A. L. PEACE.



MAGDEBURG (OBERLIN) (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.6. Magdeburg Choral Book.



385

"*And to know the love of Christ.*"—Eph. iii. 19.

mf 1 O LOVE that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
cr. I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May nobler, fuller be.

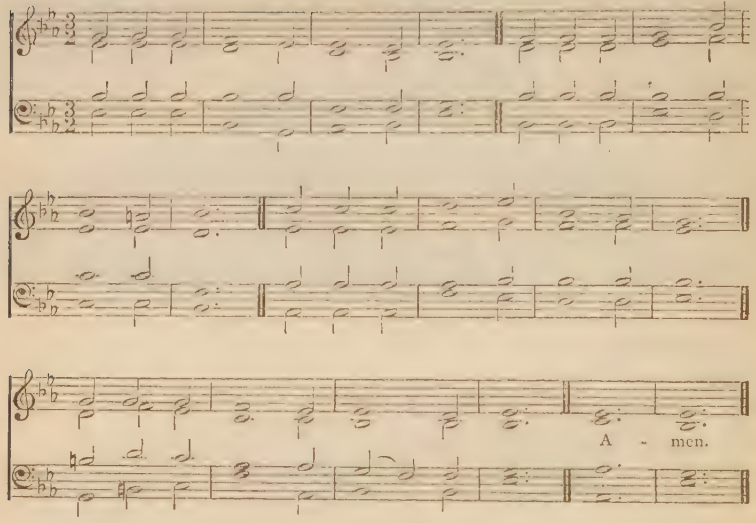
mf 2 O Light, that followest all my way
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
cr. My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

mf 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
cr. And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

mf 4 O Cross that liftest up my head
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
cr. And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

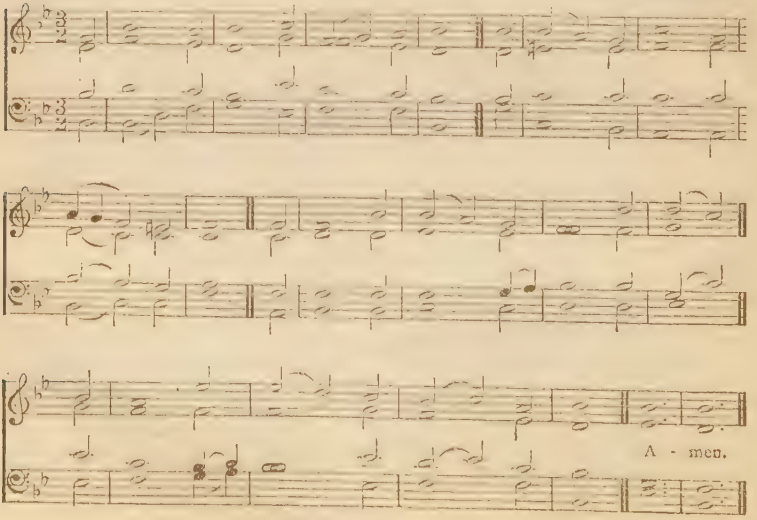
G. MATHESON.

SAXBY (*1st Tune*). L.M. T. R. MATTHEWS.



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WALTON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



386

"*The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar.*"—Lev. vi. 13.

1.

mf O THOU Who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
cr. Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2.

mf There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
mp And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3.

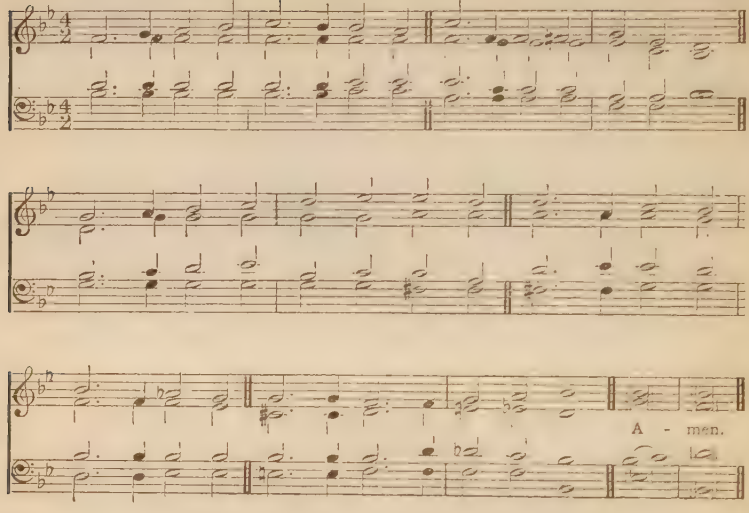
mf Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
cr. Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4.

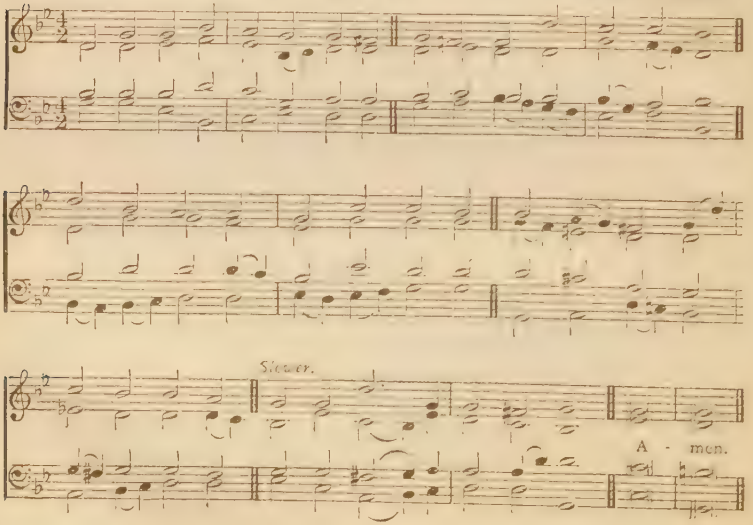
mf Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

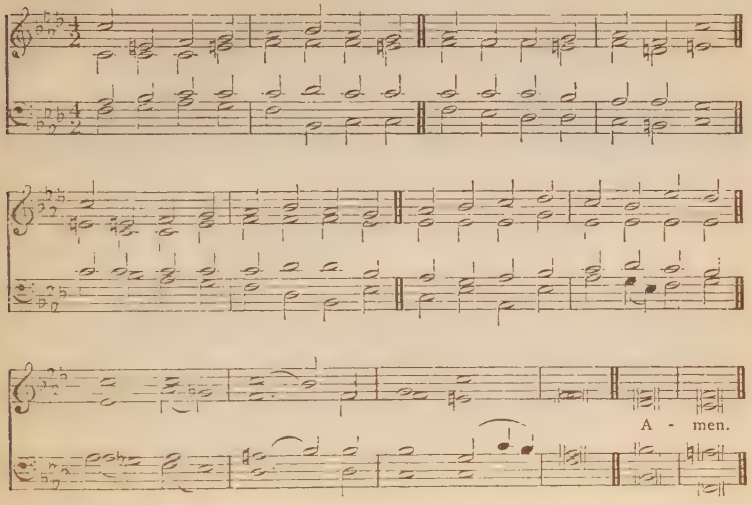
ST. JUDE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. VINCENT.



TETWORTH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. G. M. GARRETT.



EDWARD (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.8.7. T. PRICE.



387 *"He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves."*—2 Cor. v. 15.

p 1 OH the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
mf "All of self, and none of Thee!"

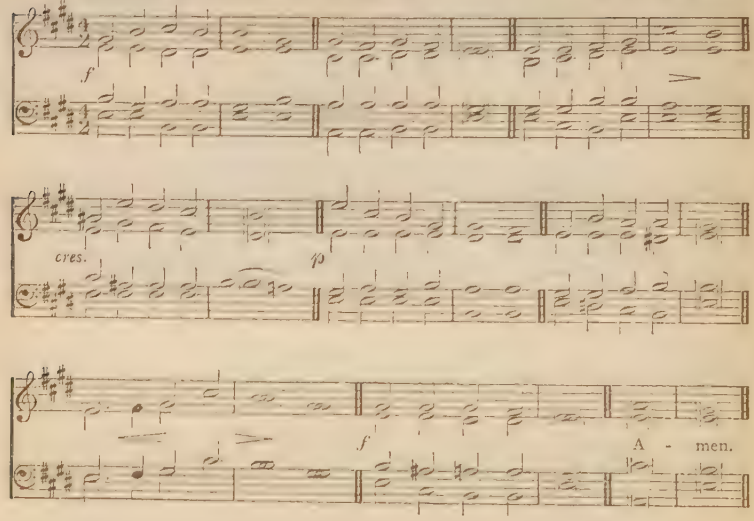
p 2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree:
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
dim. And my wistful heart said faintly,
pp "Some of self, and some of Thee!"

mf 3 Day by day, His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
mp Brought me lower, while I whispered,
p "Less of self, and more of Thee!"

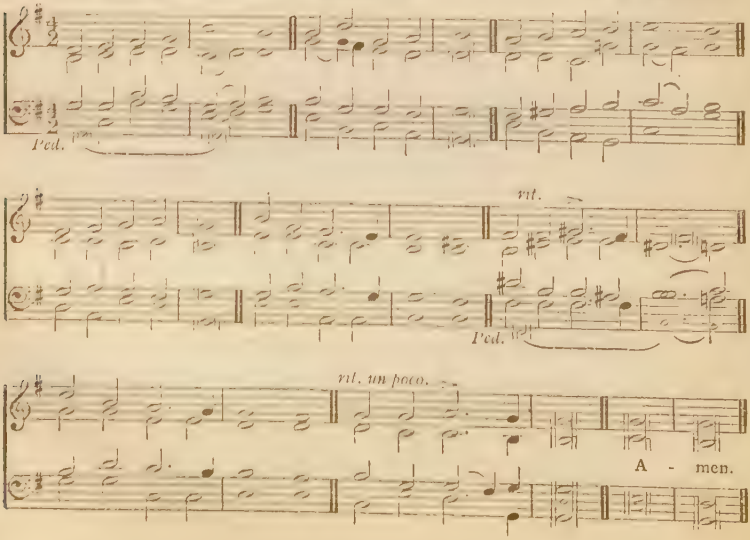
f 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
cr. Grant me now my soul's desire,
ff "None of self, and all of Thee!" Amen.

T. MONOD.

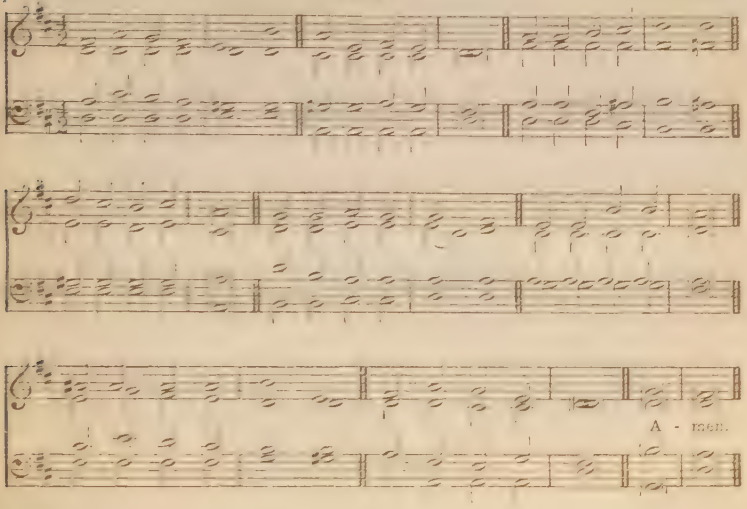
KIRKBRADDAN (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. E. C. WALKER.



EDINA (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. H. S. OAKELEY.



VESPERS (*3rd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. H. A. PROTHERO.



388 "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." —Phil. iii. 14.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, hear us while we sing;
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
f All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

mp 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
p Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
cr. Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

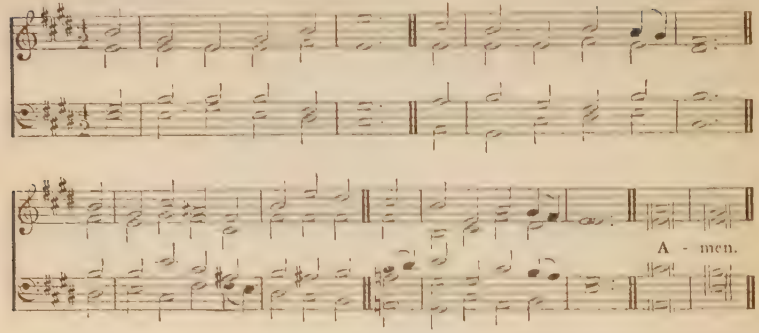
f 3 Clearer, and ever clearer,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
mp Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known;
cr. Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

mf 4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
cr. Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
f Till the prize is won.

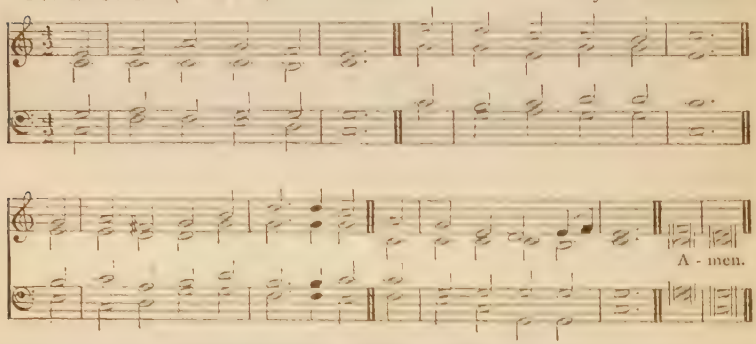
f 5 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
ff Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

G. THRING.

SUNDERLAND (*1st Tune*). S.M. H. SMART.



ST. GEORGE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



389

"*Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.*" Isa. xxxii. 20.

mf 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

mf 2 Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

mp 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
cr. Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

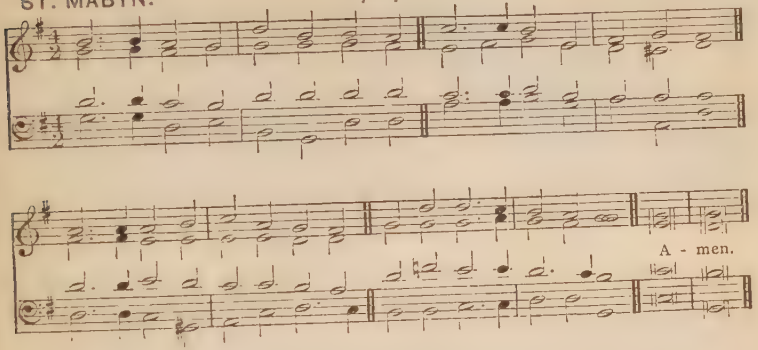
mf 4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

mf 5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

f 6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!" Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. MABYN. 8.7.8.7. A. H. BROWN.



390

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

mf 1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

mp 2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary, come I now, and praying—
Take me to Thy love, my God.

mp 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

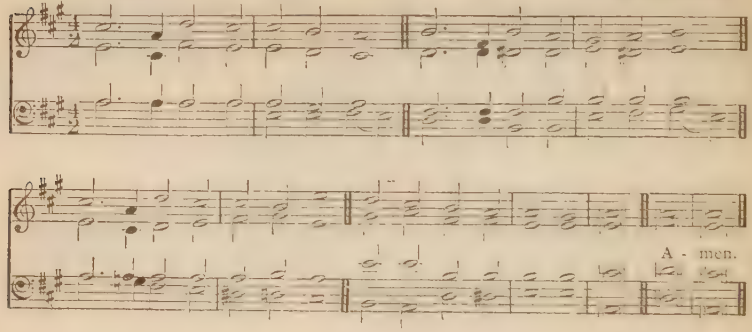
mf 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer.
p Gift unworthy love like Thine.

mp 5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
cr. On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

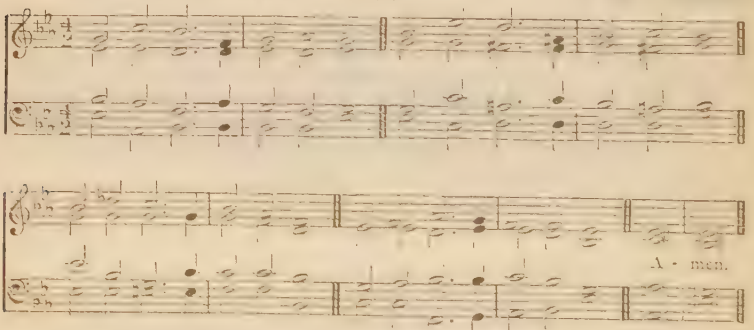
mf 6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
cr. In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest! Amen.

R. PALMER.

ELLINGHAM (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. S. N. GODFREY.

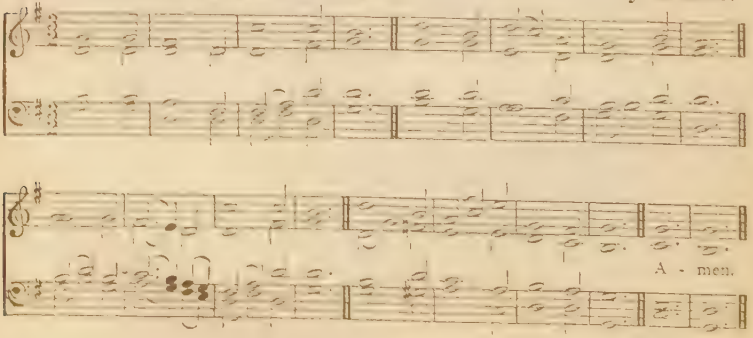


CONSECRATION (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. G. M. GARRETT.

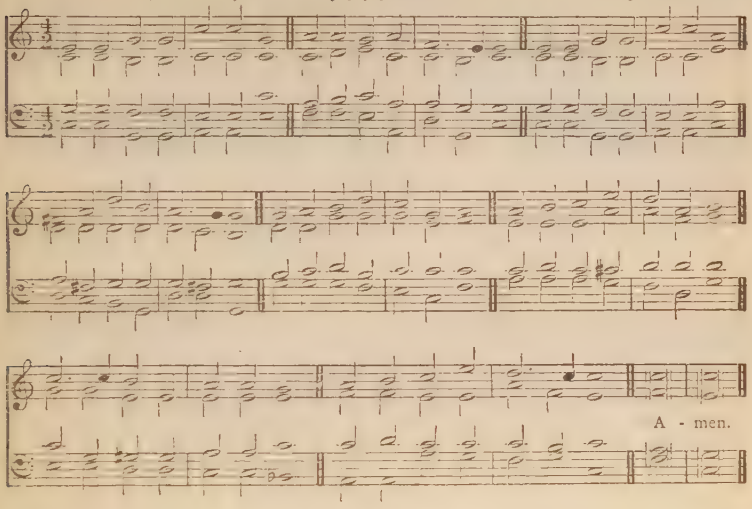


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NOTTINGHAM (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. J. MOZART.



CULFORD (*4th Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. E. J. HOPKINS.



391

"*Present your bodies a living sacrifice.*"—Rom. xii. 1.

mf 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
cr. Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

mf 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

f 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

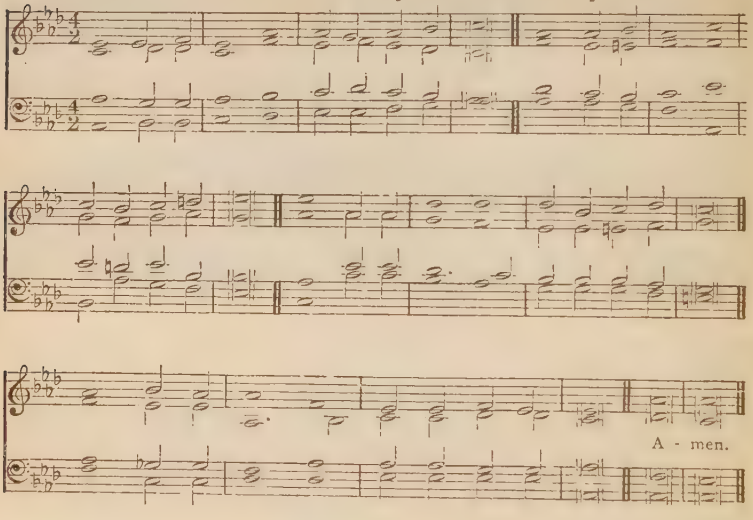
mf 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

mf 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
cr. Take my heart: it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

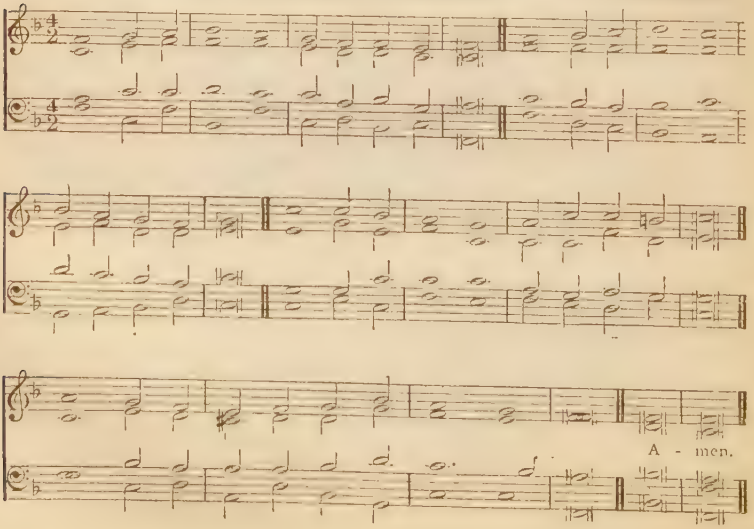
mf 6 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
cr. Take myself, and I will be
f Ever, only, ALL, for Thee! Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

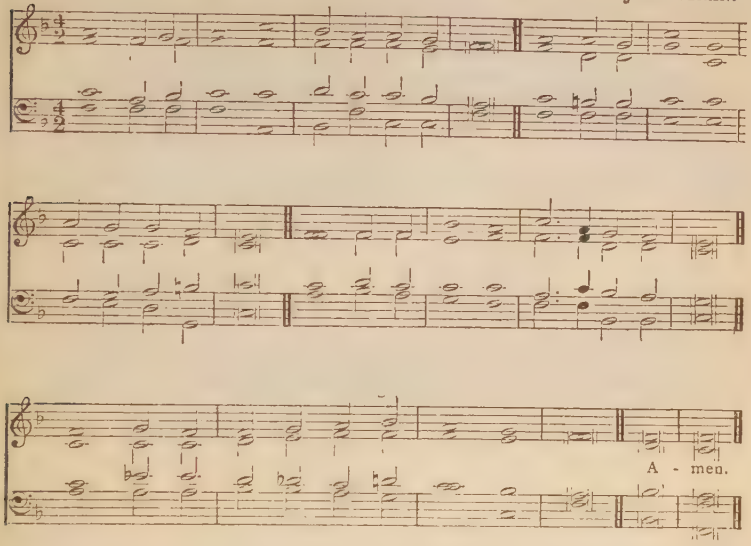
BENEDICTION (ELLERS) (*1st Tune*). 10.10.10.10.
E. J. HOPKINS, Harm. by A. SULLIVAN.



NAVARRE (TOULON) (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.10.10. C. GOUDIMEL.



ST. AGNES (*3rd Tune*). 10.10.10.10. J. LANGRAN.



392

"*Follow thou Me.*"—John xxi. 22.

1.

mf TEACH me, O Lord, to follow Him Who trod
cr. With loving zeal the pathway to His God;
Help me to rest my faith on Him alone,
p Who died for my transgression to atone.

2.

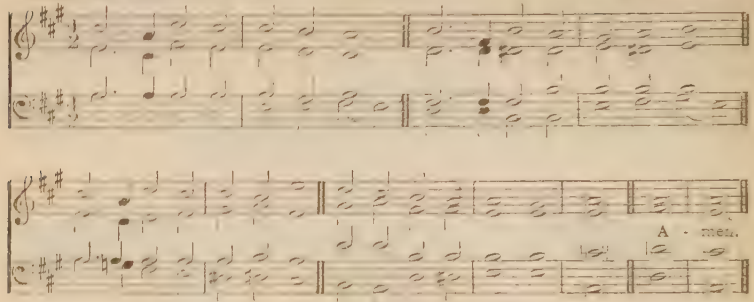
mp Wean my rebellious heart from earthly things,
cr. Show me the Fount whence living water springs;
mp Teach me to feel that when afflictions come,
cr. They're sent in love, to turn my thoughts to home.

3.

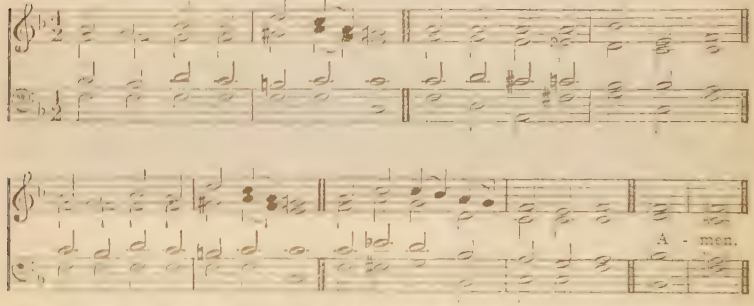
mf So may I live, that in my daily race
cr. The things of God may hold the highest place.
mp So may I die, that death to me may be
cr. The opening dawn of immortality! Amen.

N. LAMBERT.

ELLINGHAM (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. S. N. GODFREY.



WEBER (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. C. M. WEBER.



393 *"Now these are Thy servants and Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power, and by Thy strong hand."*—Neh. i. 10.

mf 1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
cr. Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

mf 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
cr. Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realm of day.

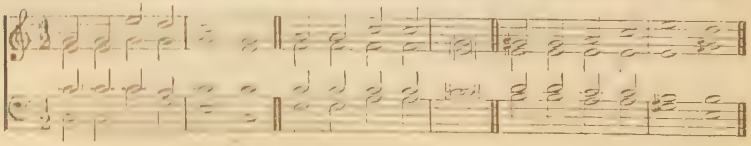
mf 3 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
cr. Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend!
Oh, defend us to the end!

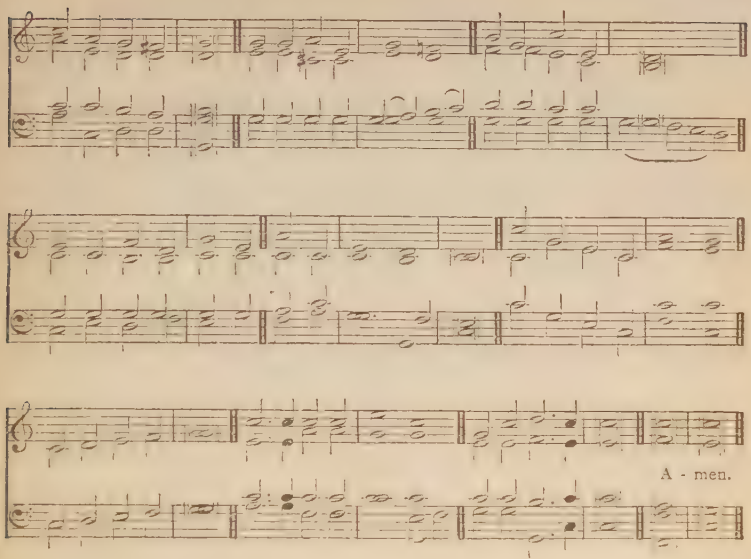
mp 4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep
cr. Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

mf 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
f Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

M. F. MAUDE.

ARMAGEDDON. 6.5.6.5., twelve lines. Adapted by J. Goss.





394

"Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. xxxii. 26.

f 1 WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
mp By Thy call of mercy,
cr. By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
f Saviour, we are Thine!

mf 2 Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
f Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
mf But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
cr. He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
f By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

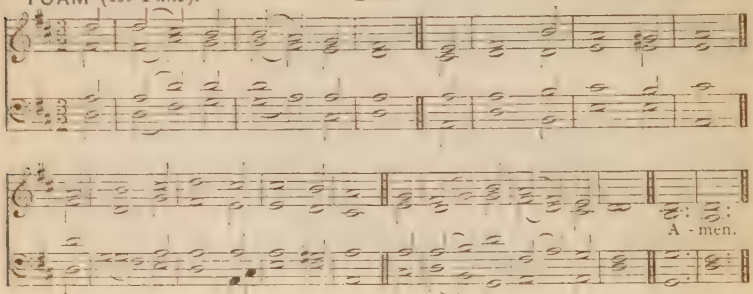
mf 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
p But with Thine own life-blood,
cr. For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

mf 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
cr. But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
f Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure!
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
cr. Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
ff We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.
Amen.

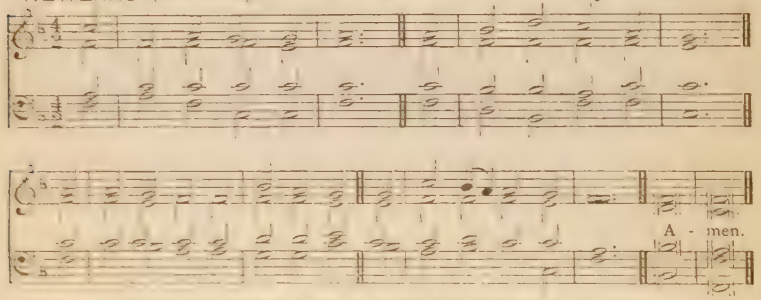
F. R. HAVERGAL.

9.—*ITS PRIVILEGES: ADOPTION AND REGENERATION.*

TUAM (*1st Tune*). S.M. W. MASON.



NEWLAND (*2nd Tune*). S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



395 *"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God."*—1 John iii. 1.

f 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

mf 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
cr. But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

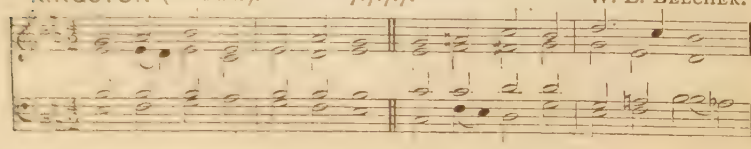
mf 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure: [sin,
May purge our souls from sense and
As Christ the Lord is pure.

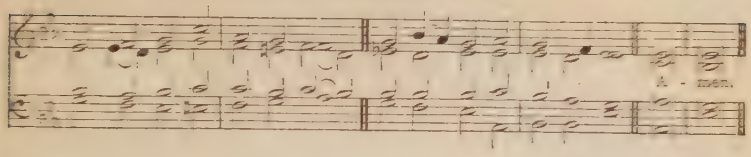
mp 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

mp 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne:
cr. My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own. Amen.

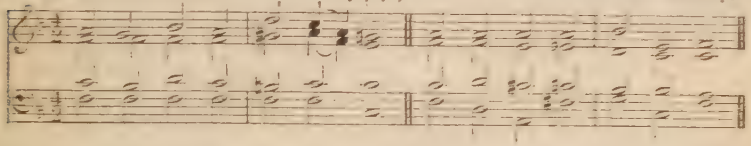
I. WATTS.

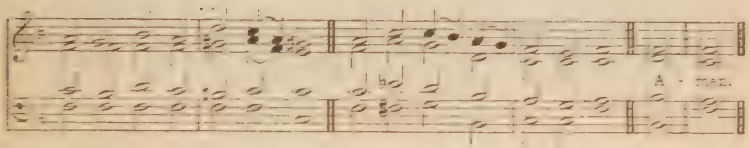
KINGSTON (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. W. E. BELCHER.
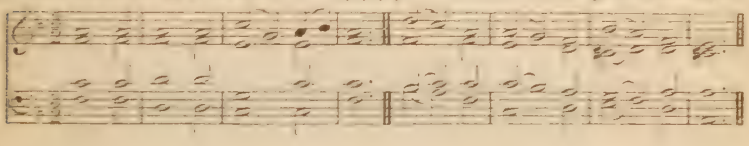




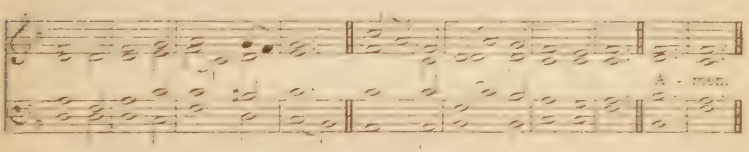
WEBER (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. C. M. WEBER.





ABERAVON (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. J. H. ROBERTS.





396

"*Hallowed be Thy Name.*"—Matt. vi. 9.

mf 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame;
p Father! hallowed be Thy Name.

mf 2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
cr. Thou our Father art:
From Thy hand our spirits came;
p Father! hallowed be Thy Name.

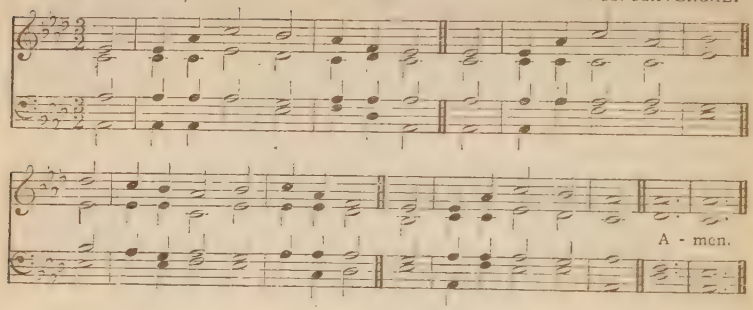
mf 3 Nor by nature's tie alone
cr. Thou art as our Father known;
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim:
p Father! hallowed be Thy Name.

mf 4 Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
cr. shame;
p Father! hallowed be Thy Name.

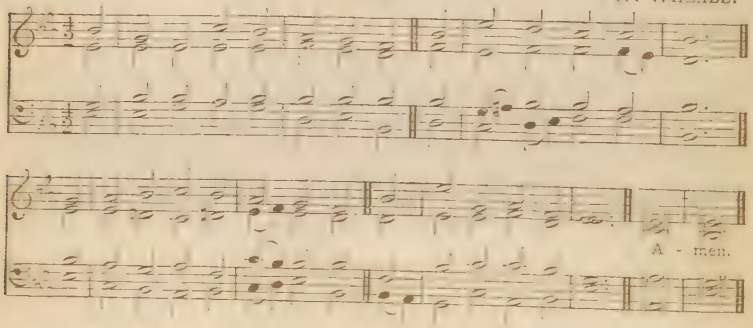
mf 5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
cr. Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father! hallowed be Thy Name. Amen.

J. CONDER.

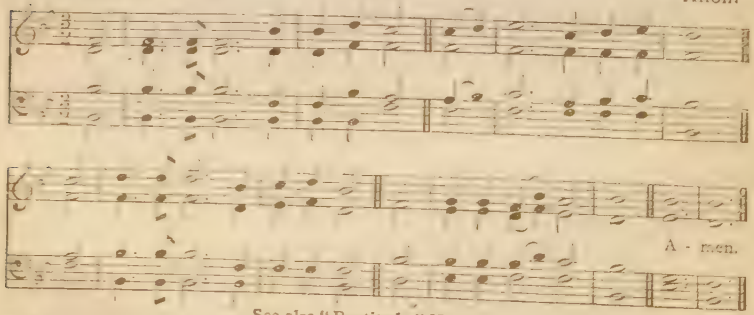
EVAN (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



BEDFORD (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. WHEALE.



MYLON (*3rd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



See also "Beatitudo," No. 327.

397

A new heart also will I give you. —Ezek. xxxvi. 26

mf 1 O POUR a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
mp A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So freely shed for me!

mp 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, *mf* My great Redeemer's throne;
cr. Where only Christ is heard to speak: *f* Where Jesus reigns alone;

mp 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
cr. Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

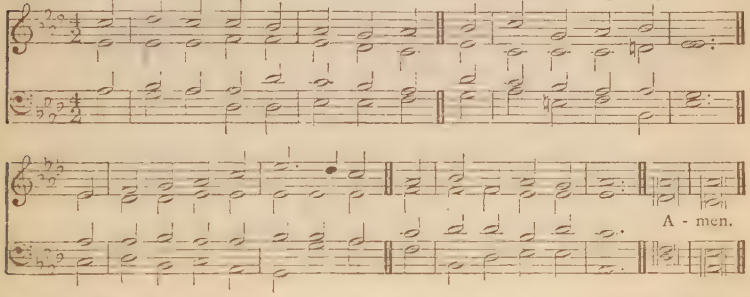
mf 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
cr. Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

mf 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
cr. Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of love. Amen.

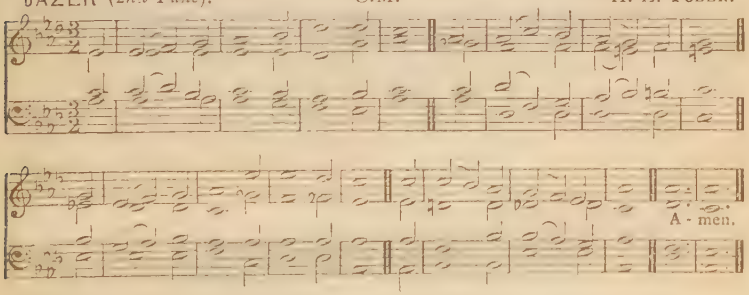
C. WESLEY.

10.—*ITS PRIVILEGES: DIVINE PRESENCE.*

TUDOR (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. P. JEWSON.



JAZER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. A. E. TOZER.



398 *"And lo, I am with you alway."*—Matt. xxviii. 20.

mf 1 ABIDE among us with Thy grace,
Lord Jesus, evermore,
mp Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

mf 2 Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer, Whom we love;
cr. Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

mf 3 Abide among us with Thy ray,
O light that lightenest all,
And let Thy truth preserve our way.
mp Nor suffer us to fall.

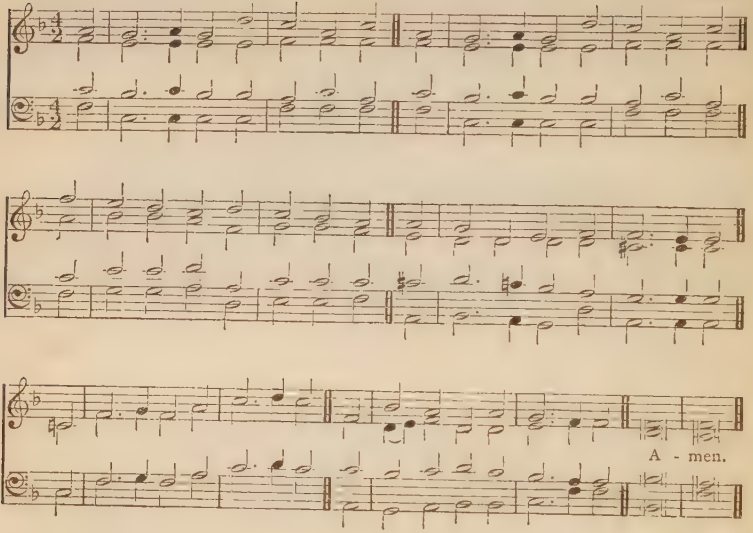
mf 4 Abide with us to bless us still,
O bounteous Lord of peace, [fill,
cr. With grace and power our souls now
Our faith and love increase.

mf 5 Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host,
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

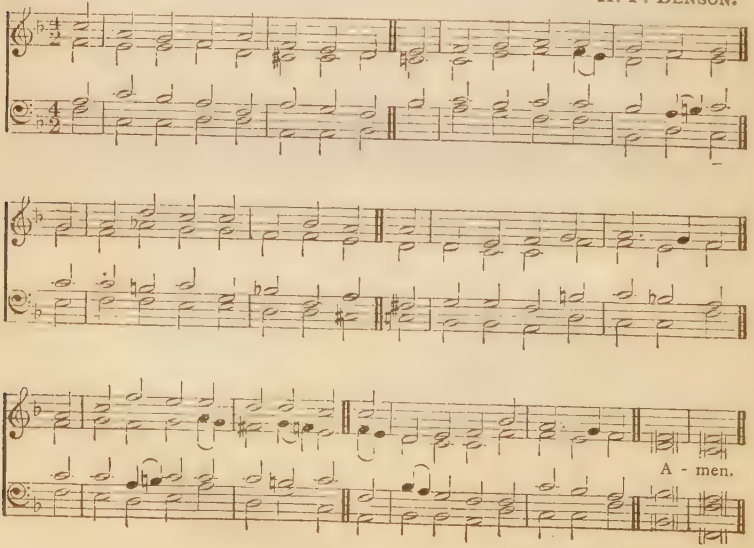
mf 6 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at hand, O let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee. Amen.

J. STEGMANN, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

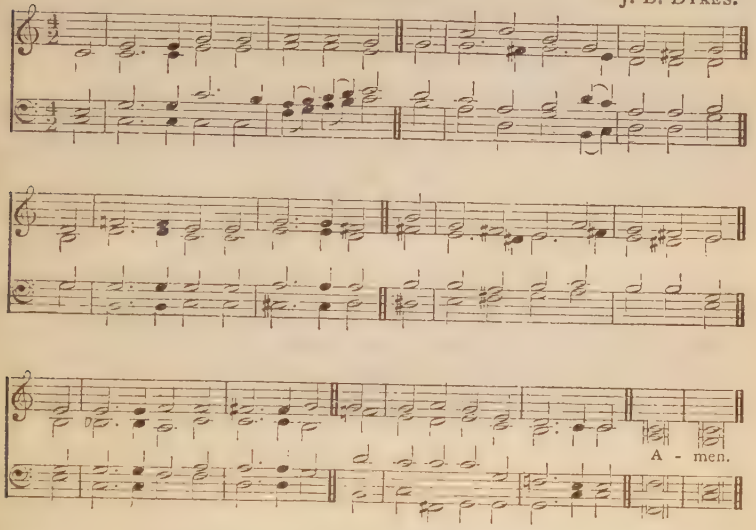
HULLAH (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. HULLAH.



LOVE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. F. BENSON.



MELITA (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



399

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"—Ps. xxvii. 1.

mp 1 BE near me, Lord, my light and stay,
When fears and doubts perplex my way;
Be near me, when the tempter's wile
Plies craftily my own heart's guile;
cr. As sunlight breaks through clouds and rain,
Be near me in my grief and pain.

mf 2 I know Thou art not far, O Lord,
From Him who walketh by Thy word:
mp I know 'tis but the cloud of sin
That hides Thee from my heart within;
cr. I know Thou dost not veil Thy face
From him who trusts Thy plenteous grace.

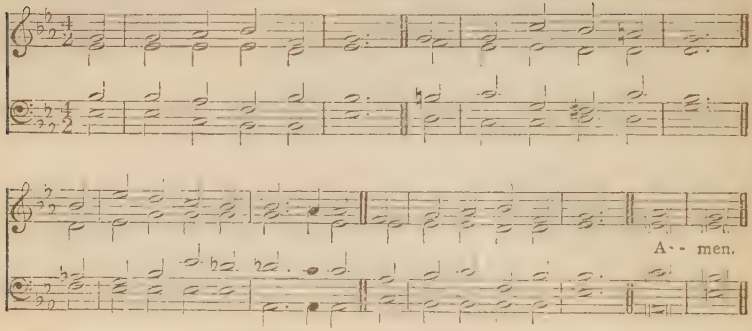
p 3 But, Lord, my flesh doth faint and fail;
My weak heart sinks; my fears prevail:
Mine eyes grow dim; I cannot see
The Presence that is life to me;
cr. Hold me, O Lord, that I may know
Thou still art near me here below.

mp 4 For without Thee, my Christ, my Lord,
I find no joy even in Thy word,
No promise that is clear to me,
No strength, or hope, or victory;
p But all is darkness, doubt, and fear
In heaven and earth, (*cr.*) till Thou art near.

mf 5 Be near me, Lord, that I may flee
At once with all my cares to Thee;
mp And when the traitor thought within
Would parley with the lust of sin,
cr. Thy strength unto my weakness bring,
And keep the fortress for its King. Amen.

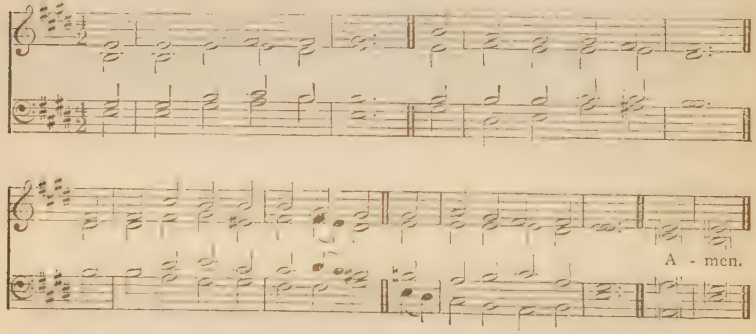
ORWELL

ST. ANDREW (*1st Tune*): S.M. J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

THETFORD (*2nd Tune*). S.M. F. C. ATKINSON.



400 "*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*"—Matt. v. 8.

mf 1 BLEST are the pure in heart
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

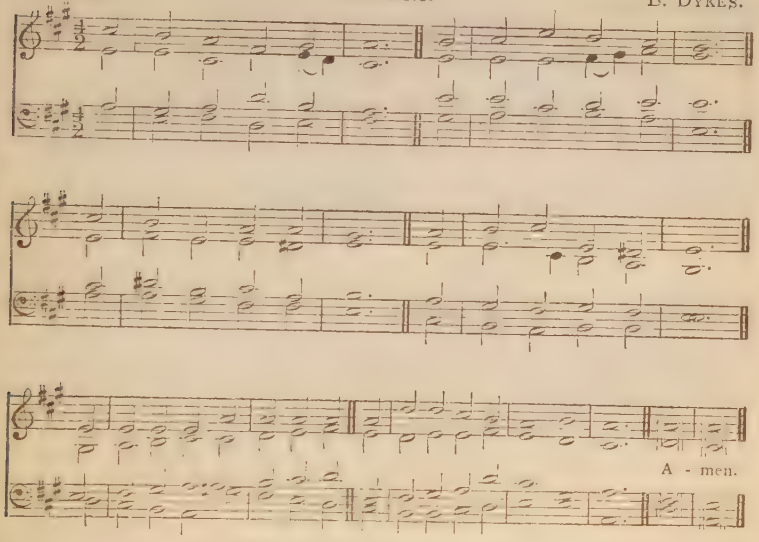
mf 2 The Lord, Who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
mp And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

mp 3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart:
cr. And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

mp 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
cr. O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee! Amen.

J. KEBLE and W. J. HALL.

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8. B. DYKES.



See also "Christchurch," No. 188.

401

"*Come, Lord Jesus.*"—Rev. xxii. 20.

mf 1 COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, make my heart Thy home,
And bid Thy rivals flee;
cr. Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

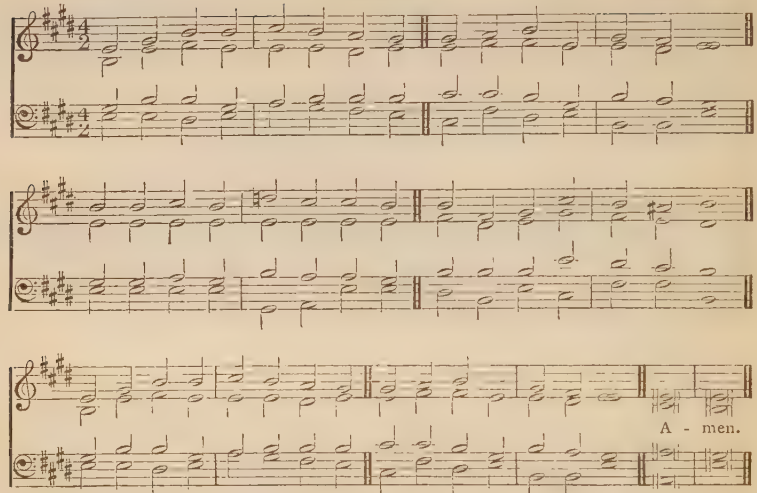
f 2 Exert Thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin,
In this auspicious hour
Bring all Thy graces in.
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

mf 3 Rule Thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath Thy full control.
cr. Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

f 4 Then shall my days be Thine,
And all my heart be love;
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above.
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home. Amen.

A. REED.

MANNHEIM. 8.7.8.7.8.7. F. FILITZ.



See also "Oriel," No. 410.

402
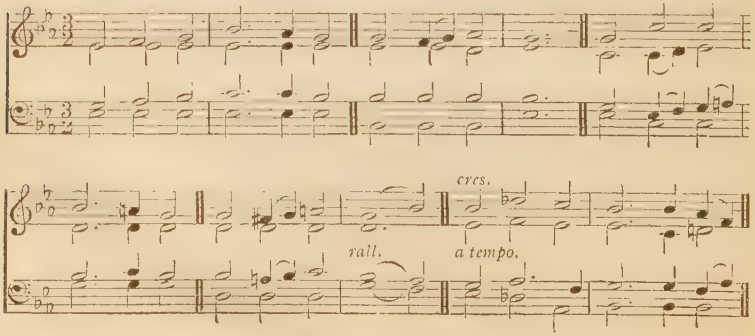
"Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"—Job xxiii. 3.
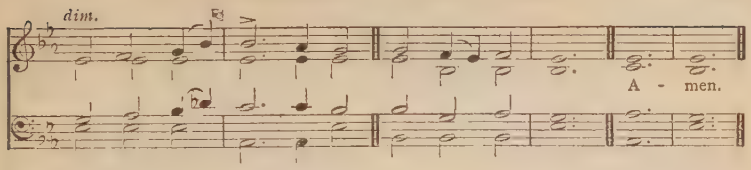
mf 1 LOOK upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
mp Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me.
Only Thee to know I pine.
cr. Let me find Thee!
Take my heart, and own me Thine!

mf 2 Nought I ask for, nought I strive for
But Thy grace so rich and free;
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee.
f Let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.
Amen.

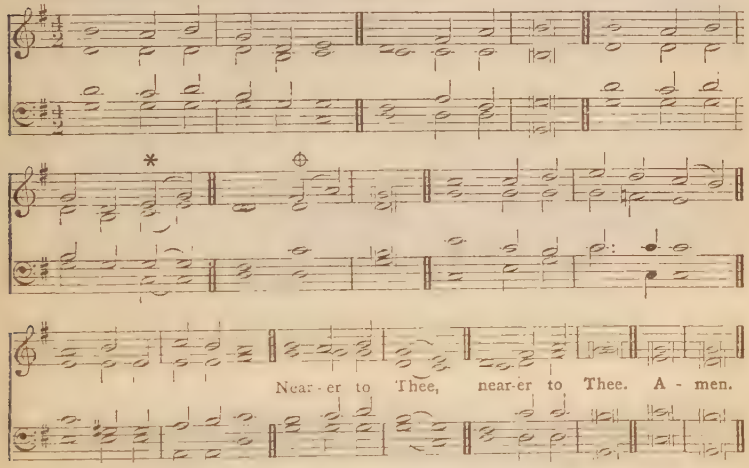
J. NEANDER, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

HORBURY (*1st Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. J. B. DYKES.





PROPIOR DEO (*2nd Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. A. SULLIVAN.



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* Omit slurs in verses 1, 2 and 3. ⊕ Omit slurs in verses 4 and 5, and divide semibreves into minims in Alto, Tenor and Bass.

403

"And he called the name of that place Bethel."—Gen. xxviii. 19.

mf 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr. Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
dim. Nearer to Thee.

p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr. Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
dim. Nearer to Thee.

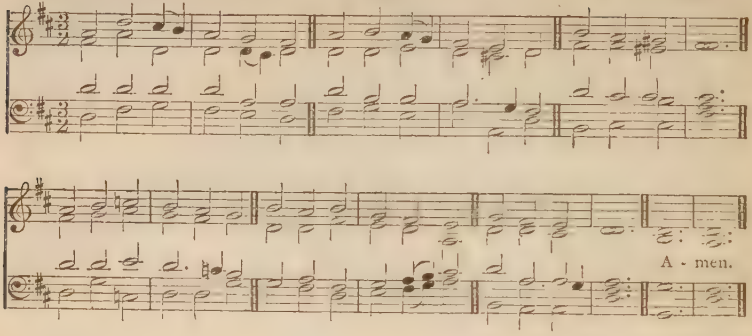
mf 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
cr. Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
dim. Nearer to Thee.

f 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
p So by my woes to be
cr. Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
dim. Nearer to Thee.

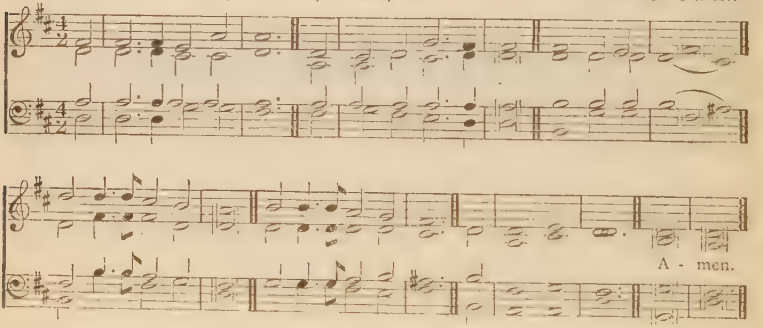
f 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
cr. Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
dim. Nearer to Thee. Amen.

S. F. ADAMS.

DONNINGTON (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4. D. S. S. WESLEY.



WALTON BRECK (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4. D. T. G. OWEN.



404

"*Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.*"
—Ps. lxxxix. 26.

f 1 O STRONG to save and bless,
My rock and righteousness,
mp Draw near to me!
cr. Blessing, and joy, and might,
Wisdom, and love, and light
Are all with Thee!

mf 2 My refuge and my rest!
mp As child on mother's breast,
I lean on Thee.
cr. From faintness and from fear,
When foes and ill are near,
Deliver me!

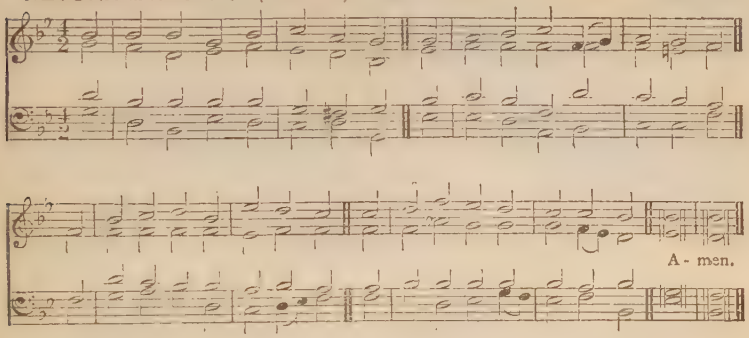
mp 3 Oh, answer me, my God,
cr. Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true!
f Thousands this grace have shared,
Oh, let *me* now be heard,
Oh, love *me* too!

mf 4 Descend, Thou mighty love,
Descend from heaven above,
cr. Fill Thou this soul!
mp Heal every bruisèd part,
Bind up this broken heart,
cr. And make me whole!

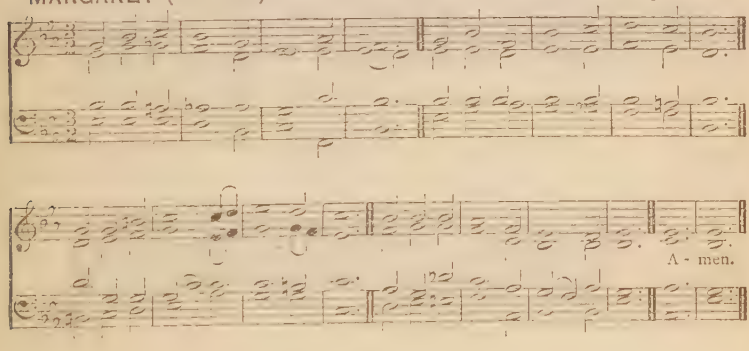
f 5 'Tis knowing Thee that heals,
'Tis seeing Thee that seals
Comfort and peace.
mp Shew me Thy cross and blood,
cr. My Saviour and my God;
dim. Then troubles cease. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ALTONA (BRESLAU) (*1st Tune*). L.M. German.



MARGARET (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. J. PRICE.



405

"*Search me, O God, and know my heart.*"—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

1.

mf O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee:
cr. O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2.

mp Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross:
cr. Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3.

mp If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way:
cr. No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4.

mp When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
cr. Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5.

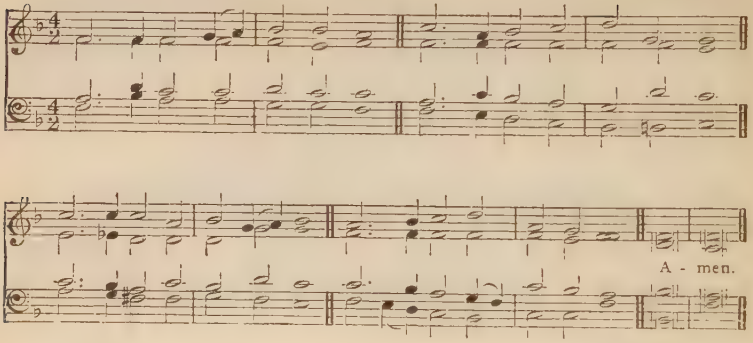
mf Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
cr. Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

6.

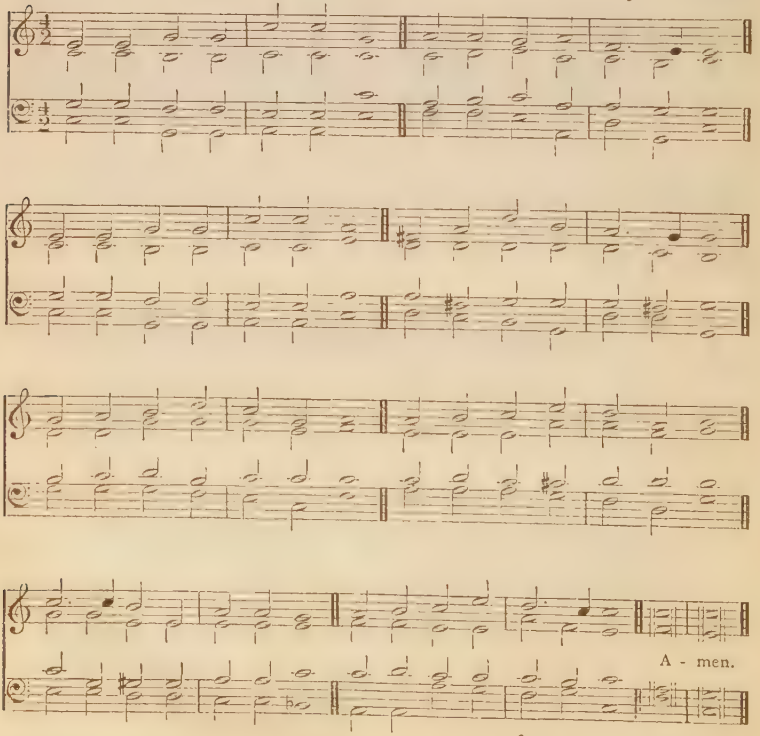
mf If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
cr. Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.
Amen.

N. L. ZINZENDORF and J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, *tr.* J. WESLEY

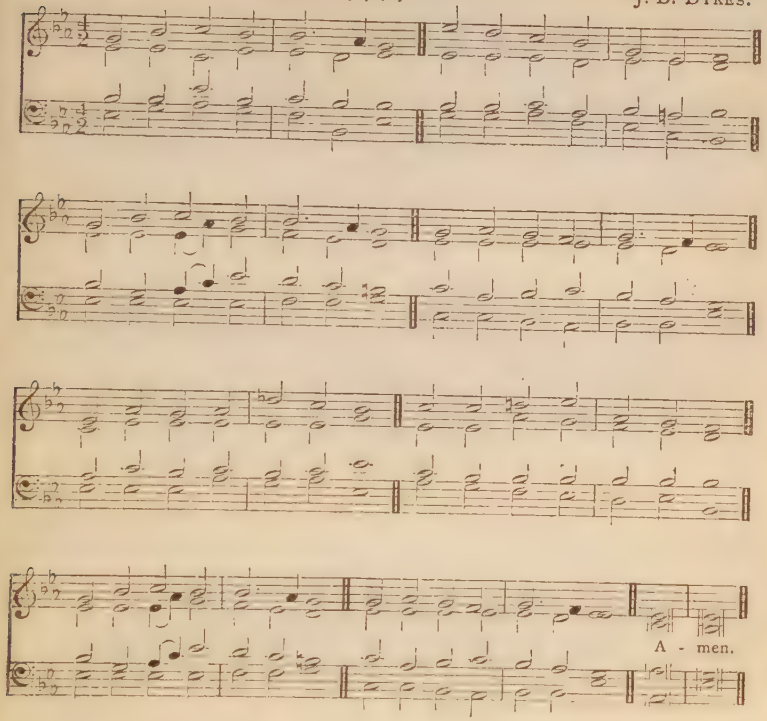
GLEBE FIELD (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. J. B. DYKES.



CULFORD (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. D. E. J. HOPKINS.



HOLLINGSIDE (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. D. J. B. DYKES.



406

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." Ps. lxxiii. 25.

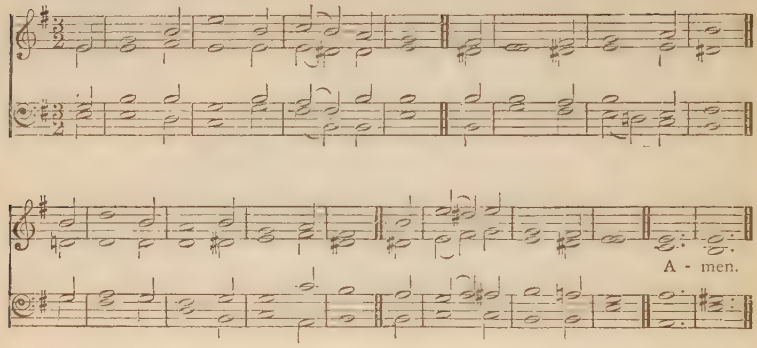
mf 1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
cr. Thee to please, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

mp 2 Lord it is not life to live
If Thy presence Thou deny;
cr. Lord, if Thou Thy presence give
'Tis no longer death to die.
f Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

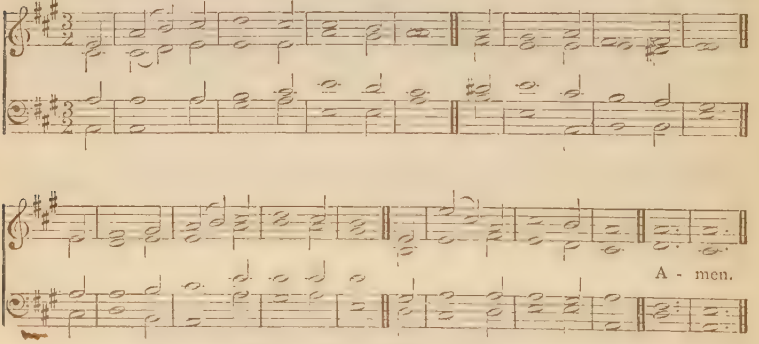
mf 3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die.
cr. Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove;
f Heaven below and heaven above. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

ST. NICHOLAS (*1st Tune*). C.M. Anon.



FARNINGHAM (*2nd Tune*). C.M. C. E. KETTLE.



407 *"And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."*—Gen. xxxii. 26.

mp 1 OH, do not, blessed Lord, depart!
cr. I will not let Thee go,
Until upon this needy heart
Thy blessing Thou bestow.

mp 2 Vouchsafe me pardon, mercy, grace,
My countless sins forgive;
cr. If Thou shine on me with Thy face,
It must be bliss to live.

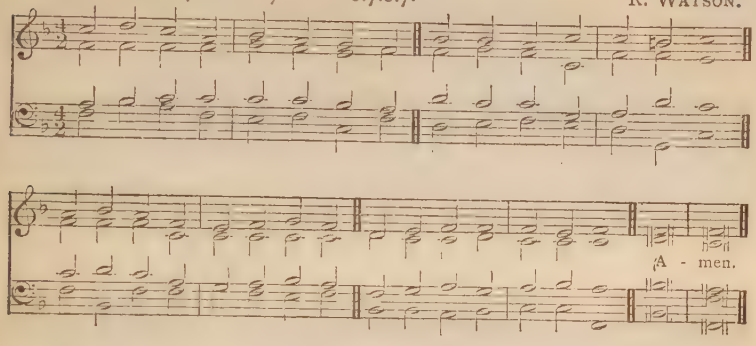
mp 3 When here by adverse tempests driven, [way,
When storm clouds wreath my
cr. That countenance, whose smile is heaven,
Will chase them all away.

p 4 When feebly ebbs life's languid tide,
And the last hour is nigh,
cr. With my Redeemer at my side,
I cannot dread to die.

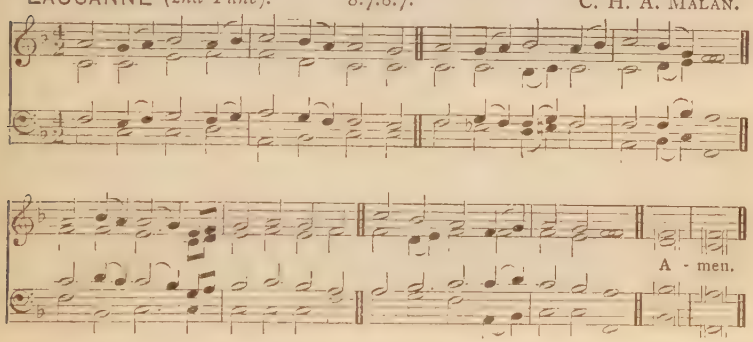
mf 5 If earthly glimpses, Lord, of Thee,
Such happiness impart,
f What must the full fruition be,
To know Thee as Thou art! Amen.

MACDUFF.

HOLY NAME (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. R. WATSON.



LAUSANNE (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. H. A. MALAN.



408

"*Thou art near, O Lord.*"—Ps. cxix. 151.

mf 1 THOU art near, yes, Lord, I feel it,
Thou art near where'er I move,
mp And though sense would fain conceal it,
Faith still whispers it to love.

mp 2 Am I weak? (*cr.*) Thine arm will lead me
Safe through every danger, Lord;
mp Am I hungry? (*cr.*) Thou wilt feed me
With the manna of Thy word.

mp 3 Am I thirsty? (*cr.*) Thou wilt guide me
Where refreshing waters flow!
mp Faint or feeble, (*cr.*) Thou'lt provide me
Grace for every want I know.

mp 4 Am I fearful? (*cr.*) Thou wilt take me
Underneath Thy wings, my God!
mp Am I faithless! Thou wilt make me,
Bow beneath Thy chastening rod.

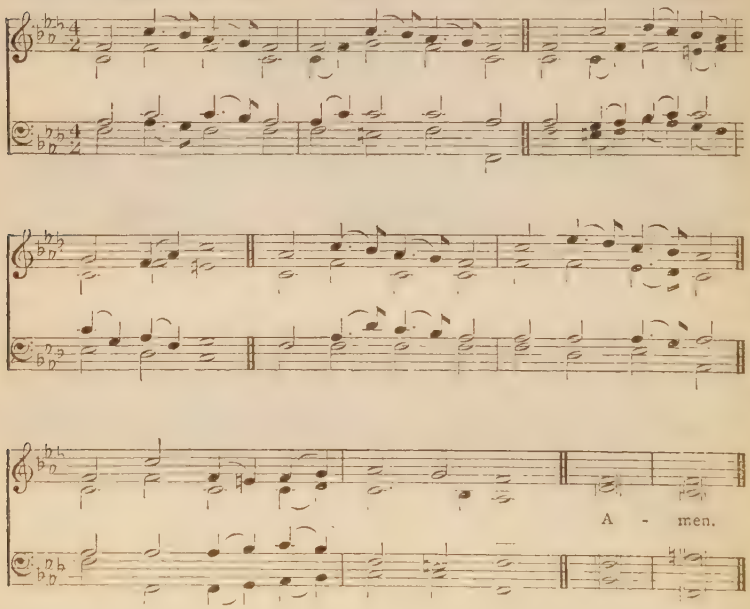
mp 5 Am I drooping? (*cr.*) Thou art near me,
Near to bear me on my way;
mf Am I pleading? Thou wilt hear me,
Hear and answer when I pray.

f 6 Then, my soul, since God doth love thee,
Faint not, droop not, do not fear;
Though His heaven is high above thee,
He Himself is ever near. Amen.

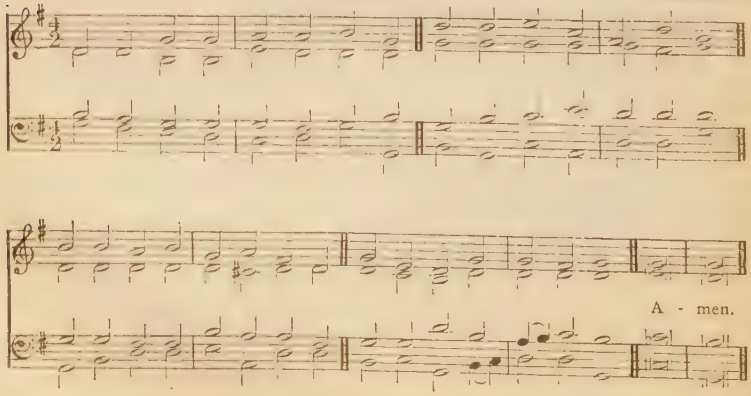
J. S. B. MONSELL.

11.—*ITS PRIVILEGES: DIVINE GUIDANCE.*

RHYD Y BEDD (*1st Tune.*) 8.7.8.7. J. Roberts (Henllan).



STUTTGART (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. German.



409 "*He leadeth me beside the still waters.*"—Ps. xxiii. 2.

mp 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Pilgrims in this vale of tears!
Through the trials yet decreed us,
p Till our last great change appears.

mf 2 O refresh us with Thy blessing,
O refresh us with Thy grace;
cr. May Thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for Thy dwelling-place.

mp 3 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
cr. Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

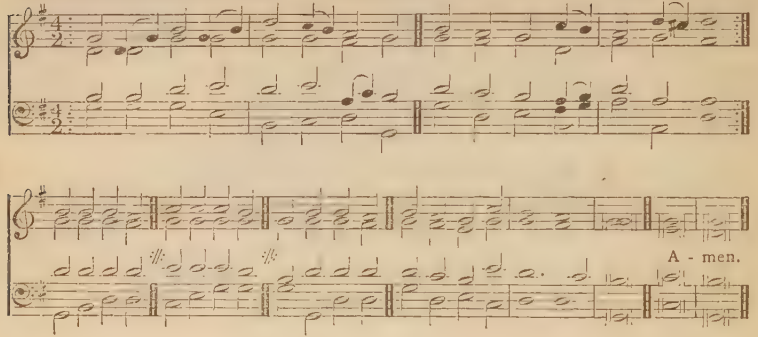
p 4 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near
cr. Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

p 5 When this mortal life is ended,
cr. Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
f Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

f 6 Then, O crown us with Thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of Thy grace;
Then shall praises never ceasing,
Echo through Thy dwelling-place. Amen.

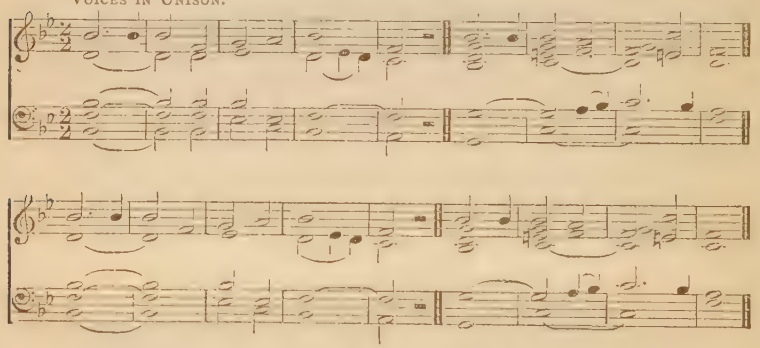
T. HASTINGS.

CAERSALEM (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Welsh Melody.

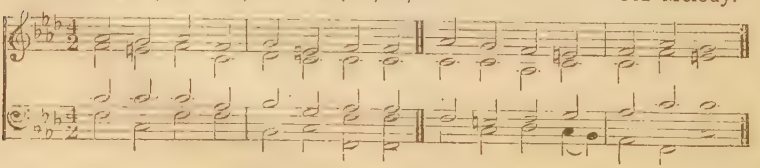


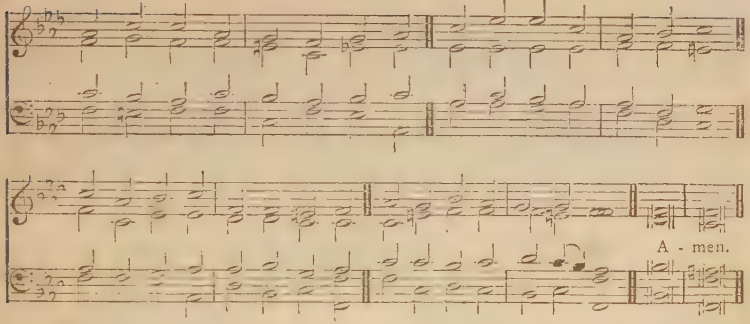
GILBERT (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. B. GILBERT.

VOICES IN UNISON.

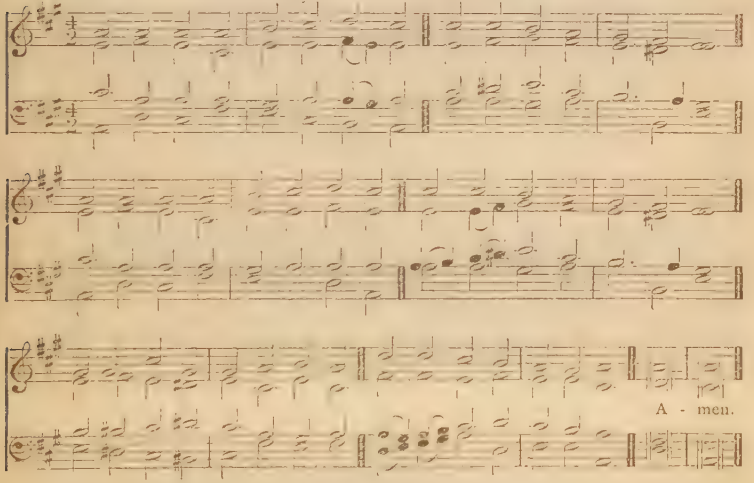


ST. PETER (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Old Melody.





ORIEL (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Ancient *Tantum Ergo*.



410

"He will be our Guide even unto death."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

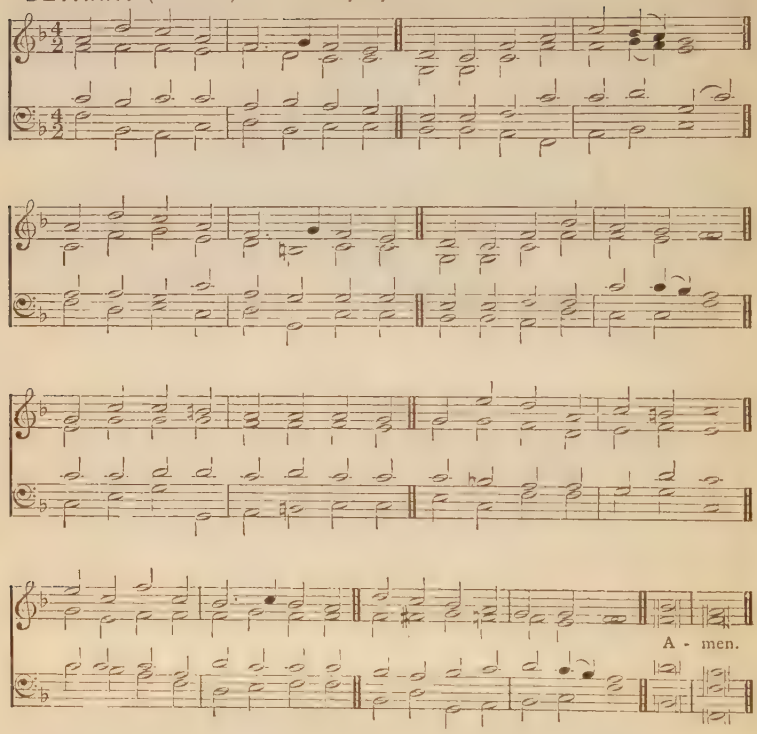
mf 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
p I am weak, (*cr.*) but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
f Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

mf 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

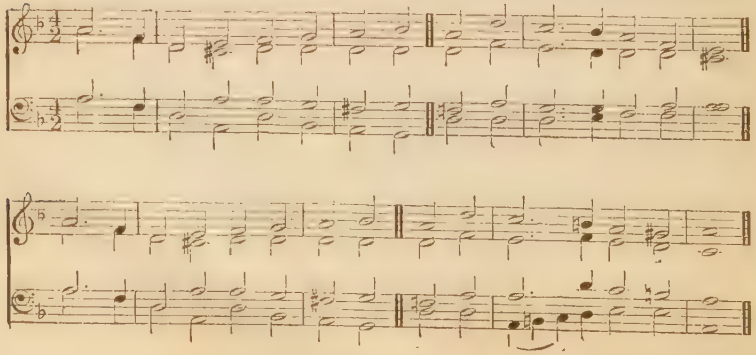
mp 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
cr. Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
f Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

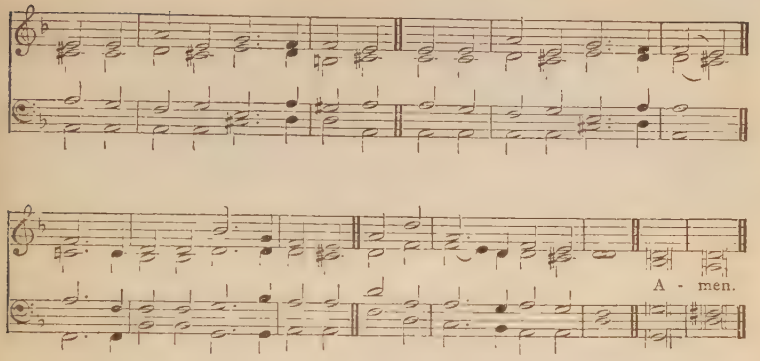
W. WILLIAMS.

BETHANY (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.



BAVARIA (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. F. MENDELSSOHN.





411 *"O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me."*—Ps. xliii. 3.

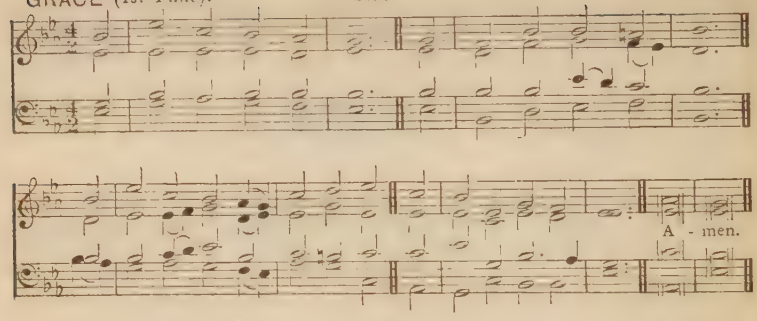
mf 1 JESUS, lead us with Thy power,
Safe into the promised rest:
Hide our souls within Thy bosom,
mp Let us slumber on Thy breast:
cr. Feed us with the heavenly manna,
Bread that angels eat above;
Let us drink from the holy fountain,
Draughts of everlasting love.

mf 2 Through the desert wild conduct us,
With a glorious pillar bright;
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night:
Be our guide in every peril,
Watch us hourly night and day,
Otherwise we'll err and wander
From Thy Spirit far away.

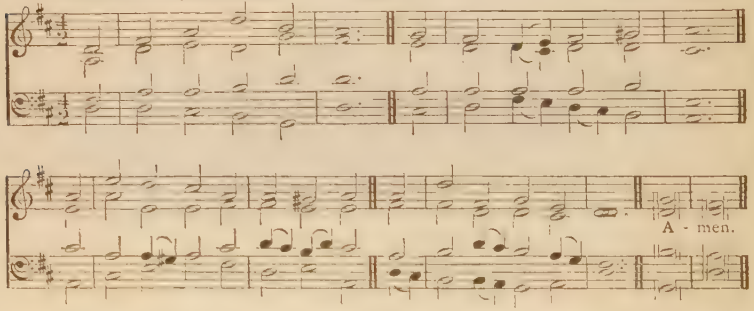
f 3 In Thy presence we are happy,
In Thy presence we're secure,
In Thy presence all afflictions
We will easily endure:
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
mp Far from Thee, we faint and languish,
cr. Lord, our Saviour, keep us nigh! Amen.

W. WILLIAMS

GRACE (*1st Tune*). S.M. Anon.



TYTHERTON (*2nd Tune*). S.M. L. R. WEST.



412

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

mf 1 JESUS, my chiefest Friend,
To Thee I raise my cry,
For 'tis on Thee my hopes depend
For every fresh supply.

mf 2 By faith I would draw near
To seek Thee as my guide:
O keep me while I sojourn here,
For ever near Thy side.

f 3 Thou art my only trust,
My portion and my joy;
No more let vanity and dust
My heart and hopes employ.

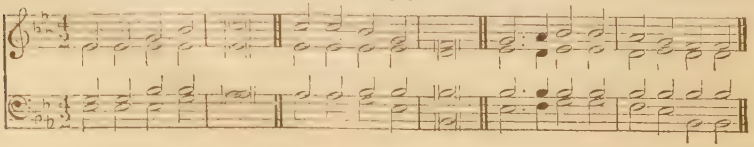
mp 4 Wean me from all below,
cr. To heaven my spirit raise;
There let my best affections flow
Through my remaining days.

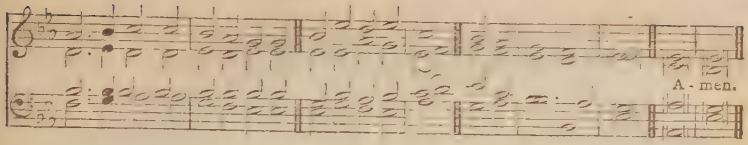
mf 5 On Thee I cast my care,
To Whom my wants are known;
Save me from each destructive snare,
And seal me as Thine own.

mf 6 Help me by faith to view
The joys above the skies,
cr. And with increasing zeal pursue
The everlasting prize. Amen.

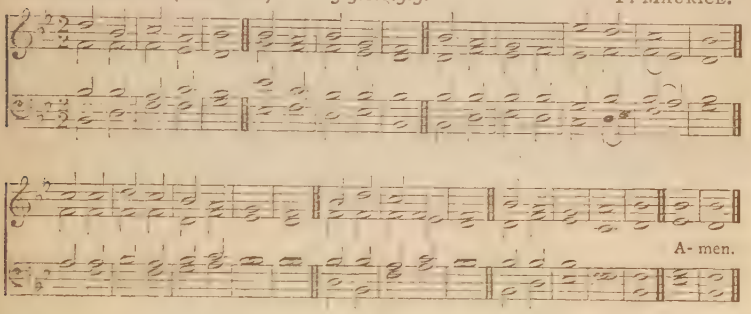
G. F. W., in LEIFCHILD'S COLL.

FATHERLAND (*1st Tune*). 5.5.8.8.5.5. F. C. MAKER.
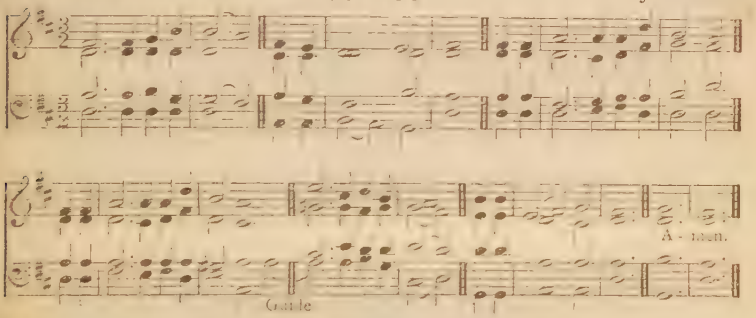




HAFODWEN (*2nd Tune*). 5.5.8.8.5.5. P. MAURICE.



WESTON (*3rd Tune*). 5.5.8.8.5.5. J. BOOTH.



413

"*Lead me in Thy way, O Lord.*" Ps. xxvii. 11.

mf 1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
p And although the way be cheerless,
cr. We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

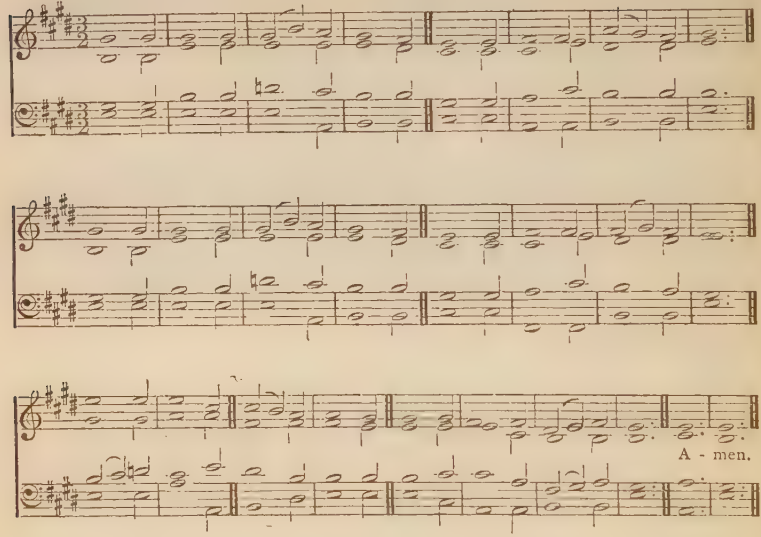
mp 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
cr. Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
f To our home we go.

mp 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
cr. Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

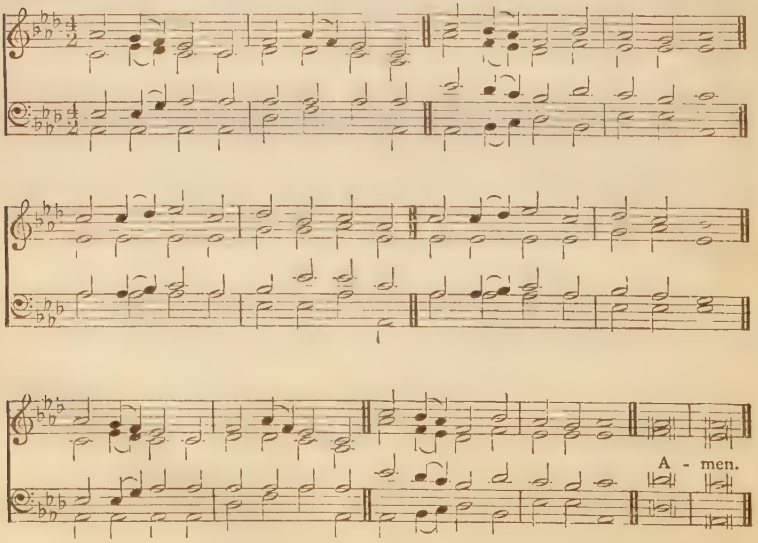
f 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

N. L. ZINZENDORF, *tr.* J. BORTHWICK.

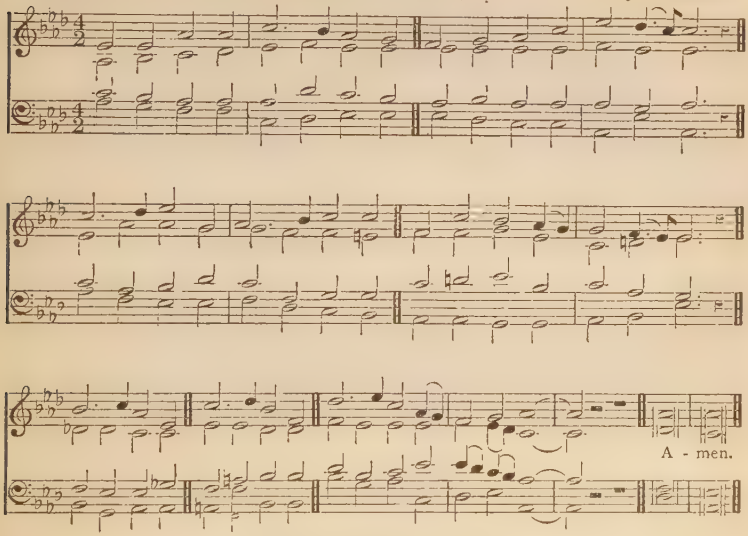
CLITHEROE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.4.7. A. FORREST.



DISMISSAL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.4.7. Anon.



FENITON COURT (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



See also "Mannheim," No. 402.

414

"*For Thy Name's sake lead me, and guide me.*"—Ps. xxxi. 3.

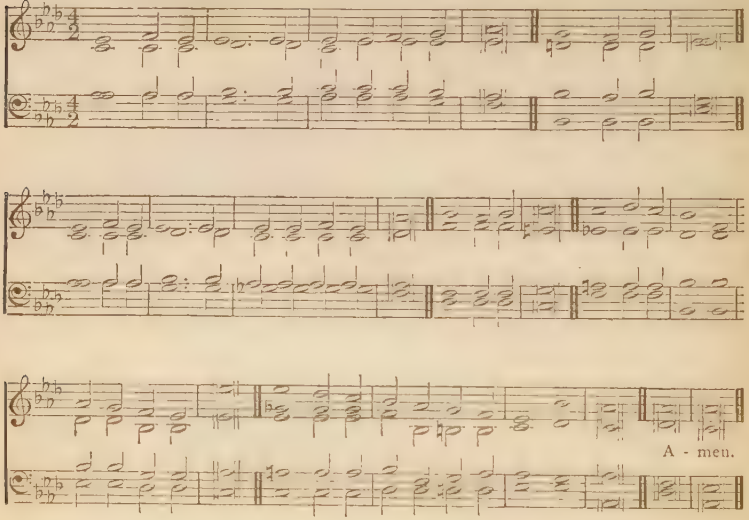
mp 1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
cr. Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
f Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

mp 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
p Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

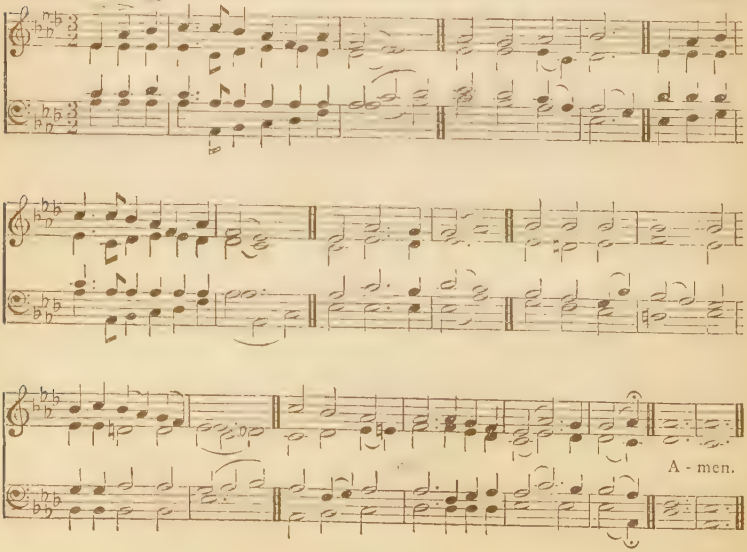
mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love, with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
cr. Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
f Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

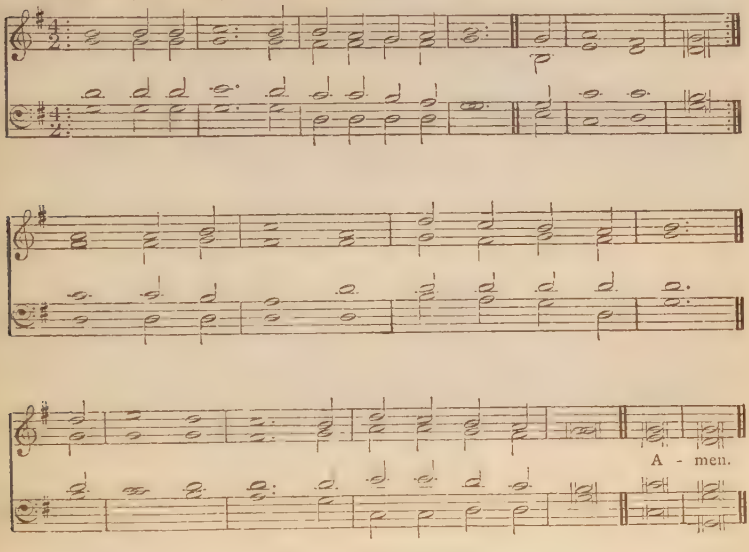
LUX BEATA (*1st Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. A. L. PEACE.



LUX BENIGNA (*2nd Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. J. B. DYKES.



SANDON (*3rd Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. C. H. PURDAY.



415

"*He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.*"—John viii. 12.

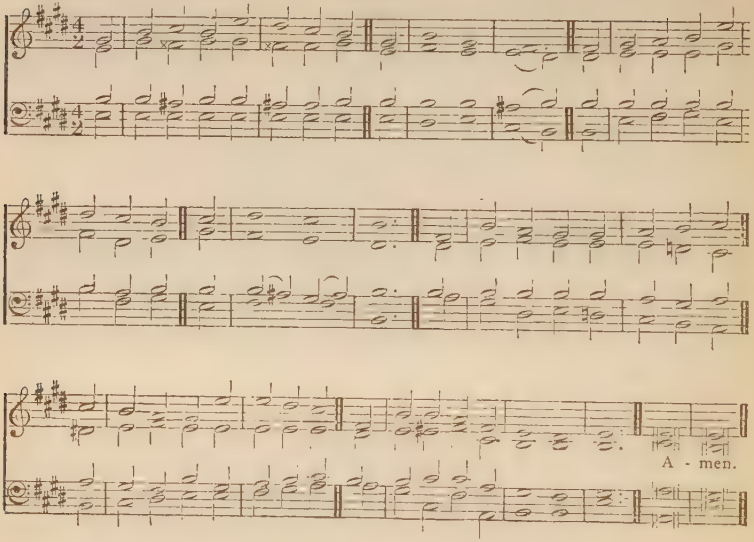
mf 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
cr. Lead Thou me on!
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
cr. Lead Thou me on!
mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—(*p*) one step enough for me.

mf 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; (*cr.*) but now,
Lead Thou me on:
mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; (*p*) remember not past years.

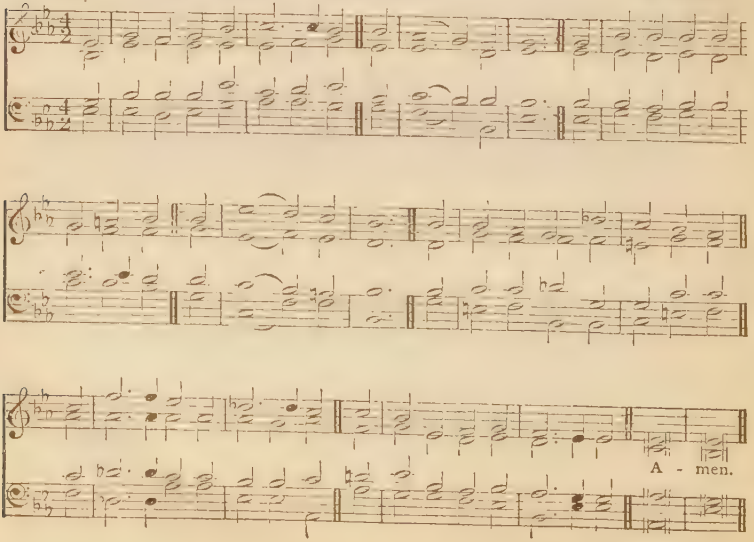
mf 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, (*cr.*) sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
f And with the morn those angel faces smile
dim. Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile. Amen.

J. H. NEWMAN.

SHIPLEY (*1st Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8. E. Moss.



WILLERBY (*2nd Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8. E. Prout.



416

"*The Lord was my stay.*"—Ps. xviii. 18.

mf 1 MY Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me, through each perplexing path,
To perfect day;
p In weakness and in sin I stand;
cr. Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

mp 2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee;
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn,
Accept of me:
cr. I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
dim. I perish if I am not Thine.

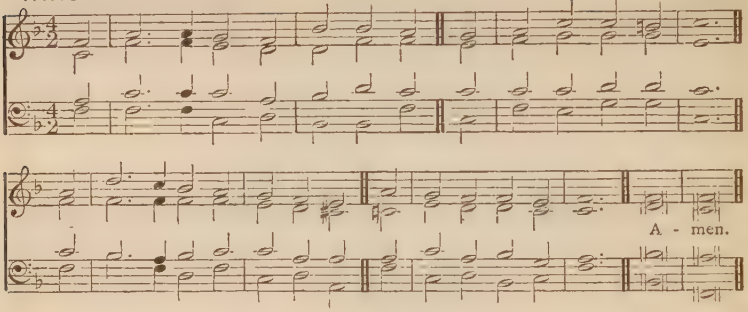
mp 3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,
p And must I die?
Faith trembles; (*cr.*) but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
f And entered into realms of light.

mf 4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng,
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love
And tender care:
Not for the angel forms around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

mf 5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee;
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
cr. Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
f Then give to Thee my crown of light. Amen.

E. A. GODWIN.

WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. Este's Psalter.



417

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

mf 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His Name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

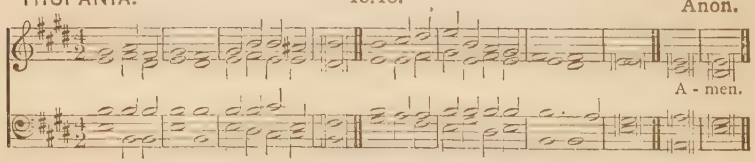
mp 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways,
cr. And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

mf 3 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
cr. My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

mf 4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
cr. O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
Amen.

I. WATTS.

HISPANIA. 10.10. Anon.



418

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock."—Ps. lxxx. 1.

mp 1 O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

mp 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
cr. Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

p 3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

mf 4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

mp 5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
cr. Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

mf 6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
cr. Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face!

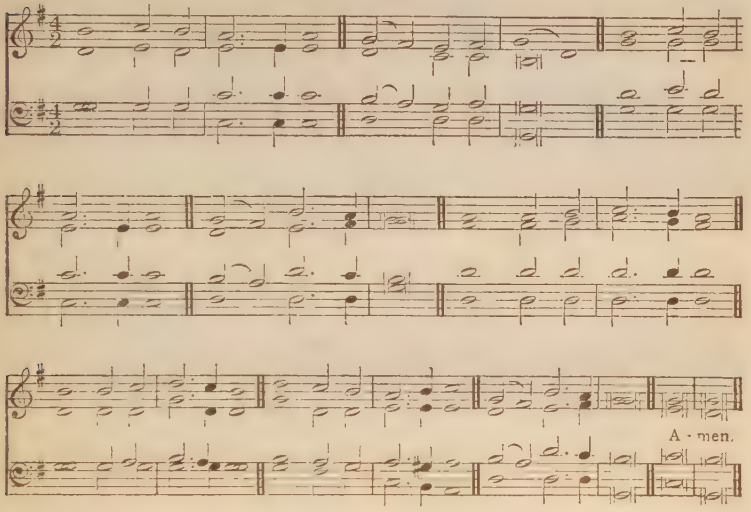
mf 7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

mf 8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

mf 9 Oh, lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
f And bring us safely to our home above! Amen.

T. R. BIRKS.

CONSECRATION (1st *Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. R. LOWRY.



419

"*For we walk by faith, not by sight.*"—2 Cor. v. 7.

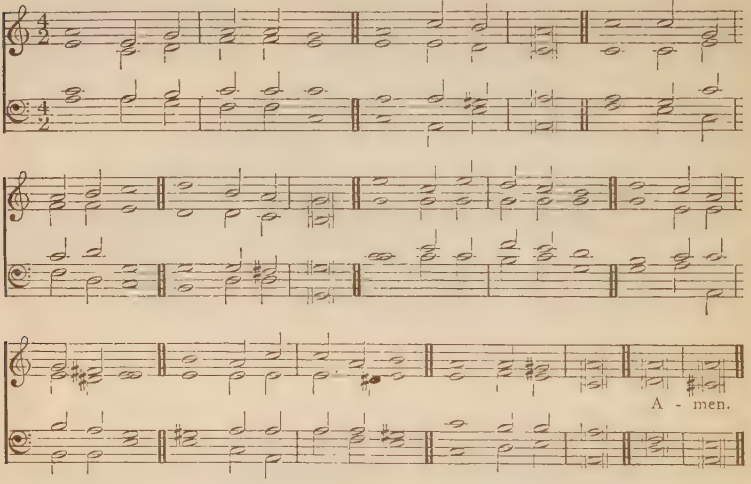
mf 1 SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
p Hushed be my heart and still,
cr. Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet Thy will,
My will shall be.

mf 2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
p But Thou art whispering near,
cr. "Only believe!"

mp 3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
cr. Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him Who died
Freely for me. Amen.

C. S. ROBINSON.

LIVERPOOL (*2nd Tune*). 6 4.6.4.6.6.6.4. J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



419

"*For we walk by faith, not by sight.*"—2 Cor. v. 7.

mf 1 SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
cr. Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet Thy will,
My will shall be.
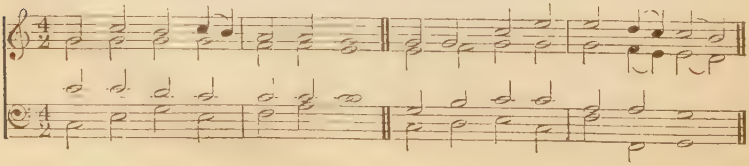
mf 2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
p But Thou art whispering near,
cr. "Only believe!"

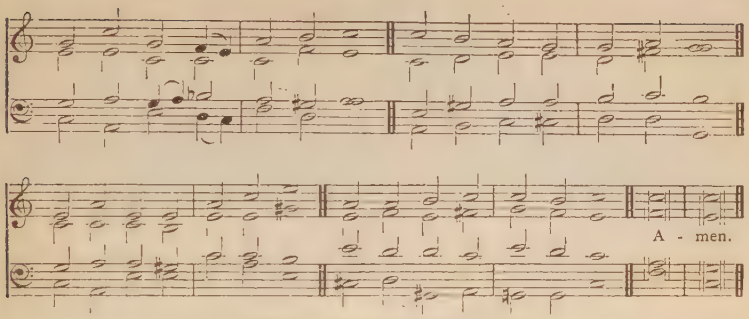
mp 3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
cr. Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him Who died
Freely for me! Amen.

C. S. ROBINSON.

12.—*ITS PRIVILEGES: DIVINE LIGHT.*

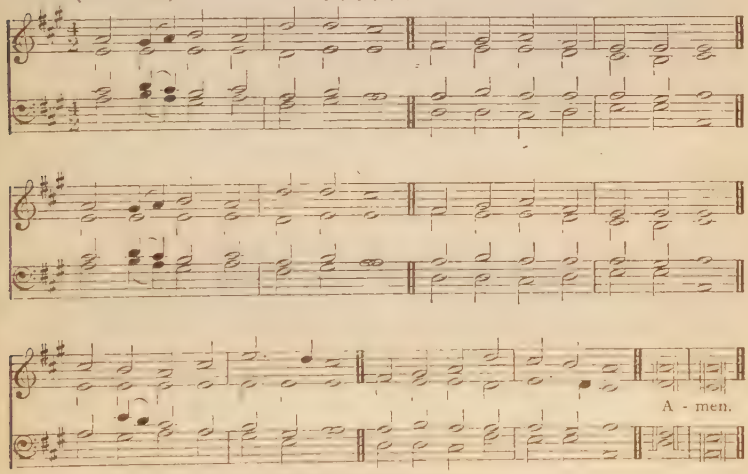
DAY-STAR (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. S. S. WESLEY.





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DIX (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. C. KOCHER.



See also "Ratisbon," No. 612.

420

"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."—Mal. iv. 2.

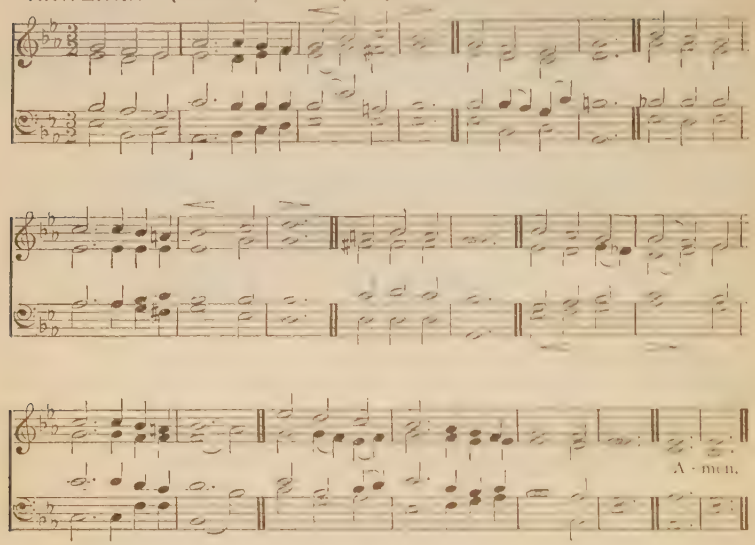
f 1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

mp 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
cr. Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

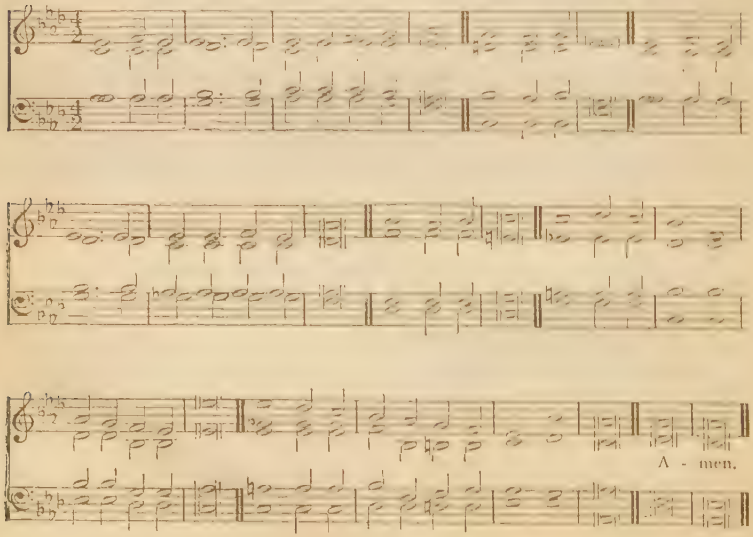
mp 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
cr. Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief!
f More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

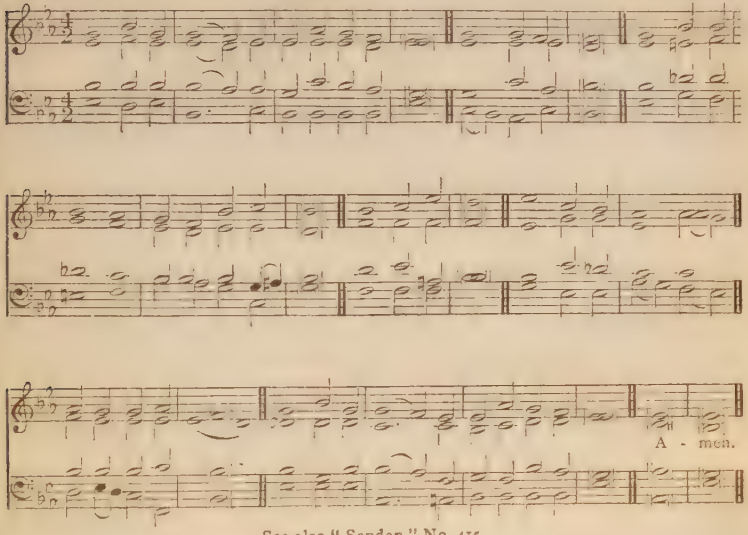
ARWEINIAD (*1st Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. R. MILLS.



LUX BEATA (*2nd Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. A. L. PEACE.



MERTHYR TYDVIL (*3rd Tune*). 10.4.10.4.10.10. T. J. PRICE.



See also "Sandon," No. 415.

421

"*I am the Light of the world.*"—John viii. 12.

mf 1 LIGHT of the world! Whose kind and gentle care
Is joy and rest;
Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,
Wisest and best;
cr. Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way,
dim. Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

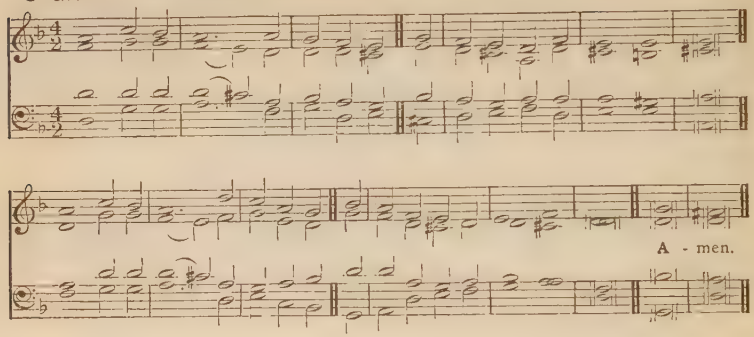
mf 2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure desire,
Its hope and peace;
Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
Falter or cease;
But be to me true Friend, my chief delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

mf 3 My blessèd Lord! what bliss to feel Thee near,
Faithful and true;
To trust in Thee, without one doubt or fear,
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that Thou, our Friend,
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

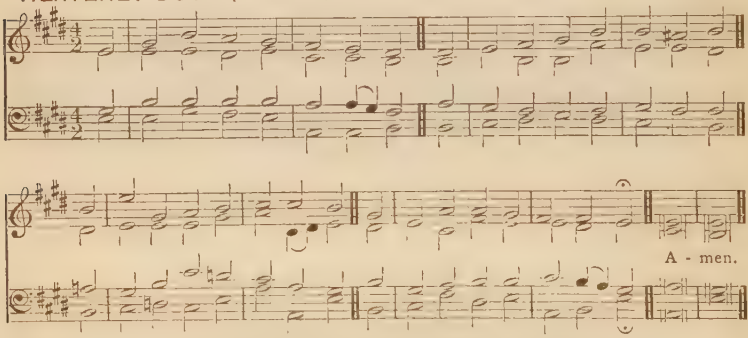
mp 4 And then, oh then! when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,
cr. And we are safe within Heaven's golden door,
At Home! At Home!
f How full of glad rejoicing we will raise,
Saviour, to Thee, our everlasting praise. Amen.

H. BATEMAN.

O GRANT US LIGHT (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. H. ROBERTS.



HEAVENLY DOVE (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. W. STANIFORTH.



422

"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John viii. 12.

mf 1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
cr. That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live!

mf 2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
cr. And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

mp 3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
cr. How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

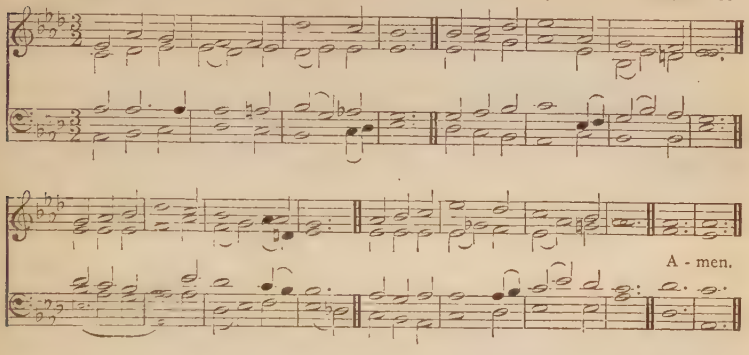
mp 4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burden'd hearts above,
cr. And count the very cross a gain,
f And bless our Father's hidden love.

mp 5 O grant us light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

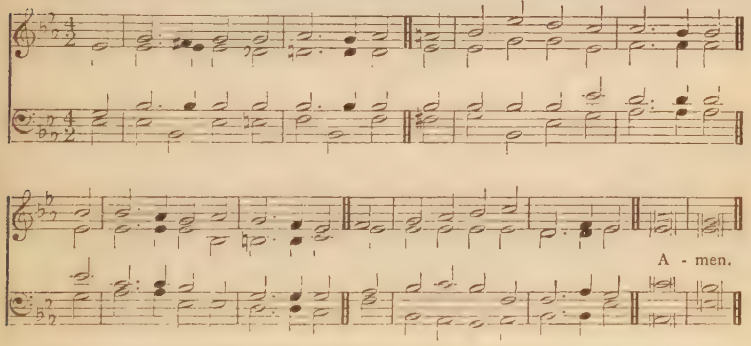
mp 6 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
cr. In Thee to find the open gate
f To deathless home and endless day. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

ABENDS (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



WALTHAM (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. B. CALKIN.



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423

"*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*"—Col. i. 27.

mp 1 O THOU, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering care,
cr. To find their blest redemption there.

mp 2 Illumine those who blindly roam,
Oh! call the wanderer kindly home;
The hearts astray that union crave,
And those in doubt, confirm and save.

mf 3 Oh! that the deaf may hear Thy voice,
The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice;
The thankless heart its silence break,
And, taught by Thee, confession make.

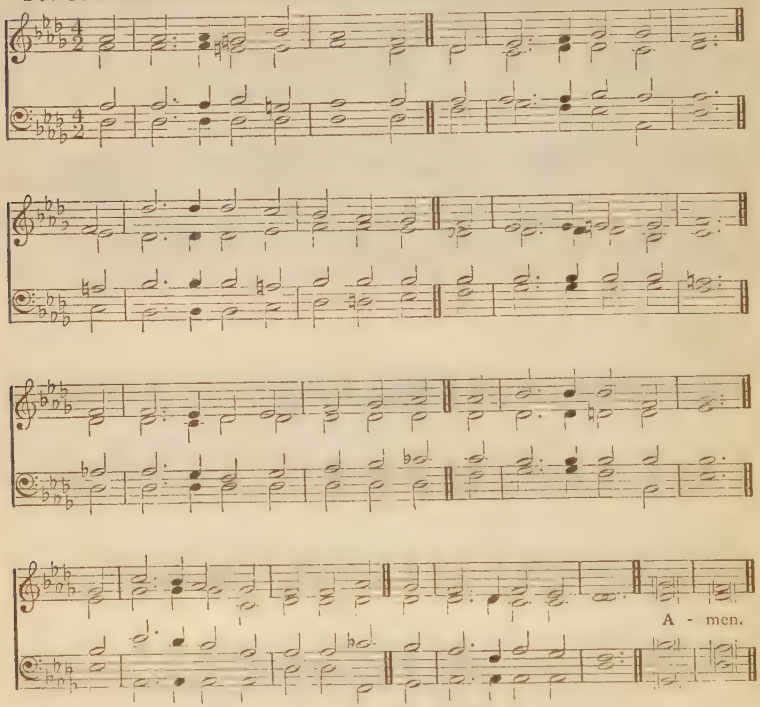
mp 4 Those who in error wander wide,
cr. Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;
p Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal;
cr. To all "the hope of glory" seal

f 5 So they who sing Thy praise above,
With us shall join in bonds of love;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore,
On earth, in heaven, for evermore. Amen.

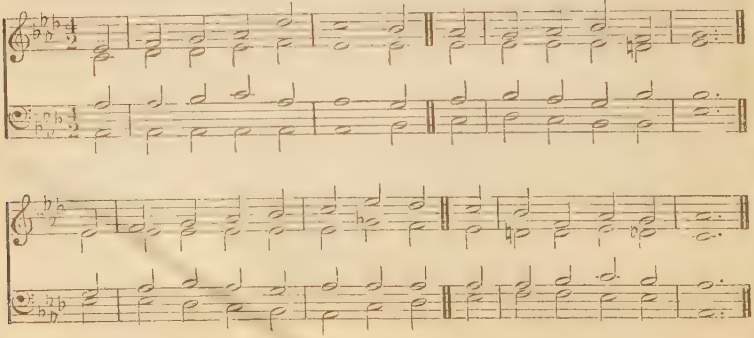
J. HEERMANN, *tr.* W. BALL and A. T. RUSSELL.

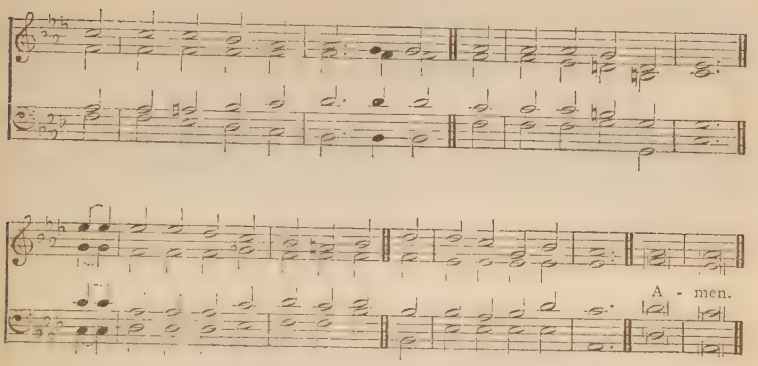
13.—*ITS PRIVILEGES: DIVINE PROTECTION.*

ST. CHRISTOPHER (*1st Tune*). 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. F. C. MAKER.



THE GROVE (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. D. JENKINS.





424 *"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—Gal. vi. 14.

mf 1 BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
cr. The shadow of a mighty rock
dim. Within a weary land,
mf A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
cr. From the burning of the noontide heat,
And th' burden of the day.

mf 2 O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
cr. O trysting-place, where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
mp As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
cr. So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

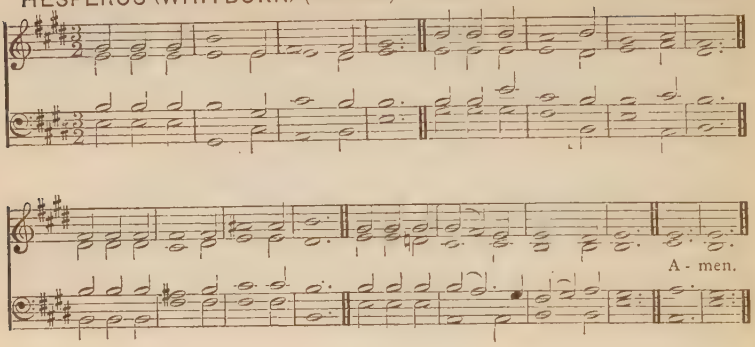
mp 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide:
cr. And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
mf Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

mp 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
p The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me:
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
cr. The wonder of His glorious love,
p And my own worthlessness.

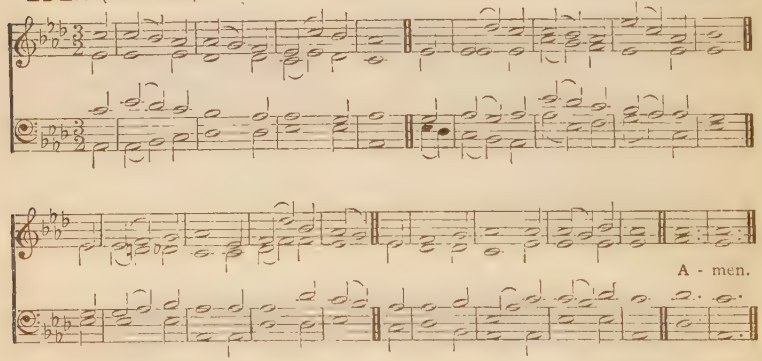
mf 5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
p My sinful self my only shame,
f My glory all the Cross. Amen.

E. C. CLEPHANE.

HESPERUS (WHITBURN) (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. BAKER.



EDEN (*2nd Tune*). L.M. L. MASON.



425

"*And I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.*"—Ex. xxv. 22.

mf 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
mp There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beside the mercy-seat.

mf 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds,
"The oil of gladness" on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet—
p The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.

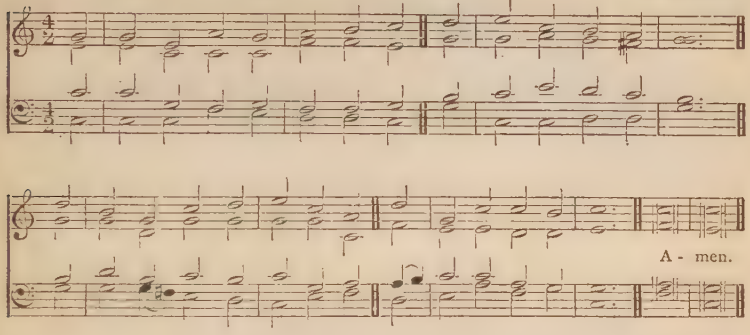
mf 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

mp 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
f Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
p Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

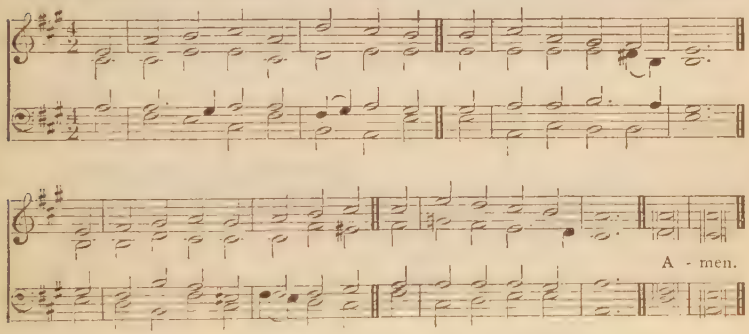
mf 5 There! there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
f And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

H. STOWELL.

ST. LEONARD (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. SMART.



LANCASTER (*2nd Tune*). C.M. S. HOWARD.



See also "St. Saviour," No. 431, and "St. Agnes," No. 435.

426

"O God of our salvation; Who art the Confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."—Ps. lxv. 5.

mf 1 HOW are Thy servants blest,
O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
cr. Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

mf 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

mp 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
cr. They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

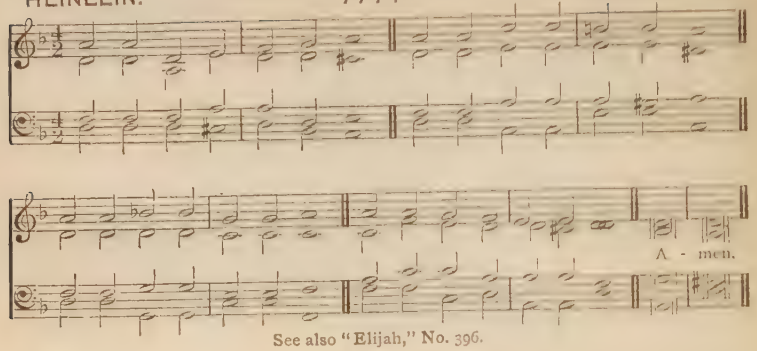
mf 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will!
cr. The sea that roars at Thy command,
p At Thy command is still.

m In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we adore;
cr. And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

f 6 Our life, if Thou preserv'st our life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, if death must be our doom,
Shall join our souls to Thee.
Amen.

J. ADDISON, *alt.*

HEINLEIN. 7·7·7·7. P. HEINLEIN.



See also "Elijah," No. 396.

427

"*Abide in Me.*" John xv. 4.
"*Thou art my hiding place.*"—Ps. xxxii. 7.

mp 1 JESUS, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded side.

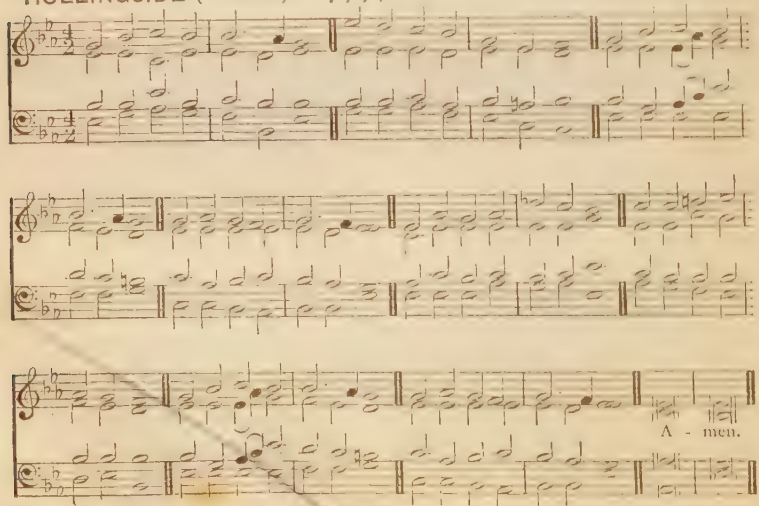
mp 2 If the Evil One prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
cr. I am safe when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

mp 3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
cr. Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.
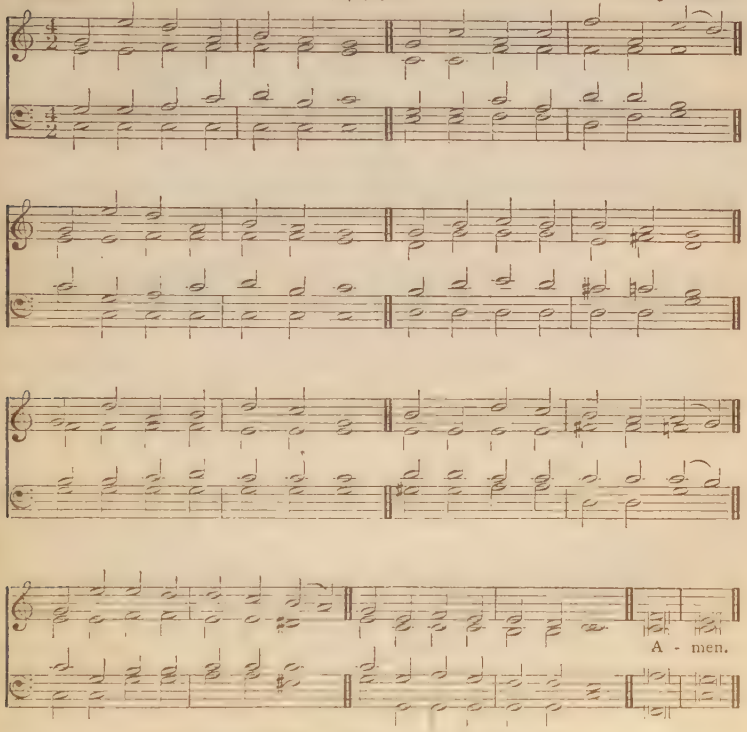
p 4 Death will come one day to me;
Jesus, cast me not from Thee;
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.
Amen.

FROM THE LATIN, *tr.* H. W. BAKER.

HOLLINGSIDE (1*st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. D. J. B. DYKES.



FRANKFORT (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. J. GILL.



See also "Aberystwyth," No. 540, and "Tichfield," No. 516.

428

"A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind."—Isa. xxxii. 2.
"I flee unto Thee to hide me."—Ps. cxliii. 9.

mf 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
mp While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
cr. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
p O receive my soul at last.

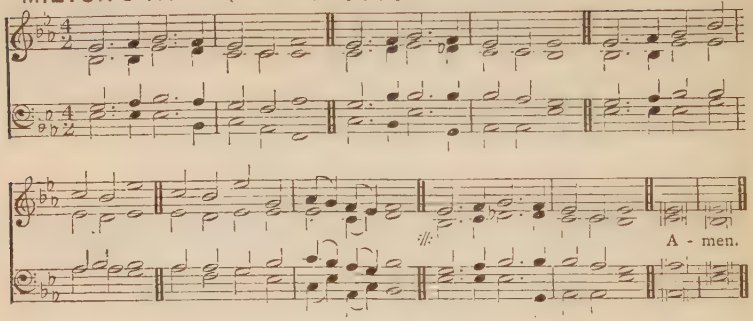
mf 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
cr. All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
p Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

f 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
mp Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
cr. Just and holy is Thy Name;
p I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
cr. Thou art full of truth and grace.

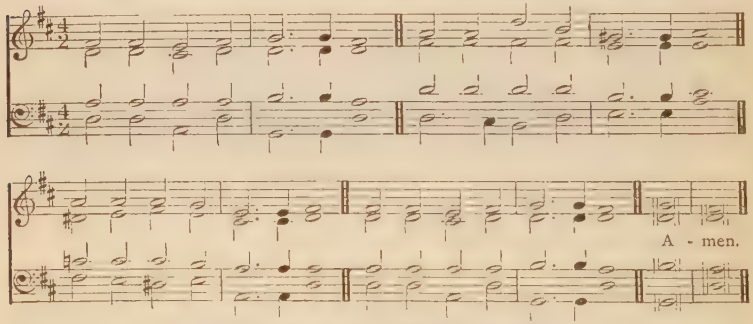
mf 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
cr. Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
f Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

MILTON'S HYMN (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. RIZZIO.



CAPERNAUM (ST. DUNSTAN) (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD.



See also "Battishill" (Melton), No. 373.

429

"*I am the Good Shepherd.*"—John x. 11.

mf 1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.
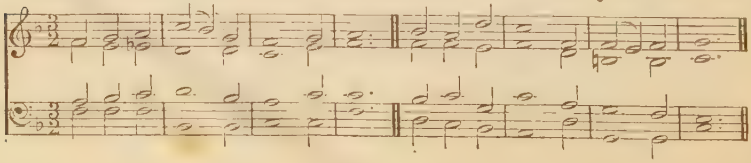
mp 2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I may live;
cr. May I love Thee day by day;
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

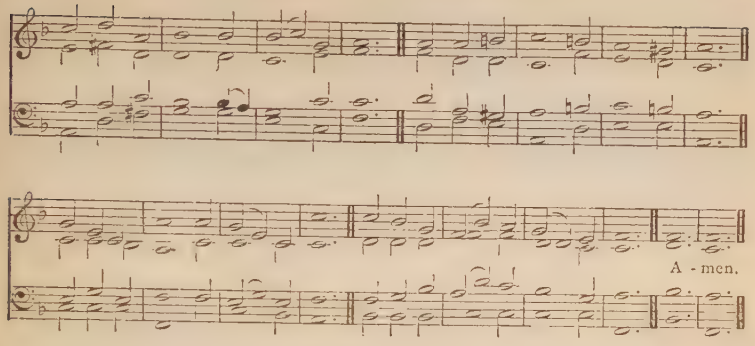
mf 3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my foot to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

mf 4 Where Thou leadest may I go;
Walking in Thy steps below;
p Then, before Thy Father's throne,
cr. Jesus, claim me for Thine own.
Amen.

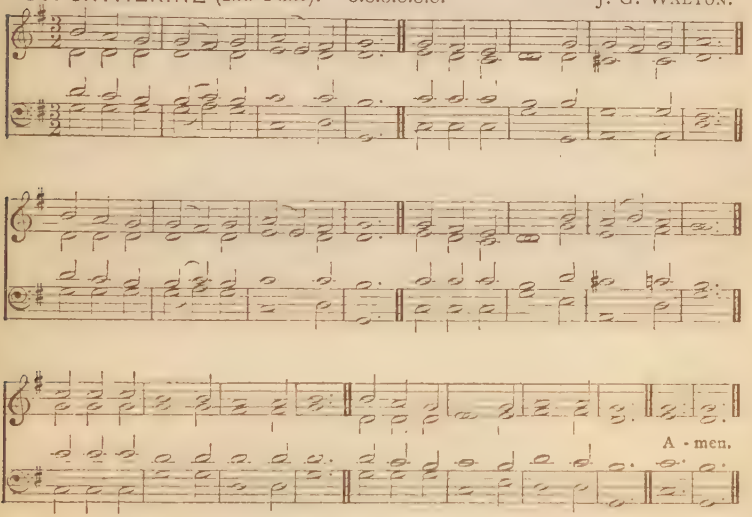
J. E. LEESON.

PATER OMNIUM (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. E. HOLMES.





ST. CATHERINE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. G. WALTON.



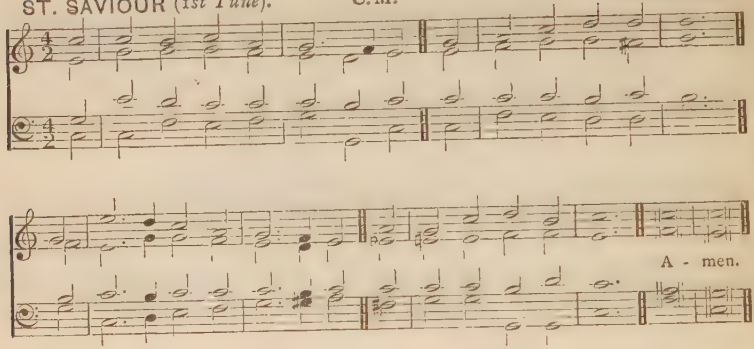
430 *"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."*—Ps. xxiii. 6.

f 1 MERCY and goodness, O my God,
Have followed me through all my days;
Thy strengthening staff and guiding rod,
Upheld my steps, made straight my ways:
Lord, till I reach Thy holy hill,
Goodness and mercy guard me still.

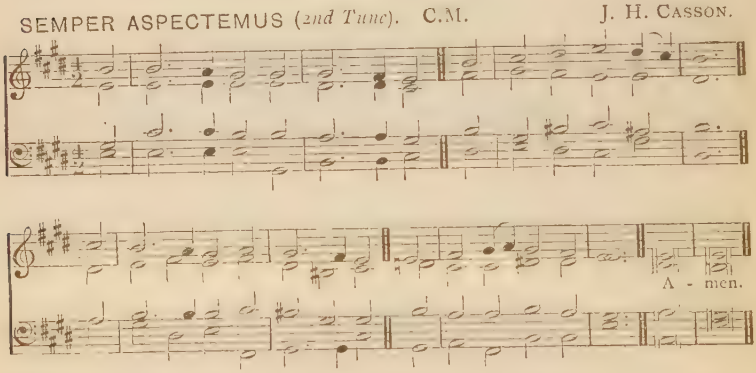
mp 2 And when I yield this mortal breath,
My soul into Thy hands commend,
And pass the vale and shade of death,
Thy staff and rod my path attend:
cr. *f* Mercy and goodness then shall be
My song to all eternity! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. SAVIOUR (*1st Tune*). C.M. F. G. BAKER.



SEMPER ASPECTEMUS (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. H. CASSON.



431

"*Blessed are the undefiled in the way.*"—Ps. cxix. 1.

mf 1 O GOD of love, how blest are they
Who in Thy ways delight!
Thy presence guides them all the day,
And cheers them all the night.

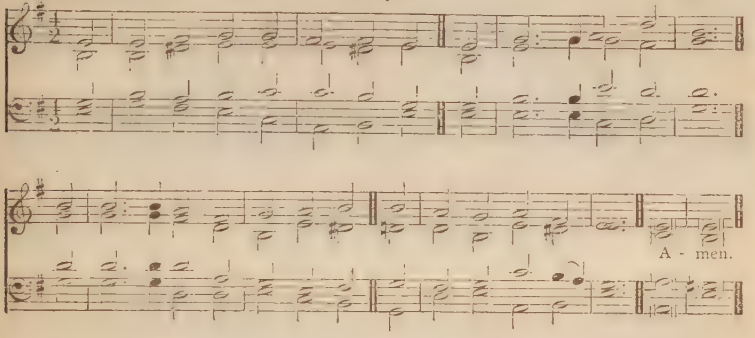
p 2 Whene'er they faint, a mighty arm
Is nigh them to uphold;
f And sin or Satan cannot harm
The feeblest of Thy fold.

mf 3 The Lord is wise, the Lord is just,
The Lord is good and true,
And they who on His promise trust
Will find it bear them through.

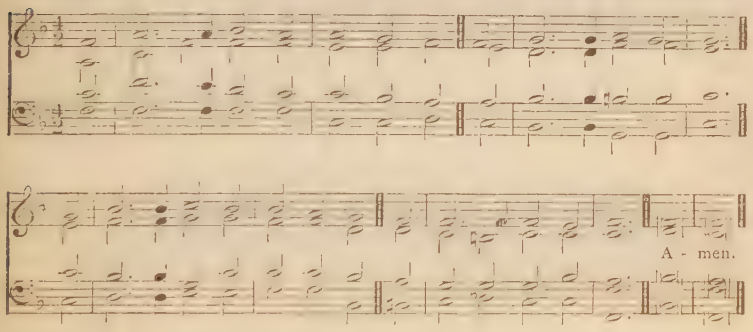
mf 4 His Word will stay their sinking hearts;
Their feet shall never slide;
f The heavens dissolve, the earth departs,
They safe in God abide. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

CHESHIRE (*1st Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



PENNANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Junr.



432

"*Thou art my Rock.*"—Ps. lxxi. 3.

mf 1 O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

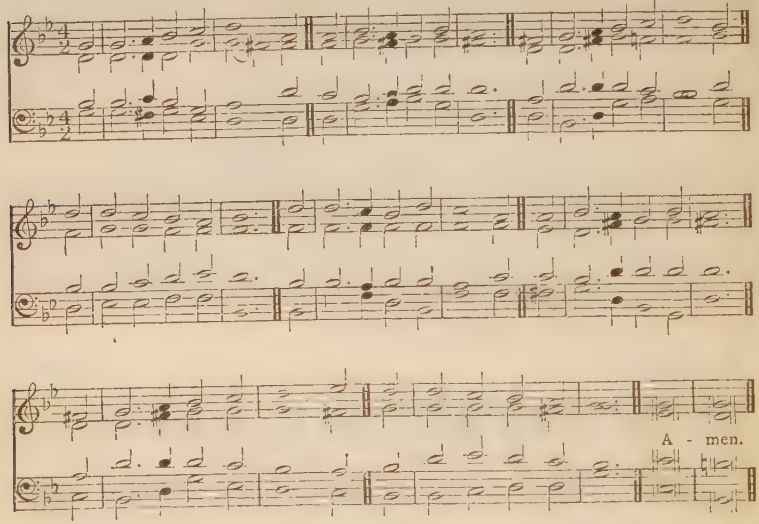
p 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

f 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

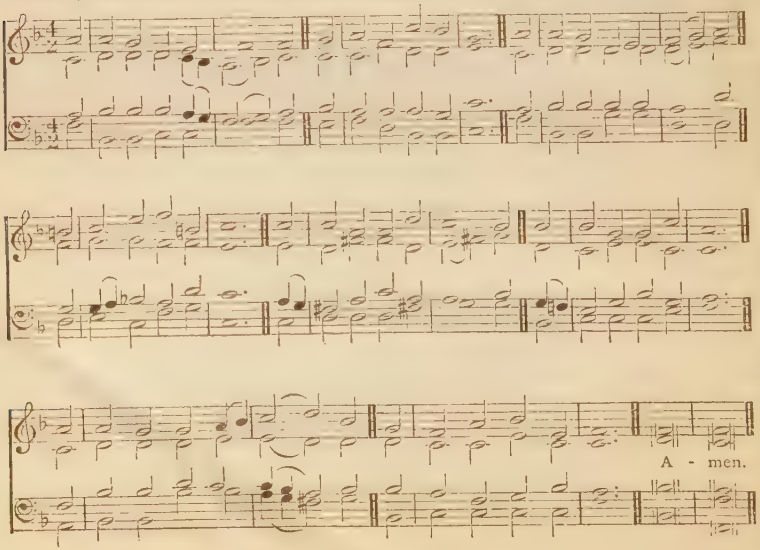
p 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
cr. And all Thy glory see,
f Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

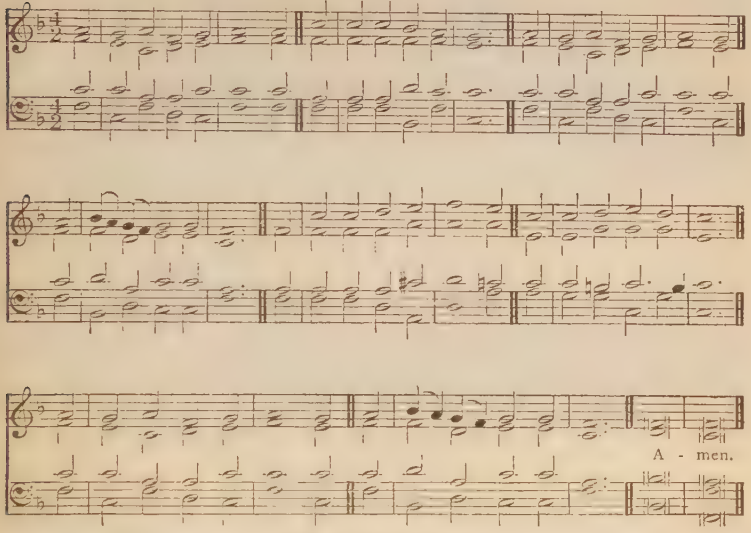
KILMOREY (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. A. Lloyd, Junr.



JESU, MAGISTER BONE (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. Dykes.



ARCADELT (*3rd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. ARCADELT.



See also "Aurelia," No. 496.

433

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3.

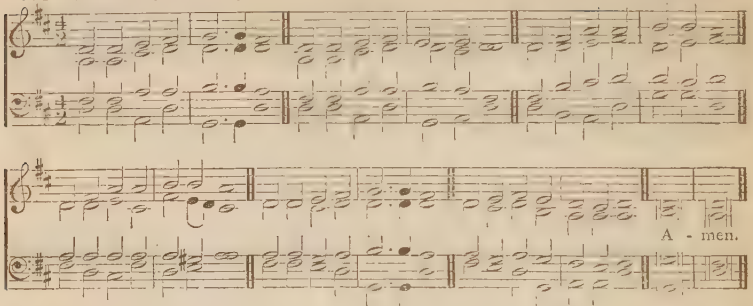
mp 1 O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What lusts and fears within!
cr. The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

mf 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure;
f Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe:
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

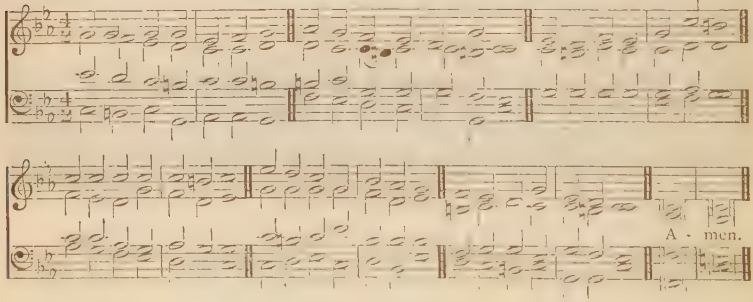
mf 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face:
cr. One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
f Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

J. G. DECK.

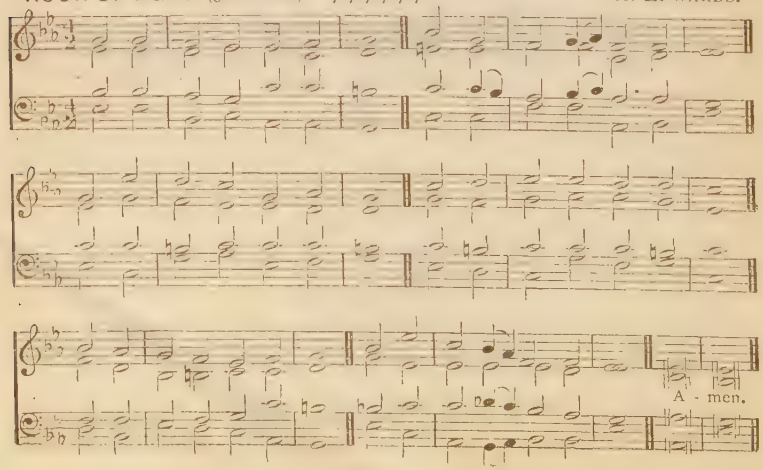
NORWOOD (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7· R. REDHEAD.



CRAIG YR OESOEDD (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7· J. RICHARDS (Isalaw).



ROCK OF AGES (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7· E. EDWARDS.



434

"*In the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages.*"—Isa. xxvi. 4 (Margin).
"*That Rock was Christ.*"—1 Cor. x. 4.

mf 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
mp Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
cr. Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

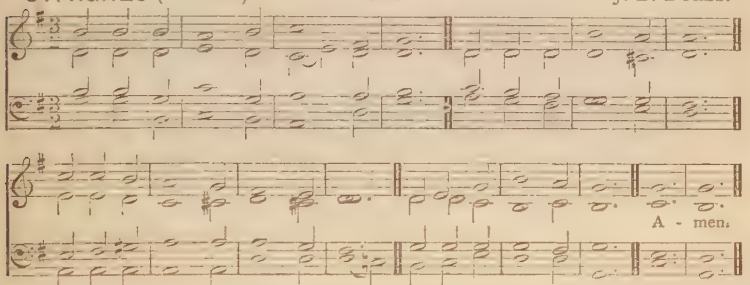
mp 2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands,
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
cr. All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

mp 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
p Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

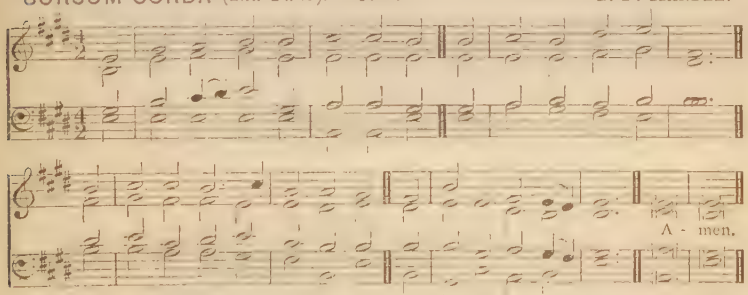
p 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
cr. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

ST. AGNES (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



SURSUM CORDA (*2nd Tune*). C.M. G. F. HANDEL.



435

"*The secret place of the Most High.*"—Ps. xci. 1.

mf 1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
p Oh, be that refuge mine!

mp 2 The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unawed;
p While thousands fall on every side,
cr. He rests secure in God.

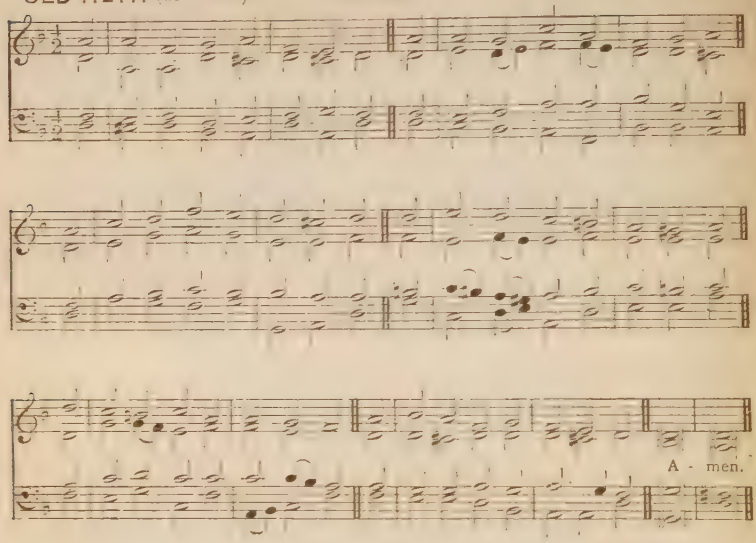
mf 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
cr. And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

mf 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
f O child of God, O glorious heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

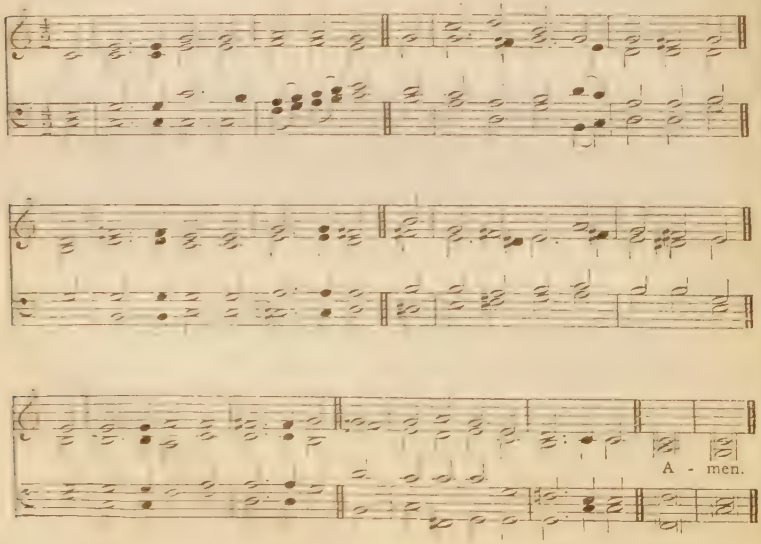
f 5 A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And Heaven to crown it all! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

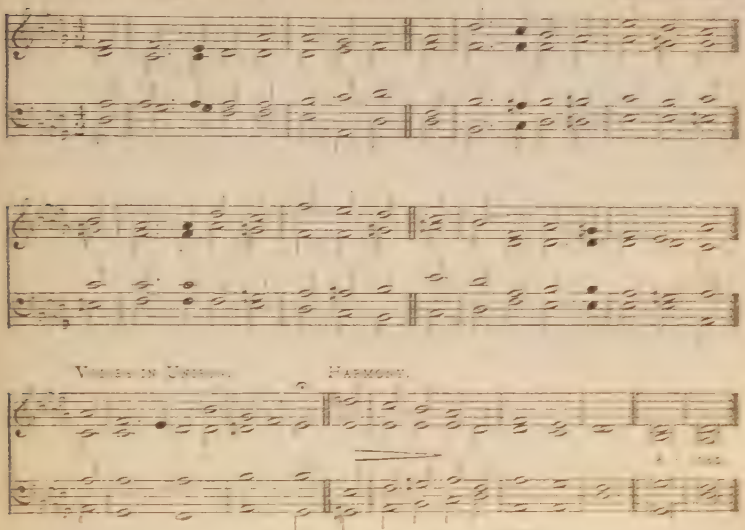
OLD 112TH (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. M. LUTHER.



MELITA (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



ALL SAINTS 3rd Tune. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. STAINER.



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436

"To comprehend . . . . what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height."—Eph. iii. 18.

mf 1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
mp Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
cr. My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

mf 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
p Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
cr. O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

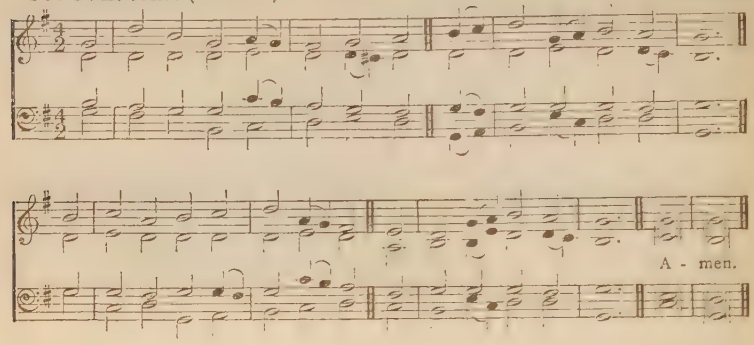
mf 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
p Ah! tear it thence, (*cr.*) and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
f Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

mp 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
cr. Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father" cry! Amen.

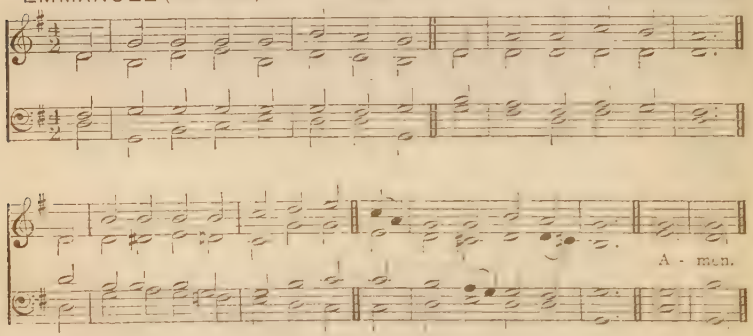
G. TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* J. WESLEY.

14.—*ITS CONFLICTS AND TRIALS.*

ST. STEPHEN (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. JONES.



EMMANUEL (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



See also "St. Ann," No. 450.

437 "*Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.*"—Heb. xii. 1.

f 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

f 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

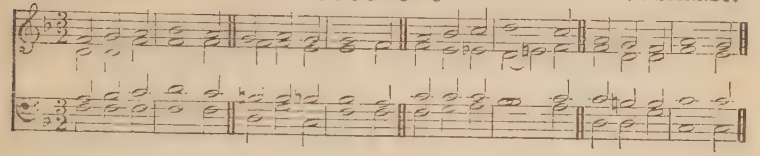
f 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

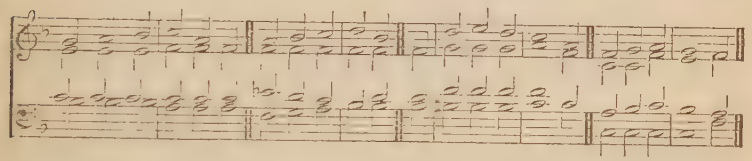
f 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

f 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down. Amen.
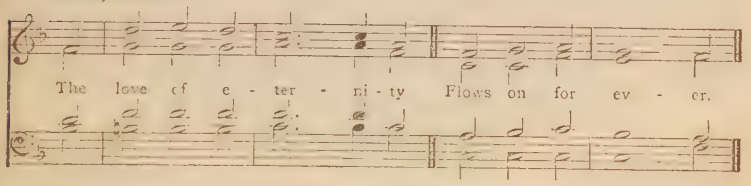
P. DODDRIDGE.

ST. LOUISE. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. F. SPINNEY.

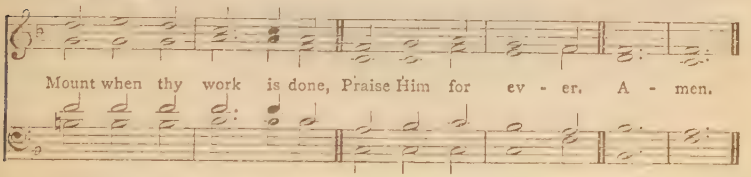




End of verse 2.



End of verse 3.



438

"So run that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. ix. 24.

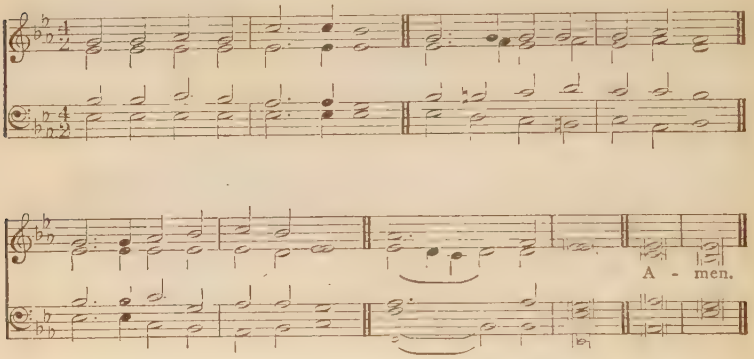
f 1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest,
Watch for day, Christian,
p When the night's longest;
cr. Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavour;
mp The rest that remaineth
Will be for ever.

f 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He Who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

f 3 Lift the eye, Christian,
p Just as it closeth;
f Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
cr. Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever. Amen.

J. STAMMERS.

VIGILATE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·3· W. H. MONK.



439

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

mf 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
p "Watch and pray."

mf 2 Principalities and powers,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
p "Watch and pray."

f 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
p "Watch and pray."

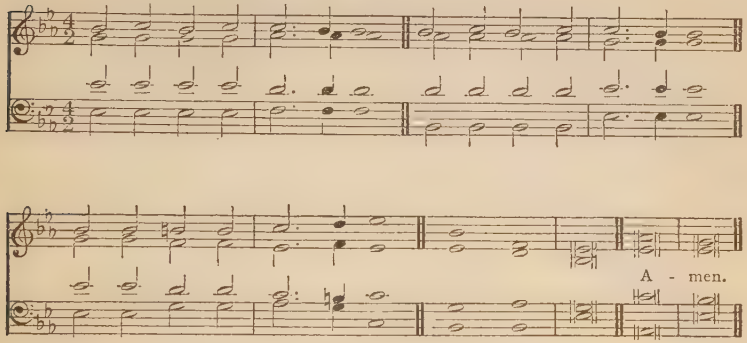
f 4 Hear the victors who o ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

f 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

mf 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
mp Pray, that help may be sent down:
p "Watch and pray." Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

VIGILATE ET ORATE (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.3. J. B. FORTAY.



439

"*Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.*"

mf 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
p "Watch and pray."

mf 2 Principalities and powers,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
p "Watch and pray."

f 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
p "Watch and pray."

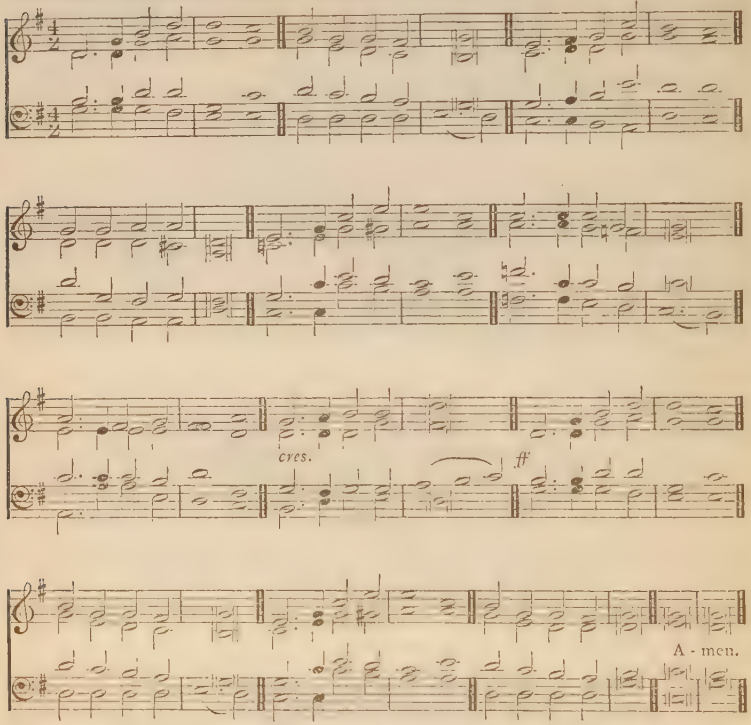
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Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
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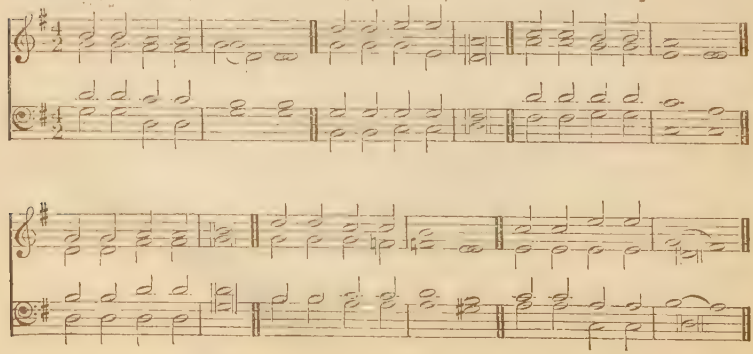
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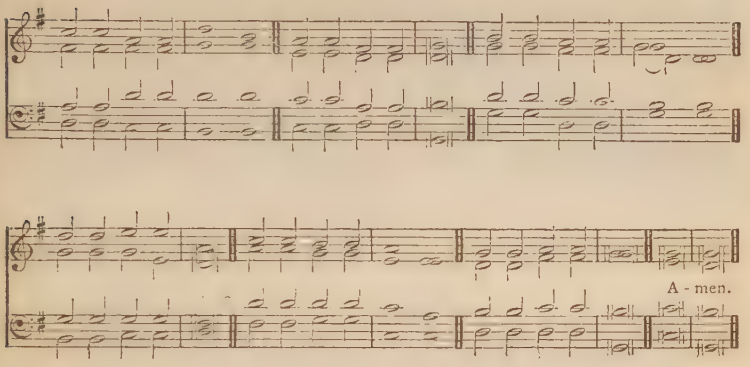
C. ELLIOTT.

ST. BONIFACE (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. (12 lines). H. GADSBY.



ELAH (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. (12 lines). F. J. HAYDN.





440

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

f 1 "FORWARD!" be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward, through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

mf 2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
f Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

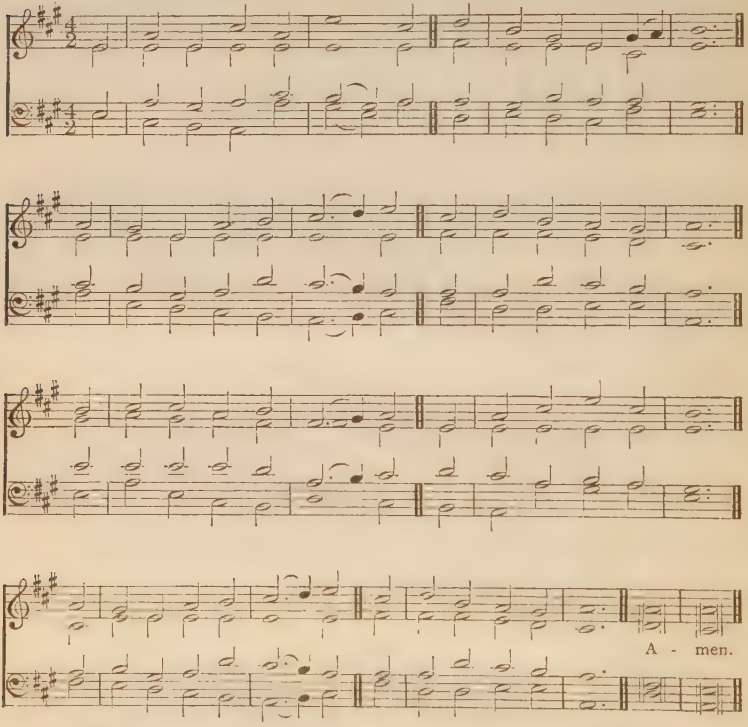
mf 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
mp Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
cr. Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

mf 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
f Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

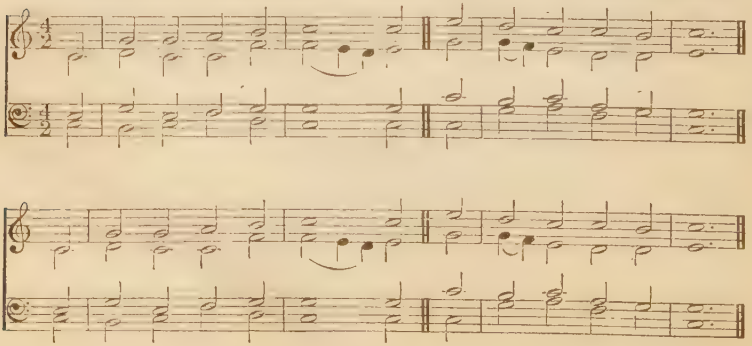
ff 5 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of Glory
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done!
mp Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
ff Forward into triumph,
Forward into light! Amen.

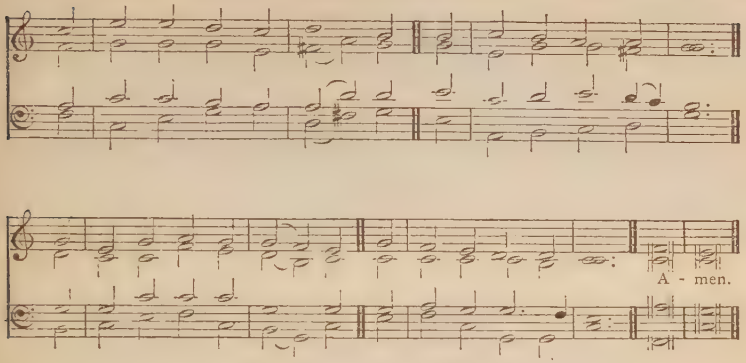
H. ALFORD.

HEOLYBONT (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. ELLIS.



ST. THEODULPH (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. M. TESCHNER.





See also "Stand up for Jesus," No. 447.

441

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

f 1 GO forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

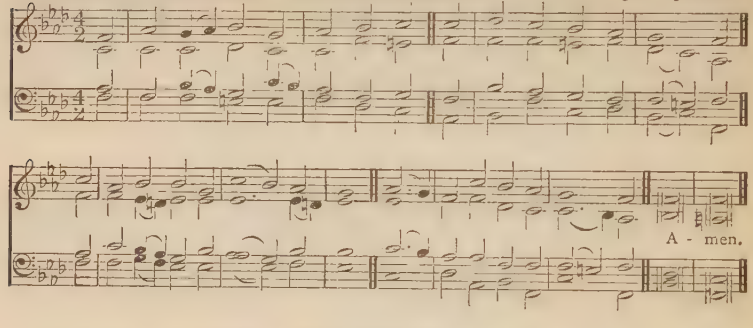
f 2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray

f 3 Go forward, Christian soldier
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
cr. Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

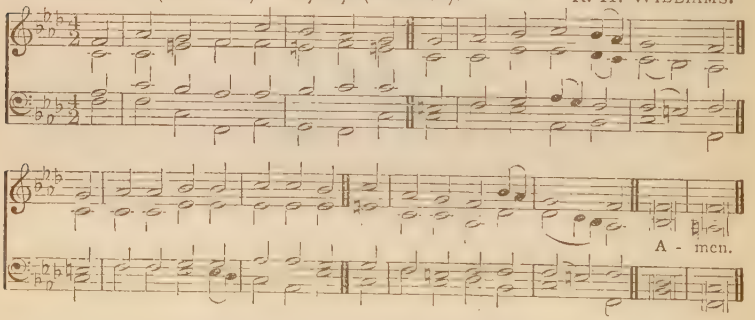
f 4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter,
The Lord will be thy light:
cr. When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

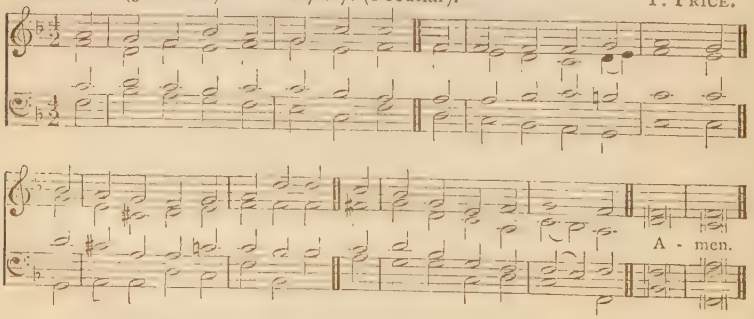
EIDDUNED (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). J. R. JONES.



DYMUNIAD (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). R. H. WILLIAMS.



GWILYM (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). T. PRICE.



442

"*Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.*"—Ps. cxxx. 1.

mp 1 MY soul, in deep that calls to deep
Is greatly griev'd and movèd,
I trembling cry to God on high
My Ruler and Belovèd.

mp 2 Jehovah, Lord, if Thou record
And keep my sins afore Thee,
Who in Thy light, O Lord of Might
Shall ever stand before Thee?

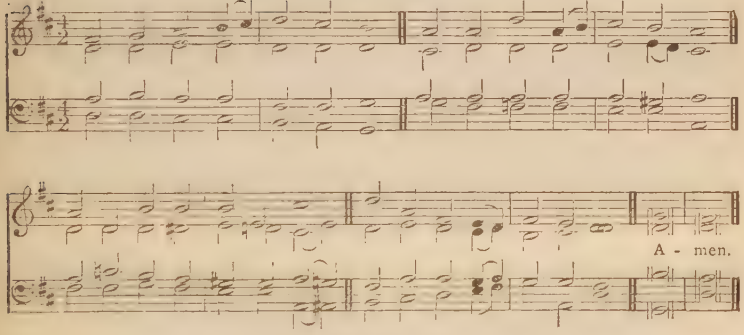
mf 3 It is Thy right and Thy delight
To pardon and deliver;
cr. Thy saving love my soul doth move
To worship Thee for ever.

mf 4 I trust Thy word of promise, Lord,
I wait for Thee with yearning—
cr. Much more than they till break of day
Who wait and watch for morning.

mf 5 O Israel! trust, thy Lord is just,
And full of love paternal;
f For He from sin, without, within,
Will give release eternal. Amen.

J. WILLIAMS.

VALOUR (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. H. F. BENSON.



443

"*Fear not.*"—Deut. xx. 3.
"*Quit you like men.*"—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

mp 1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
cr. Onward, Christians, onward go;
f Fight the fight, maintain the strife
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

mf 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not—much doth yet remain,
dim. Dreary is the long campaign.

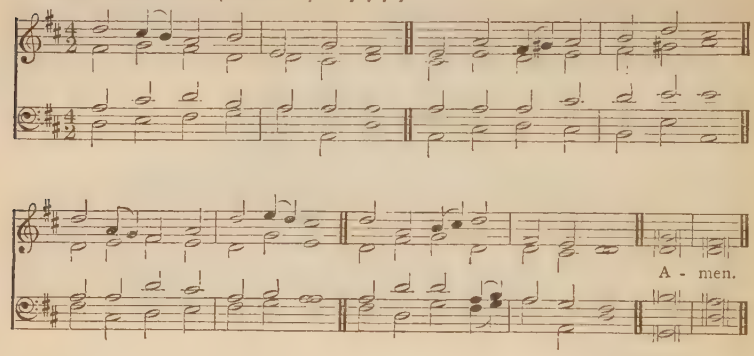
f 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

mp 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
cr. Great your strength, if great your need.

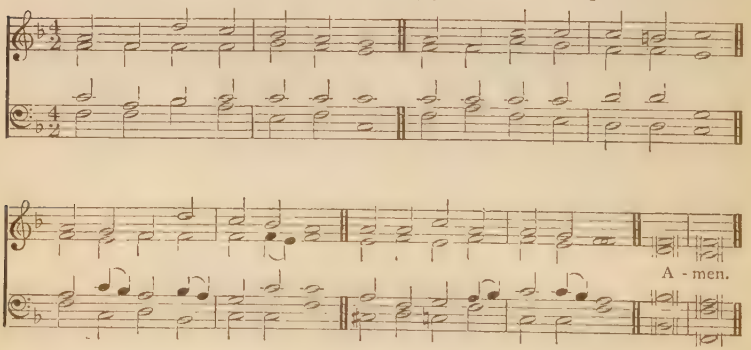
f 5 Onward, then, to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

H. K. WHITE and F. S. COLQUHOUN.

BONN (FESTUS) (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. German Chorale.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (*3rd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



443

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"*Quit you like men.*"—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

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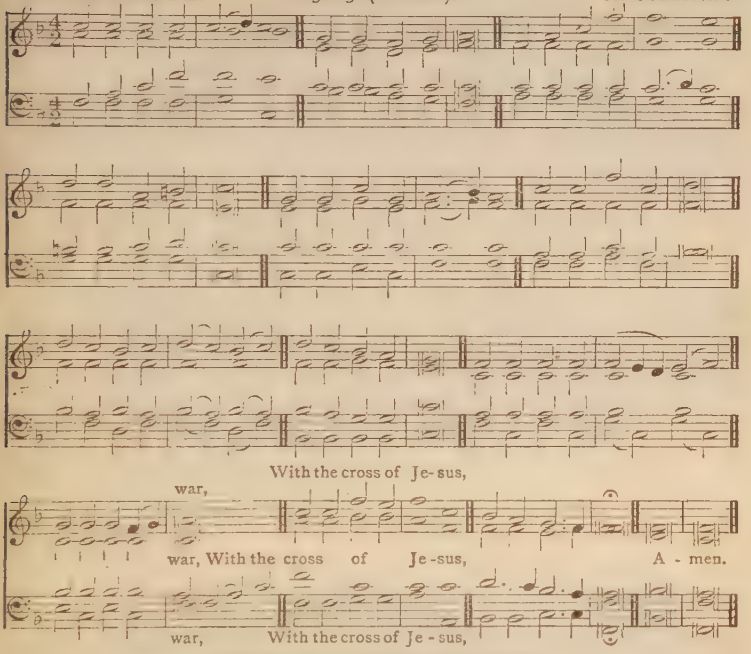
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Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

mp 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
cr. Great your strength, if great your need.

f 5 Onward, then, to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

H. K. WHITE and F. S. COLQUHOUN.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5.6.5. (12 lines). A. SULLIVAN.



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444 *"Be strong and of a good courage. . . . for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee."*—Deut. xxxi. 6.

f 1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!
ff Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

f 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise!
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
mp Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.

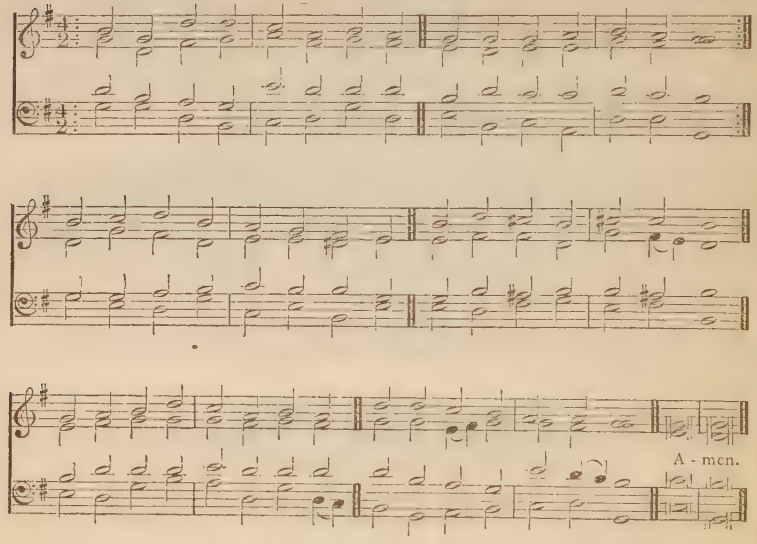
cr. We are not divided;
All one body we—
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

mp 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
f But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

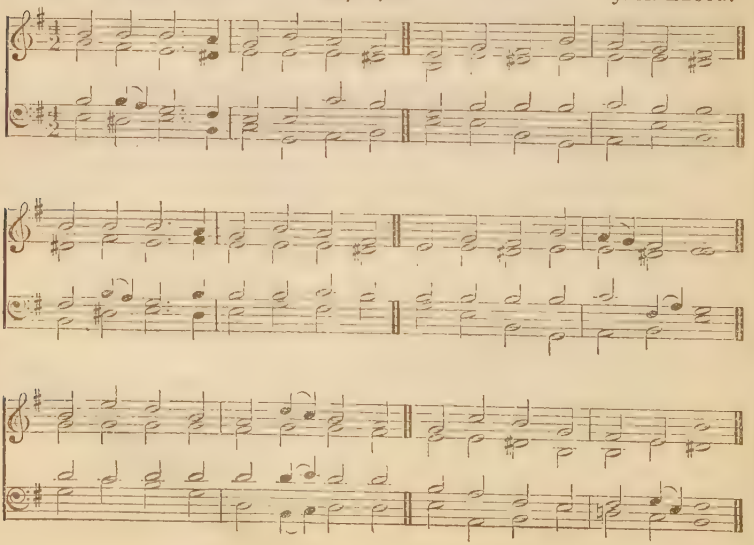
f 5 Onward, then, ye faithful!
Join our happy throng:
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song:
ff "Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King!"
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing. Amen.
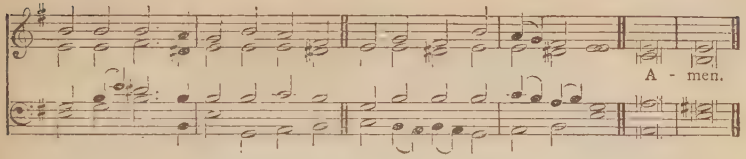
S. BARING-GOULD.

LEDFORTH (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. ROSENMÜLLER.

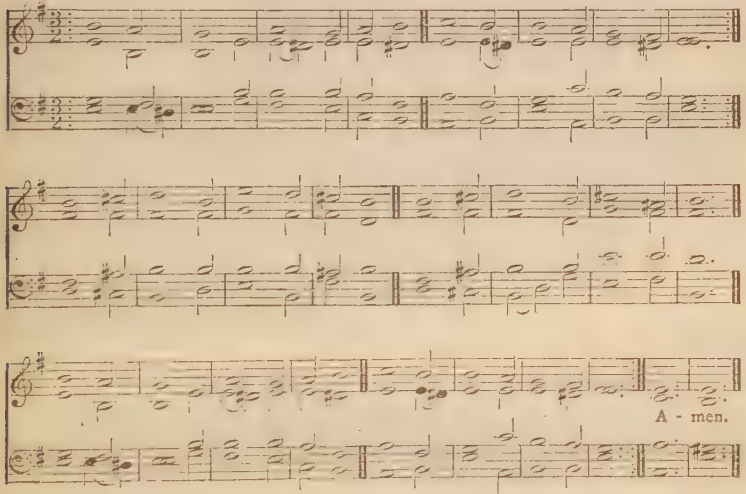


HENRYD (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. A. LLOYD.





DINIWEIDRWYDD (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D Welsh Melody.



See also "Austria," No. 494.

445

"*The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him.*"—Deut. xxxiii. 12.

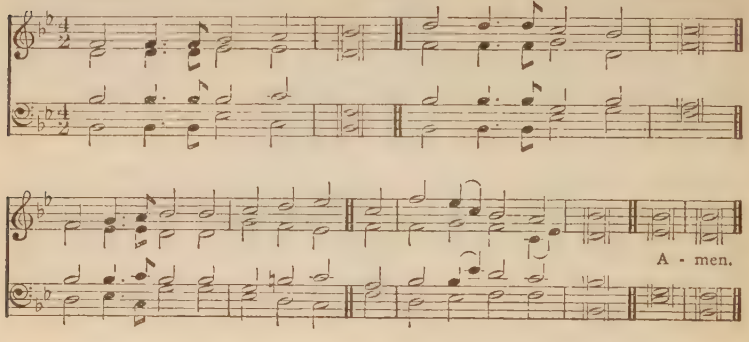
mp 1 SAVIOUR, look on Thy beloved;
cr. Triumph over all my foes:
f Turn to purest joy my mourning;
Turn to gladness all my woes;
mf In life and death, in joy and sorrow,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by Thy side.

mf 2 With Thee, Lord, I'll travel forward,
Through the darkness of the night;
And mine enemies encounter,
Great in number, great in might;
f Satan trembles at Thy presence,
Sin and death to Thee must yield;
Therefore, be my Friend and Refuge,
Cast o'er me Thy mighty shield.

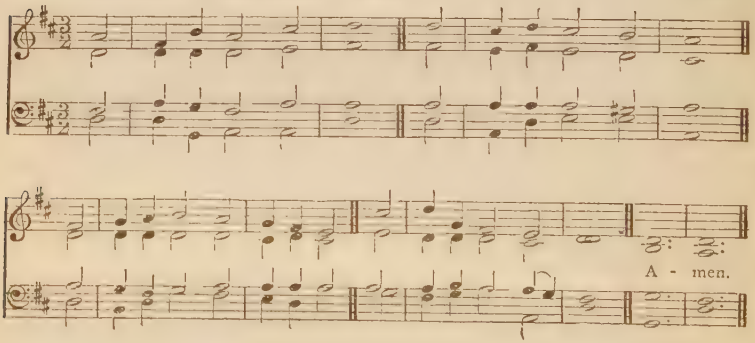
mp 3 When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin, and guilt, and death, and Satan,
All against my soul combined;
cr. Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace and everlasting love. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS, *alt.*

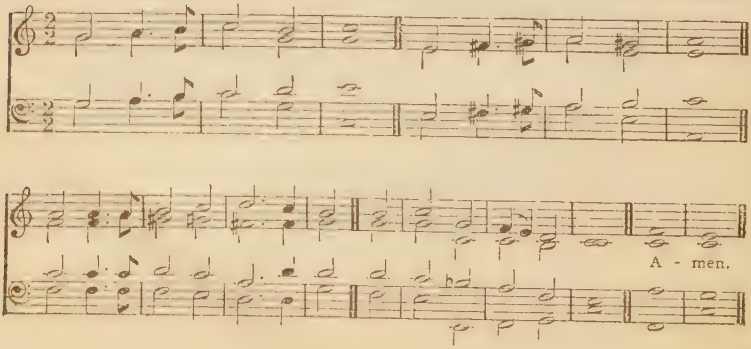
KURUMAN (*1st Tune*). S.M. S. ROGERS.



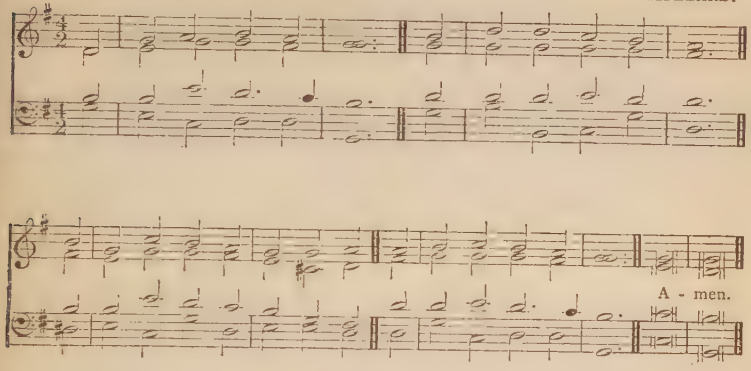
HUDDERSFIELD (*2nd Tune*). S.M. Anon.



AMERTON (*3rd Tune*). S.M. W. HAYNES.



ST. AUGUSTINE (*4th Tune*). S.M. P. ABELARD.



446

"*Put on the whole armour of God.*"—Eph. vi. 11.

f 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

f 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

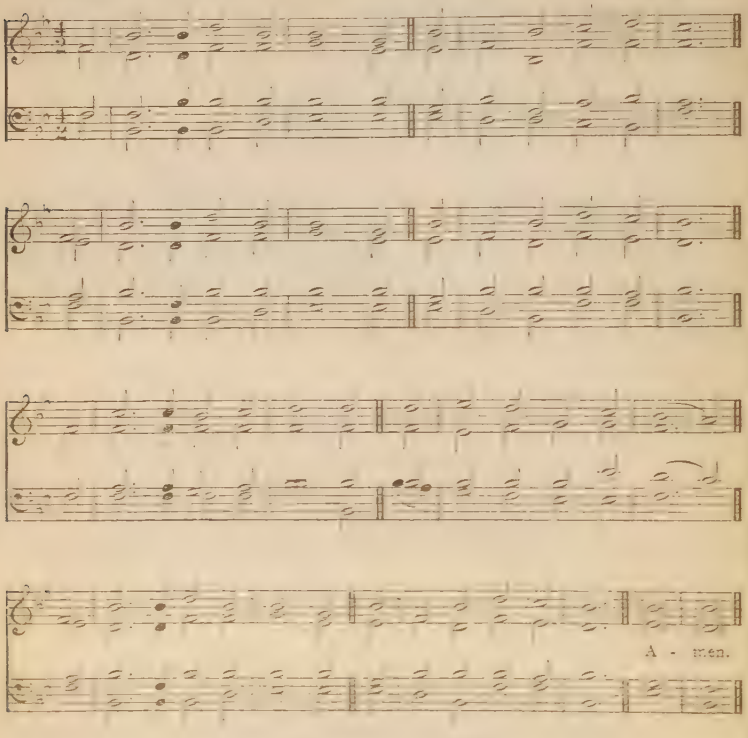
f 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

mf 4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

f 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
cr. Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7.6.7.6. D. C. J. WEBB.



447

"Who will stand with Me against the workers of iniquity?"—Ps. xciv. 16.
"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. ii. 3.

f 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Lord!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

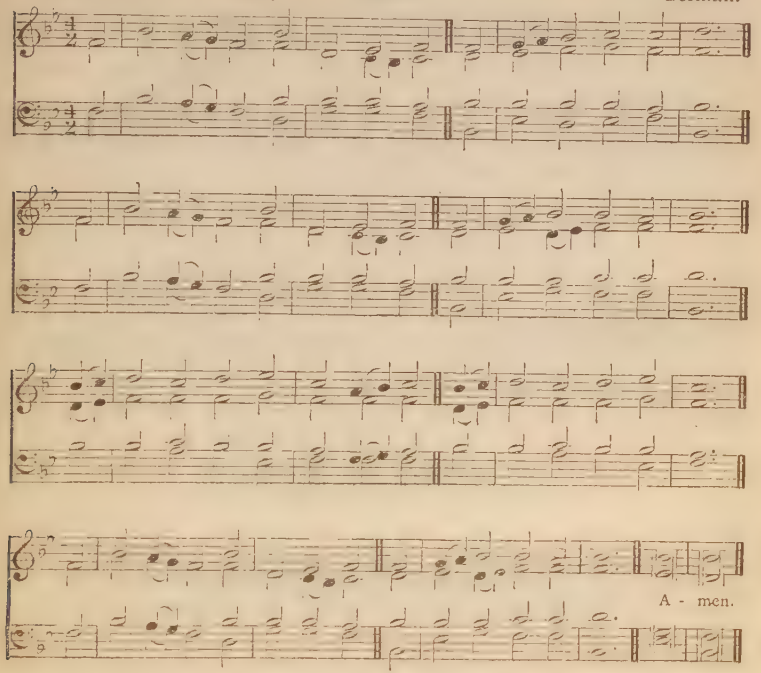
f 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
cr. Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
"Ye that are men now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
ff Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

f 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
mp The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
cr. Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
f Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

f 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
mp The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
cr. The next the victor's song:
f To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
ff He, with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

G. DUFFIELD.

ELLACOMBE (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. German.



448

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."—2 Tim. ii. 12.

f 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
p Who best can drink his cup of woe,
cr. Triumphant over pain;
p Who patient bears his cross below,—
f He follows in His train.

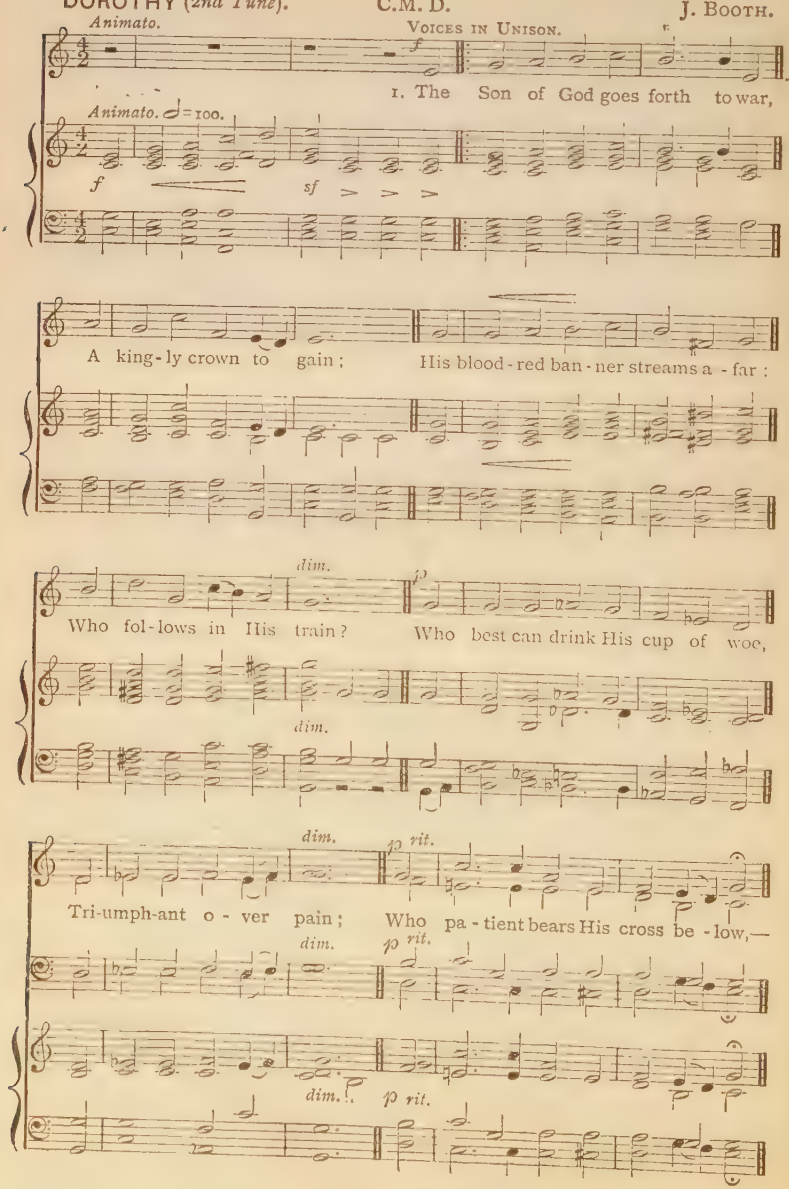
f 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
mp Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
p He prayed for them that did the wrong:
cr. Who follows in his train?

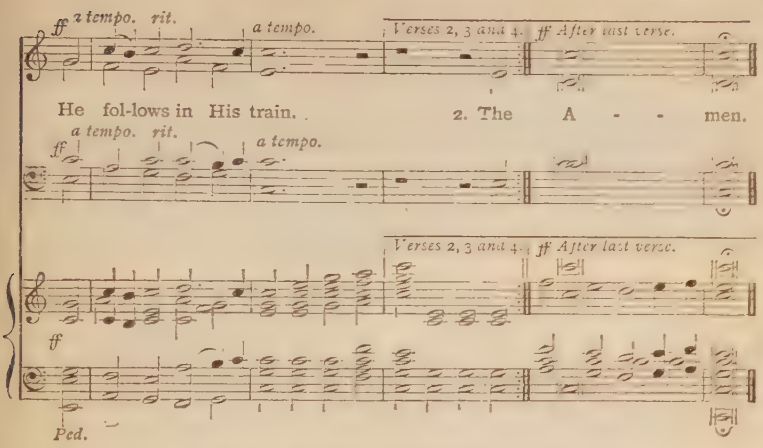
f 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
mp They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
p They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
cr. Who follows in their train?

f 4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
mp They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
cr. O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!
Amen.

R. HEBER.

DOROTHY (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. J. BOOTH.





448

"*If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.*"—2 Tim. ii. 12.

f 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
p Who best can drink his cup of woe,
cr. Triumphant over pain;
p Who patient bears his cross below,—
f He follows in His train.

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Could pierce beyond the grave,
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Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
mp They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
p They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
cr. Who follows in their train?

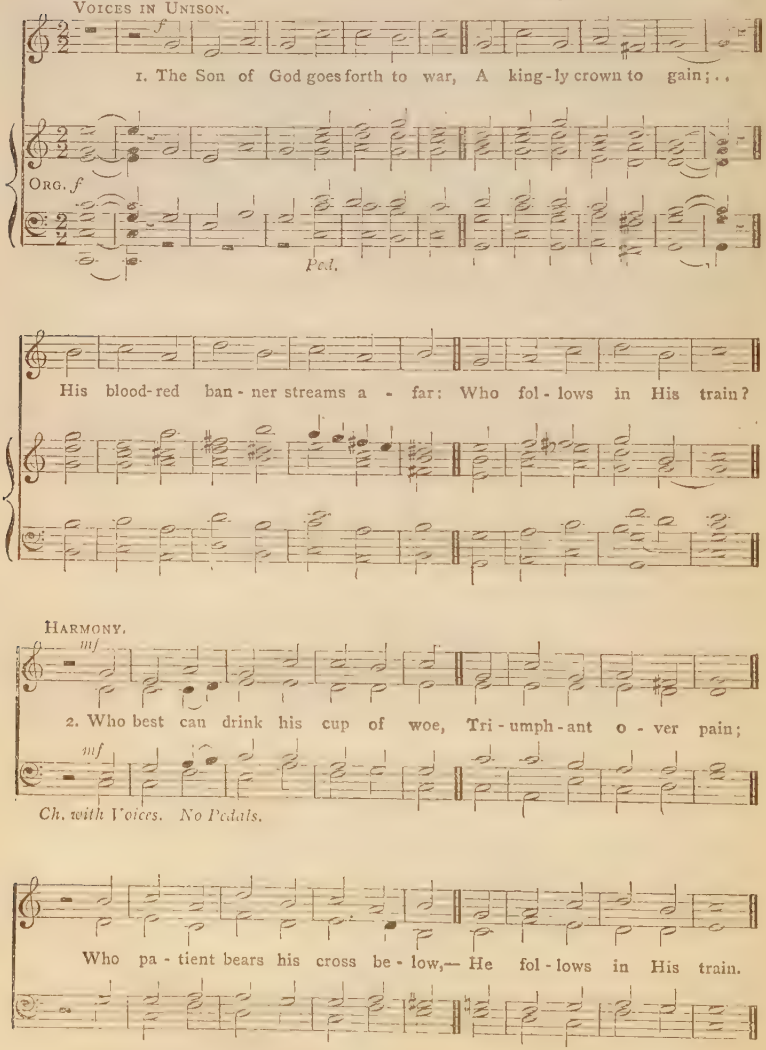
f 4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
mp They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
cr. O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

R. HEBER.

448

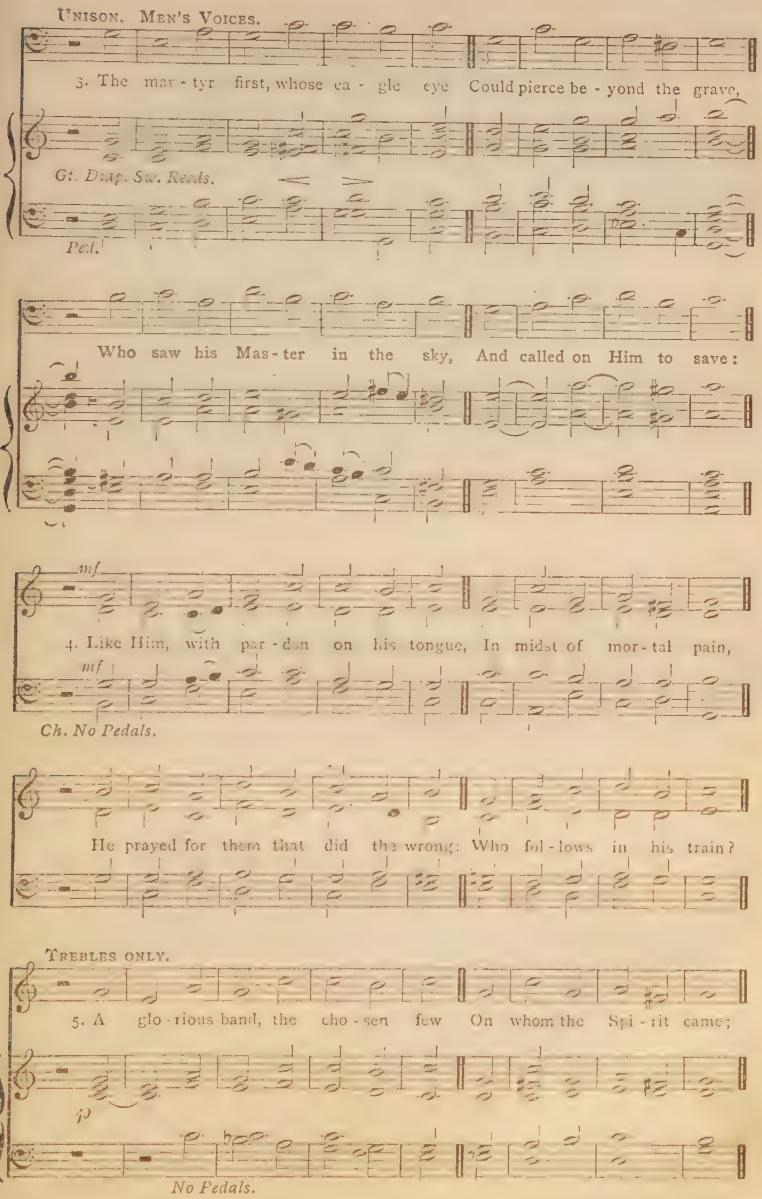
"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."—2 Tim. ii. 12.

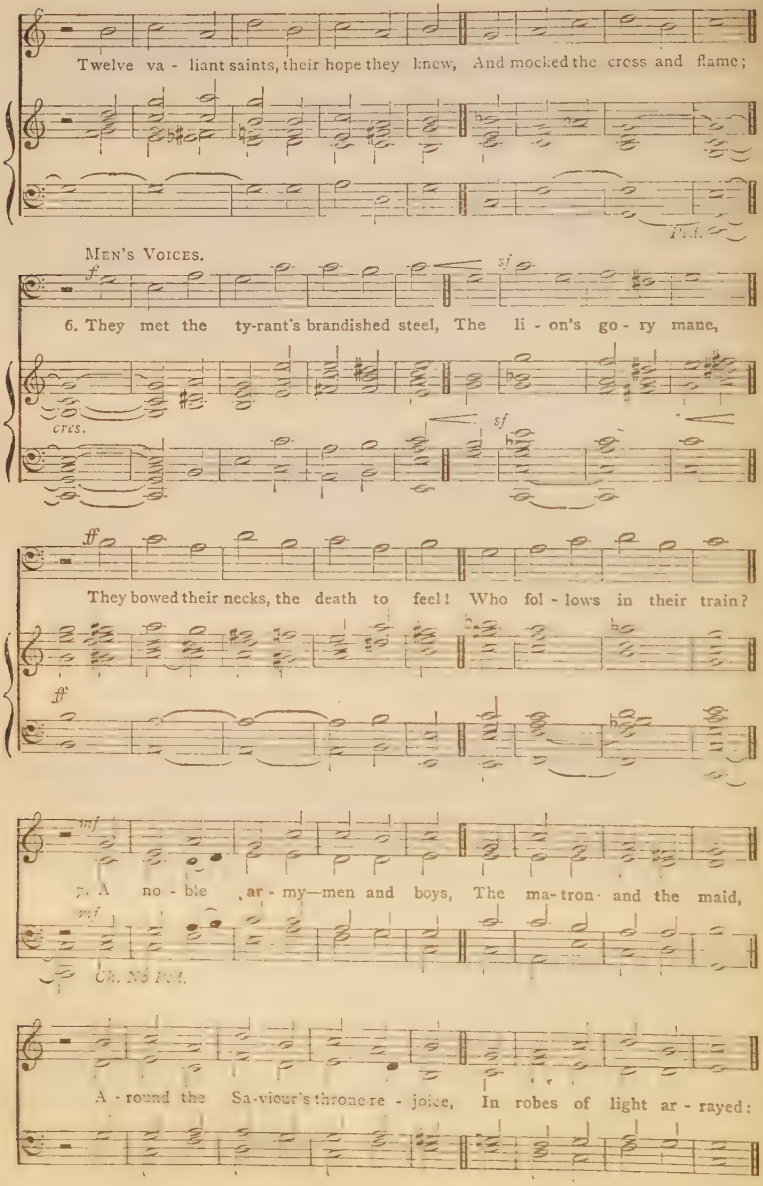
ST. ANN (*3rd Tune*). C.M. D. W. CROFT. Arranged by A. SULLIVAN.
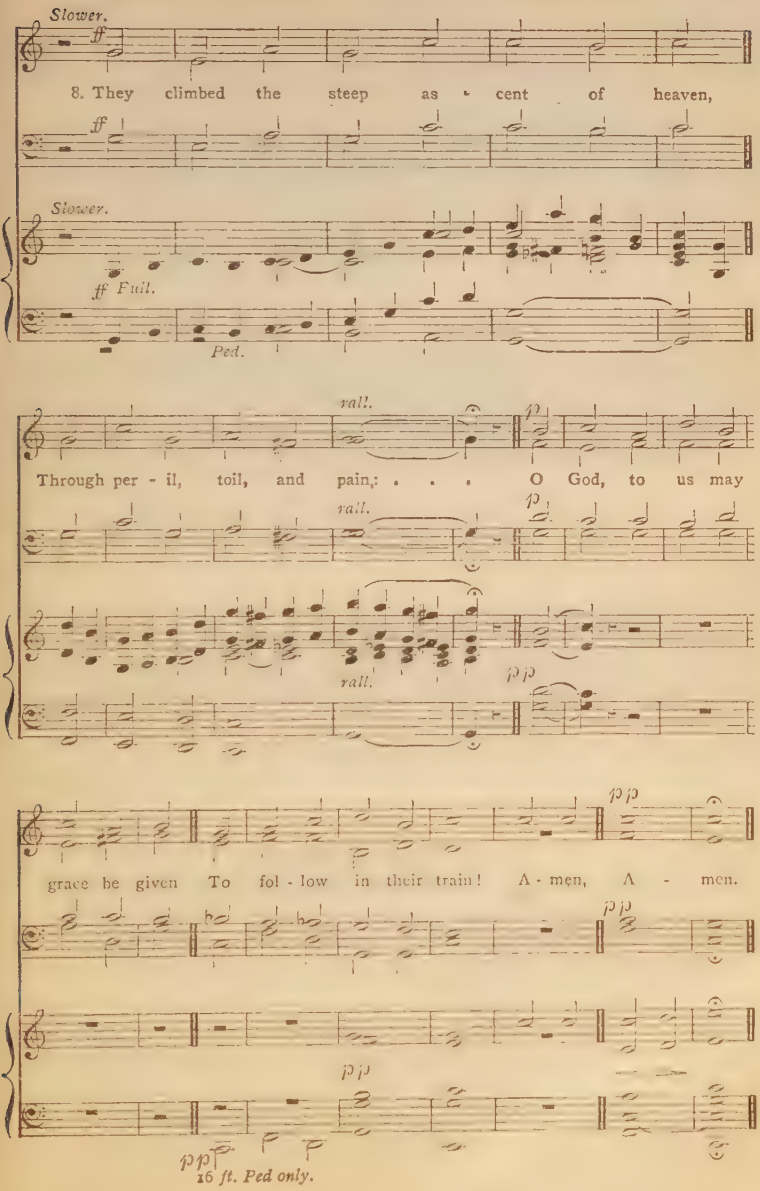


* If so desired, the music of Verse 2 may be used for the Hymn throughout.

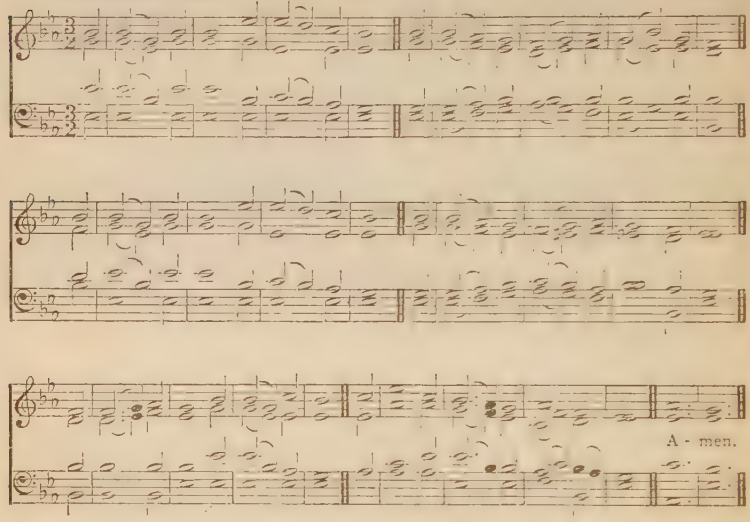
(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)


UNISON. MEN'S VOICES.
3. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.
Ped.
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
mf
4. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
mf
Ch. No Pedals.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
TREBLES ONLY.
5. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spi - rit came;
p
No Pedals.

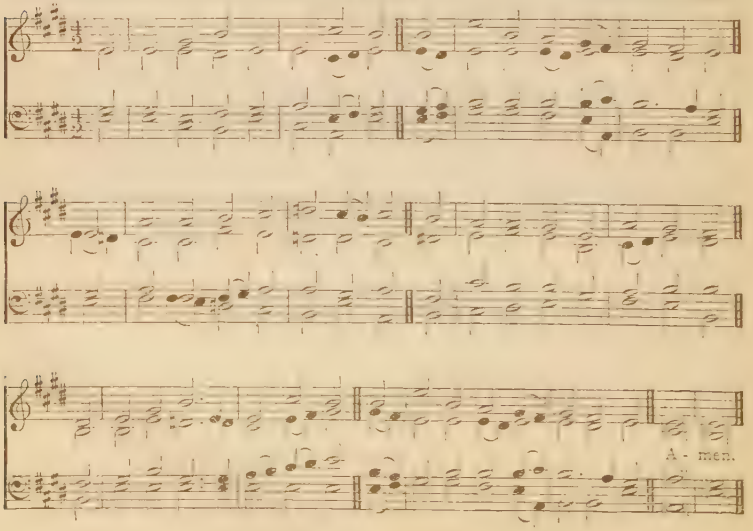

Twelve va - liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
Ped.
Men's Voices.
6. They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,
cres.
They bowed their necks, the death to feel! Who fol - lows in their train?
7. A no - ble ar - my—men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
Ch. No 1 Ped.
A - round the Sa-viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:


Slower.
ff
8. They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven,
ff
Slower.
ff Full.
Ped.
rall.
p
Through per - il, toil, and pain; . . . O God, to us may
rall.
p
rall.
pp
pp
grace be given To fol - low in their train! A - men, A - men.
pp
pp
16 ft. Ped only.

STELLA (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. Anon.



ST. WERBURGH (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. Dykes.



See also "Hullah," No. 436.

449

"*He is able to succour them that are tempted.*"—Heb. ii. 18.

mp 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
cr. On Him I lean Who, not in vain,
p Experienced every human pain,
f He sees my wants, allays my fears,
mp And counts and treasures up my tears.

mf 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursu
Or do the sin I would not do,
cr. Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

mp 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
p At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

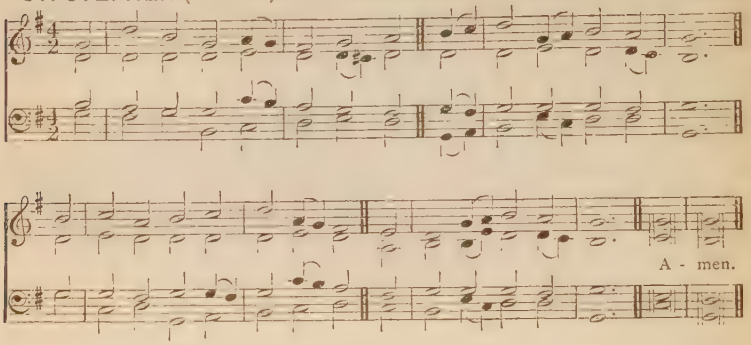
mp 4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
p Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazurus dead!

mf 5 And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
mp Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
cr. Then point to realms of cloudless day,
dim. And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

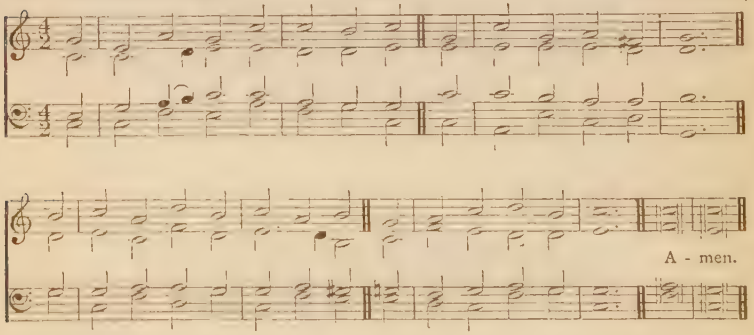
R. GRANT.

15.—*PRAYER FOR DIVINE HELP.*

ST. STEPHEN (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. JONES.



ST. ANN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. CROFT.



450 "*My God shall supply all your need.*"—Phil. iv. 19.

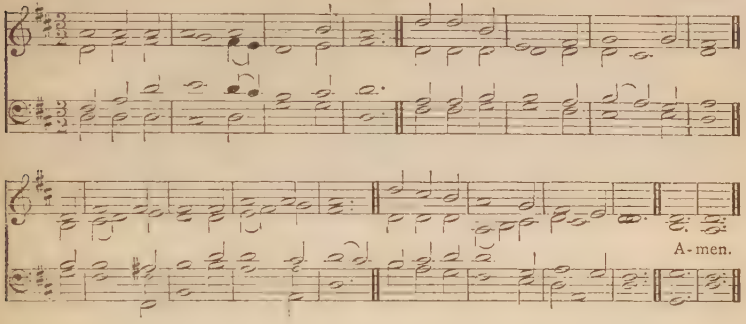
mf 1 ETERNAL God! we look to Thee;
To Thee for help we fly:
Thine eye alone our wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

mf 2 Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

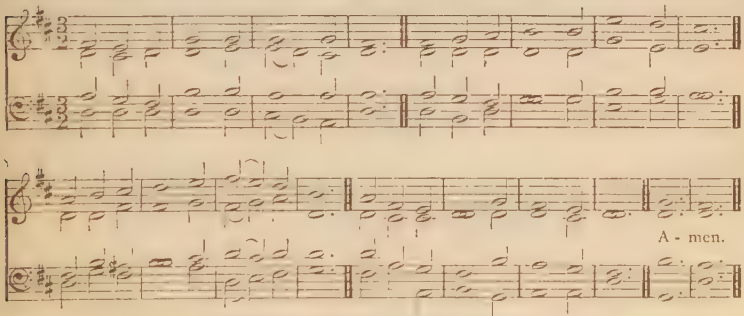
mf 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply;
The good unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

J. MERRICK.

RIVAULX (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. B. DYKES.



OMBERSLEY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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451

"If then I be a father, where is mine honour."—Mal. i. 6.

1.

mf FATHER of heaven! Whose gracious hand
Dispenses good in boundless store,
cr. May every breath Thy praise expand,
And every heart Thy Name adore!

2.

f Great Lord! may all our waken'd powers
To spread Thy sway exulting join,
Till we shall dare to think Thee ours,
And Thou shalt deign to make us Thine.

3.

mp Whate'er Thy will, may we display,
Hearts that submit without a sigh;
mf Whate'er Thy law, may we obey,
cr. Like raptured saints, and feel its joy.

4.

mf Vouchsafe us what our wants require
This fleeting life in peace to spend,
cr. But bid our wishes, Lord, aspire
To grasp the life that cannot end.

5.

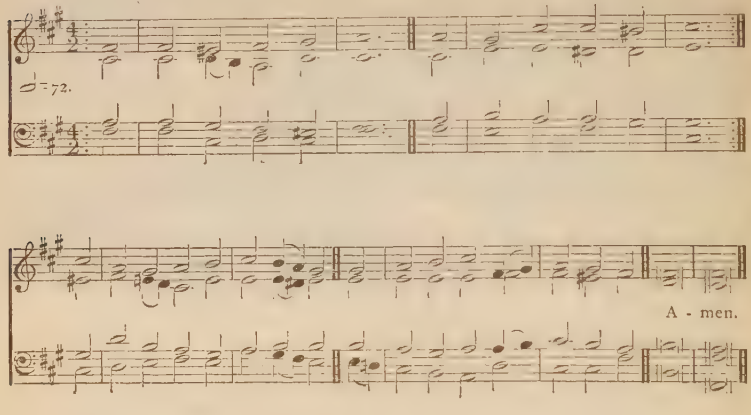
mf Our countless crimes with mercy view,
For Jesus' sake their guilt remove;
cr. And teach us, Lord, to pardon too,
That Thou may'st see a world of love.

6.

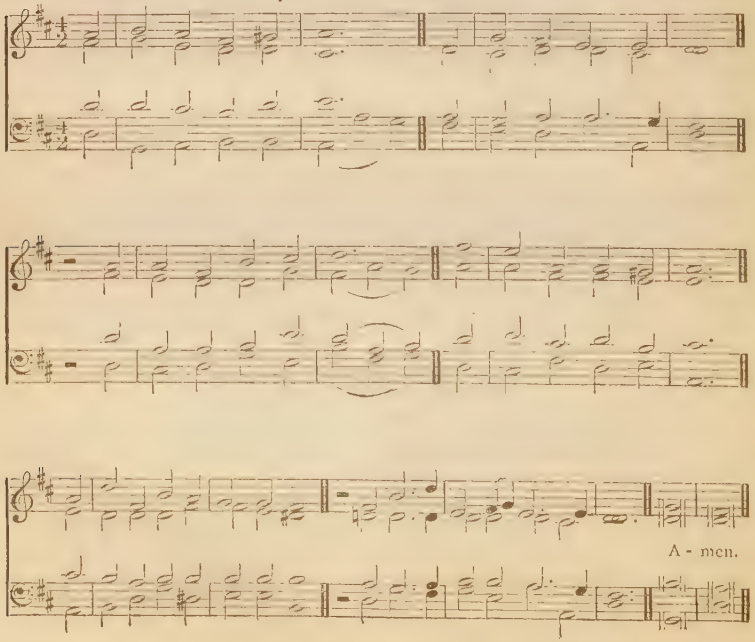
p Protect us when temptation's near,
Keep us from pride and passion free;
Shield us from sin and sorrow here,
cr. And bring us, Lord, at length to Thee. Amen.

J. D. CARLYLE.

TYNDAL (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. T. TALLIS.



GOPSAL (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. G. F. HANDEL.



452

"*Lord, to whom shall we go?*"—John vi. 68.
"*In returning and rest shall ye be saved.*"—Isa. xxx. 15.

mp 1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount.
cr. I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

mp 2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

p 3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

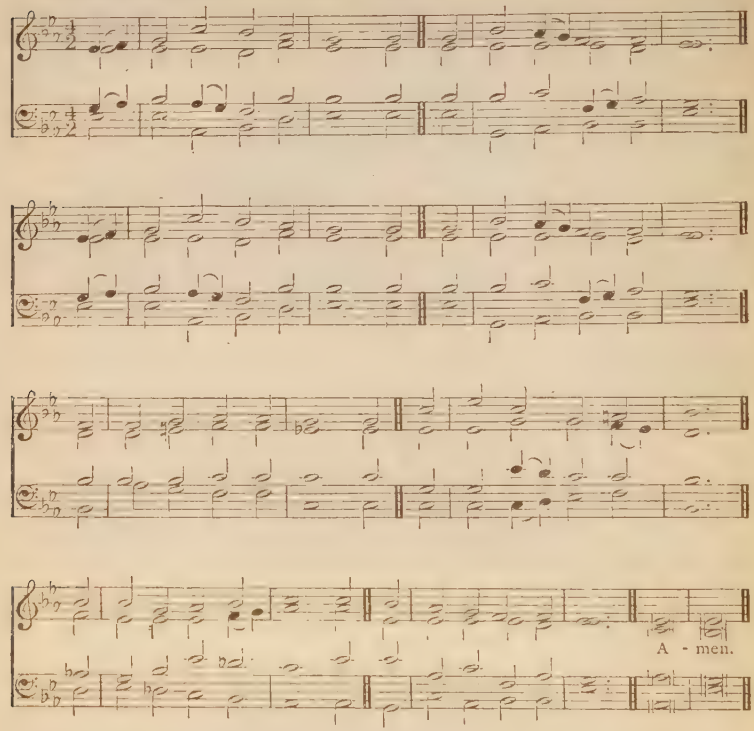
p 4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

f 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

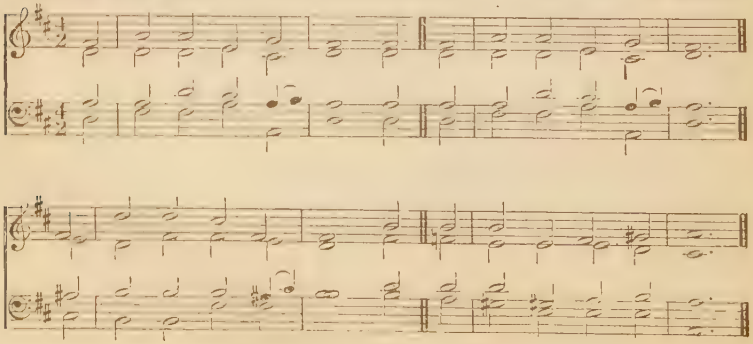
mf 6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
f My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King! Amen.

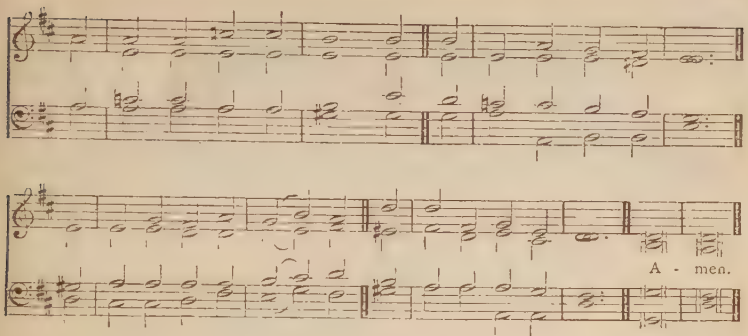
F. R. HAVERGAL.

BREMEN (MUNICH) (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. German Chorale.



CARNO (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. T. PRICE.





See also "St. Christopher," No. 349.

453

"*Without Me ye can do nothing.*"—John xv. 5.

mf 1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
mp Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost!
cr. Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

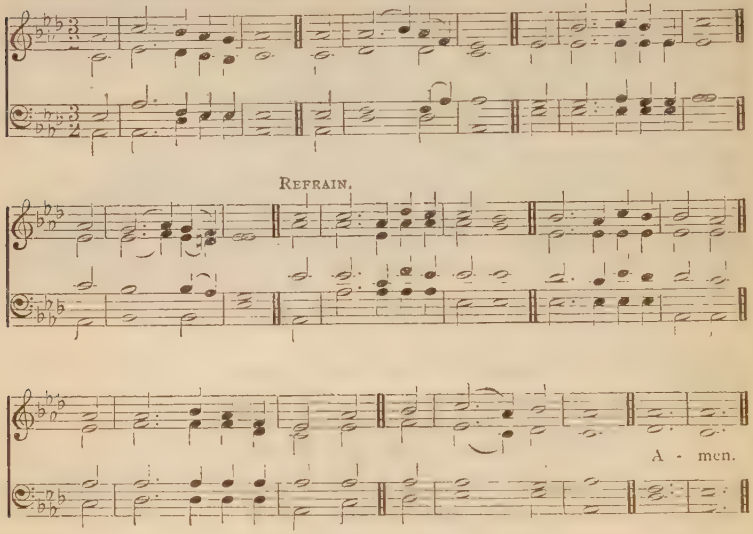
mf 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
mp I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
cr. But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all-in-all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

mp 3 I could not do without Thee,
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine!
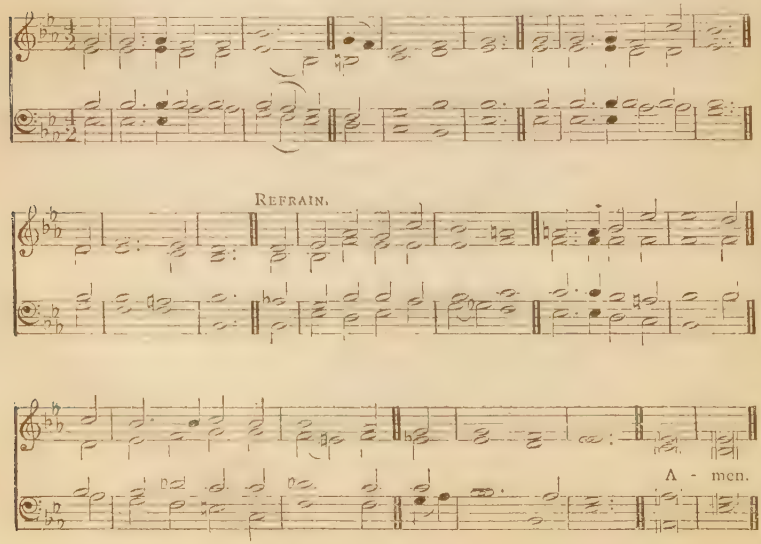
mp 4 I could not do without Thee,
For life is fleeting fast,
p And then in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed:
f But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
p And whisper, "It is I." Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

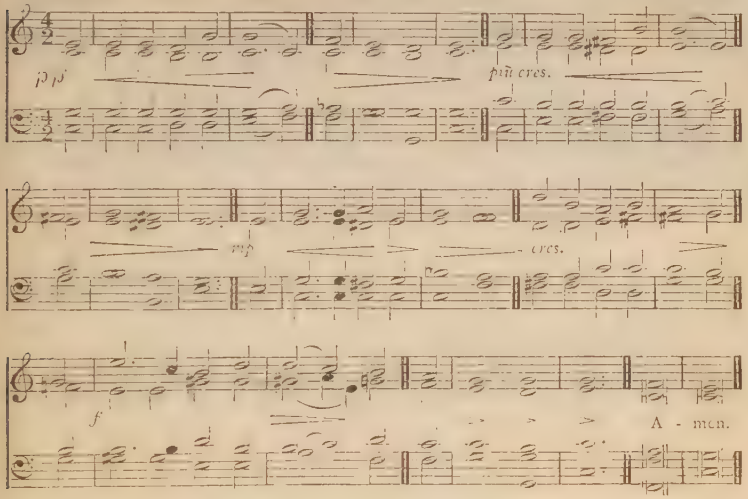
I NEED THEE (*1st Tune*). 6.4.6.4., with Refrain. R. LOWRY.



ALFRED (*2nd Tune*). 6.4.6.4., with Refrain. W. DAVIES.



NECESSITAS (*3rd Tune*). 6.4.6.4., with Refrain. A. P. MORGAN.



454 "*O Lord, hear me; for I am poor and needy.*"—Ps. lxxxvi. 1.

1.

mf I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
cr. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
f I come to Thee.

2.

mf I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by:
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3.

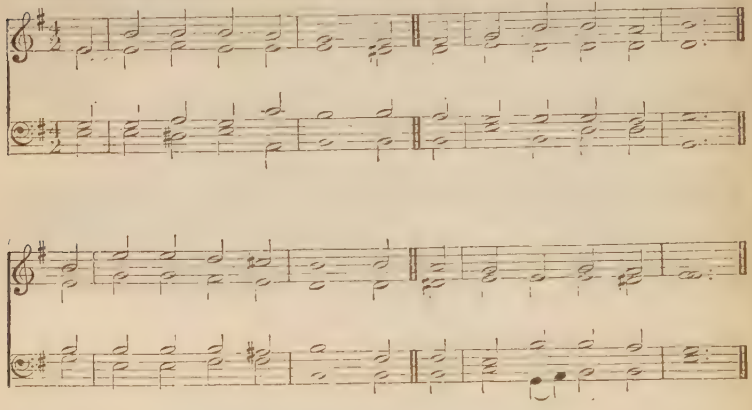
mf I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4.

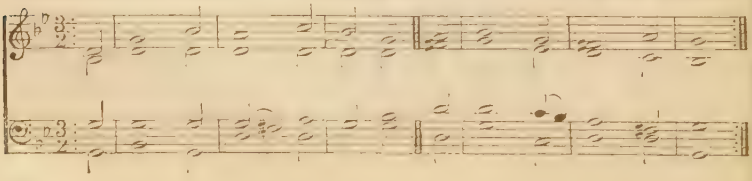
mf I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. Amen.

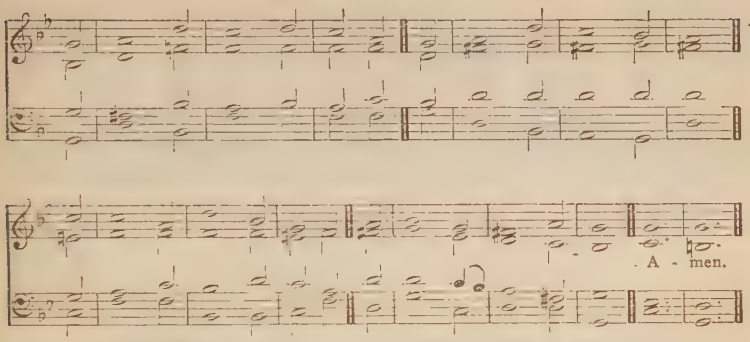
A. S. HAWKS.

ABERTAWE (SWANSEA) (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. C. GOUDIMEL.



LLYDAW (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Breton Melody.





See also "Bremen" (Munich), No. 453, and "St. Christopher," No. 349.

455 *"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."*—Matt. ix. 12.
"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

p 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
mf I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

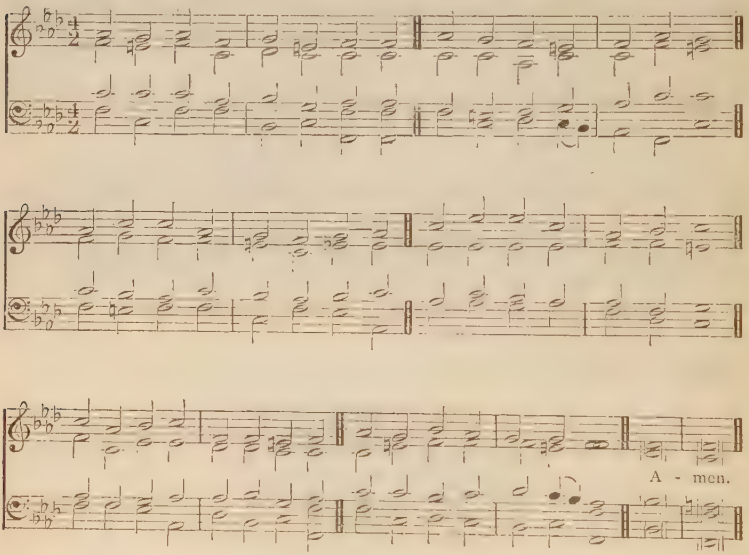
p 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
mf I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

p 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and comfort,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To bear my every burden,
And all my sorrows share.

mf 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
f There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
rall. To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

F. WHITFIELD.

ST. PETER. 8.7.8.7. Old Melody.



456

"Sanctify them through Thy truth."—John xvii. 17.

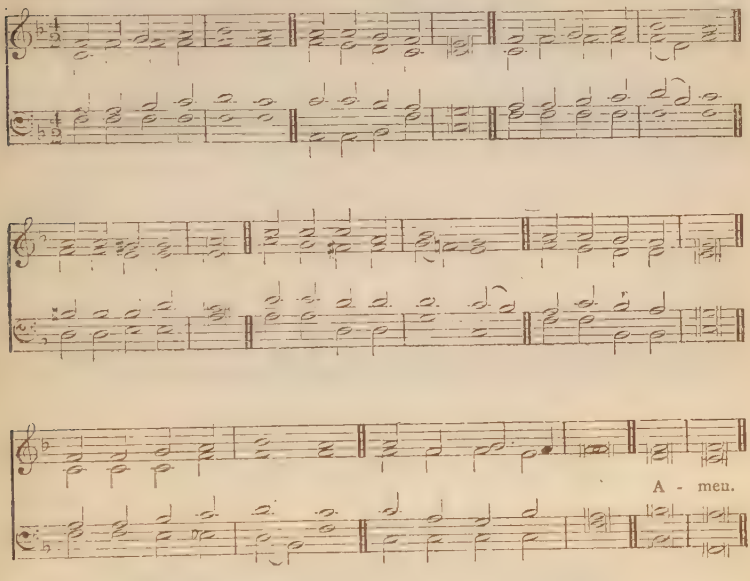
mp 1 IN my every gift and passion,
Sanctify me, Light of light!
Changeless purity of Heaven
Be my feeble spirit's might,
That I stray not,
Self-deluded, from Thy path!

mf 2 Thou Thyself alone canst keep me
That I fail not in the way,
Wand'ring heedless on the right hand,
Speeding on the left astray.
p Saviour, pity!
Now, the desert is my home.

mf 3 Plant in me those inmost graces
Which in Thee my soul enthral,
cr. Of perfection's self the fragrance,
Glory of the glories all!
f One sweet radiance
Clothe with beauty earth and heaven. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS, *tr.* E. EDWARDS.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE. 6.5.6.5. D. J. B. DYKES.



457

"*I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*"—Luke xxii. 32.

mf 1 IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

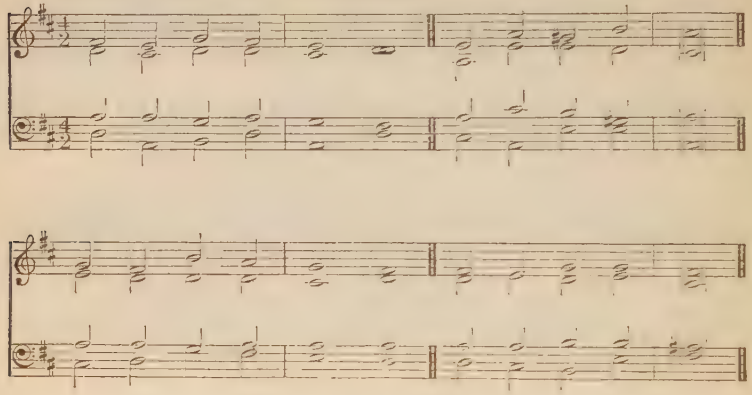
mf 2 With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm,
Or, its sordid treasures
Spread, to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

p 3 If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
cr. Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
p Though the flesh may falter,
cr. Faith shall drink the cup.

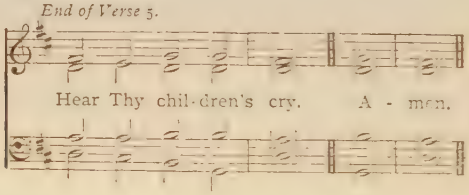
pp 4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
cr. While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
p Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
cr. To eternal life. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

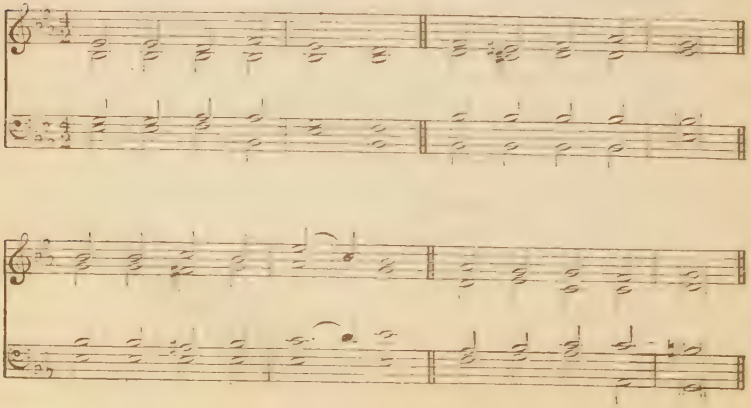
ST. CONSTANTINE (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. W. H. MONK.

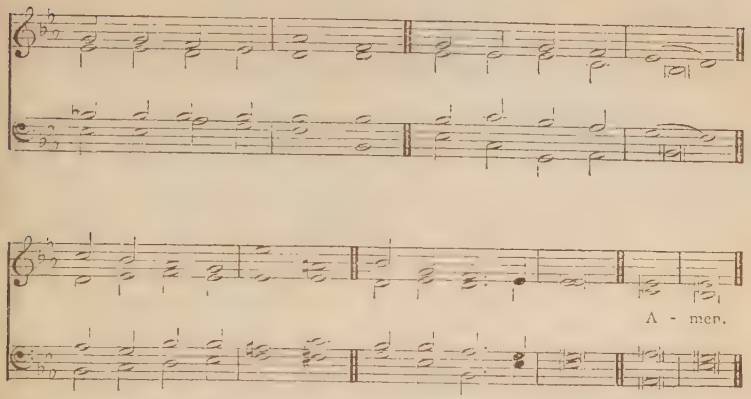


End of Verse 5.



ST. CEPHAS (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. H. A. CROSBIE.





(Omit verse 5 with "St. Cephas.")

458

"*Remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.*"—Ps. xxv. 7.

p 1 JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry!

mp 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
cr. Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

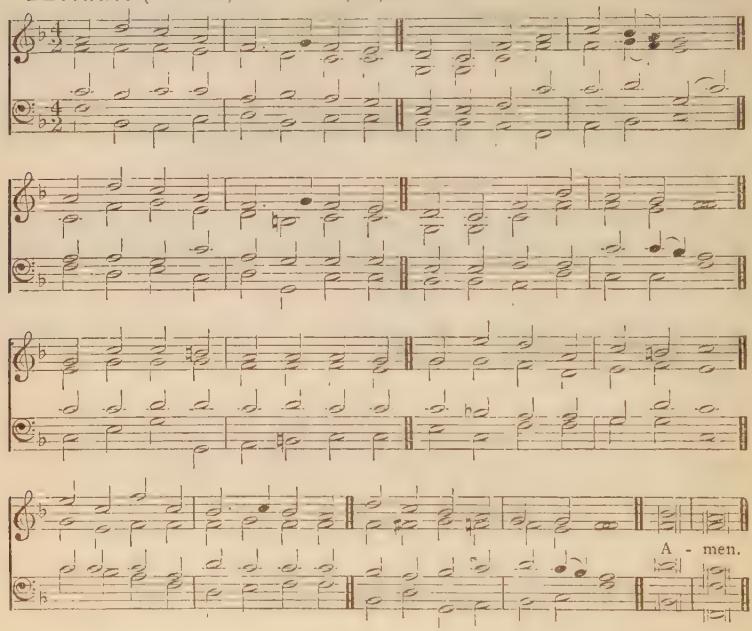
mf 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

p 4 Lead us on our journey,
cr. Be Thyself the Way,
Through terrestrial darkness
f To celestial day.

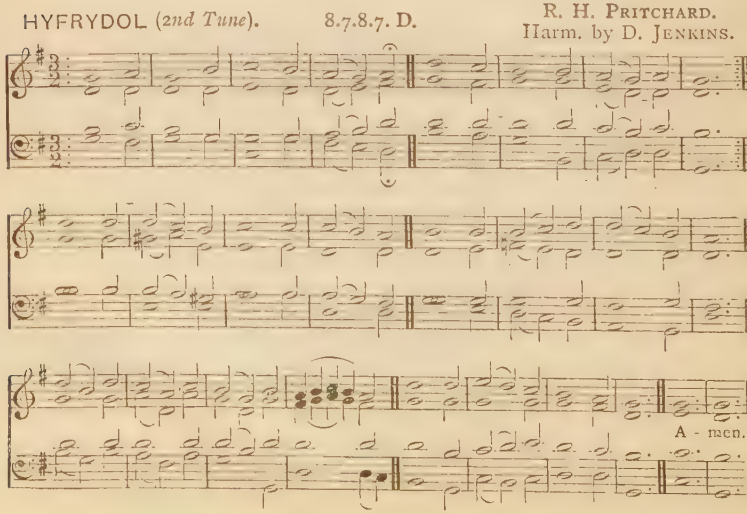
mf 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
p Hear Thy children's cry! Amen.

G. R. PRYNNE.

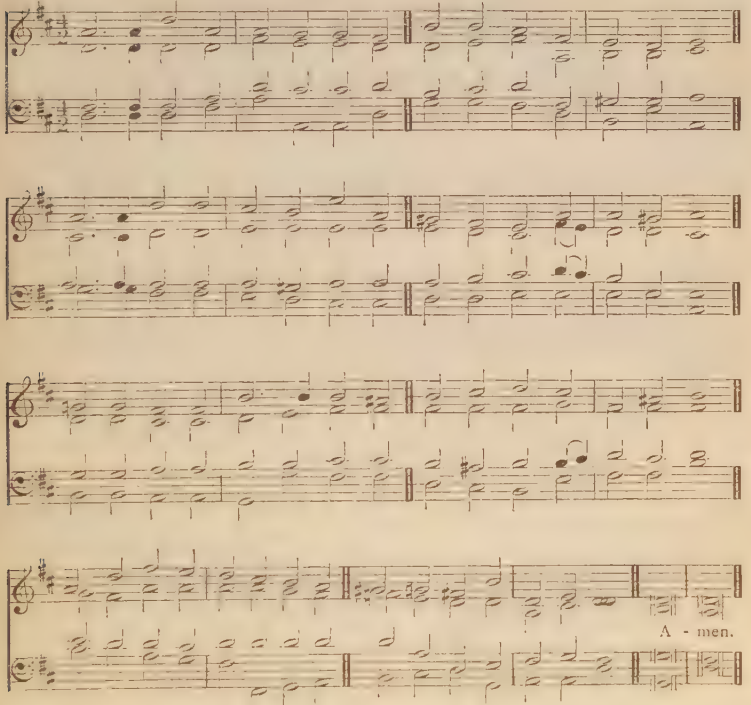
BETHANY (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. H. SMART.



HYFRYDOL (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. R. H. PRITCHARD. Harm. by D. JENKINS.



LUX EOI (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. A. SULLIVAN.



459

"*And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*"—Eph. iii. 19.
"*O visit me with Thy salvation.*"—Ps. cvi. 4.

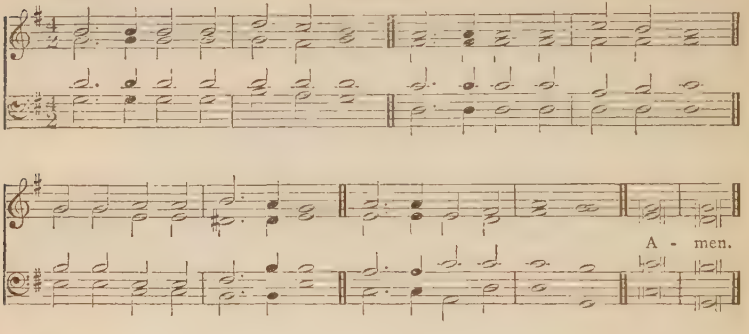
f 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
mf Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
cr. Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

mf 2 Come, almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, Thy temples leave.
cr. Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

f 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
cr. Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
ff Lost in wonder, love, and praise! Amen.

C. WESLEY.

EVELYN. 7.7.7.6. A. SULLIVAN.



460

"*Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.*"—Ps. cxviii. 25.

mf 1 LOVE that caused us first to be,
mp Love that bled upon the tree,
cr. Love that draws us lovingly:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 2 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed:
p We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 3 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, come to be made pure:
cr. We beseech Thee, hear us.

mp 4 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
cr. We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 5 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgments fear,
cr. And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

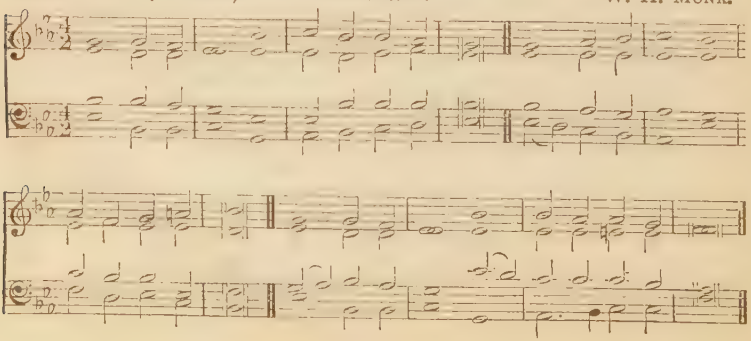
mf 6 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes,
cr. Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

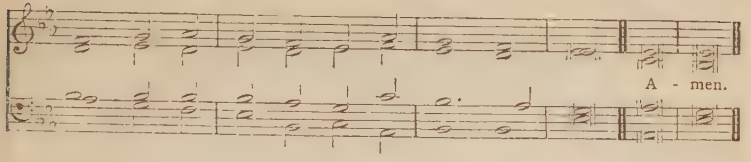
mf 7 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
cr. And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

mf 8 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
cr. Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
Amen.

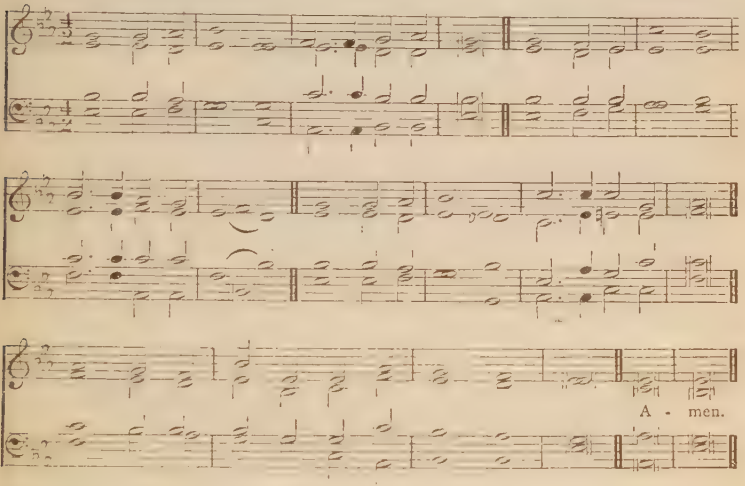
T. B. POLLOCK.

EVENTIDE (*1st Tune*). 10. 10. 10. 10. W. H. MONK.





PENITENTIA (*2nd Tune*). 10. 10. 10. 10. E. DEARLE.



461

"*For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.*"—Eph. ii. 8.

mf 1 NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
cr. Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
p And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

mf 2 It blesses now, and shall for ever bless,
It saves me now, and shall for ever save,
cr. It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

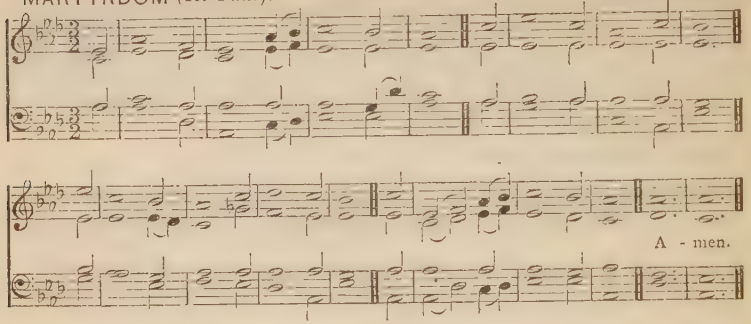
mf 3 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
f Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

mp 4 I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here:
p Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.

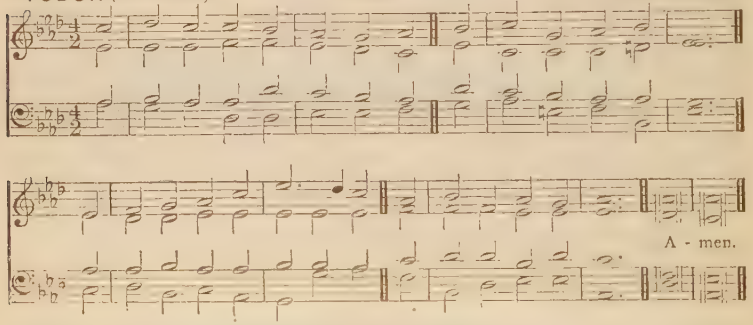
mf 5 More of Thyself, Oh! shew me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
cr. More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word! Amen.

H. BONAR.

MARTYRDOM (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. WILSON.



TUDOR (*2nd Tune*). C.M. T. P. JEWSON.



462

"*Lord, help me.*"—Matt. xv. 25.

mf 1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
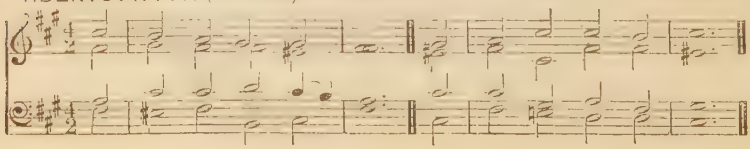
mp 2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
p And when our hearts are cold and dead,
cr. O help us, Lord, the more!

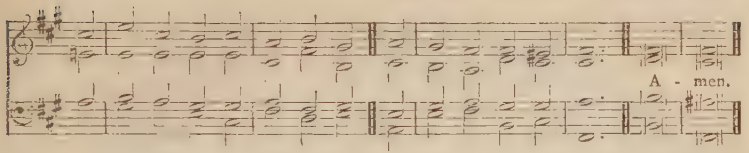
mf 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

mf 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high!
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be!
Amen.

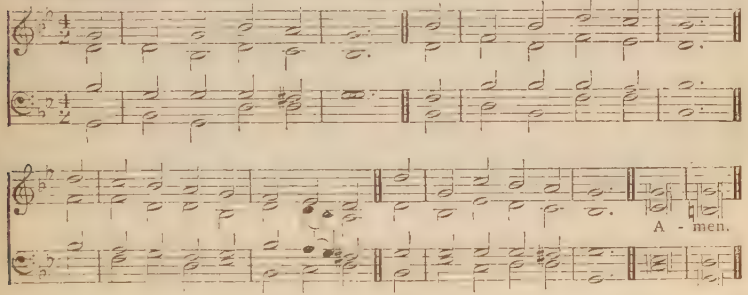
MILMAN.

ABERYSTWYTH (*1st Tune*). S.M. F. A. G. OUSELEY.

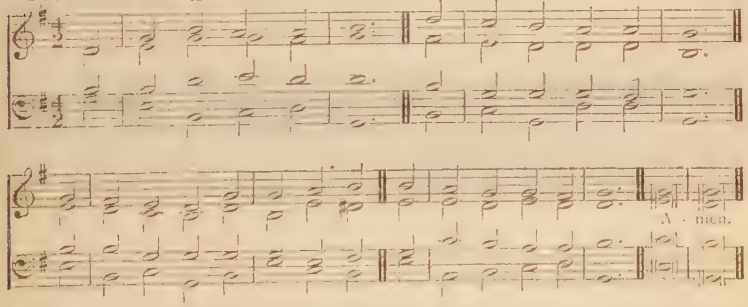




ST. BRIDE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. S. HOWARD.



ST. MICHAEL (*3rd Tune*). S.M. DAY'S Psalter.



463

"*But He giveth more grace.*"—James iv. 6.

mf 1 O LORD! I look to Thee,
To Thee lift up my heart,
In heaven I would Thy glory see;
cr. Now, therefore, grace impart.

mf 2 Grace, to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
cr. My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew.

mf 3 Grace, that I ever may
Walk humbly with my God,
And choose the self-renouncing way
The lowly Jesus trod.

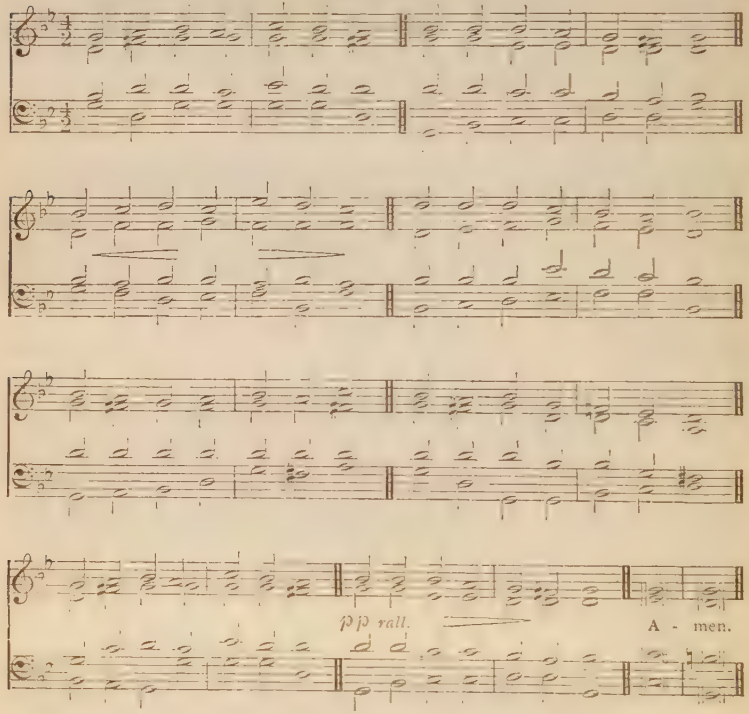
mp 4 Grace to each stroke to bow
Gladly each cross to bear,
That, suffering with the Saviour now,
mf I soon His joy may share.

mf 5 Grace to be kind to all,
All to forbear in love,
mp Gently to deal with those that fall,
Like Him Who reigns above.

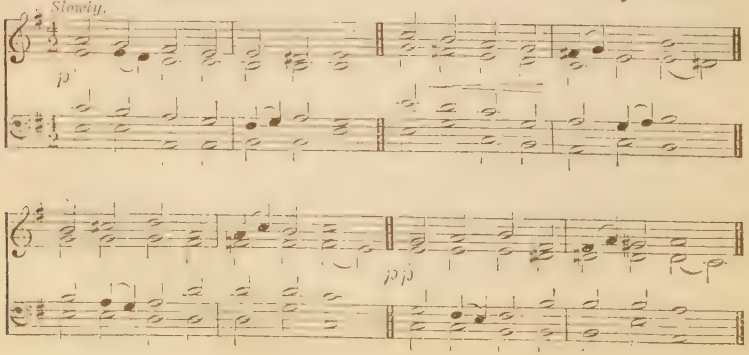
f 6 Grace, onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow,
Christ's crown of righteousness.
Amen.

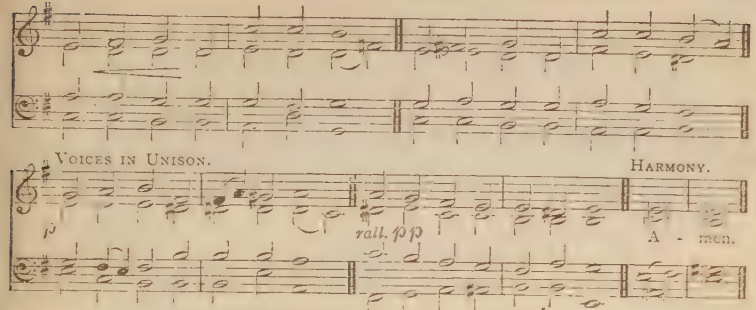
C. T. ASTLEY.

LITANY (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. W. SPARK.



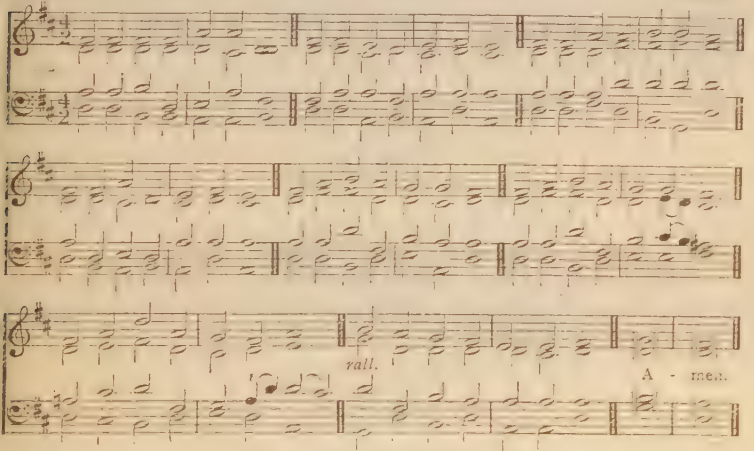
CRUX SALUTIFERA (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. J. STAINER.





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MISERERE (*3rd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. W. H. Monk.



See also "St. Mary Magdalene," No. 206.

464

"*Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*"—Luke xvii. 13.

mp 1 SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
p Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn Litany.

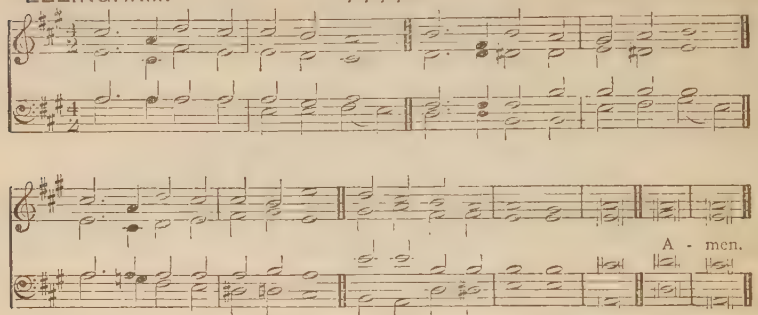
mp 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
p By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power—
cr. Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
p Hear our solemn Litany.

p 3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn.
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—
Listen to our humble cry,
pp Hear our solemn Litany.

p 4 By the deep expiring groan:
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
cr. Held in vain the rising God;
f Mighty re-ascended Lord,
p Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany. Amen.

R. GRANT.

ELLINGHAM. 7·7·7·7. S. N. GODFREY.



See also "Capernaum" (St. Dunstan), No. 429.

465

"*I am the Vine, ye are the branches.*"—John xv. 5.

mf 1 SON of God, Thy blessing grant;
Still supply my every want.
cr. Tree of Life, Thine influence shed;
From Thy fulness I am fed.

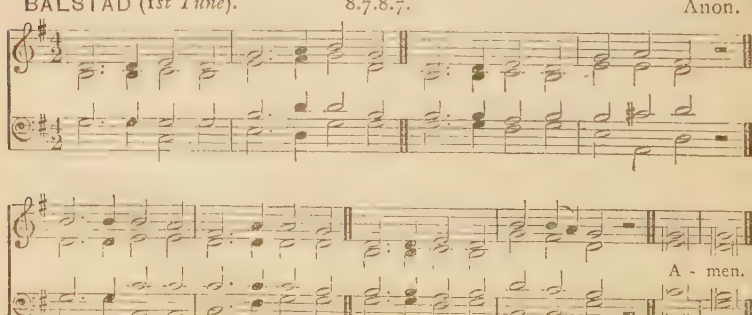
p 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
Without Thee I droop and die:
Weak as helpless infancy,
cr. O confirm my soul in Thee.

mp 3 Unsustained by Thee I fall;
cr. Send the strength for which I call:
p Weaker than a bruisèd reed,
cr. Help I every moment need.

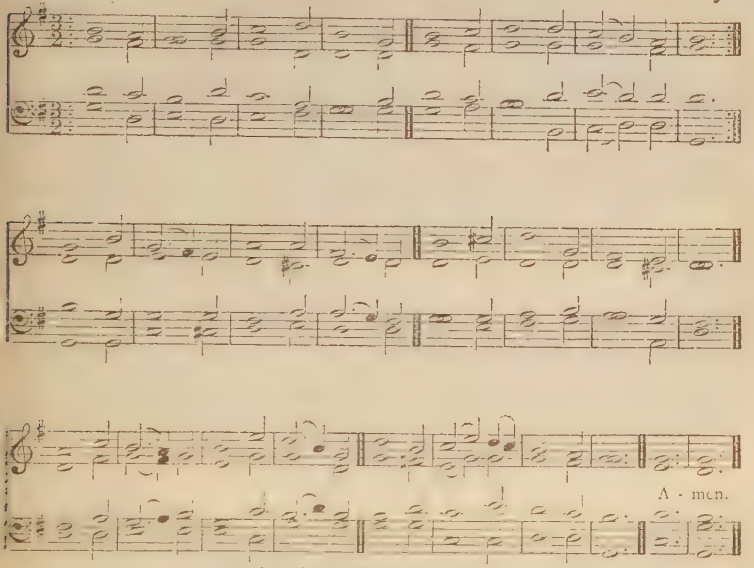
mf 4 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me, to the end;
cr. Still preserve me by Thy grace:
f Take the everlasting praise. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

BALSTAD (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. Anon.



LLANGAN (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. Welsh Melody.



See also "Salvator," No. 467.

466

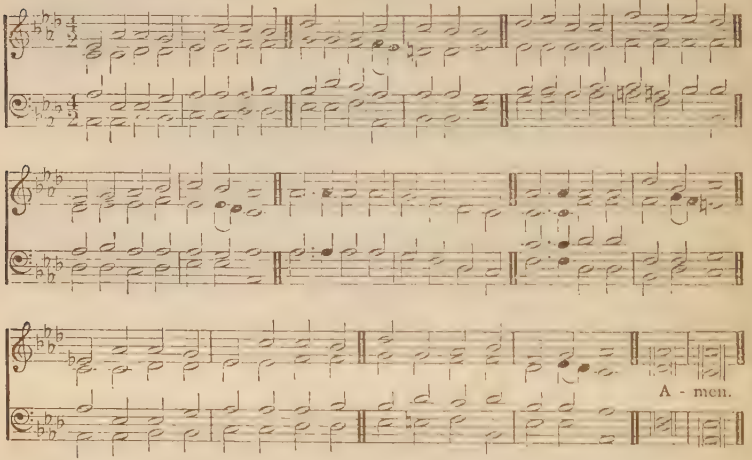
"*How sweet are Thy words unto my taste.*"—Ps. cxix. 103.

mf 1 SPEAK, I pray Thee, gentle Jesus,
Oh, how passing sweet Thy words,
Breathing o'er my troubled spirit
Peace which never earth affords.
f All the world's distracting voices,
All th' enticing tones of ill,
mp At Thy accents mild, melodious,
dim. Are subdued, and all is still.

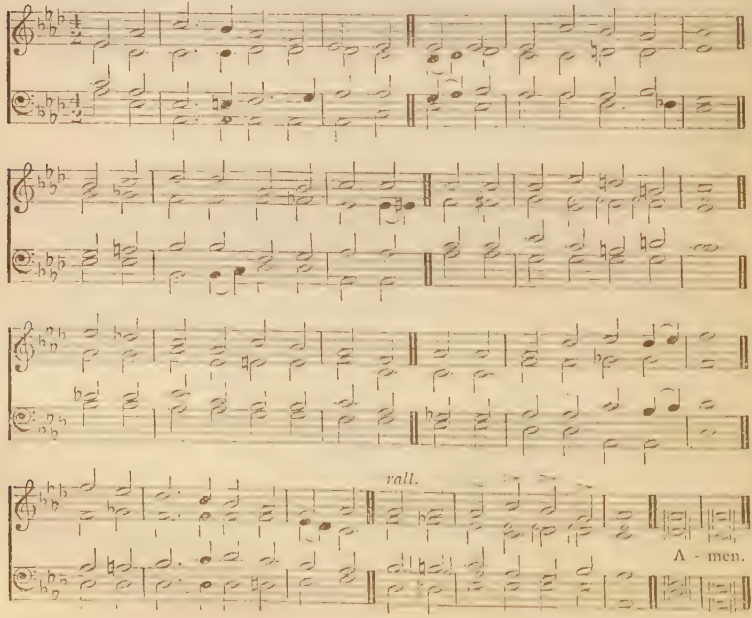
mf 2 Tell me Thou art mine, O Saviour,
Grant me an assurance clear;
Banish all my dark misgivings,
Still my doubting, calm my fear.
cr. Oh, my soul within me yearneth
Now to hear Thy voice divine,
f So shall grief be gone for ever
And despair no more be mine. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS, *tr.* R. M. LEWIS.

SALVATOR (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. P. JEWSON.



SANCTUARY (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Balstad" and "Llangan," No. 466.
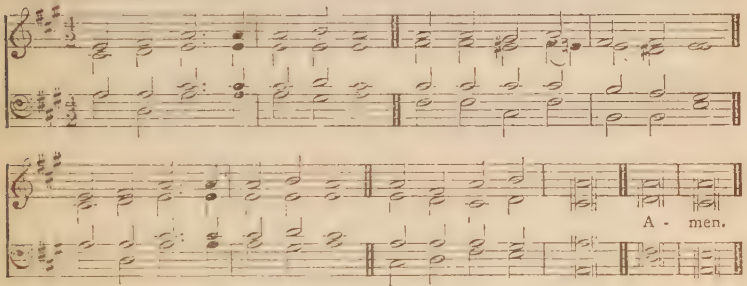
467

"My hope is in Thee."—Ps. xxxix. 7.

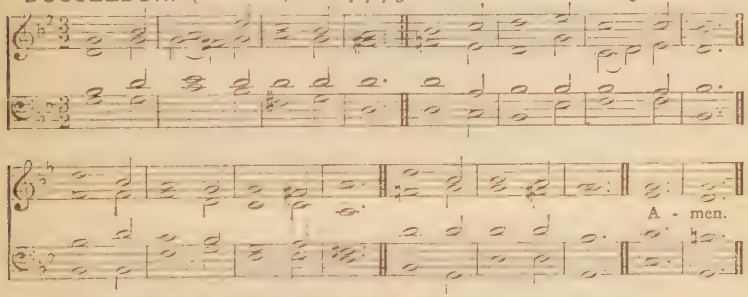
mf 1 THEE, Jehovah, Thee adoring,
Low before Thy throne we plead;
mp Humbly there Thy grace imploring,
Grace to help in time of need.
cr. Thou art our Almighty Saviour,
Let Thine arm be still revealed,
Cast around Thy special favour,
Spread Thine everlasting shield.

f 2 In Thy love our heart rejoices,
While Thy promises we claim;
Thee we praise with cheerful voices,
Trusting in Thy holy Name.
Lord, Thy mercy, without measure,
Fills Thy covenant of grace;
Grant to us that heavenly treasure,
For on Thee our hopes we place.
Amen.
GOODE.

AMBROSE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·5. Gregorian.



DUSSELDORF (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·5. J. CRÜGER.



468

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxxx. 1.

p 1 THOU Who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou Who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need!
cr. Jesus, hear my cry!

p 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
cr. Lift to Thee mine eye.

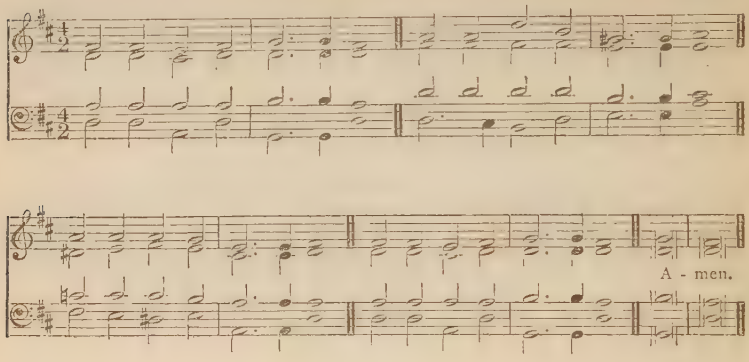
p 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
cr. To Thy cross I fly.

p 4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound:
cr. Surely so may I!

mf 5 There on Thee I cast my care:
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair—
cr. Save me, or I die!

mf 6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
pp In the last and darkest hour,
cr. Jesus, be Thou nigh! Amen.
J. D. BURNS.

CAPERNAUM (ST. DUNSTAN) 7·7·7·7. R. REDHEAD.



469 *"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."*—Isa. liii. 4.
"Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark x. 47.

p 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

p 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

p 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

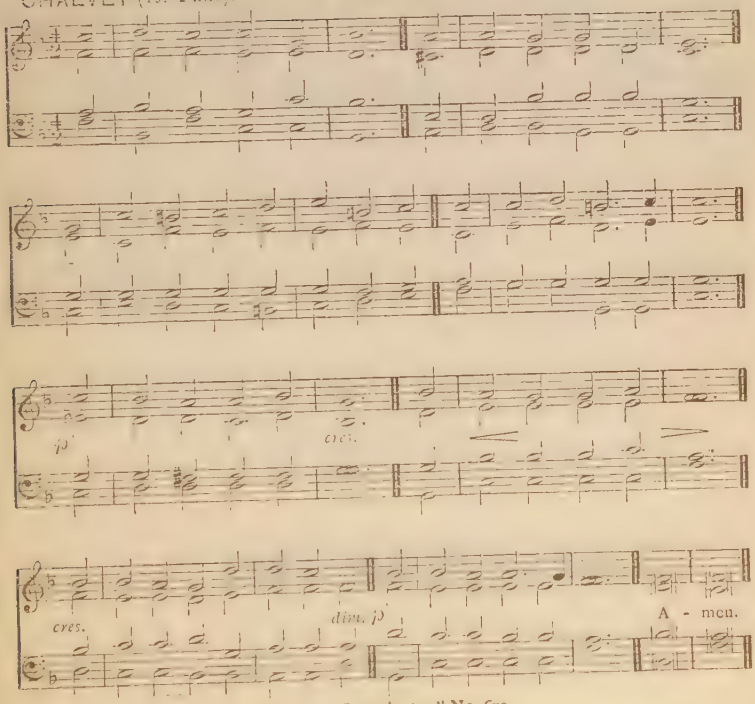
p 4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

mf 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
p Jesus, Son of David, hear! Amen,

H. H. MILMAN.

VIII.—HEAVEN.

CHALVEY (*1st Tune*). S.M. D. L. G. HAYNE.



See also "Leominster," No. 670.

470 *"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*—Matt. xxi. 16.

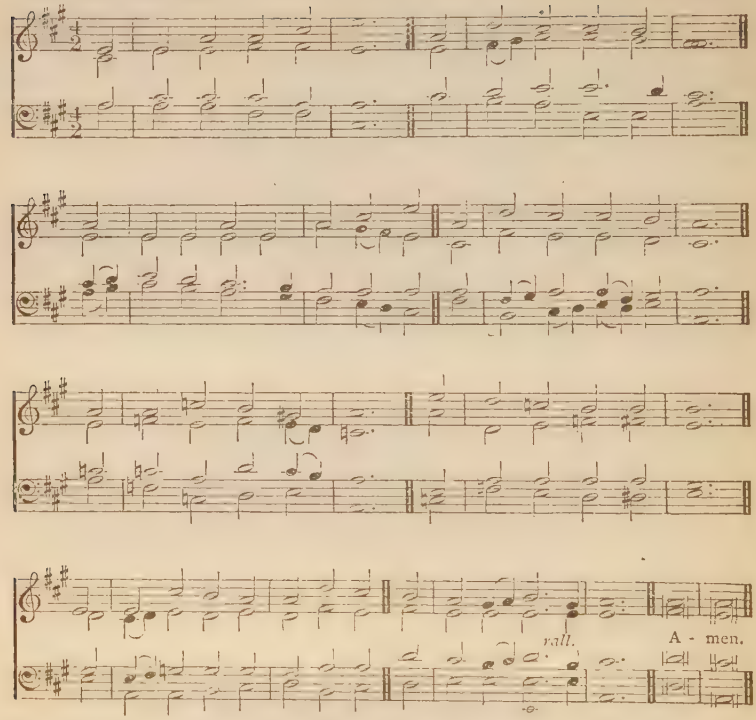
mf 1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
Beyond our feeble sight,
f The God of glory dwells on high
In everlasting light.
mf Around His glorious throne
The holy angels stand;
f In songs of praise their King they own,
Or fly at His command.

mf 2 And we may praise Him too,
And serve Him here below;
He stoops to mark what children do
p Their inmost thought: to know;
mf And though He reigns above,
Where angels ceaseless praise,
He will accept our humble love
And lead us in His ways.

mf 3 Oh, may we humbly seek
To do His holy will,
And try, with thankful hearts and meek,
To sing His praises still;
f And then, for Jesus' sake
p Who came for us to die,
cr. Our happy spirits He will take
To praise Him in the sky. Amen.

M. BOURDILLON.

OLIVET (*2nd Tune*). S.M.D. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Leominster," No. 670.

470 *"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*—Matt. xxi. 16.

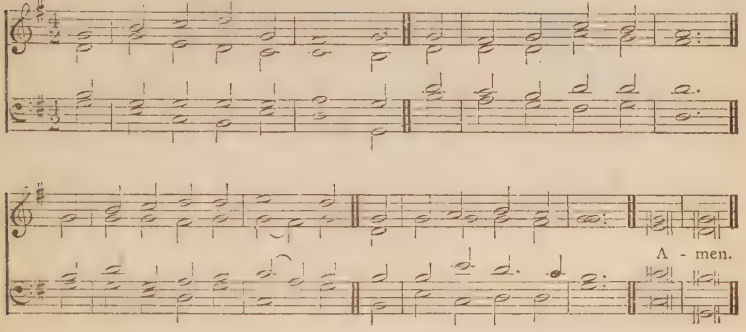
mf 1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
Beyond our feeble sight,
f The God of glory dwells on high
In everlasting light.
mf Around His glorious throne
The holy angels stand;
f In songs of praise their King they own,
Or fly at His command.

mf 2 And we may praise Him too,
And serve Him here below;
He stoops to mark what children do,
p Their inmost thoughts to know;
mf And though He reigns above,
Where angels ceaseless praise,
He will accept our humble love
And lead us in His ways.

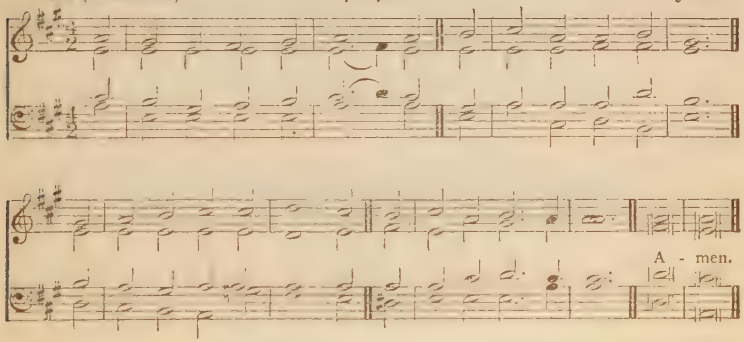
mf 3 Oh, may we humbly seek
To do His holy will,
And try, with thankful hearts and meek
To sing His praises still;
f And then, for Jesus' sake
p Who came for us to die,
cr. Our happy spirits He will take
To praise Him in the sky. Amen.

M. BOURDILLON.

ST. ALPHEGE (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



PISA (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. W. H. JUDE.



471

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. xiii. 14.

p 1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr. The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

mf 2 O happy retribution!
Short toil! eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

mf 3 And now we fight the battle,
f But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

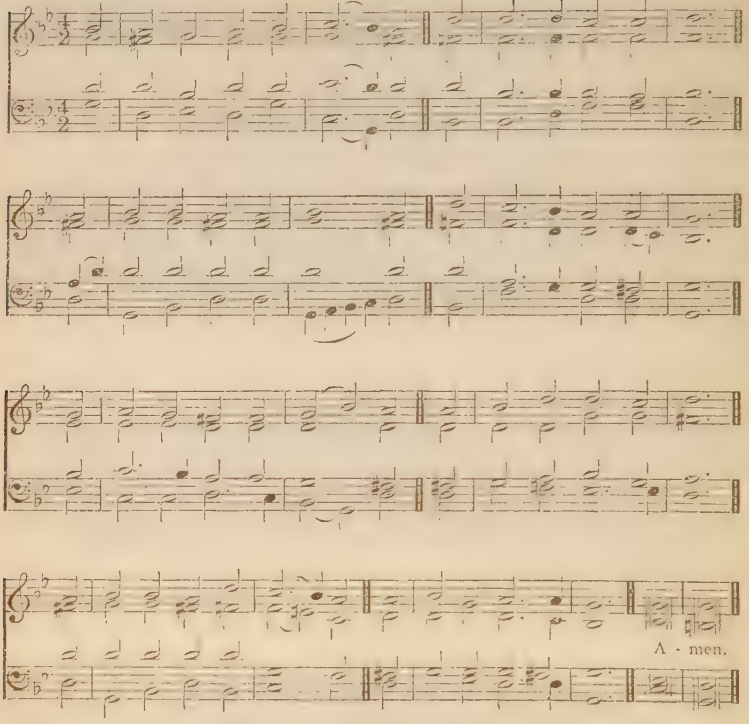
mf 4 But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

cr. 5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

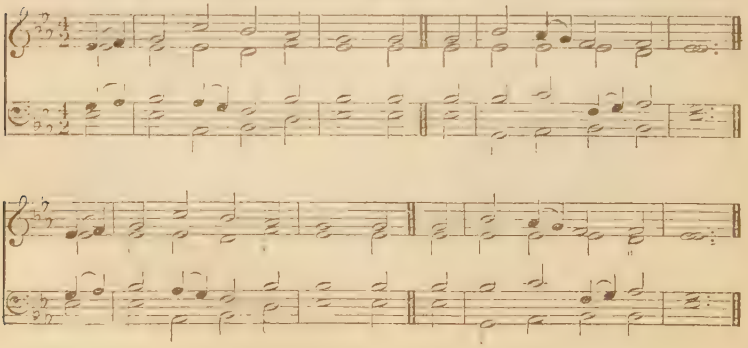
f 6 Yes! God, our King, and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
p And worship face to face. Amen.

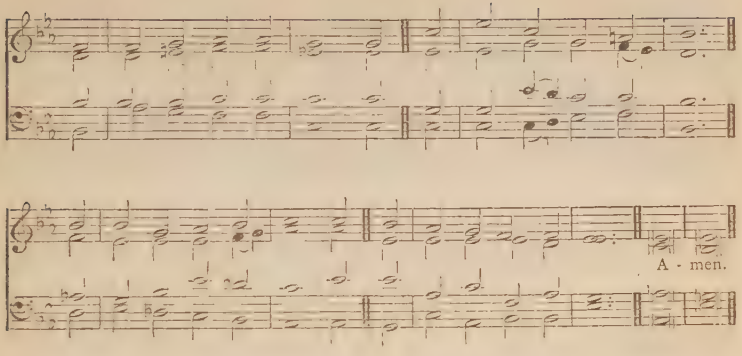
BERNARD OF CLUNY, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

JENNER (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. L. JENNER.



BREMEN (MUNICH) (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. German Chorale.





472 "*But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*"—Heb. xi. 16.

mf 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

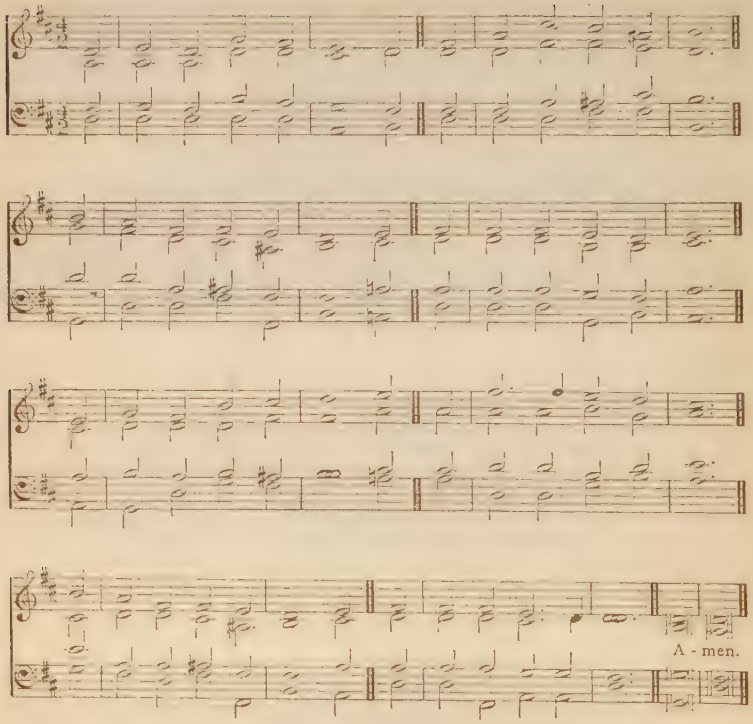
mf 2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
f The Cross is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

f 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

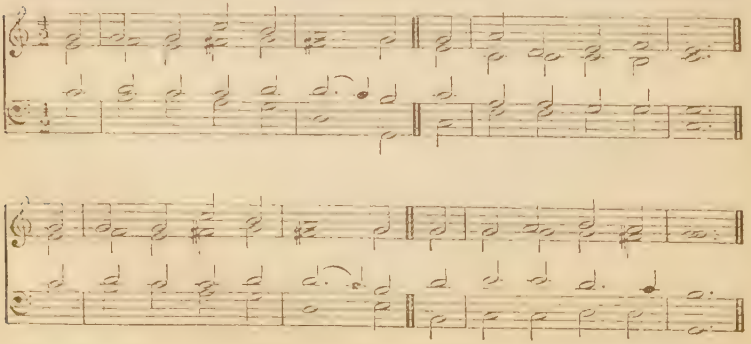
mf 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
f Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower. Amen.

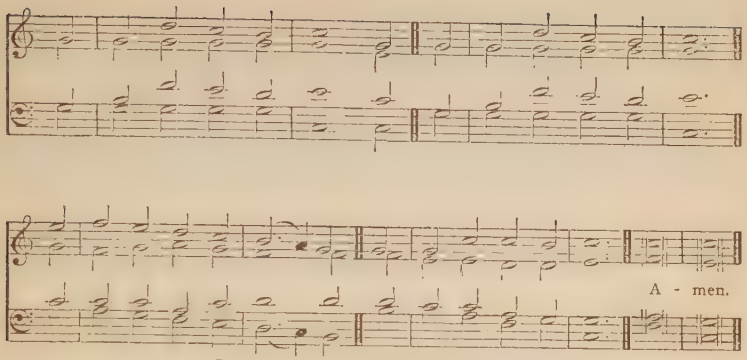
BERNARD OF CLUNY, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

EWING (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. A. EWING.



OXWICH (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. T. R. MATTHEWS.





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473

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 2.
"And the city was pure gold."—Rev. xxi. 18.

mf 1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
dim. Sink heart and voice oppress.
cr. I know not, Oh! I know not,
What joys await us there;
f What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

mf 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng;
f The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

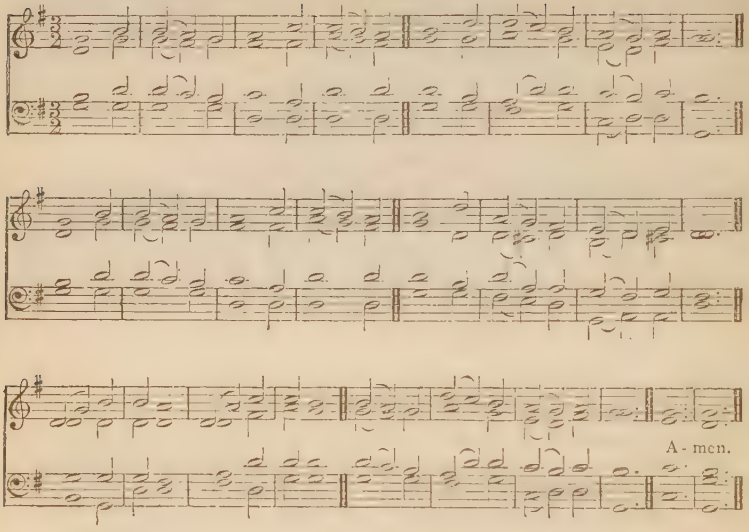
f 3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

mp 4 I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
p My merit is destruction—
A child of wrath am I;
cr. But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon my way;
For those perennial glories
I labour, night and day.

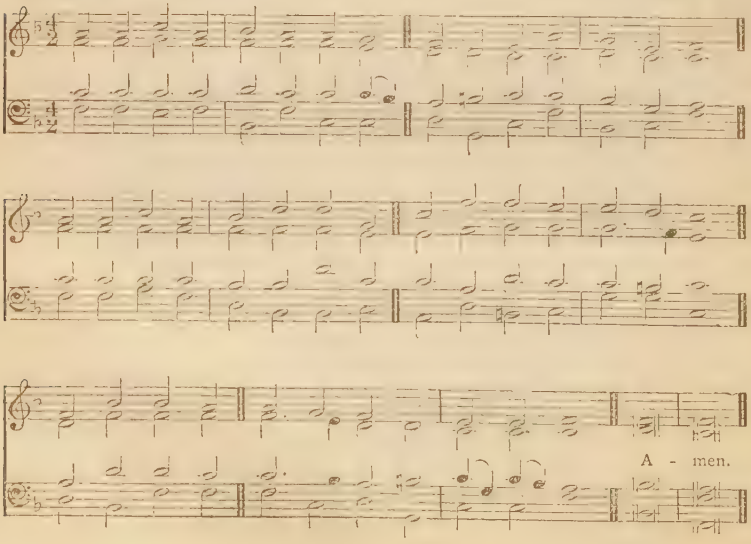
f 5 Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Where Thou art with the Father
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

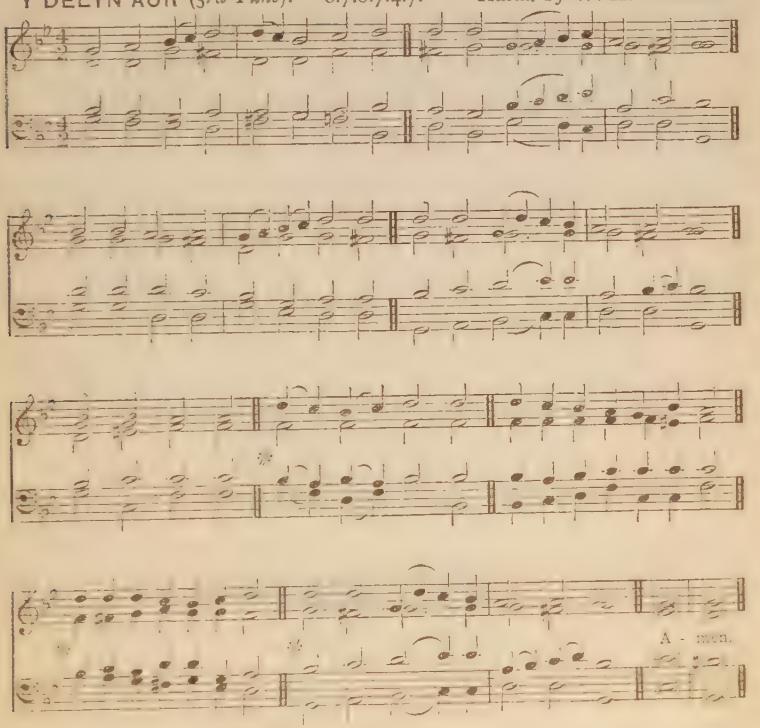
ISLWYN (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. D. LEWIS.



MELAI (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. H. ROBERTS.



Y DELYN AUR (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. Welsh Melody, Harm. by W. H. ROBERTS.



474

"*A better country.*"—Heb. xi. 16.
"*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*"—Heb. iv. 9.

mf 1 FAR above earth's cloudy regions,
O my soul, behold the sphere!
Where the breeze is ever tender,
Where the sky is ever clear;
Happy myriads,
mp Resting there in perfect peace.

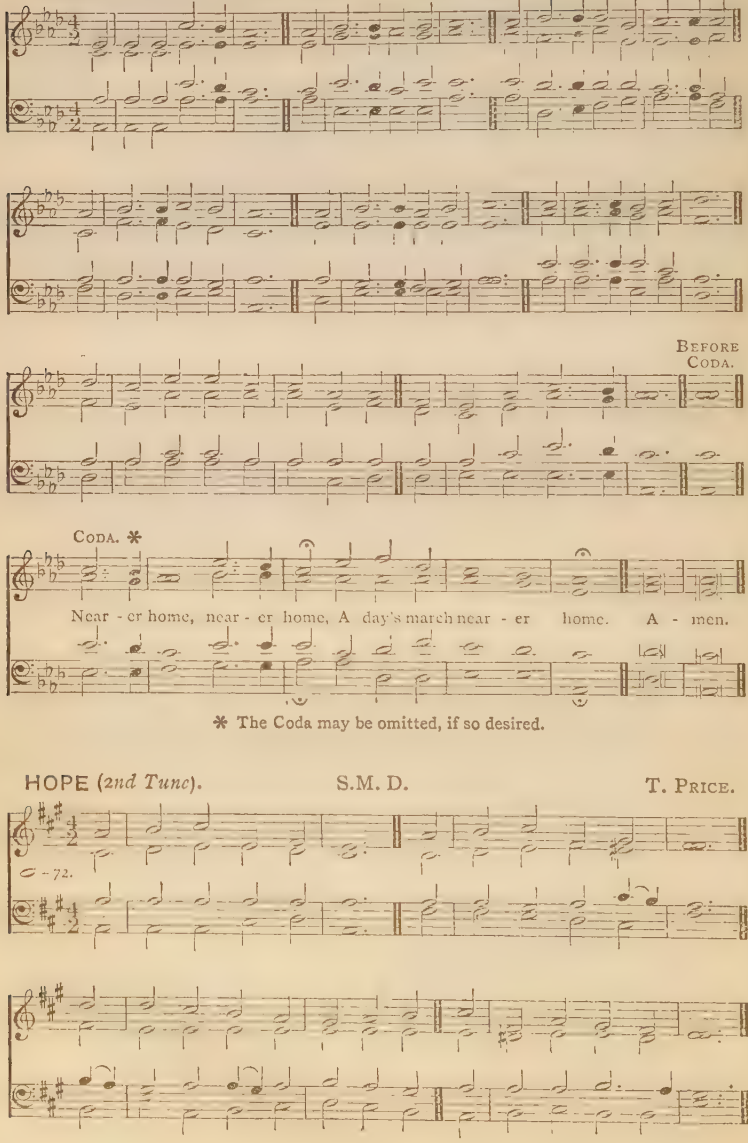
mf 2 In it springs life's sparkling fountains,
Through it flows the streams of peace,
Its delightful glades to water,
And give joys that never cease:
Full salvation
There shall evermore be sung.

mf 3 All the storms of death's dark valley
Change to peace for evermore;
p All the groans and sighs of sorrow
cr. Change to anthems on that shore;
Grief's last tear-drop
Into Jordan's flood shall fall.

f 4 Now my heart, (*p*) once sunk in sadness,
cr. Leaps with joy within my breast,
f In the hope of soon possessing
That divine and glorious rest:
Happy pilgrims,
Those who journey to that land.
Amen.

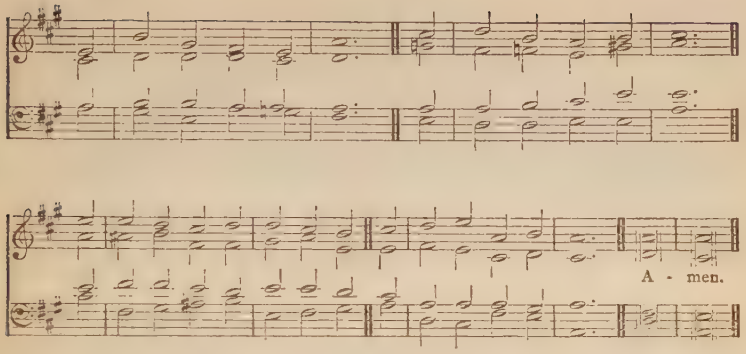
W. THOMAS (ISLWYN), *tr.* W. WILLIAMS.

NEARER HOME (PILGRIM) (*1st Tune*). S.M. D. J. B. WOODBURY.



* The Coda may be omitted, if so desired.

HOPE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. D. T. PRICE.



475

"*And so shall we ever be with the Lord.*"—1 Thess. iv. 17.

mf 1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen,—so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
mp Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr. Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

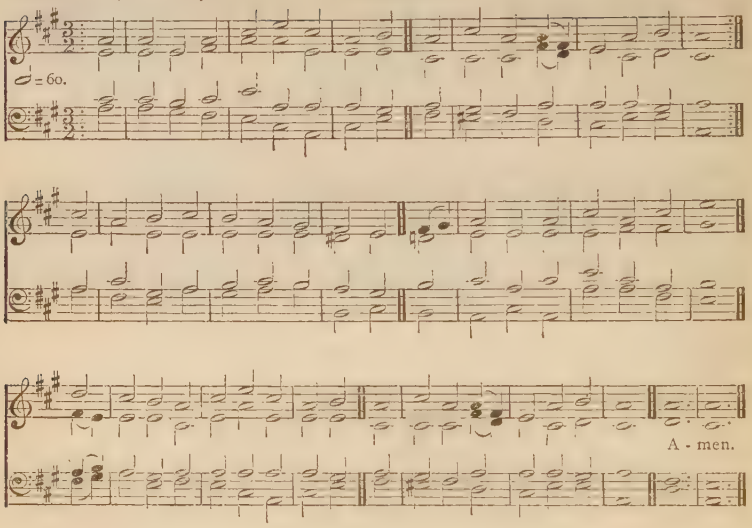
mf 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
mp Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
cr. The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

mf 3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
cr. Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail:
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand:
Fight, and I must prevail.

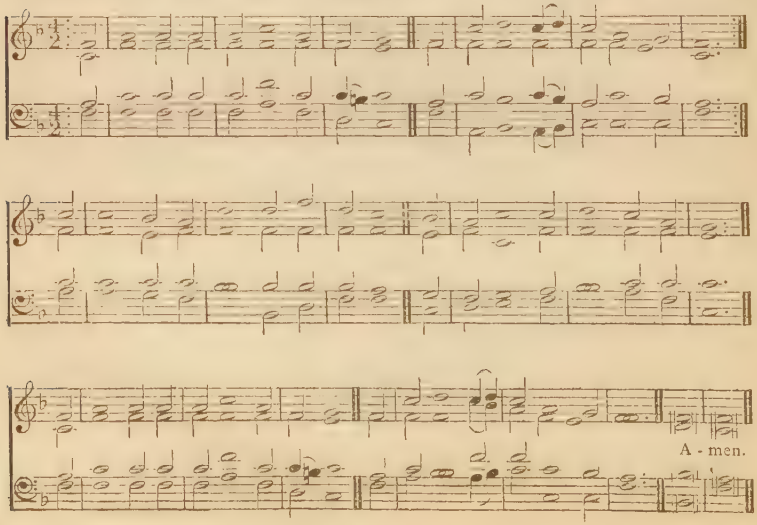
mp 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr. By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
f And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!" Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ELLIOT (*1st Tune*). 9.8.9.8. D. J. Ellis.



CRUG-Y-BAR (*2nd Tune*). 9.8.9.8. D. Welsh Melody.



476

"*The heavenly Jerusalem.*"—Heb. xii. 22.

1.

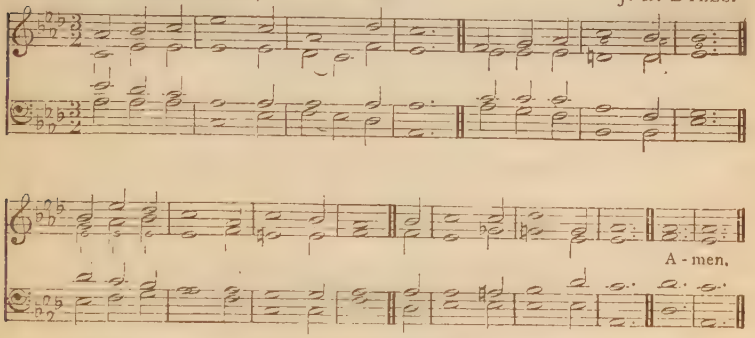
mf FROM heavenly Jerusalem's towers,
The path through the desert they trace;
And every affliction they suffered
Redounds to the glory of grace;
Their look they cast back on the tempests,
On fears, on grim death and the grave,
f Rejoicing that now they're in safety,
Through Him that is mighty to save.

2.

mf And we, from the wilds of the desert,
Shall flee to the land of the blest;
Our souls, from their wanderings weary,
In the bosom of Jesus shall rest:
f There we shall find refuge eternal,
From sin, from affliction, from pain,
And in the sweet love of the Saviour,
A joy without end shall attain.
Amen.

D. CHARLES, *tr.* L. EDWARDS.

BEATITUDO (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Gloucester," No. 127.

477

"*What are these which are arrayed in white robes.*"—Rev. vii. 13.

mf 1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
cr. How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

mp 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
cr. And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

f 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

f 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

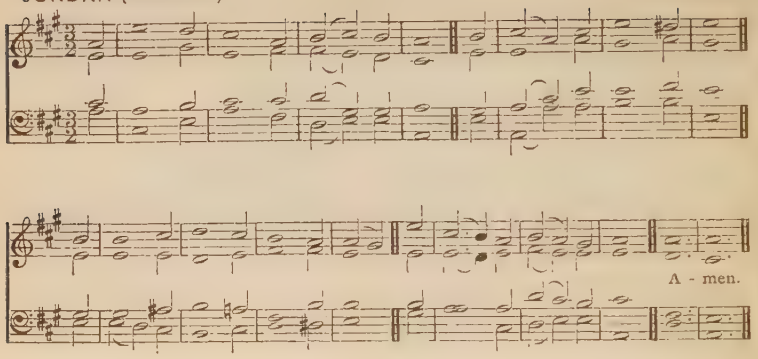
mp 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
cr. God is the Sun, Whose cheering beams
f Diffuse eternal day.

f 6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

mf 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
f And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

I. WATTS, *alt. by* W. CAMERON.

JORDAN (*2nd Tune.*) C.M. Anon.



See also "Gloucester," No. 127.

477

"*What are these which are arrayed in white robes?*"—Rev. vii. 13.

mf 1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
cr. How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

mp 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
cr. And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

f 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

f 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

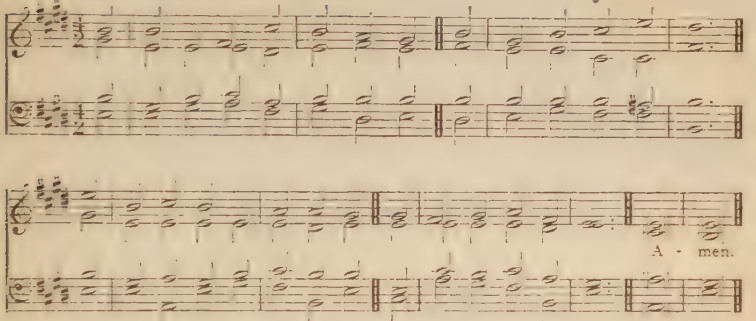
mp 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray:
cr. God is the Sun, Whose cheering beams
f Diffuse eternal day.

f 6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

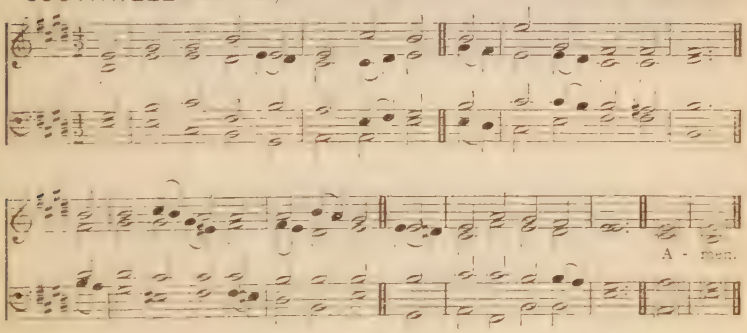
mf 7 Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
f And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

I. WATTS, *alt. by* W. CAMERON

ST. FULBERT (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



SOUTHWELL (*2nd Tune*). C.M. H. S. IRONS.



478

"That great city, the holy Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 10.

mf 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

mf 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold:
cr. Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

mf 3 O happy, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
cr. Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

mf 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know!
cr. Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

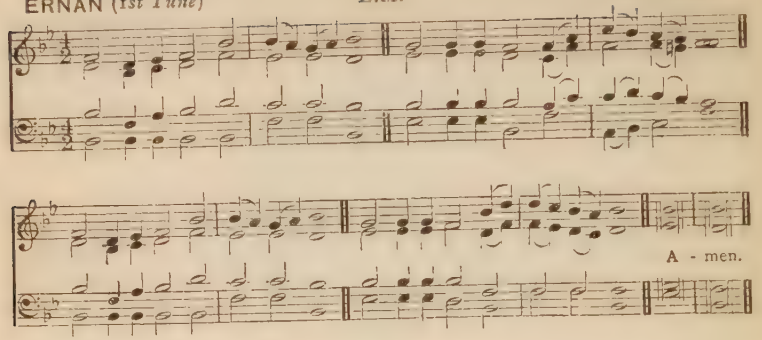
mf 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
f I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

f 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

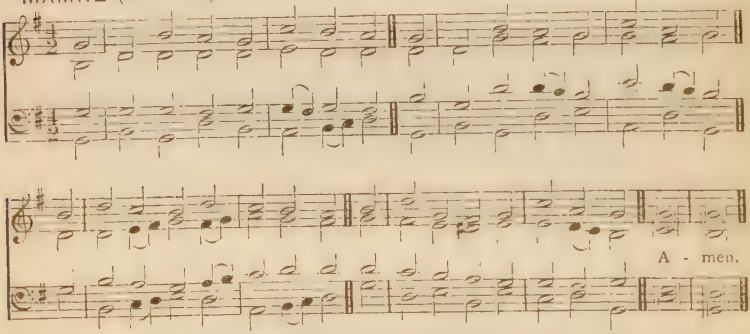
mp 7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
cr. Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

D. DICKSON, *alt.*

ERNAN (*1st Tune*) L.M. L. MASON.



MAMRE (*2nd Tune*). L.M. G. F. HANDEL.



479

"*Where I am, there shall also My servant be.*"—John xii. 26.

mf 1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
cr. Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

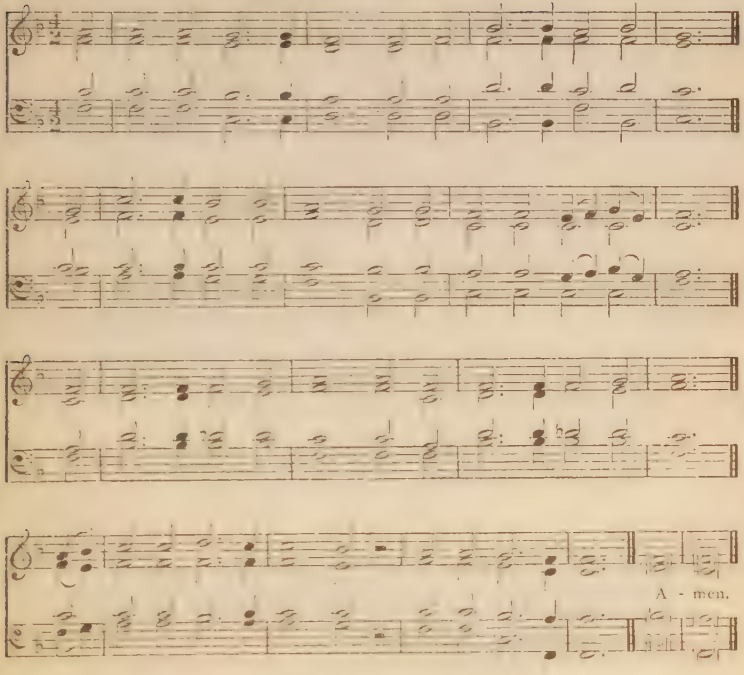
mf 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
cr. Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

mf 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
cr. Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!

mf 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove,
f There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love! Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

RUTHERFORD (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5. Lausanne Psalter.



480

"*Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land.*"—Ps. lxxxv. 9.

mp 1 THE sands of time are sinking
The dawn of heaven breaks;
cr. The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
p Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
cr. But day-spring is at hand.
f And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 2 O, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
cr. There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercies do expand,
f And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

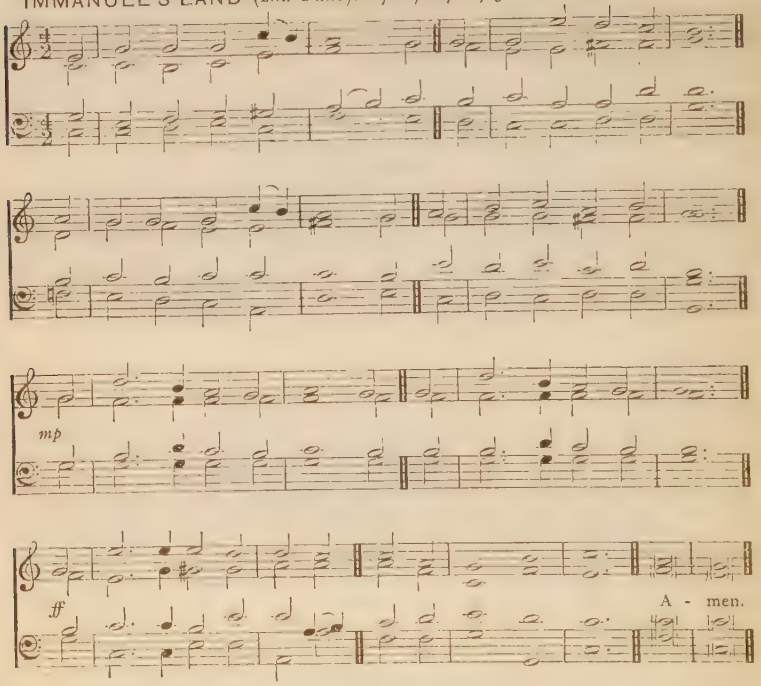
mf 3 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine!
p He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine";
cr. I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
f Not even where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 4 The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear Bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on the King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
p But on His pierced hand:
f The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

mf 5 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
mp And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
cr. I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
f When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land. Amen.

A. R. COUSIN.

IMMANUEL'S LAND (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5. C. VINCENT.



480

"Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land."—Ps. lxxxv. 9.

mp 1 THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
cr. The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
p Dark, dark hath been the midnight;
cr. But dayspring is at hand,
f And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 2 Oh! Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
cr. There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
f And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

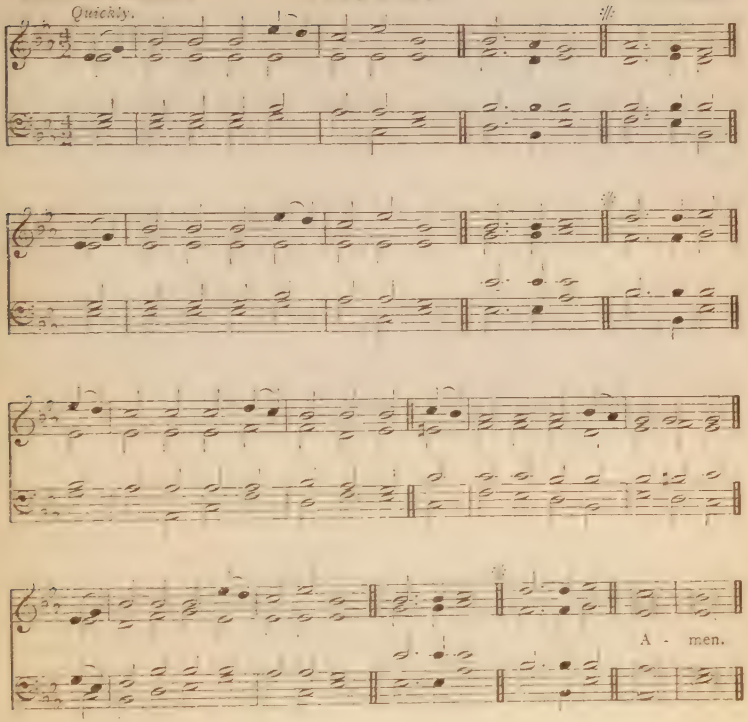
mf 3 Oh, I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd's mine!
p He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine";
cr. I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
f Not even where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 4 The bride eyes not her garments.—
But her dear Bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on the King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
p But on His piercèd hand:
f The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

mf 5 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
mp And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
cr. I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
f When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land. Amen.

A. R. COUSIN.

OH. SO BRIGHT. 8 3.8.3. 8.8.8.3. Anon.



481

"The Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. xxi. 23.

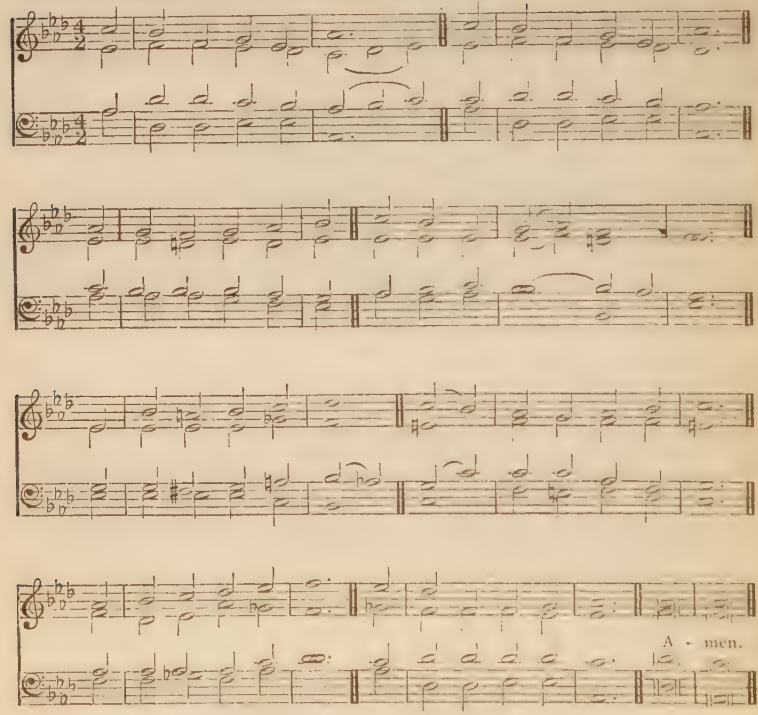
mf 1 THERE is a better world, they say,
f Oh, so bright!
p Where sin and woe are done away,
f Oh, so bright!
cr. And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair:
f Oh, so bright!

mf 2 No clouds o'er pass along its sky
f Happy land!
p No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
f Happy land!
cr. They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
f Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!

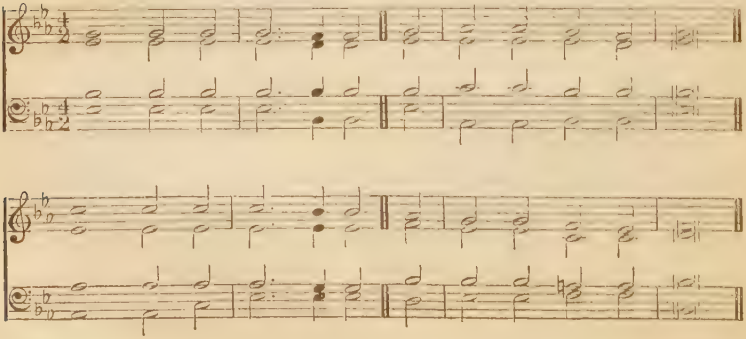
mp 3 Though we are sinners, every one,
f Jesus died!
mp And though our crown of peace is gone,
f Jesus died!
cr. We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with peace again,
f And in that land of bliss may reign.
Jesus died! Amen.

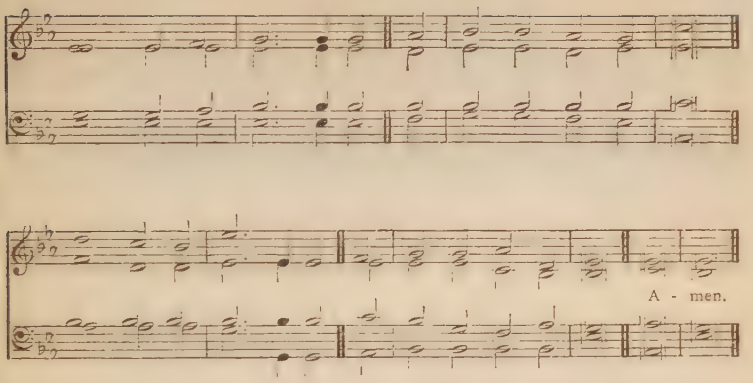
J. LYTH.

THE BLESSED HOME (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6. D. J. STAINER.



INVITATION (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6. D. F. C. MAKER.





"In My Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv. 2.
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

482 *"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."*—Is. xxxv. 10.

mf 1 THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cr. Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
f And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

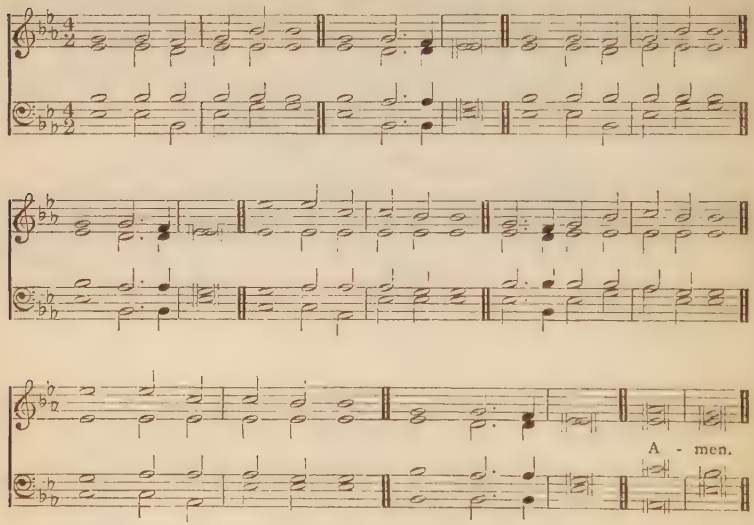
mf 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
cr. Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
f Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

f 3 O joy, all joys beyond!
To see the Lamb Who died,
p And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
cr. To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
f And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

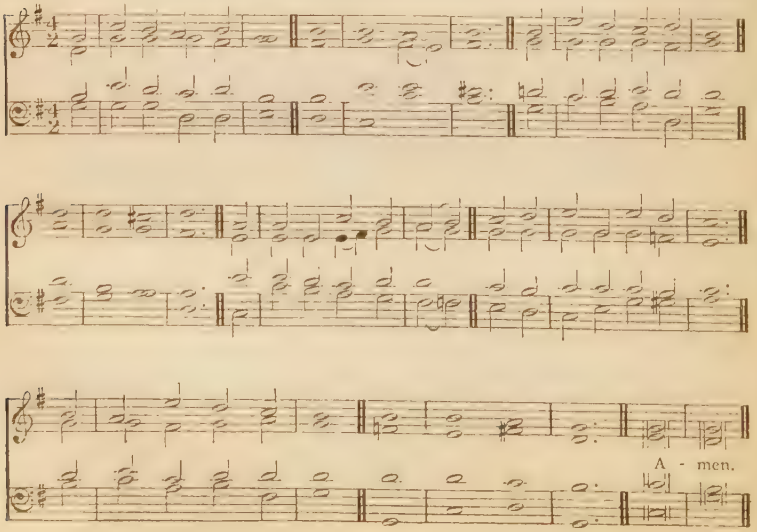
f 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
p Of daily toil and woe;
cr. Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

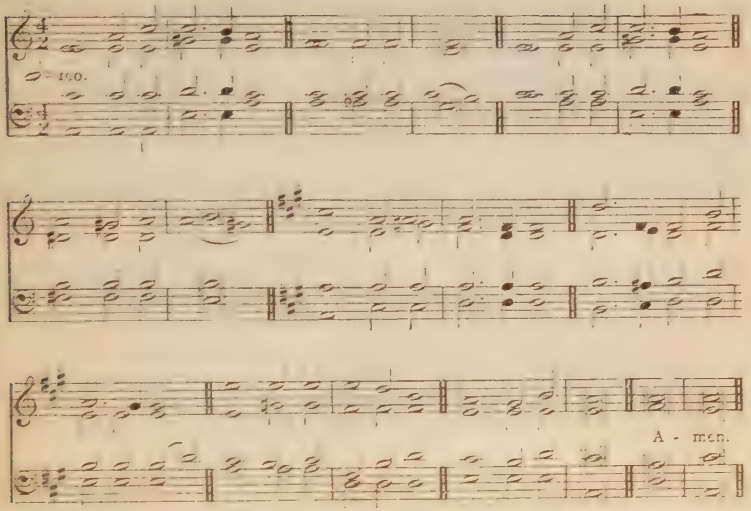
HAPPY LAND (*1st Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. Indian Air.



CARFAX (*2nd Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. W. DAVIES.



VIGIL (*3rd Tune*). 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. A. PATTON.



483

"*The land . . . is a very exceeding good land.*"—Num. xiv. 7.
"*Come thou with us.*"—Num. x. 29.

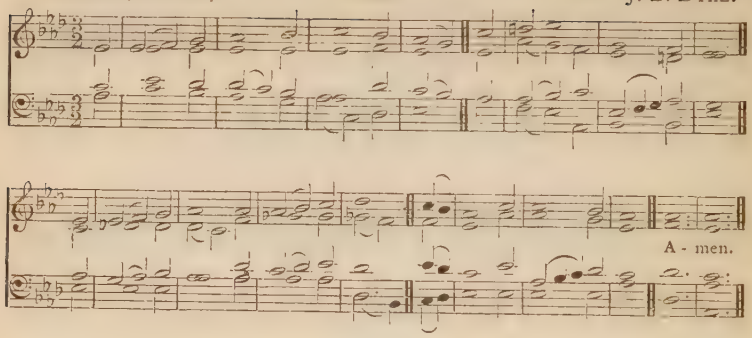
mf 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
cr. Oh, how they sweetly sing,
f "Worthy is our Saviour King!"
ff Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

mf 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
mp Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
cr. Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall be with Thee,
f Blest, blest for aye!

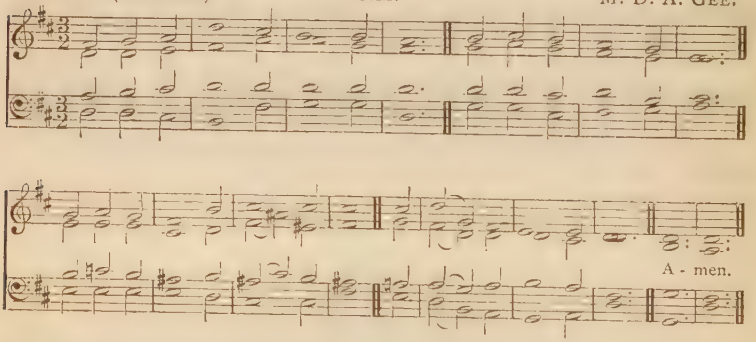
mf 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
f On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
ff Reign, reign for aye! Amen.

A. YOUNG.

CANAAN (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKE.



ROATH (*2nd Tune*). C.M. M. D. A. GEE.



484 *"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land."*—Deut. viii. 7.

mf 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
cr. Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

mf 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
mp Death, like a narrow stream, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

mf 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

mp 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
This narrow stream to ford;
p And linger, trembling, on the brink,
Forgetful of their Lord.

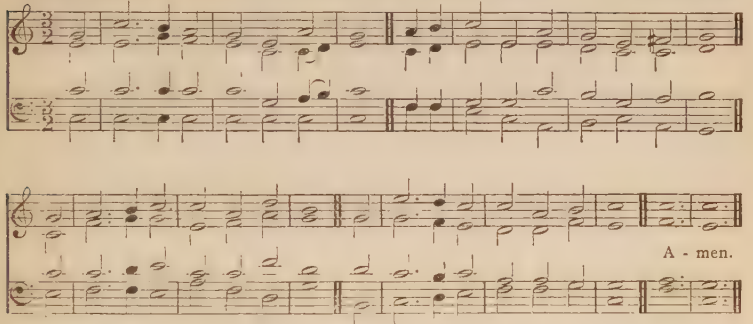
mp 5 O could we all our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
cr. And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

mf 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
cr. Not Jordan's stream,—death's cold dark flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

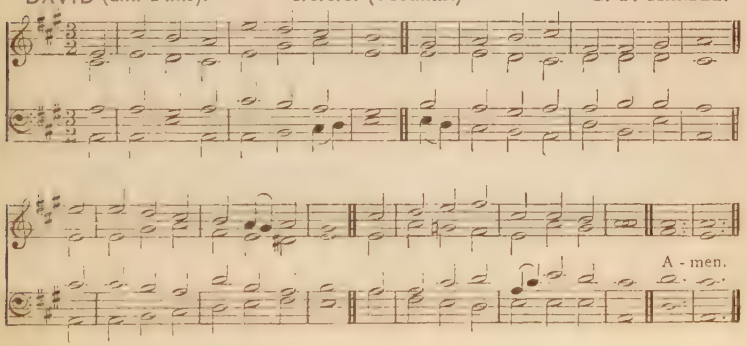
Amen

I. WATTS, *alt.*

ADELAIDE (TABOR) (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8. (Peculiar.) C. STEGGALL.



DAVID (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8. (Peculiar.) G. F. HANDEL.



485

"*It doth not yet appear what we shall be.*"—1 John iii. 2.

1.

mf WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd—
cr. But what must it be to be there!

2.

mf We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold—
cr. But what must it be to be there!

3.

mp We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
cr. But what must it be to be there!

4.

f We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise—
cr. But what must it be to be there!

5.

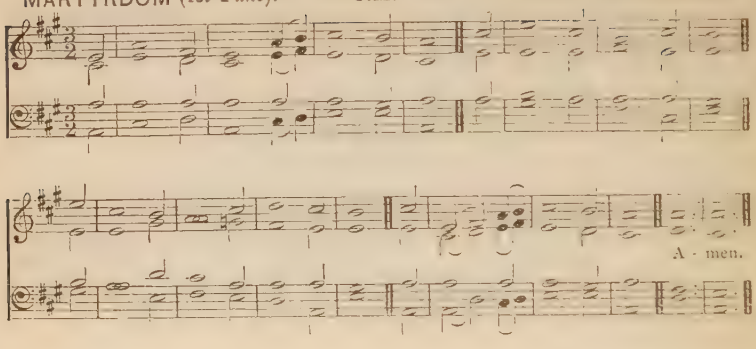
mf We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above—
cr. But what must it be to be there!

6.

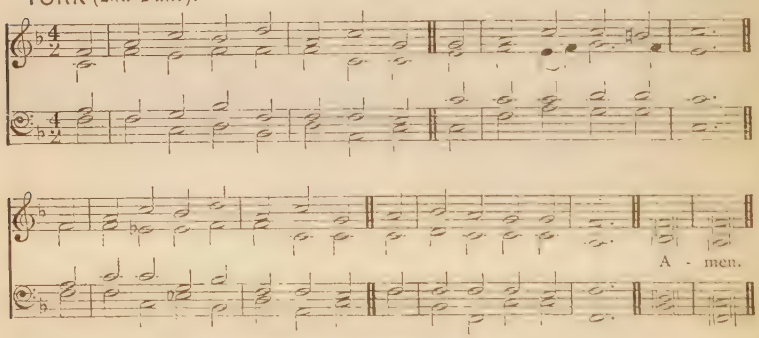
mp Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
cr. And shortly we also shall know
f And feel what it is to be there.
Amen.

E. MILLS.

MARTYRDOM (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. WILSON.



YORK (*2nd Tune*). C.M. HART'S Psalter.



486

"*Fear not, little flock.*"—Luke xii. 32.
"*In My Father's house are many mansions.*"—John xiv. 2.

mf 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
cr. I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

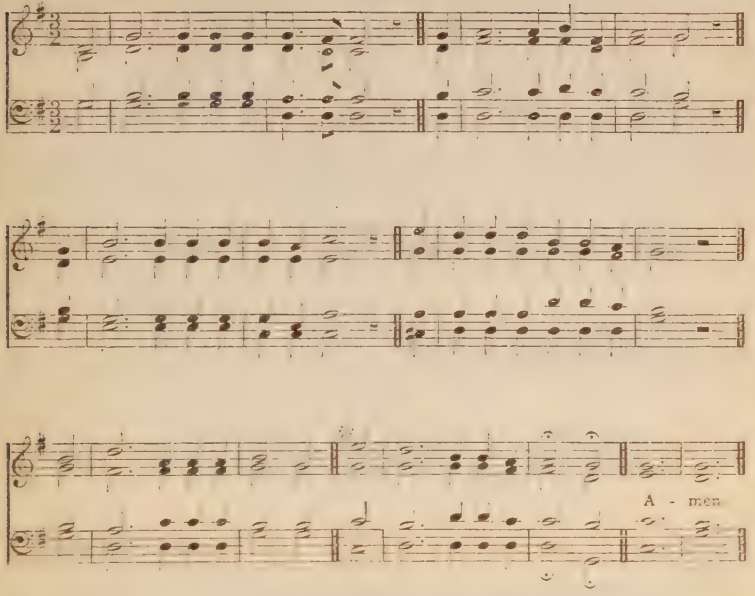
mp 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
cr. Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

f 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All!

f 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. Amen.

I. WATTS.

HEAVEN. 8.7.8.7. J. MAINZER.



487

"*That they may rest from their labours.*"—Rev. xiv. 13.

1.

mp WHEN life's long pilgrimage is past,
And we with griefs have striven,
cr. How soothing to the wounded heart
The healing balm the vision impart
f We soon shall rest in heaven!

2.

mf How cheering often-times to think
When we by storms are driven,
cr. Though rudest winds should ever blow
While we are tossed on waves below—
p 'Tis always calm in heaven.

3.

mf Though here a thousand foes may hate,
And bitter woes be given,
cr. We'll quickly pass beyond the grave,
And in a sea of peace shall lave—
mp Our spirits blest in heaven.

4

mp The names of loved ones that ther gone,
Upon our hearts are graven,
cr. Who now from every trouble free,
No pain, no cross, again shall see—
f To hear the praise of heaven.

5.

mp Though all we feel within *this* vale
Be mixed with sorrow's leaven,
cr. Our God will wipe away our tears,
And give us songs instead of fears—
For evermore in heaven.

6.

mp When shall the vision of that place
To this sad heart be given?
cr. O God! my Father, Saviour, Friend!
An ear to this petition lend—
p Prepare my soul for heaven.

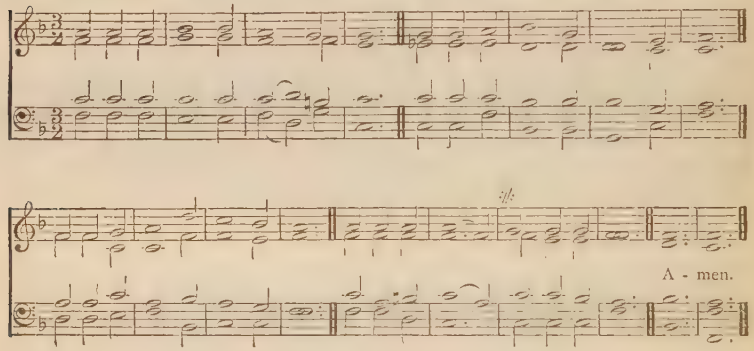
Amen.

J. ROBERTS, *tr.* W. HOWELLS.

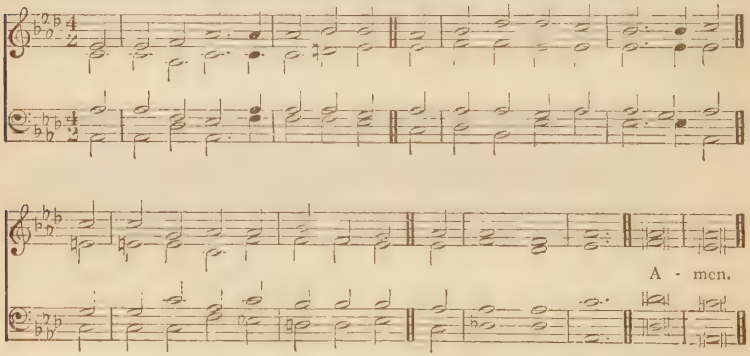
IX.—THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

1.—*ITS UNITY AND FELLOWSHIP.*

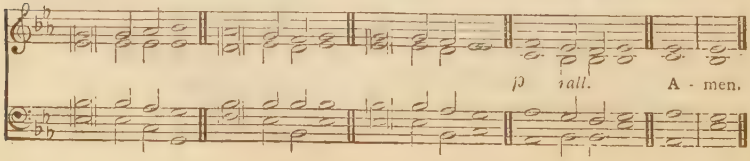
CALM (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.4. Anon.



RISEHOLME (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.4. H. J. Gauntlett.



TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.8.4. A. H. D. Troyte.



488

"*That they all may be one.*"—John xvii. 21.

mf 1 FATHER of all! from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number—but in Thee
mp May we be one!"

mf 2 O Son of God! Whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be;
United to our God in Thee
mp May we be one!

f 3 In Thee we are God's Israel;
Thou art the world's Emmanuel!
In Thee the saints for ever dwell,
Millions—yet one!

f 4 Thou art the Fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,
And feeding us with Angels' food,
Making us one!

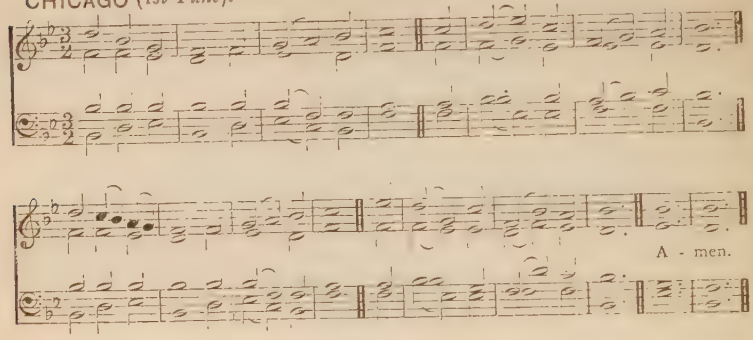
mf 5 O Spirit blest, Who from above
mp Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love,
p Oh! make us one!

mf 6 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God in Person Three,
mp Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one!

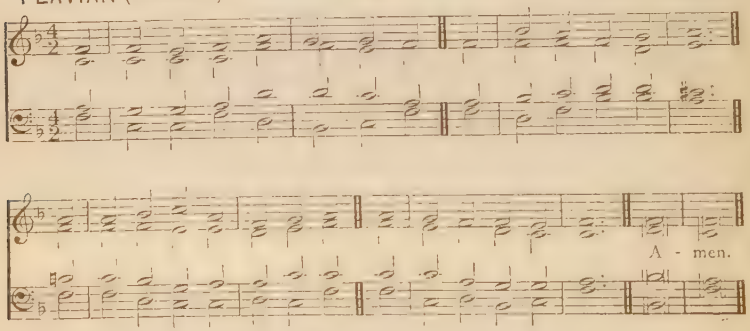
mf 7 So, when the world shall pass away,
cr. We shall awake with joy and say,
f "Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one!" Amen

ANON.

CHICAGO (*1st Tune*). C.M. G. F. ROOT.



FLAVIAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. DAY'S Psalter.



489

"*One body.*"—Eph. ii. 16.

mf 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

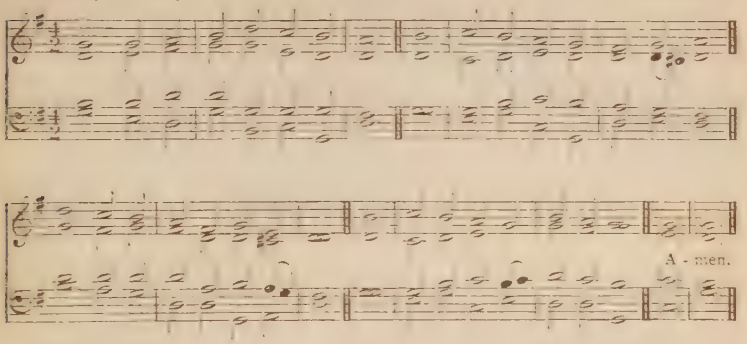
mf 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

f 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne:
We in the kingdom of Thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

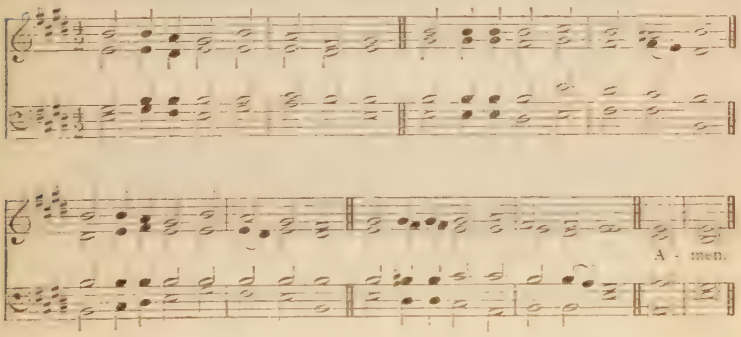
mp 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
cr. From thence our spirits rise;
f And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

BEZA (*1st Tune*). L.M. C. GOUDIMEL.



HAMPSTEAD (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.



490

"The Church is subject unto Christ."—Eph. v. 24.

mf 1 JESUS, our best-beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire:
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

mf 2 On Thy redeeming Name we call,
mp Poor and unworthy though we be:
Pardon and sanctify us all:
cr. Let each Thy full salvation see.

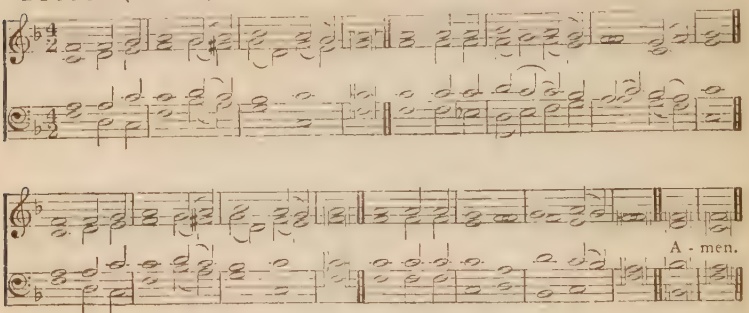
mf 3 Our hearts and bodies we resign,
To wear or bear Thine ev'ry cross;
cr. O take our hearts—our hearts are Thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

f 4 Now, fixed and watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;
Till in Thy vineyard here, and there
The heat and burden of the day.

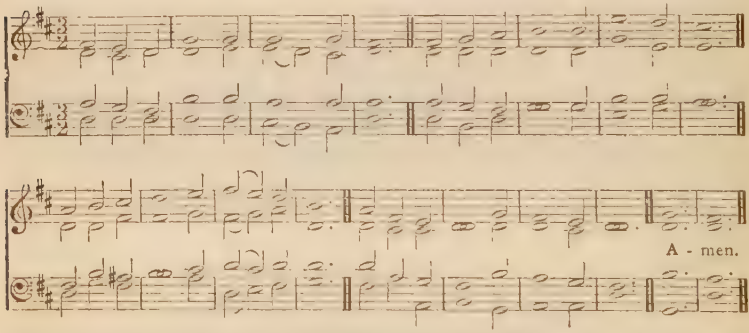
mp 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare:
cr. And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

BOSTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. Gregorian.



OMBERSLEY (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

491 "*Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.*"—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

mf 1 O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

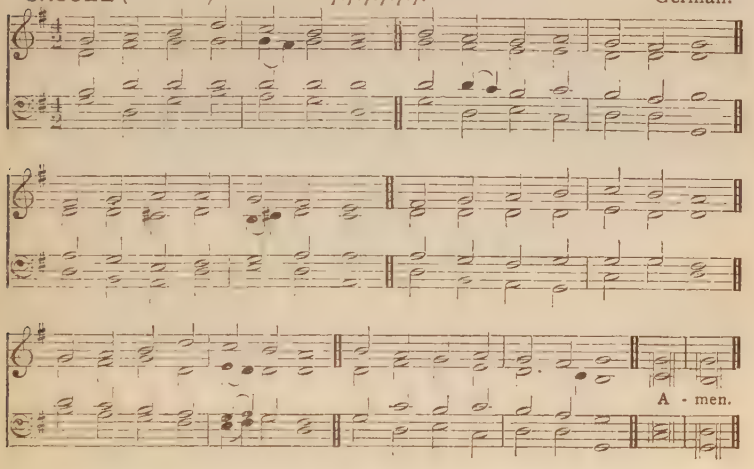
mf 2 How sweet within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
cr. Besieging Thy attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

f 3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

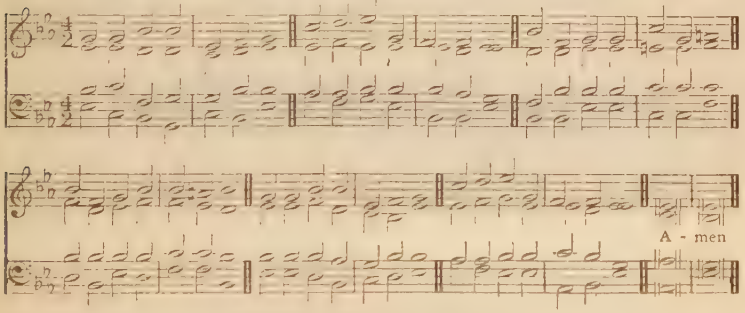
mf 4 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
cr. Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

C. COFFIN, *tr.* J. CHANDLER.

CASSEL (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. German.



NASSAU (NEWPORT) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. ROSENMÜLLER.



492

"Let there be no strife."—Gen. xiii. 8.
"Let brotherly love continue."—Heb. xiii. 1.

mf 1 'TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree;
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above,
Acting each a Christian part,
One in life and one in heart.

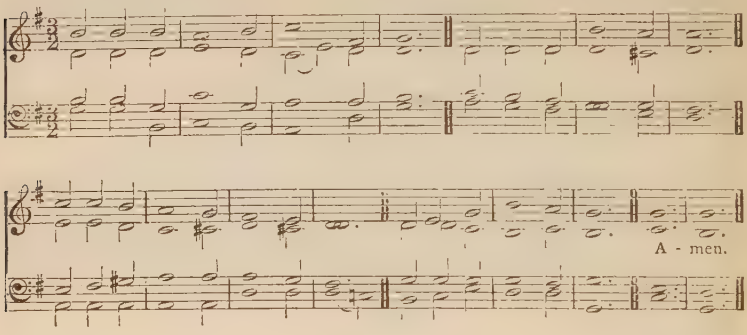
mf 2 As the precious ointment shed
Upon Aaron's hallowed head,
Downward through his garments stole,
Spreading odour o'er the whole;
cr. So from our High-Priest above,
To His church flows heavenly love,

mp 3 Gently as the dews distil,
Down on Zion's holy hill,
cr. Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all,
mf Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

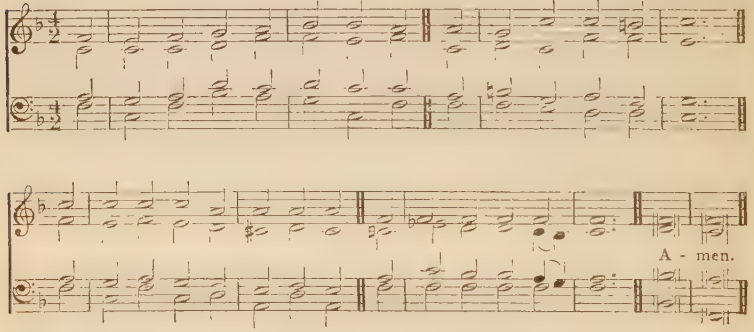
mf 4 Where Divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives;
There on earth His will is done,
There His heaven is half begun;
f Lord, our great Example prove;
Teach us all like Thee to love.
Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

ST. AGNES (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER (*2nd Tune*). C M. J. TURLE.



493

'Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

mp 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every evil heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

mp 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep;
cr. Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.

mf 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
cr. Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

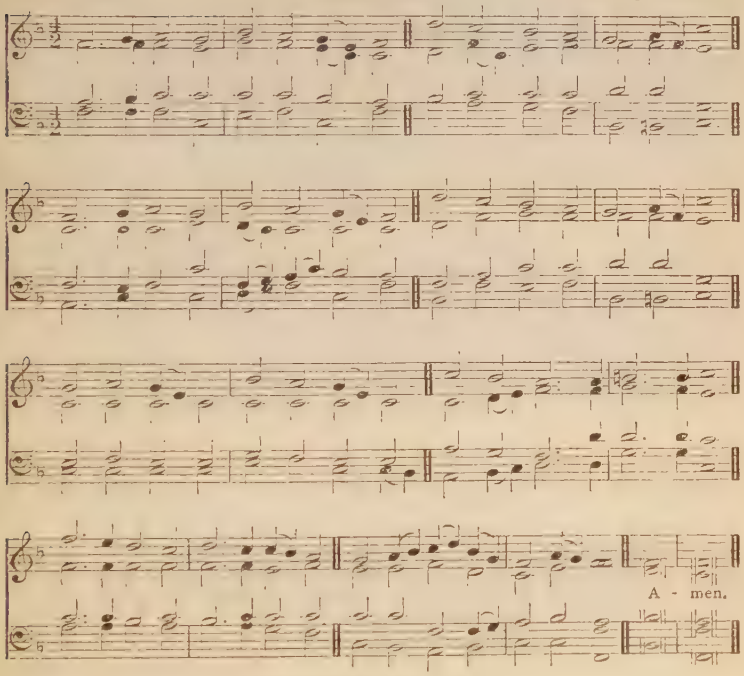
mf 4 Help us to build each other up,
Each other thus improve;
cr. Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

f 5 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among Thy saints, who see Thy face
To be for ever blest. Amen.

C. WESLEY, *alt.*

2.—*ITS GLORY AND SAFETY.*

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7. D. F. J. HAYDN.



See also "Tanycastell," No. 604.

494 *"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."*—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

f 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
cr. With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

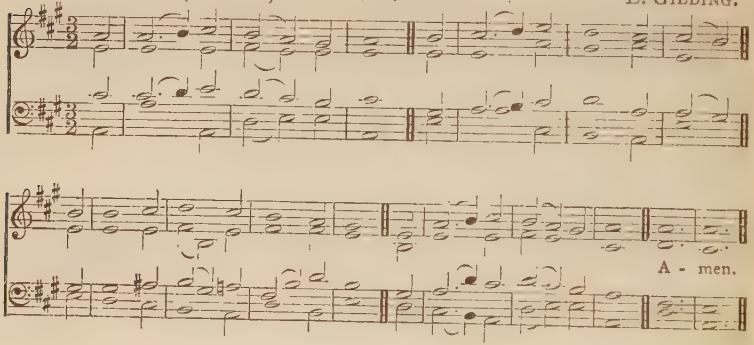
mf 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply Thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
f Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

mf 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering—
Showing that the Lord is near.
cr. Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

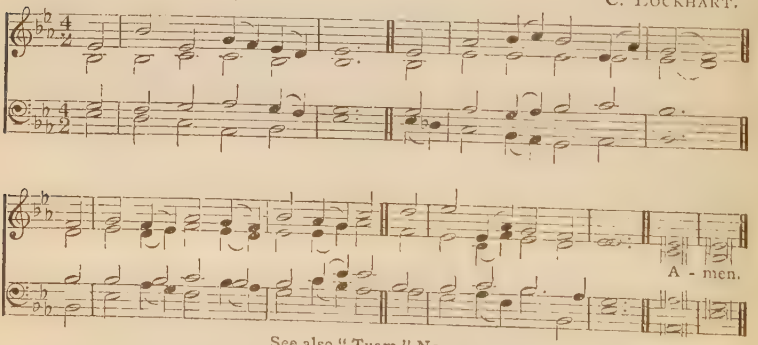
mf 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
mp Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.
Amen.

J. NEWTON.

ST. EDMUND (*1st Tune*). S.M. E. GILDING.



CARLISLE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. C. LOCKHART.



See also "Tuam," No. 395.

495

"*The Highest Himself shall establish her.*"—Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

mf 1 THE church of God below,
Is like His church above;
cr. Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.

mf 2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest;
cr. And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.

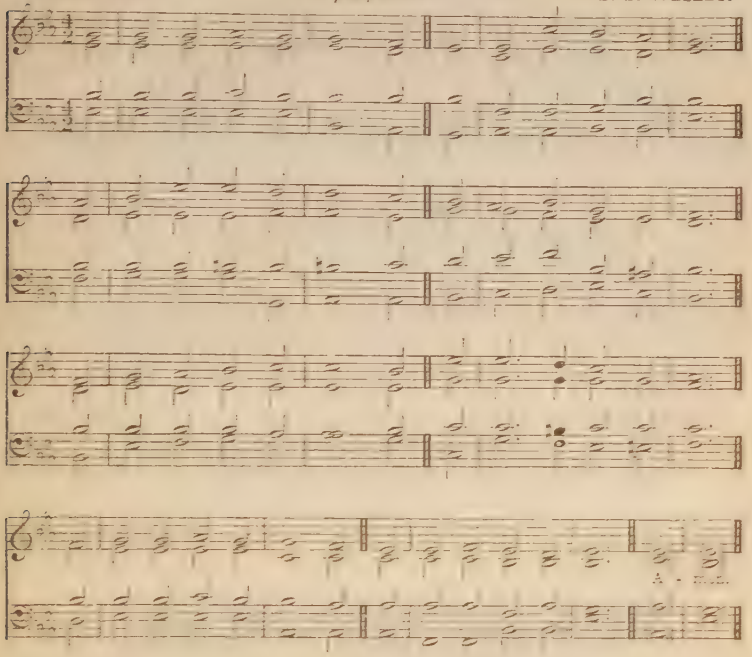
mf 3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer;
mp And he that humbly on Him waits,
cr. Shall surely find Him there.

f 4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be;
cr. The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

f 5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born:
cr. Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



496

"For other foundation ... than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" — 1 Cor. iii. 11.

f 1 THE church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
mp With His own blood He bought her,
dim. And for her life He died.

f 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

mp 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
mf Yet saints their watch are keeping,
dim. Their cry goes up, "How long?"
cr. And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

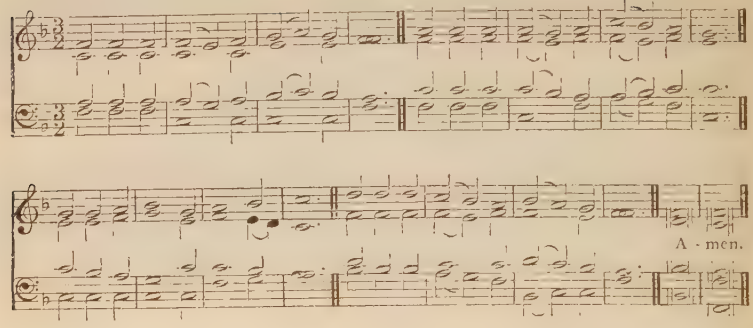
mp 4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
cr. She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
f Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

mf 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With Father, Spirit, Son,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
f Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

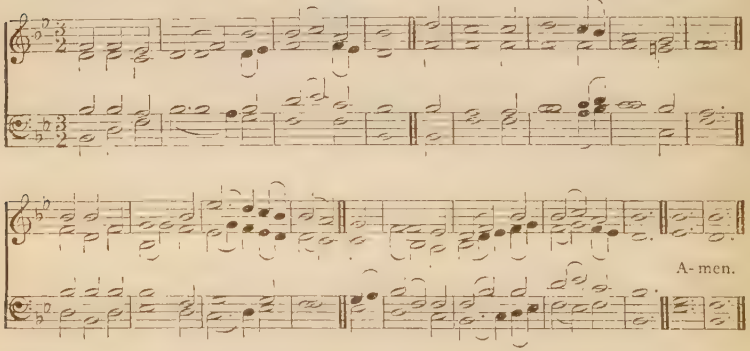
S. J. STONE.

3.—*ITS MINISTRY.*

HURSLEY (*1st Tune*). L.M. P. RITTER.



WARRINGTON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. R. HARRISON.



497 "*Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.*"—Matt. ix. 38.

mp 1 FATHER of mercies! bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee:
Successful pleaders may they be!

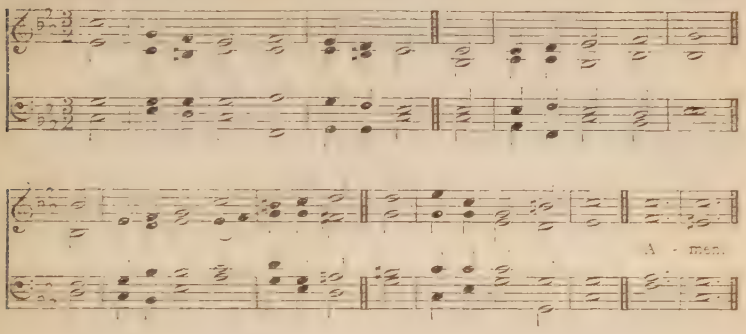
mf 2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
cr. Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

mf 3 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine,
To them Thy secret truth reveal;
cr. Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

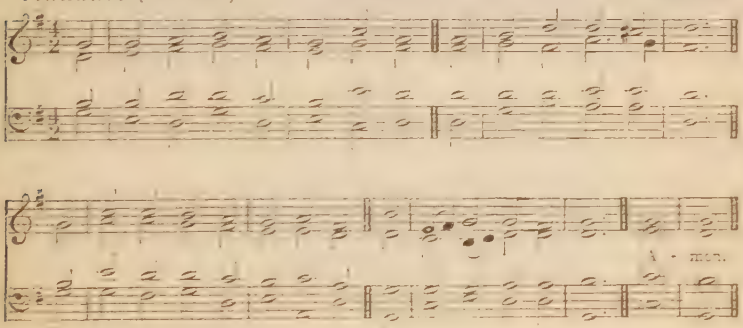
mf 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed:
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
cr. Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain. Amen.

B. BEDDOME.

BLACKBOURNE (*1st Tune*). C.M. Anon.



FARRANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. HILTON.



498

"*Pray for us.*"—Heb. xiii. 18.

mp 1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To Thy paternal care.

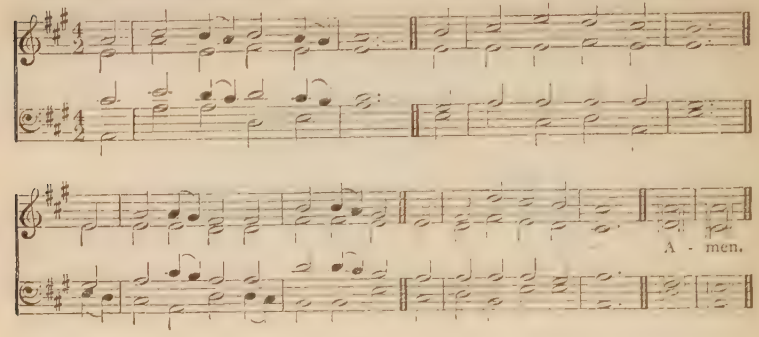
mf 2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him Thy Holy Spirit pour,
cr. And crown him with success.

mp 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
cr. But bold in word and deed.

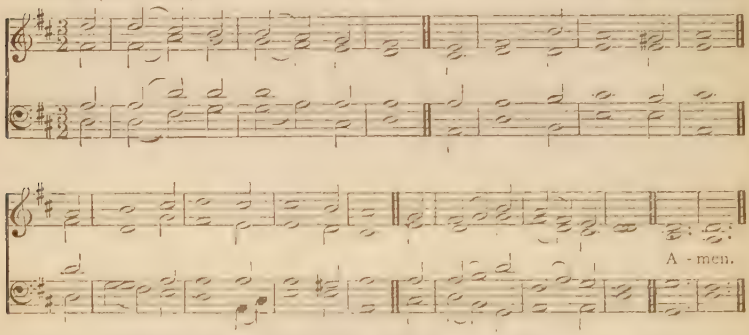
mf 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by Thy grace;
cr. And guard him by Thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race. Amen.

MORELL.

BATHURST (CAMBRIDGE) (*1st Tune*). S.M. J. BATHURST.



TUAM (*2nd Tune*). S.M. W. MASON.



499 *"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace."*—Isa. lii. 7.

mf 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

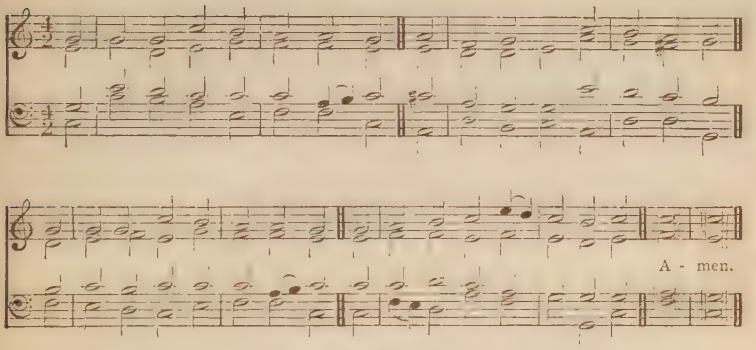
mf 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
cr. "Zion, behold thy Saviour-King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

mf 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
cr. Which kings and prophets waited for
dim. And sought, but never found.

mf 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
cr. Prophets and kings desired it long,
dim. But died without the sight. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MAINZER. L.M. J. MAINZER.



See also "Ombersley," No. 491.

500

"*I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*"—Joel ii. 28.
"*But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.*"—Acts i. 8.

mp 1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

mf 2 Within Thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
cr. Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

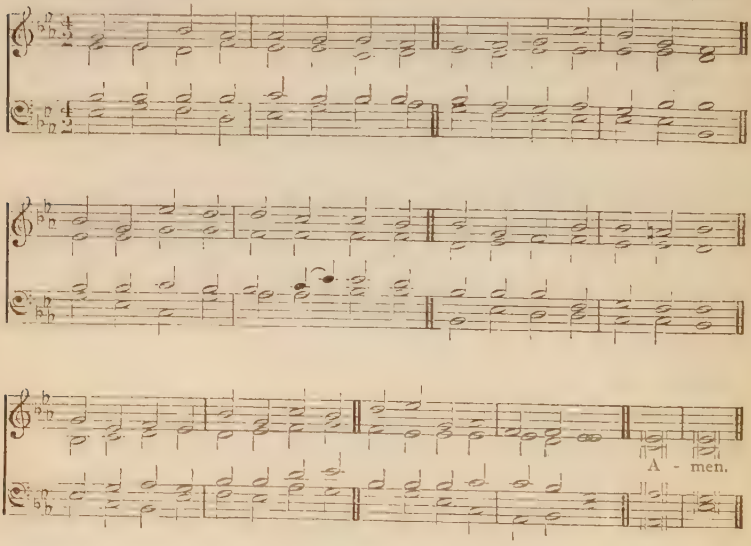
mf 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

mf 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

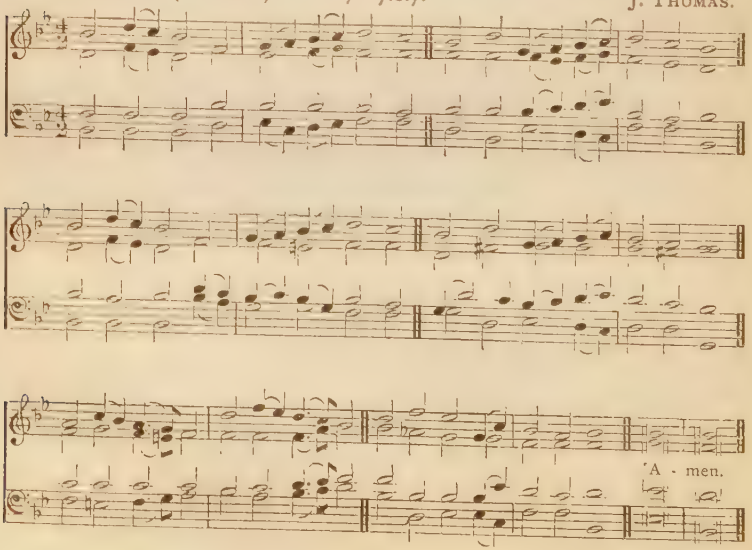
mp 5 Then when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
cr. When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
p O God! may they and we be Thine. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

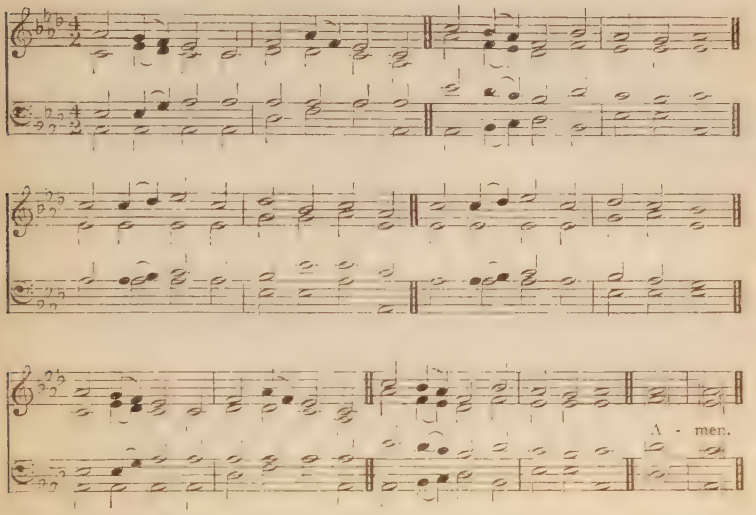
TYDFIL (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



BLAENCEFN (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. J. THOMAS.



DISMISSAL (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Anon.



501

"*Go . . . and, lo, I am with you alway.*"—Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

1.

mf SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them:
Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
cr. They were bound, but Thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves:
f Be Thou with them!
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2.

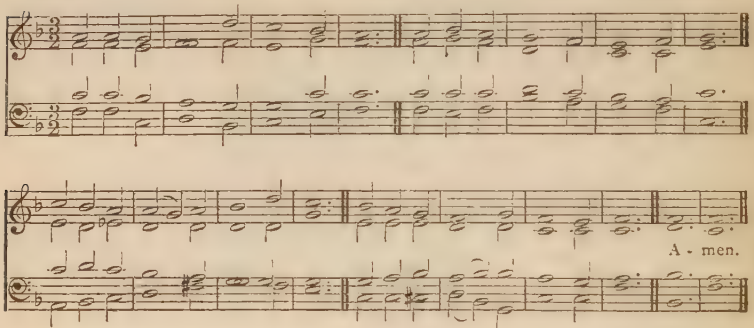
mp Friends and home and all forsaking,
mf Lord! they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land;
cr. O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3.

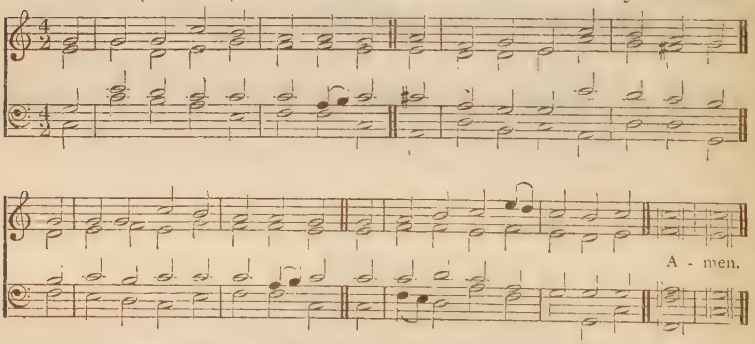
mf In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee:
f When success attends their mission,
p Let Thy servants humbler be:
cr. Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see. Amen.

T. KELLY.

WINSCOTT (*1st Tune*). L.M. S. S. WESLEY.



MAINZER (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. MAINZER.



502

"*Grant unto Thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak Thy word.*"—Acts iv. 29.

mf 1 SPIRIT of Light and Truth! to Thee
We trust Thy servants in this hour;
cr. May they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word, in all its power.

mp 2 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
cr. Spirit of Counsel and of Might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

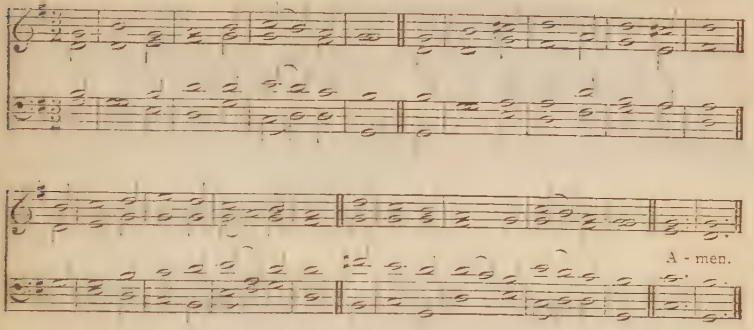
mp 3 And O! when worn and tired, they sigh
With that more fearful war within;
cr. When passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remembered sin,—

mp 4 The heart dies down—O Mightiest! then,
Come ever true; come ever near;
cr. And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear.

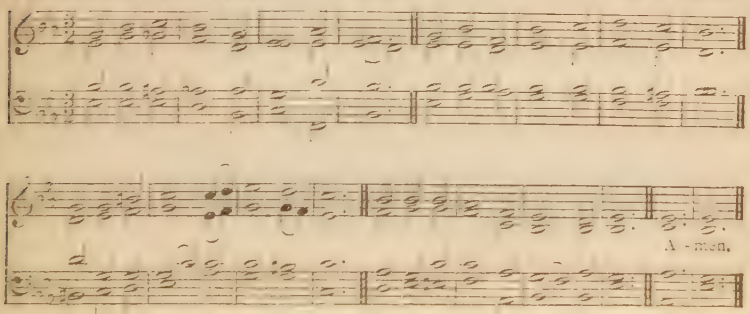
mf 5 Spirit of Christ! be earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and they
cr. Who grasp, this hour, the sword of heaven
Shall feel Thee on their weary way. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

ANGELS' HYMN (1st Tune). L.M. O. GIBBONS.



MARGARET (2nd Tune). L.M. T. J. PRICE.



503 "Recommended to the grace of God, the word which is able to build you up."—Acts xx. 32.

mf 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

mf 2 Gird him with all sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey Thy will.

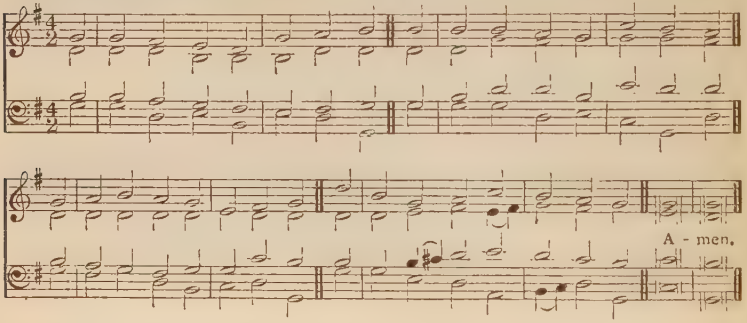
mf 3 Before him Thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him, as Thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of Thy love.

f 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him Thy mighty power exert,
That thousands, yet unborn, may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace. Amen.

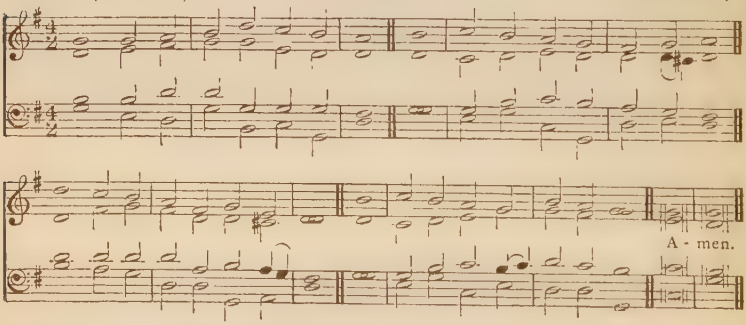
ROWLAND HILL'S COLL.

4.—*PUBLIC WORSHIP: WORSHIP.*

OLD HUNDREDTH (*1st Tune*). L.M. Genevan Psalter.



BEZA (*2nd Tune*). L.M. C. GOUDIMEL.



504

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."—Ps. c. 1.

f 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

mf 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

ff 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

f 4 For He, the Lord our God, is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
cr. His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

W. KETHE.

505

"Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing."—Ps. c. 2.

mp 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

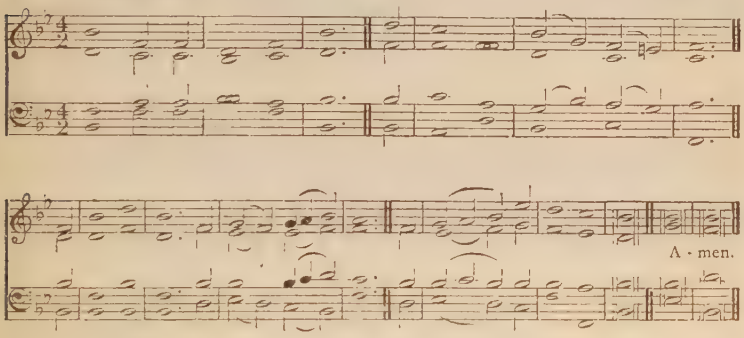
mf 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men,
mp And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
cr. He brought us to His fold again.

f 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, [praise.
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding

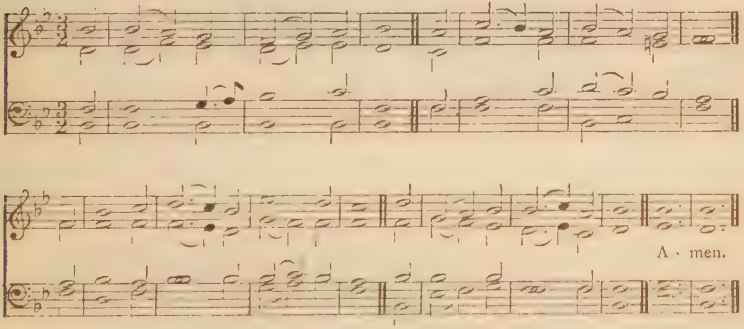
f 4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

I. WATTS, *alt.* J. WESLEY.

FALCON STREET (*1st Tune*). S.M. I. SMITH.



AYNHOE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. J. NARES.



506

"*Sing forth the honour of His Name: make His praise glorious.*"—Ps. lxvi. 2.

f 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the Sovereign God,
The universal King.

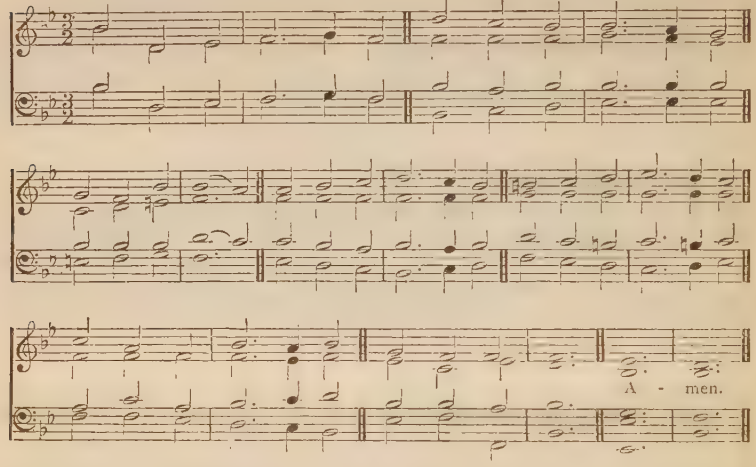
f 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own;
And all the solid ground.

mp 3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
cr. We are His works and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

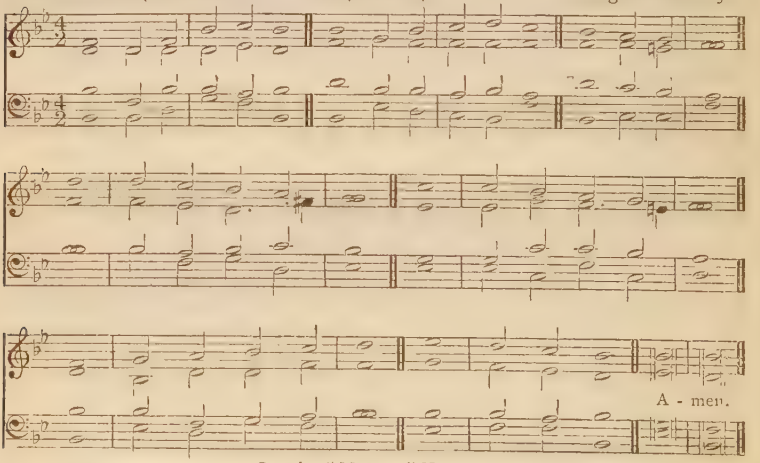
mf 4 To-day attend His voice.
Nor dare provoke His rod;
f Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God. Amen.

I. WATTS.

GREENWOOD (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. E. PROUT.



MALVERN (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4. English Melody.



See also "Moscow," No. 145.

507 *"And they sang praises with gladness, and they bowed their heads and worshipped."*—2 Chron. xxix. 30.

f 1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
cr. Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

f 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
cr. Let Thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

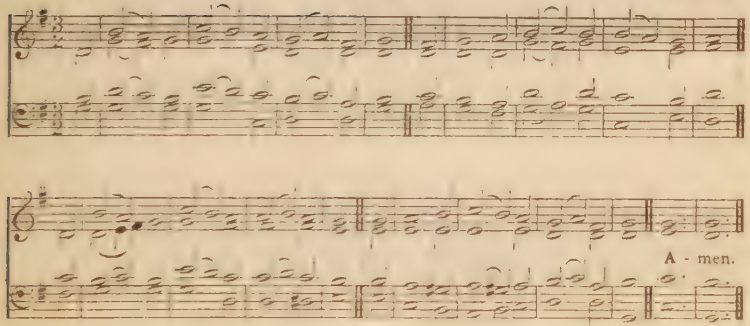
f 3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
cr. Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

mf 4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
cr. Thou Who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

f 5 To the Great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His Sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

ANON.

ST. LUKE. L.M. Anon.



See also the "Old Hundredth," No. 504.

508

I will [illegible] my blessing upon you."—Lev. xxv. 21.

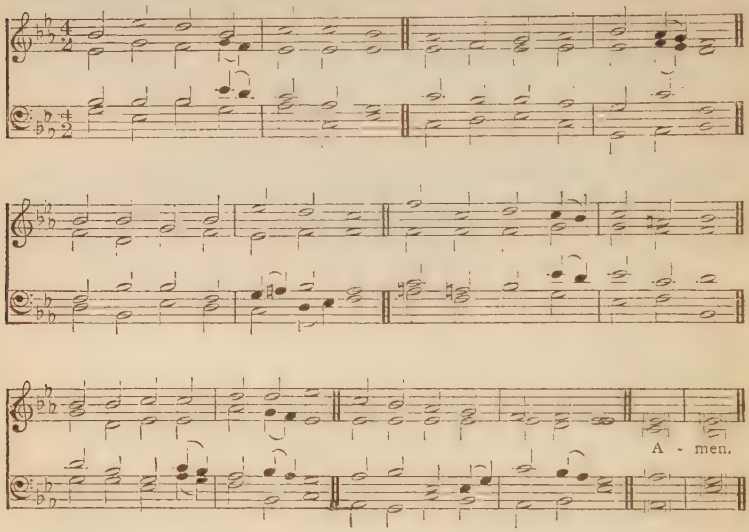
mf 1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

mf 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
cr. Say to the weakest—"Follow Me."

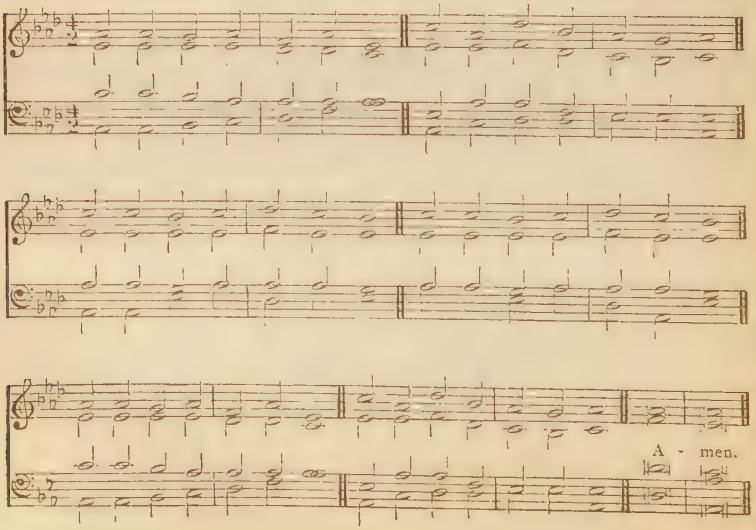
mf 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

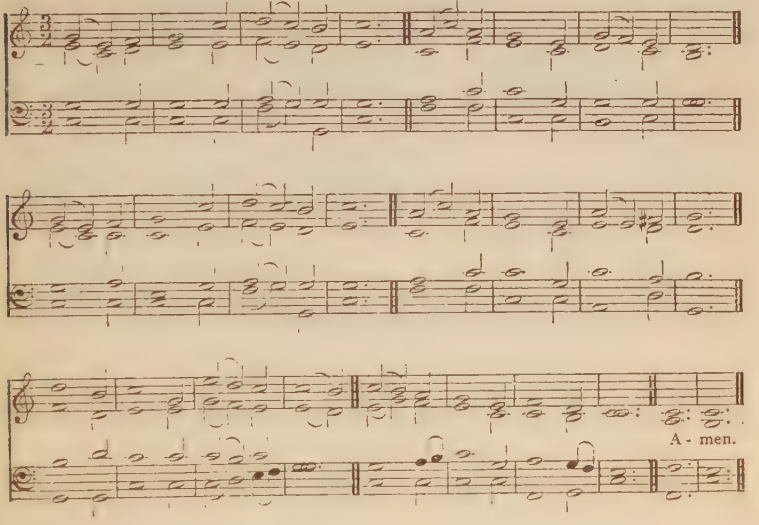
HEATHLANDS (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. H. SMART.



SPAIN (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. Anon.



WELLS (3rd *Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. Russian Melody.



509

"*God be merciful unto us, and bless us.*"—Ps. lxvii. 1.

1.

mf GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy Face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy church with light Divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2.

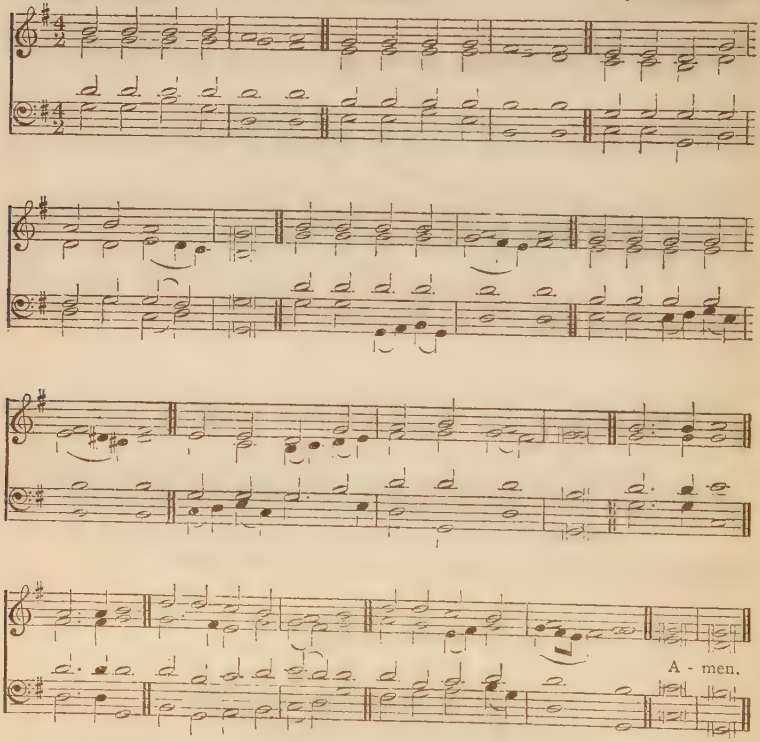
f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
p At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3.

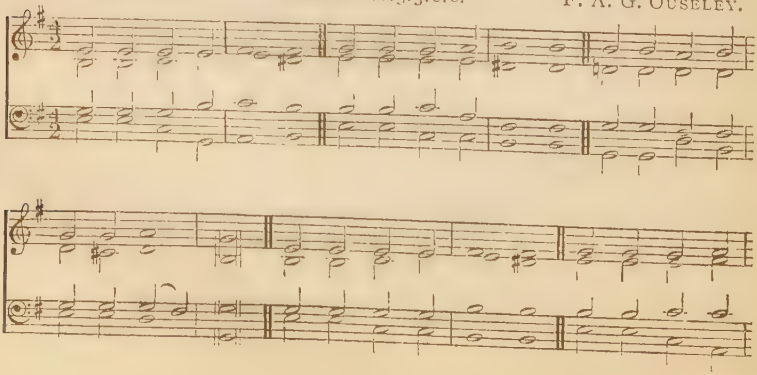
f Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruit afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

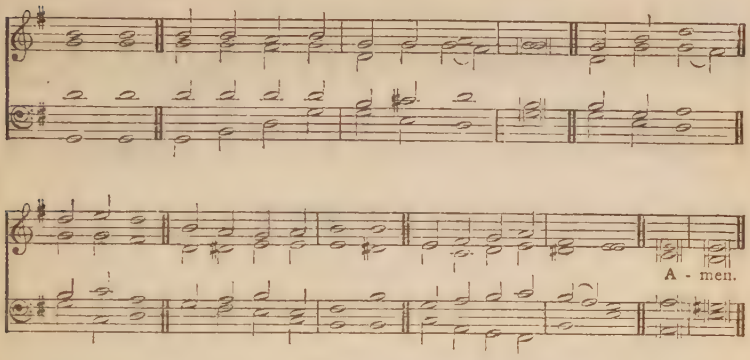
H. F. LYTE.

GRÖNINGEN (*1st Tune*). 6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6. J. NEANDER.



HOPE (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6. F. A. G. OUSELEY.





510

"In His temple doth every one speak of His glory."—Ps. xxix. 9.

mf 1 GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
p God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
cr. Him alone
God we own,
f Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His Name for ever!

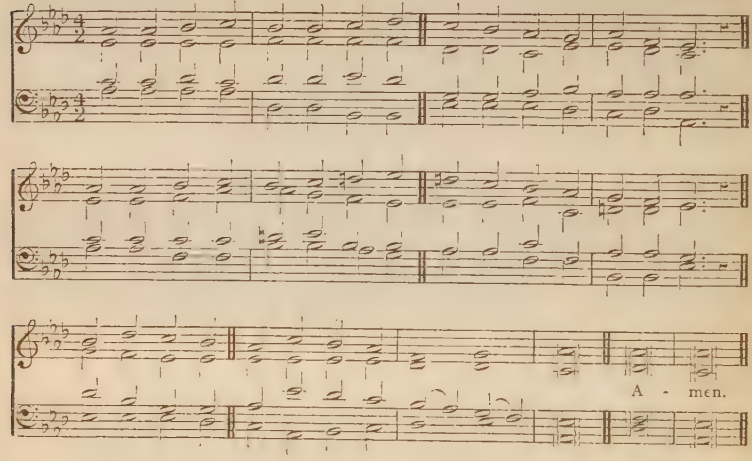
p 2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding;
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
ff "Holy, holy, holy!"
cr. Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending,
p Bow Thine ear
To us here;
cr. Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
dim. To our meaner praises.

p 3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit;
Trusting only in Thy merit,
cr. Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
mf Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

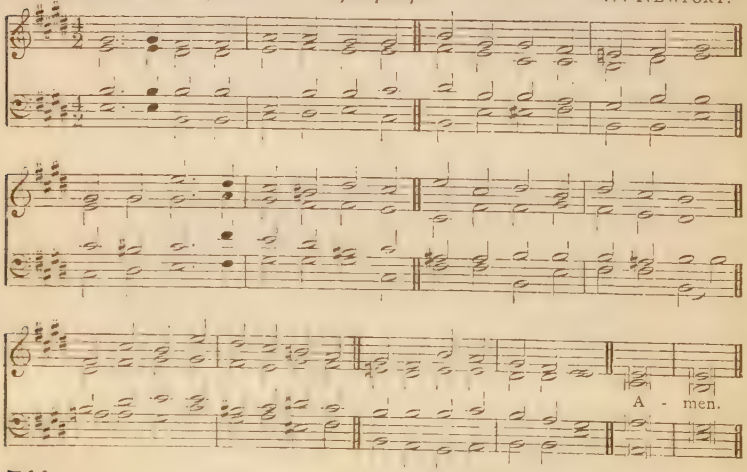
mf 4 Jesus, dwell within me;
Whilst on earth I tarry,
Make me Thy blest sanctuary;
cr. Then, on angel pinions,
Waft me to those regions,
Filled with bright seraphic legions.
mf May this hope
Bear me up,
f Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, my Saviour! Amen

G. TERSTEEGEN, *tr.* F. W. FOSTER and W. MERCER.

HEBER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



LITANY (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. NEWPORT.



511

"*Seek ye My face.*"—Ps xxvii. 8.

mf 1 GRACIOUS Lord, as Thou hast taught us,
Lo! we come to seek Thy face:
Now we wait within Thy temple,
For the visits of Thy grace;
cr. Let Thy presence
Fill and glorify the place.

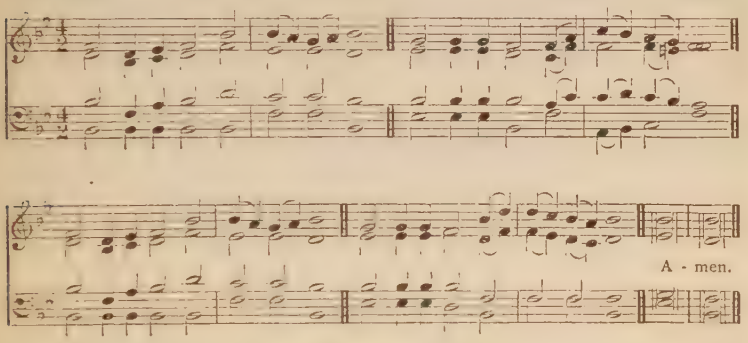
mf 2 Here Thy name has been recorded,
Here Thy promised blessing give:
For Thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
It *alone* can make us live.
cr. O then bless us!
Bless us now and evermore.

mf 3 Let Thy pardoning love constrain us,
Filling—warming every heart;
cr. Till we feel our love enkindled,
Till we bid our sins depart.
mp Gentle Jesus!
Rule us by Thy dying love.

mf 4 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
In this all-auspicious hour;
cr. May Thy word, to saint and sinner,
Come in all its mighty power!
f From its fulness
Grant us all a rich supply. Amen.

A. REED.

ERNAN. L.M. L. MASON.



See also "Ombersley," No. 538.

512

"*How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!*"—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

mf 1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
mp With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

mf 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty:
cr. Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

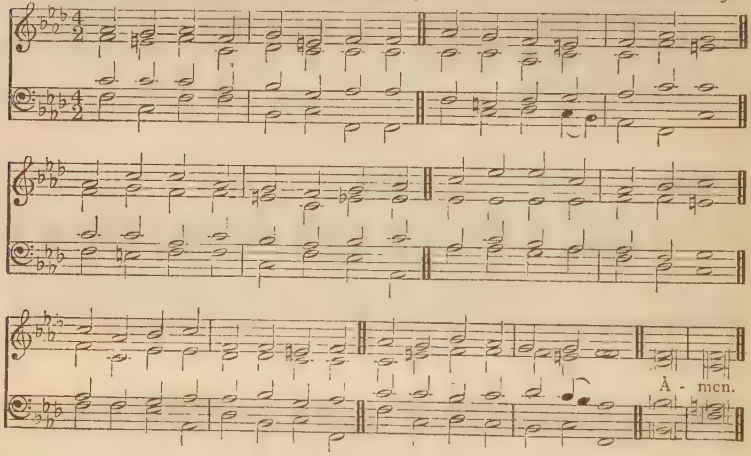
mf 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face and learn Thy praise.

mf 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
f God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

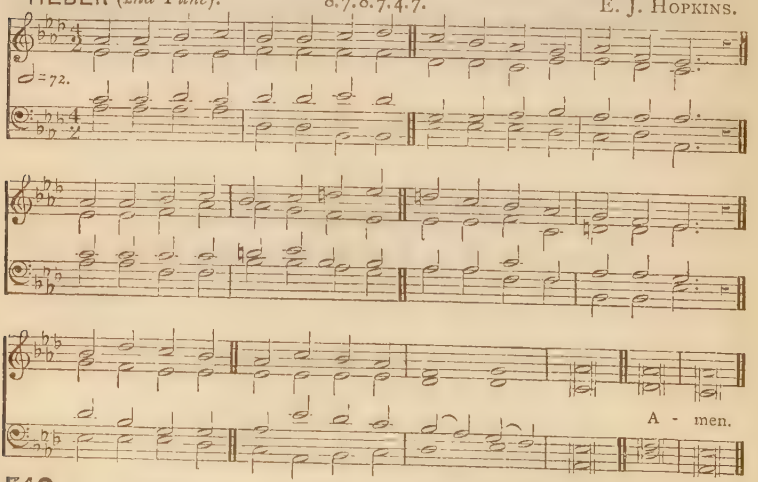
f 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. PETER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. Church Melody.



HEBER (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. HOPKINS.



513 "*Now, therefore, are we all here present before God.*"—Acts x. 33.

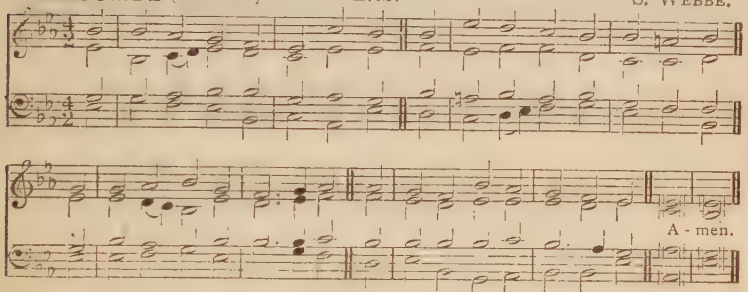
mf 1 IN Thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
p Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;—
Hear with meekness;
Hear Thy word with goldly fear.

mf 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee!
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
cr. May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

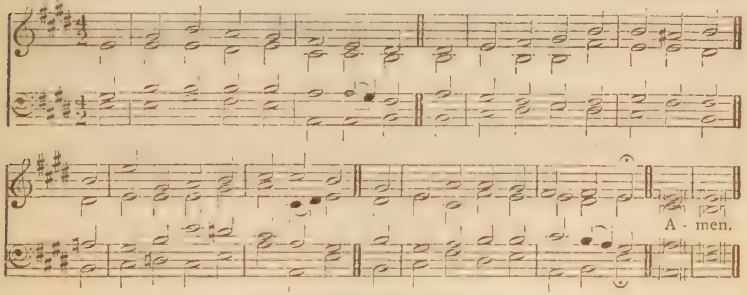
f 3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore!
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far, than thought conceived before:
ff Full enjoyment;—
Full, unmixed, and evermore. Amen.

T. KELLY.

MELCOMBE (*1st Tune*). L.M. S. WEBBE.



HEAVENLY DOVE (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. W. STANIFORTH.



See also "Ombersley," No. 538.

514

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him."—Ps. cxlv. 18.
"For where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. xviii. 20.

mf 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
mp And every place is hallowed ground.

mp 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
cr. Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

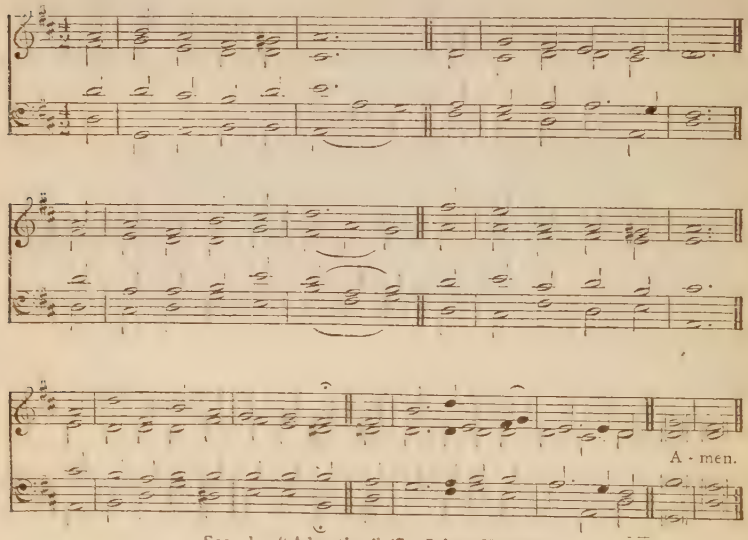
mf 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy people hear,
Now in Thy courts bow down Thine ear;
cr. Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

f 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

mp 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
f Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Amen.

W. COWPER.

GOPSAL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. G. F. HANDEL.



See also "Adoration" (St. John), No. 242.

515

"*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord.*"—Ps. lxxxiv. 2.

mf 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
cr. My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

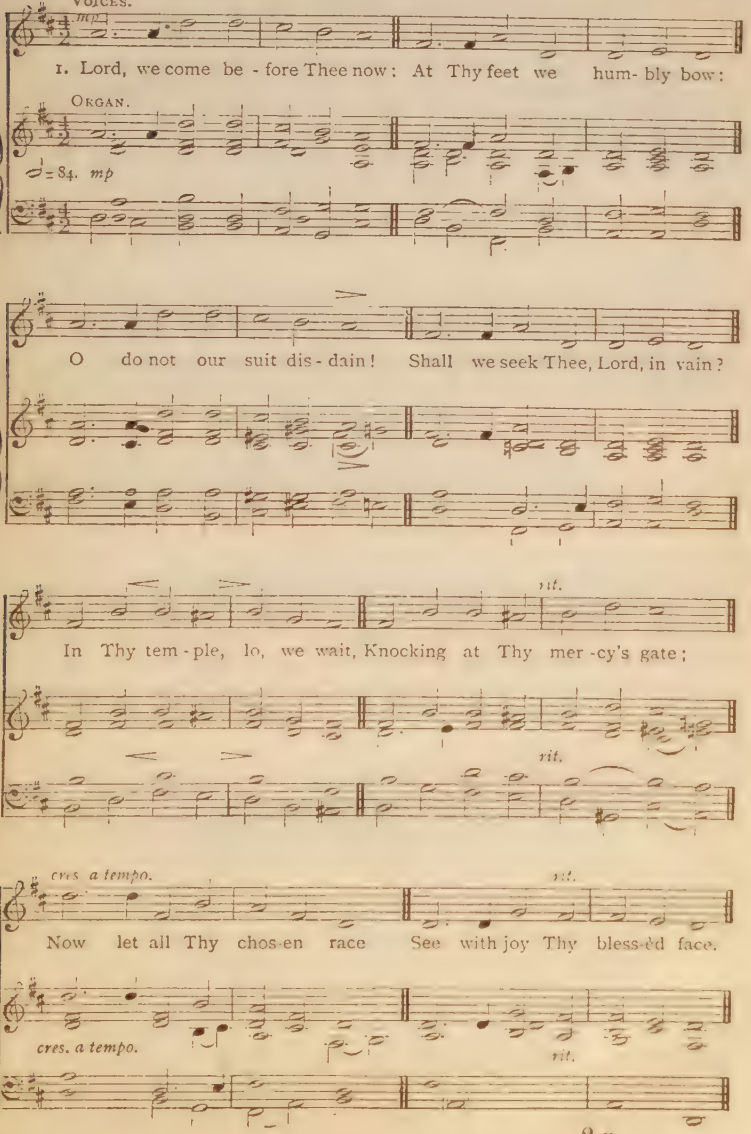
mf 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
cr. They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

mf 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
cr. Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
f O glorious seat!
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet! Amen.

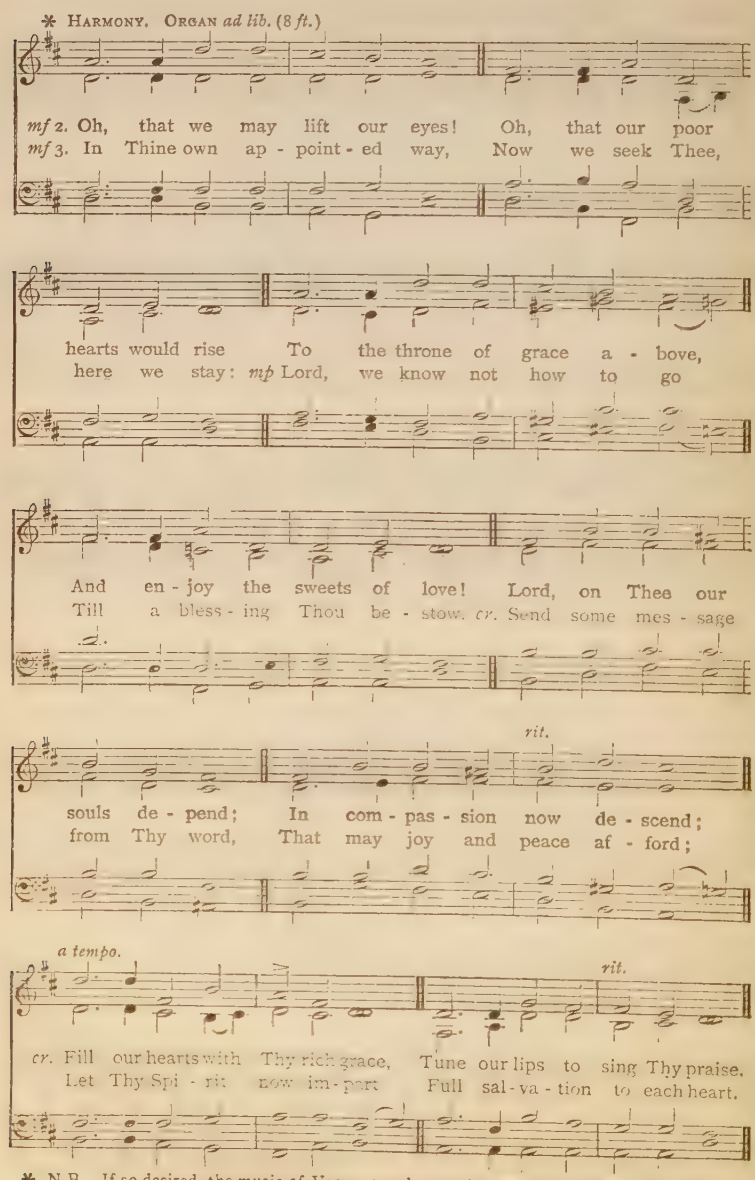
I. WATTS.

516 *"The Lord . . . send thee help from the sanctuary."*—Ps. xx. 2.

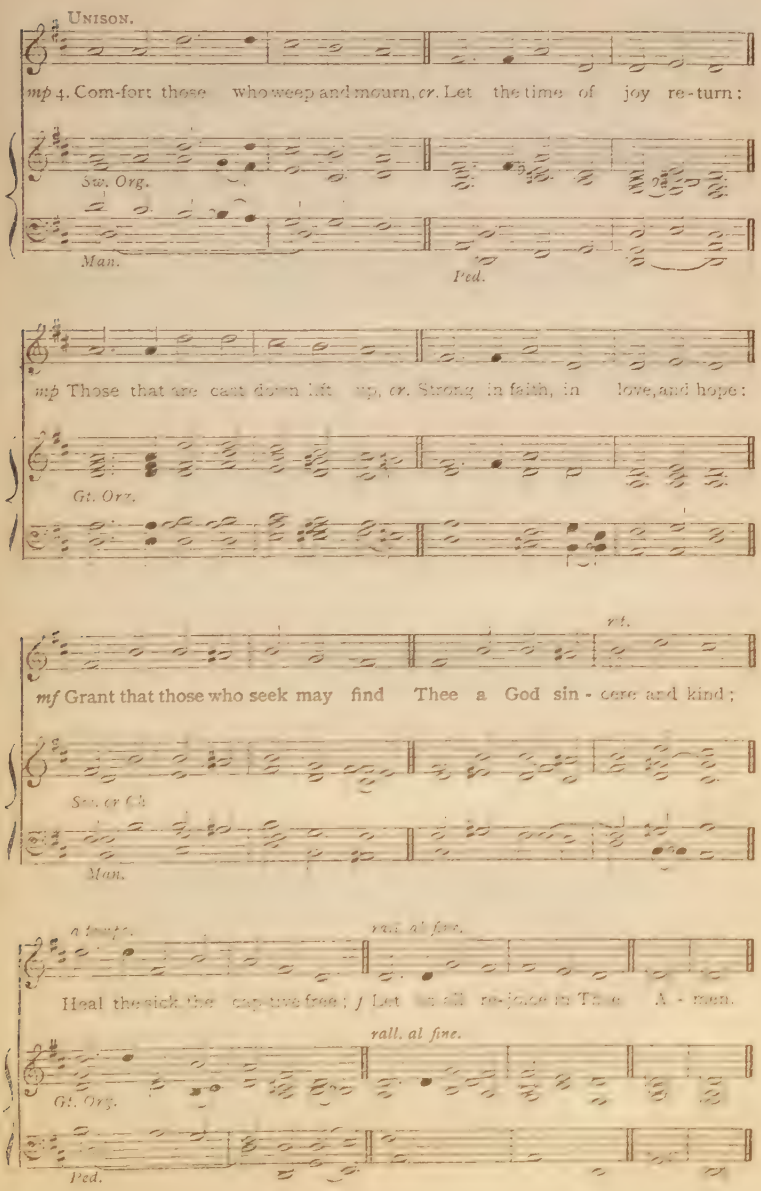
RAMOTH (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. D. J. B. CALKIN.



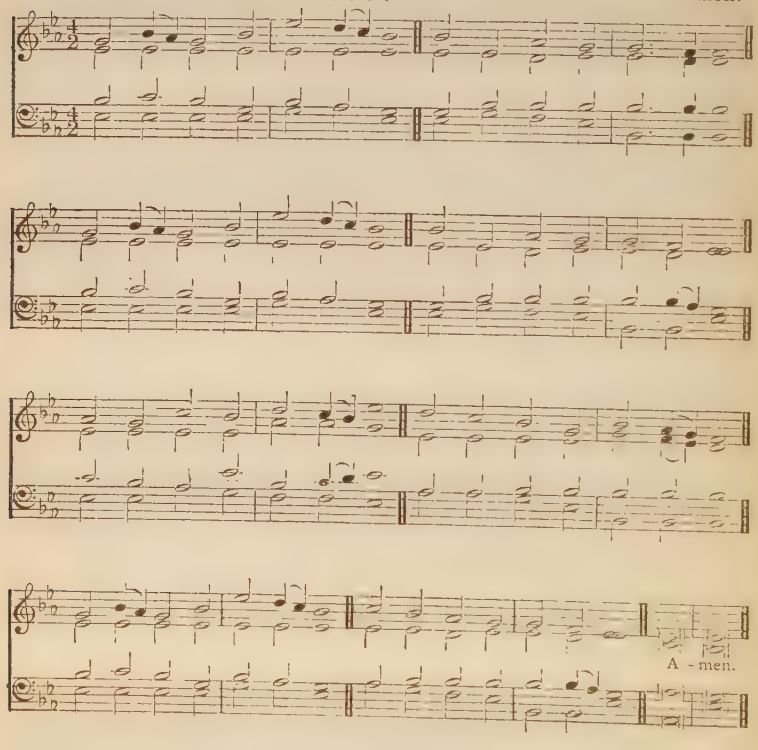
2 x



* N.B.—If so desired, the music of Verses 2 and 3 may be used for the Hymn throughout.


Unison.
mp 4. Com-fort those who weep and mourn, cr. Let the time of joy re-turn:
Sw. Org.
Man.
Ped.
mp Those that are cast down lift up, cr. Strong in faith, in love, and hope:
Gt. Orr.
rit.
mf Grant that those who seek may find Thee a God sin-cere and kind;
Sw. or Ch.
Man.
a tempo.
rall. al fine.
Heal the sick the cap-tive free; f Let all re-joice in Thee A-men.
rall. al fine.
Gt. Org.
Ped.

TICHFIELD (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. Anon.



516

"*The Lord . . . send thee help from the Sanctuary.*"—Ps. xx. 2.

mp 1 LORD, we come before Thee now:
At Thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
In Thy temple, lo, we wait,
Knocking at Thy mercy's gate;
cr. Now let all Thy chosen race
See with joy Thy blessèd face.

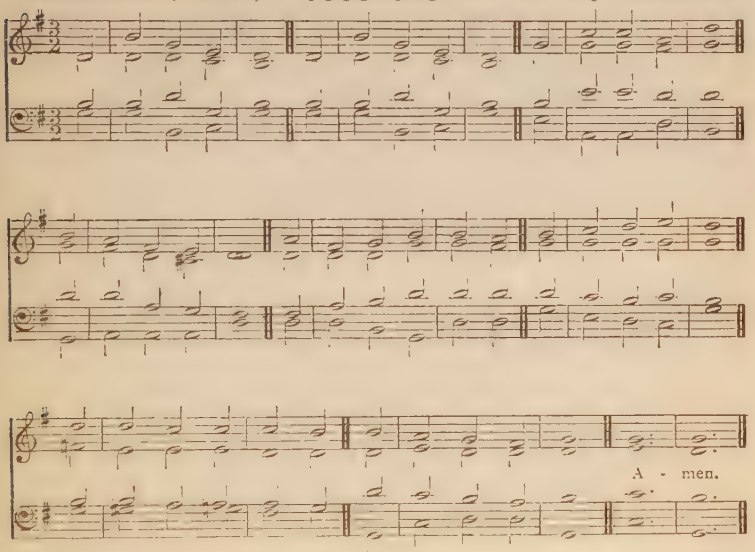
mf 2 Oh, that we may lift our eyes!
Oh, that our poor hearts would rise
To the throne of grace above,
And enjoy the sweets of love!
Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
cr. Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

mf 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
mp Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
cr. Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

mp 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
cr. Let the time of joy return:
mp Those that are cast down lift up,
cr. Strong in faith, in love, and hope:
mf Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
f Let us all rejoice in Thee. Amen.

W. HAMMOND.

HOUGHTON (*1st Tune*). 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



517

"O Lord, my God, Thou art very great: Thou art clothed with honour and majesty."—Ps. civ. 1.

f 1 O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above!
O gratefully sing
His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

f 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
mp And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

mf 3 This earth, with its stores
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

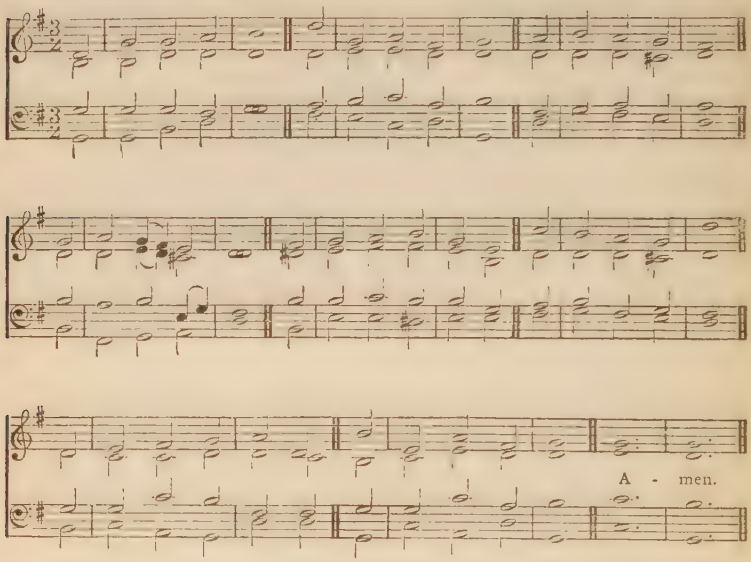
mf 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
p And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
cr. In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
mf Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend

f 6 O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
mp The humbler creation,
Tho' feeble their lays,
f With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise Amen.

R. GRANT.

HANOVER (*2nd Tune*). 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. W. CROFT.



517

"*O Lord, my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.*"—Ps. civ. 1.

f 1 O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above!
O gratefully sing
His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

f 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
mp And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

mf 3 This earth, with its stores
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

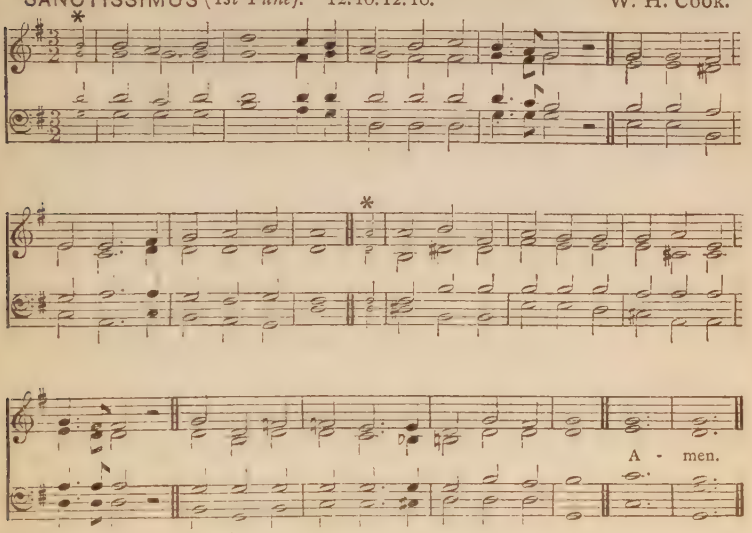
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What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
p And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
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Our Maker, Defender,
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f 6 O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
mp The humbler creation,
Tho' feeble their lays,
f With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise! Amen

R. GRANT.

SANCTISSIMUS (*1st Tune*). 12.10.12.10. W. H. COOK.



* Omit these chords with verses 2, 3 and 4.

518

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. xcvi. 9.

f 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name!

mp 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
cr. Comfort Thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

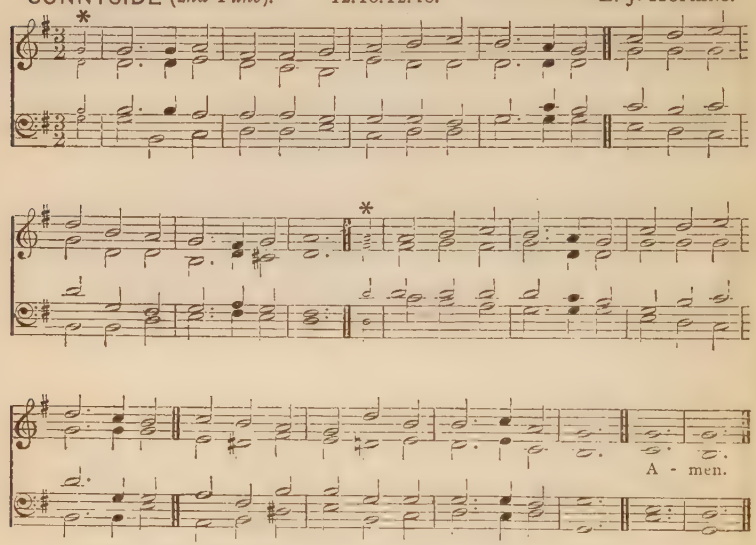
mf 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
cr. Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

mp 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
cr. He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

f 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

SUNNYSIDE (*2nd Tune*). 12.10.12.10. E. J. HOPKINS.



* Omit these chords with verses 2, 3 and 4.

518

"*O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.*"—Ps. xcvi. 9.

f 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name!

mp 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
cr. Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

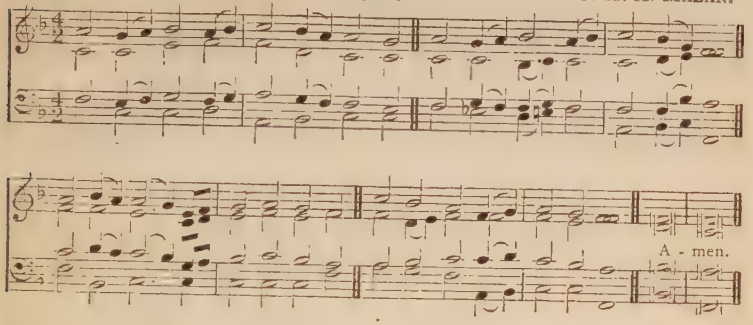
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Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
cr. Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

mp 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
cr. He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

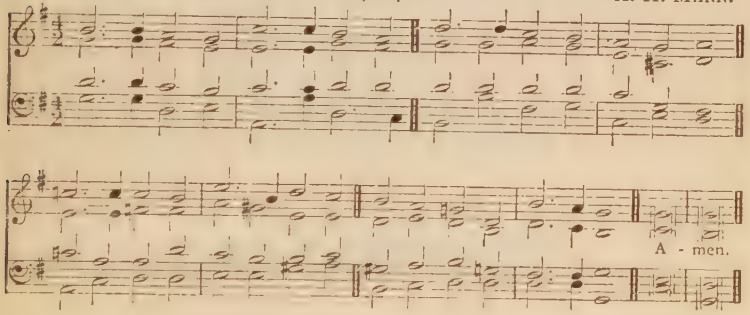
f 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

LAUSANNE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. H. A. MALAN.



KENDALE (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. A. H. MANN.



519

"*The Angel of His presence saved them.*"—Isa. lxiii. 9.

mp 1 OH be with us, gracious Father,
Whilst before Thy feet we bow;
cr. Let the Angel of Thy presence
Hover o'er Thy temple now.

mp 2 Here are hearts that Thou canst soften,
Earthly dross to purge away;
Darken'd minds, on which Thy Spirit
cr. Yet may pour celestial day.

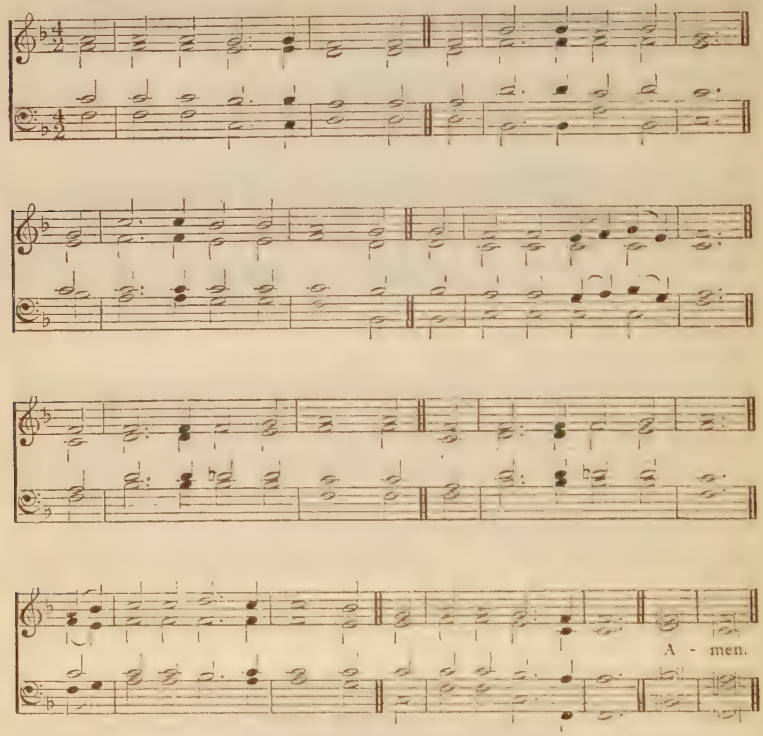
mp 3 From the world's entrancing vision;
From the spirit's sullen night;
p From the tempter's dark dominion,—
cr. Free us, by Thy saving might.

mf 4 Let Thy Spirit's glad communion
Waken thoughts of peace and love,
cr. And prepare us for Thy presence,
In the nobler courts above.

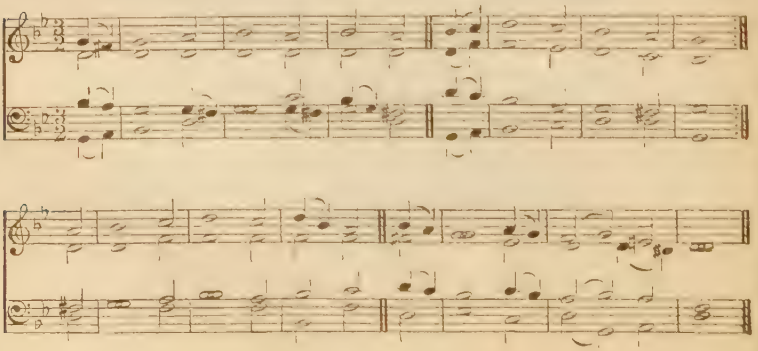
f 5 There to join in perfect worship,
There to swell the angels' song;
And in higher, sweeter measure,
Earth's imperfect praise prolong. Amen.
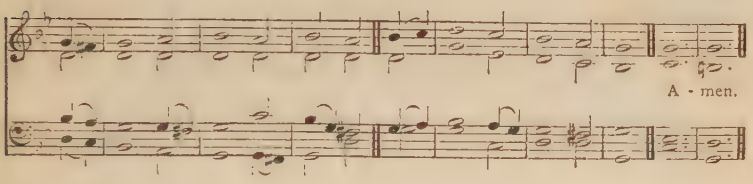
A. ROOKER.

RUTHERFORD (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Anon.



JABEZ (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Welsh Melody.





520 "*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*"—Ps. xlvi. 1.

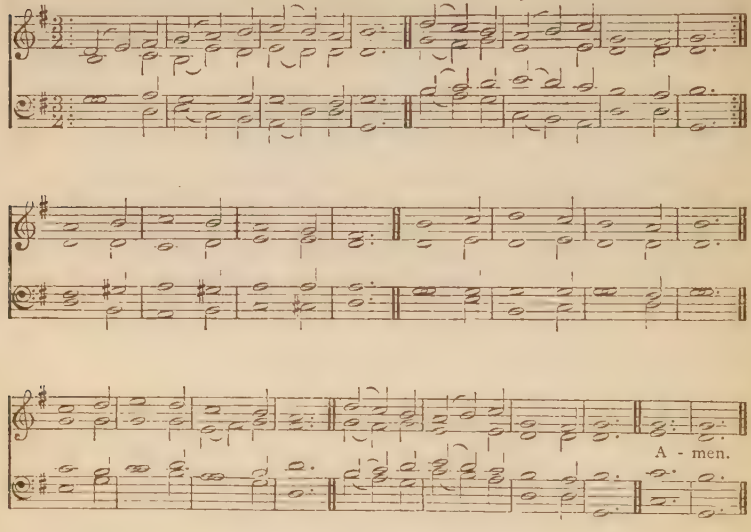
mf 1 ONCE more Thy courts I enter—
O Lord! new strength impart,
All outward foes to conquer,
And my deceitful heart.
mp A thousand earthly burdens
My fainting head would bow,
cr. And none can well sustain me
But Thou, Lord! only Thou.

mp 2 I fear my strong corruptions
Will lead my feet astray;
O God! each moment help me
To keep the heavenly way.
Bestow a watchful spirit
While I shall sojourn here,
And fill my soul each hour
With Thy most holy fear.

mp 3 If I, a weary pilgrim,
The journey's end shall reach,
cr. My joy, a song of wonder
And language new will teach.
f In long, loud shouts of victory
I'll chant redeeming grace,
All fear gone by for ever,
That I a foe must face. Amen.

From the WELSH, *tr.* W. HOWELLS.

MAIDSTONE. 7.7.7.7. D. W. B. GILBERT.



521

"*How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.*"—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

mf 1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
p Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
cr. Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!
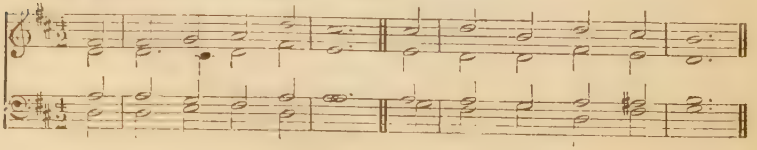
mf 2 Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
p In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
cr. They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

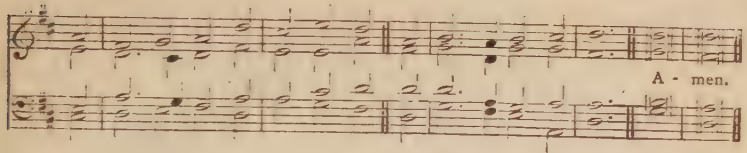
p 3 Happy souls! Their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cr. Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
p At Thy feet adoring fall,
mf Who hast led them safe through all.

p 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guard me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
mf Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
cr. Grace and glory flow from Thee;
f Shower, oh, shower them Lord, on me! Amen.

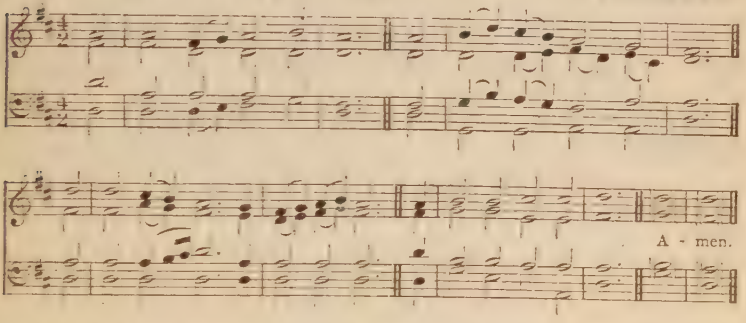
H. F. LYTE.

KIRK BRADDAN (*1st Tune*). S.M. G. LOMAS.

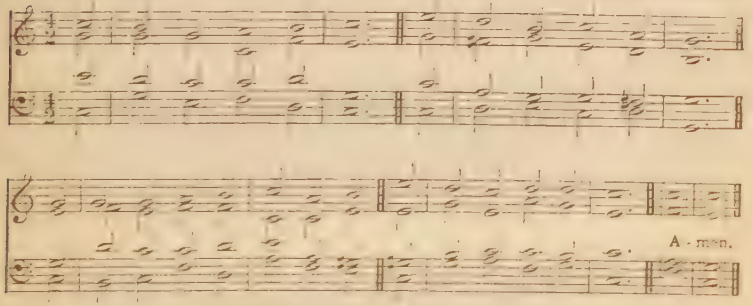




SILCHESTER (*2nd Tune*). S.M. C. H. A. MALAN.



NARENZA (*3rd Tune*). S.M. Ancient Chorale.



See also "Kuruman," No. 446.

522

"Stand up and bless the Lord."—Neh. ix. 5.

mf 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

mf 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
p Who would not fear His holy Name,
cr. And laud, and magnify?

mf 3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
cr. And wing to heaven our thought!

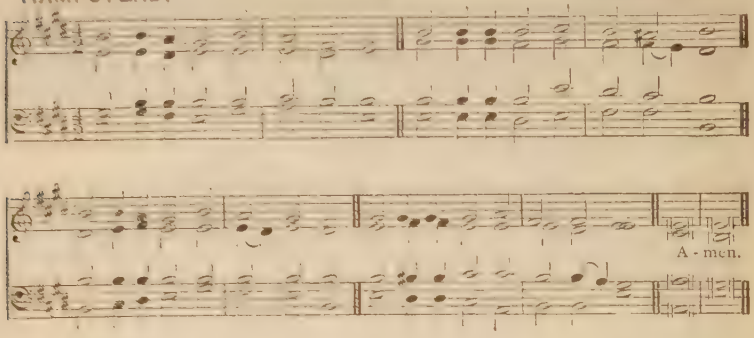
4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

mf 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours:
cr. Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

mf 6 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
cr. Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
f Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HAMPSTEAD. L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.



523 *"I have set my affection to the house of my God."*—1 Chron. xxix. 3.

mp 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
cr. I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

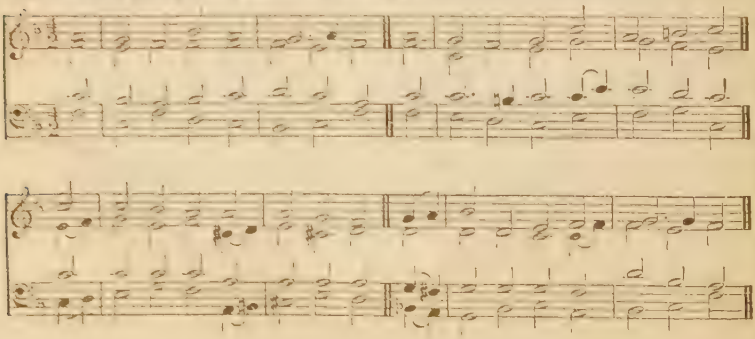
mp 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet;
cr. For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.
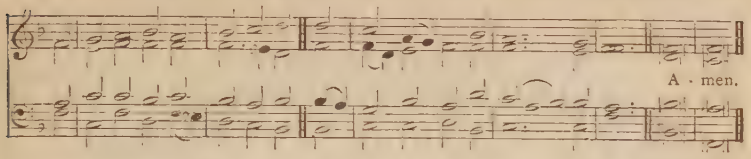
f 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

mf 4 Within these walls may peace abound!
May all our hearts in one agree!
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be. Amen.

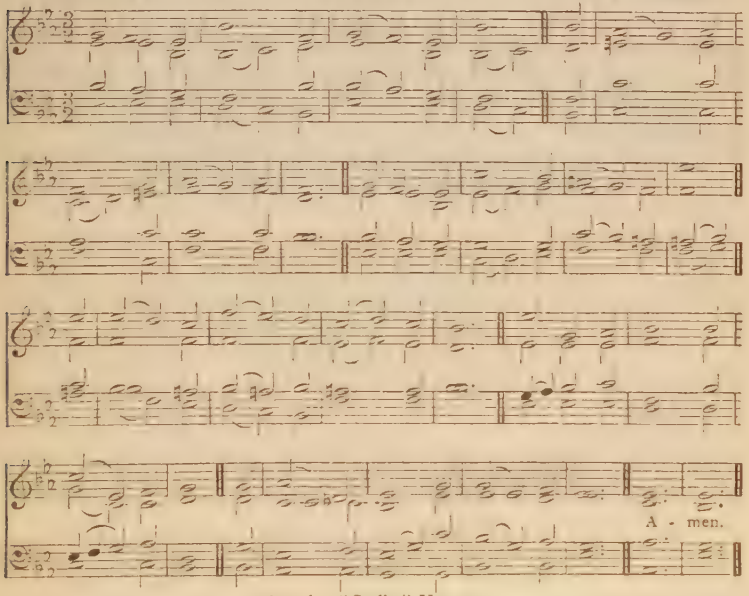
H. F. LYTE.

ST. MATTHIAS (*1st Tune*). S.S.S.S.S.S. W. H. MONK.





OSWESTRY (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. H. ROBERTS.



See also "Stella," No. 449.

524

"*God be merciful unto us, and bless us.*"—Ps. lxvii. 1.

mp 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
cr. Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

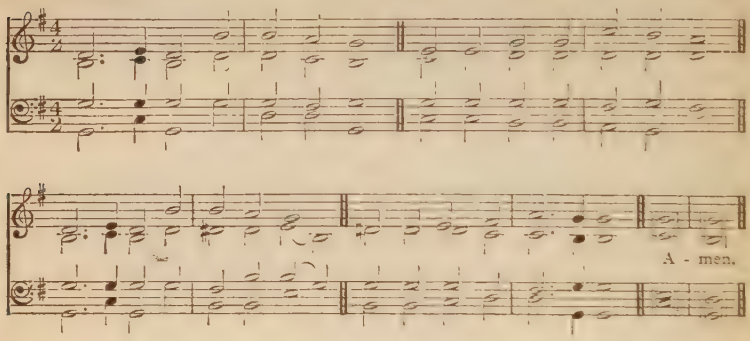
mp 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

mf 3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

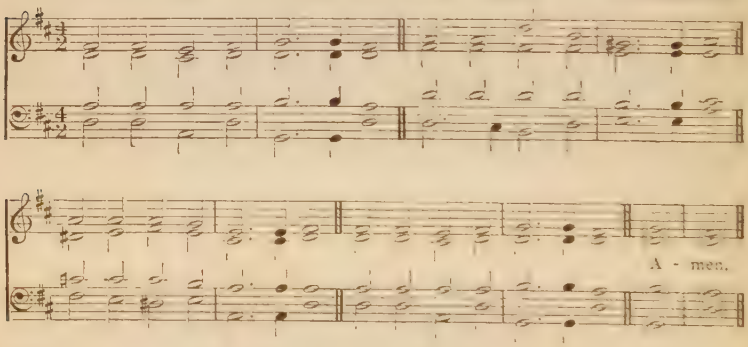
mp 4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal:
Teach us to know and do Thy will:
mf Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown Thy Gospel with success. Amen.

J. FAWCETT.

AGAPE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. Anon.



CAPERNAUN (ST. DUNSTAN) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. R. REDHEAD.



525

"There I will meet with thee."—Ex. xxv. 22.

mf 1 TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

mf 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
cr. That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

mp 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

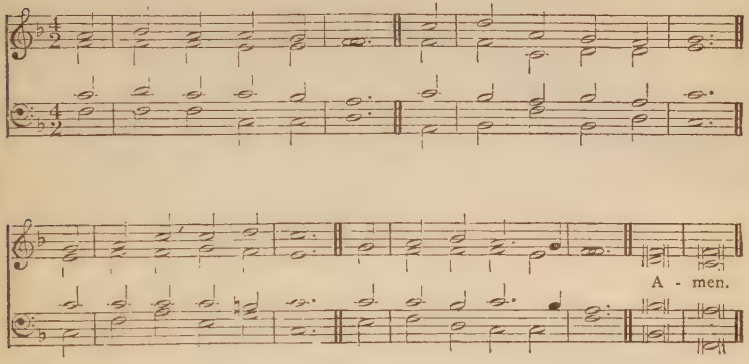
mp 4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
cr. Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

f 5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
mp Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

mf 6 From Thine house, when I return
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
cr. "I have walked with God to-day."
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

QUAM DILECTA. 6.6.6.6. H. L. JENNER.



526

"*Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.*"—Ps. xxvi. 8.

mf 1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

mf 2 It is the house of prayer
Wherein Thy servants meet
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

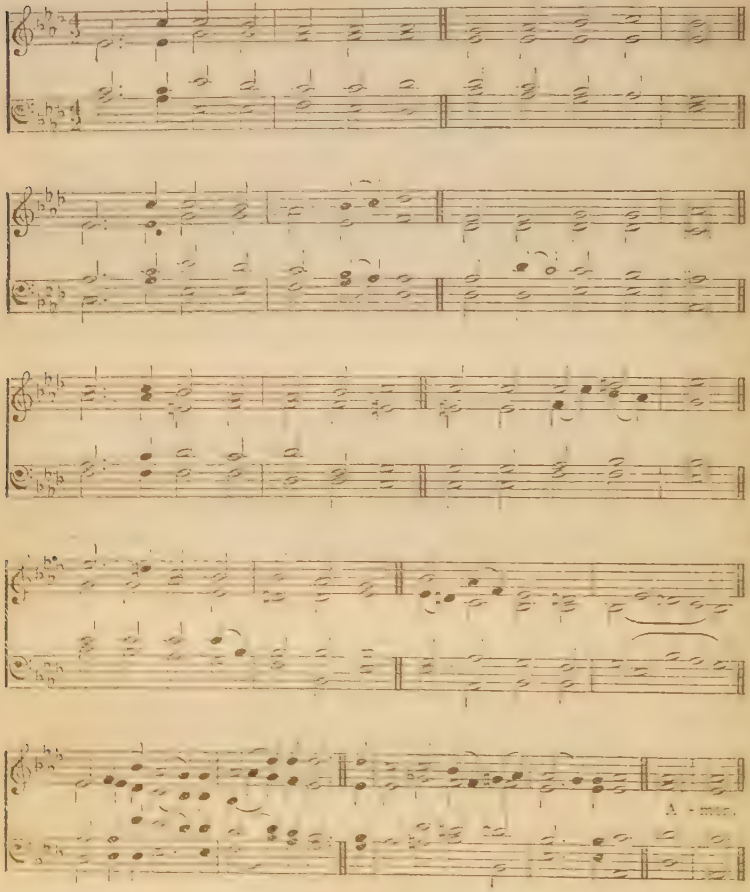
mf 3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
p Of comfort in the strife,
cr. And joys that never cease.

mf 4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
cr. But, oh! we long to know
f The triumph-song of heaven.

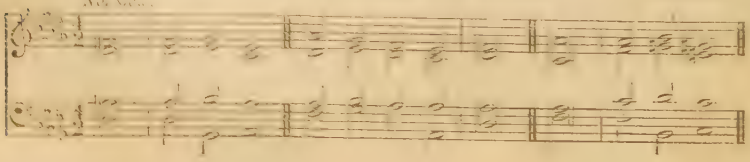
p 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
f In heaven to see Thy face,
dim. And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

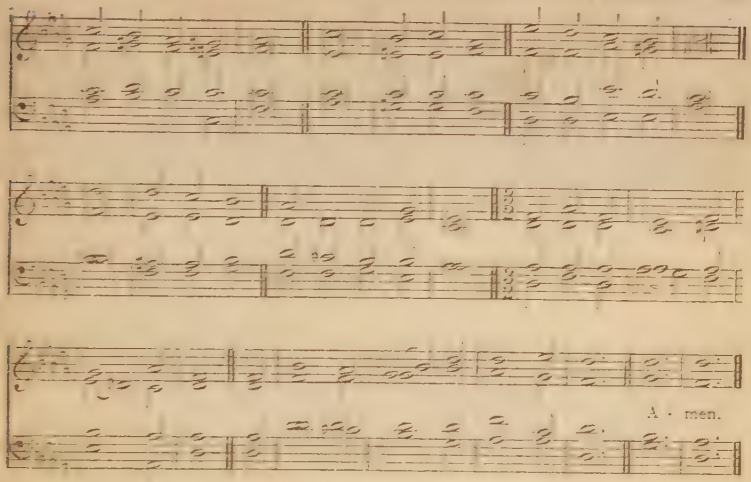
W. BULLOCK and H. W. BAKER.

INTERCESSION (*1st Tune*). 7·5·7·5·7·5·7·5., with Refrain. W. H. CALLCOTT.



JAAZANIAH (*2nd Tune*). 7·5·7·5·7·5·7·5., with Refrain. J. STAINER.





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527

"Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place."—1. Kings viii. 30

mf 1 W[illegible]
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
p When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
cr. Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
[illegible]
high.

mf 2 When the worldling, sick at heart
Lifts his soul above;
f [illegible]
To his Father's love;
mf [illegible]
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
cr. Hear then in love, &c.

mf 3 [illegible]
home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
p When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
cr. [illegible], &c.

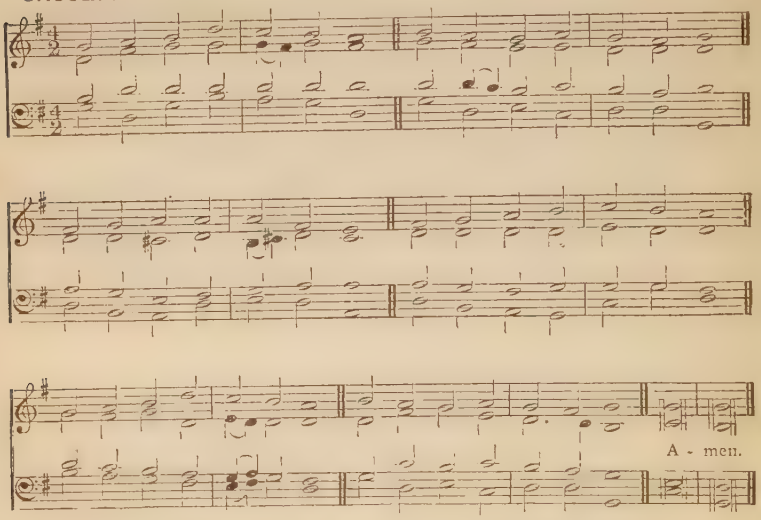
mf 4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the [illegible]
Names the Name of God;
[illegible] and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:
cr. Hear then in love, &c.

mp 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer:
dim. When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
cr. Hear then in love, &c. Amen.

H. BONAR.

(When this Hymn is sung to the second Tune, the last line of each verse must be sung *ff*.)

CASSEL. 7·7·7·7·7·7· German.



See also "Spain," No. 509, and "Dix," No. 420.

[SATURDAY EVENING.]

528

"*And that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on.*"—Luke xxiii. 54.

mf 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath day;
cr. Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
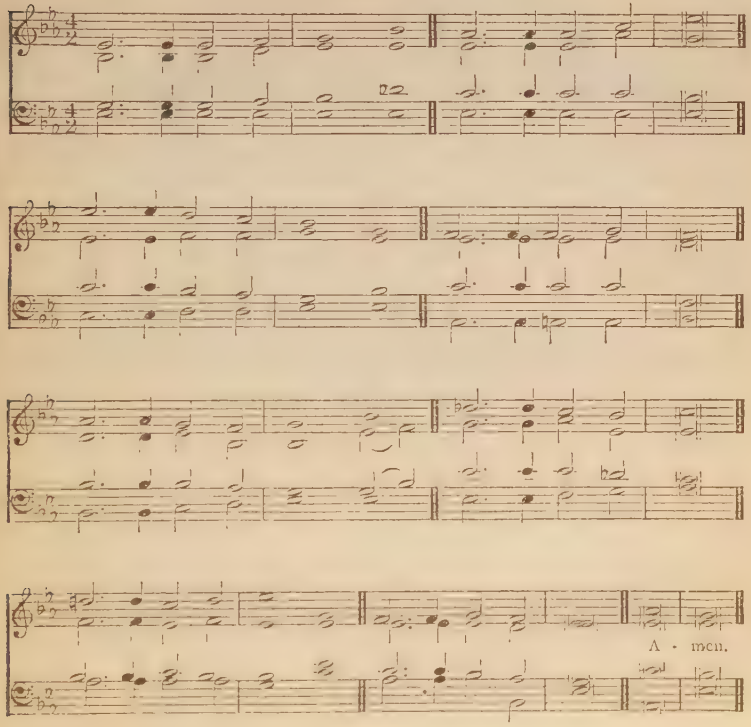
f 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand:
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand:
p Though ungrateful we have been,—
Only made returns of sin.

mf 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near:
cr. May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear!
f There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

f 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

RUTH. 6.5.6.5. D. S. SMITH.



[SUMMER.]

529

"*Thou hast made Summer.*"—Ps. lxxiv. 17.

f 1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

f 2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

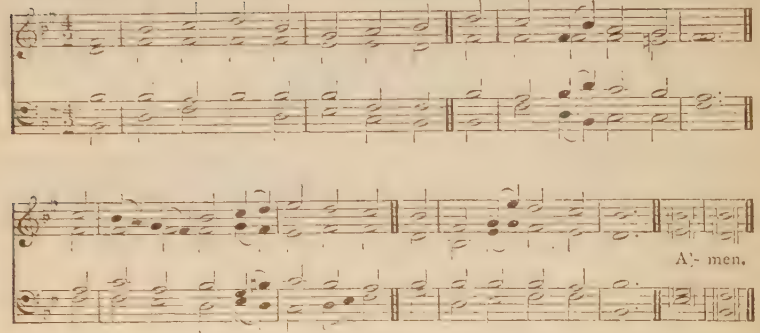
p 3 Lord, upon our blindness
cr. Thy pure radiance pour,
mf For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr. Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
dim. Though Thou veil Thy light:
p Life is dark without Thee;
cr. Death with Thee is bright.
f Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

5.—CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

TIVERTON. C.M. J. GRIGG.



See also "St. Flavian," No. 489.

530

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow."—Matt. xiii. 3.

mf 1 ALMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
cr. Oh may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

mp 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove:
cr. But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

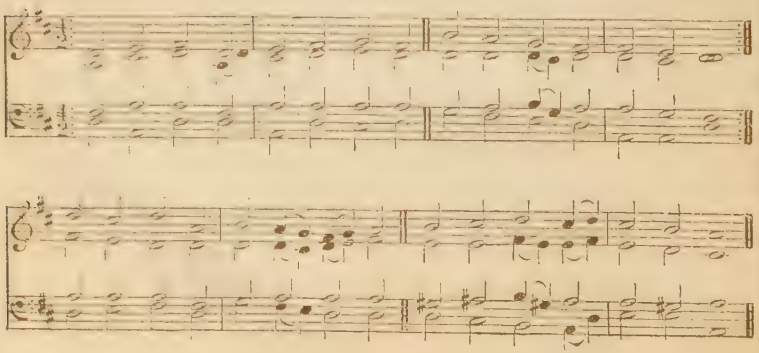
mp 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
cr. But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

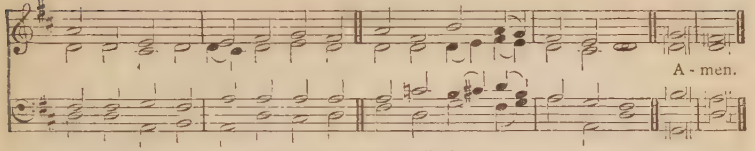
mf 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
p Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

f 5 Great God, come down, and on Thy word
Thy mighty power bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know. Amen.

J. CAWOOD.

DISMISSION. 8.7.8.7. D. S. WEBBE.





See also "Deerhurst," No. 261.

531

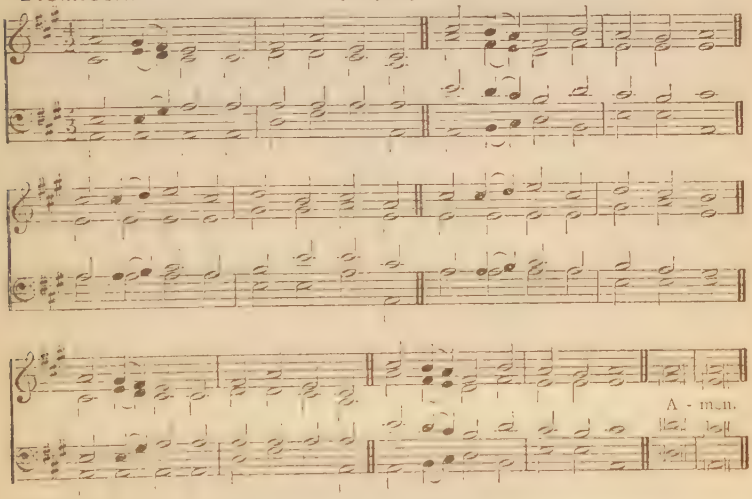
"*He sent the multitudes away.*"—Matt. xiv. 22.

mf 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still, on Gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase;

Fill our hearts with consolation,
Unto Thee our voices raise;
When we reach that blissful station,
f We will give Thee nobler praise.
Amen.

HAWKER.

DISMISSAL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. Anon.



532

"*And blessed them.*"—Luke xxiv. 50.

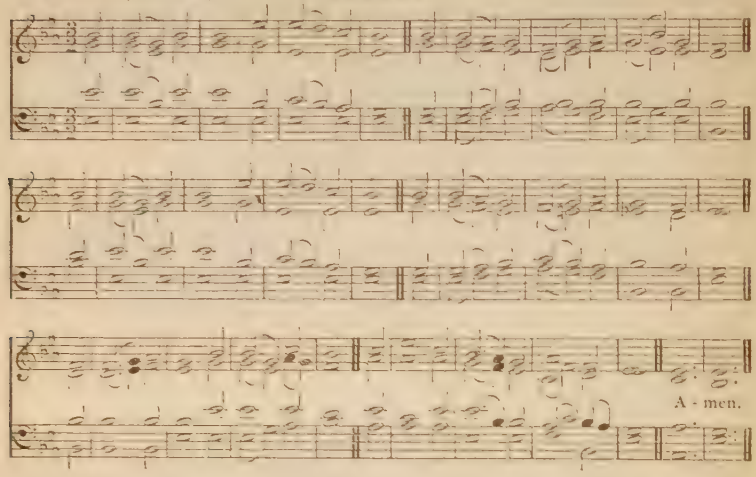
mf 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
cr. O refresh us,
mp Travelling through this wilderness.

f 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

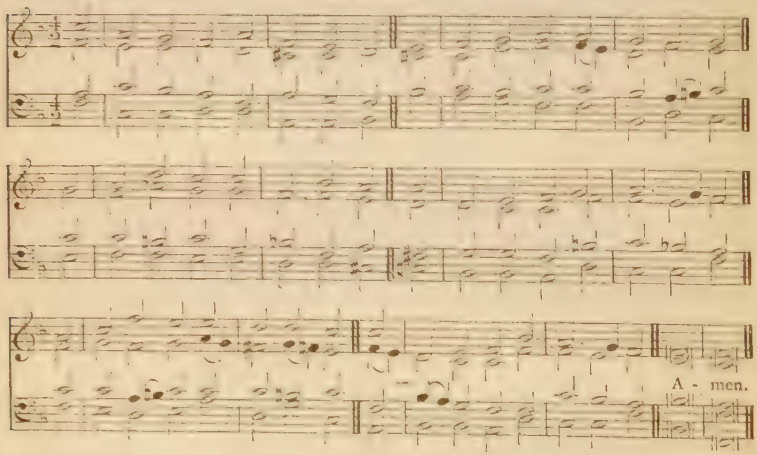
mp 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
cr. Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
f Reign with Christ in endless day! Amen.

J. FAWCETT.
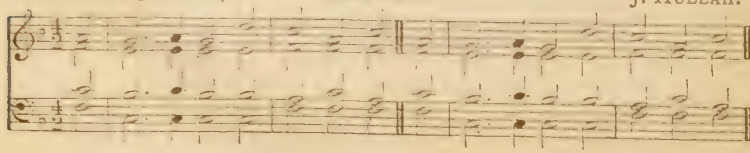
STELLA (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. Anon.

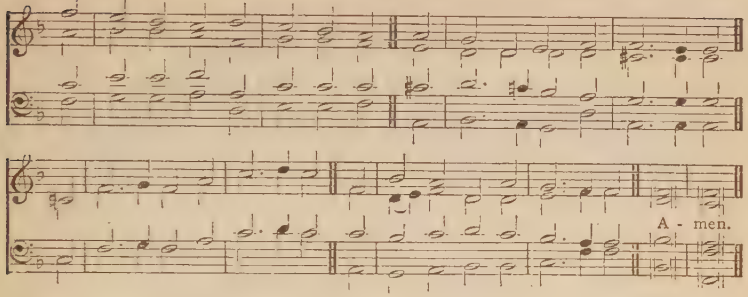


LOVE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. F. Benson.

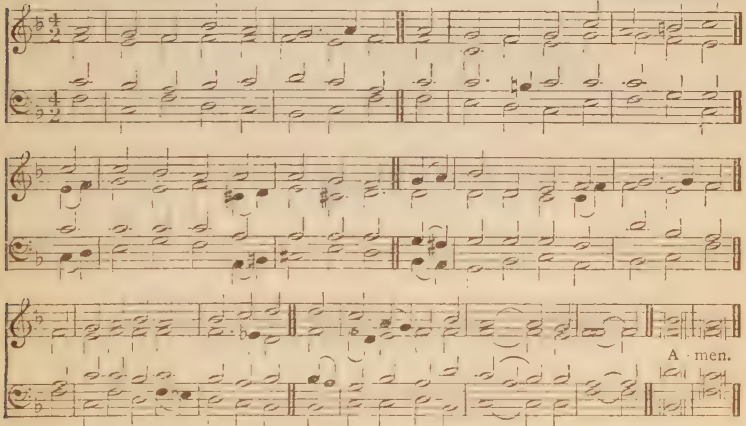


HULLAH (*3rd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. Hullah.





ST. MATTHIAS (*4th Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. W. H. MONK.



533

"*The Lord is my light and my salvation.*"—Ps. xxvii. 1.
"*The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.*"—Isa. lx. 19.
"*I am the Light of the world.*"—John viii. 12.

mf 1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

mp Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr. O blessèd Jesus, be our light.

mp 2 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release:
cr. And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

mp 3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

mf 4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
mp Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

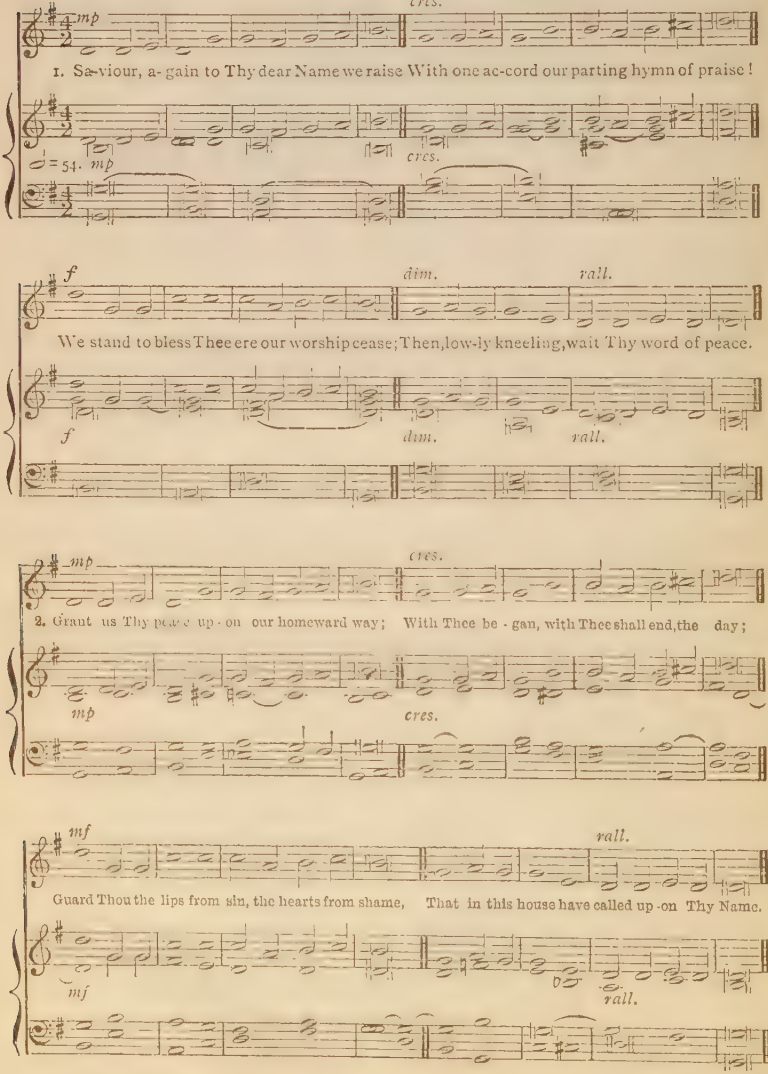
mf 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cr. Oh let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day, &c. Amen.

F. W. FABER.
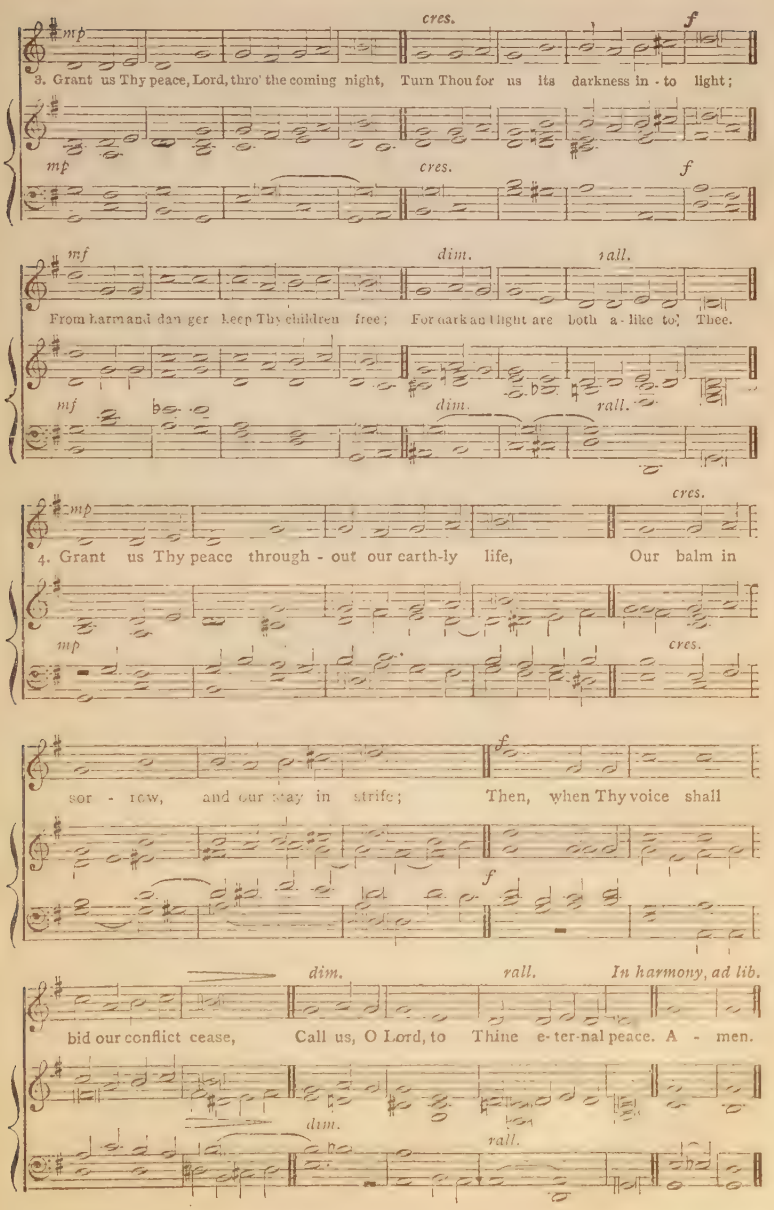
534

"*The Lord will bless His people with peace.*"—Ps. xxix. 11.

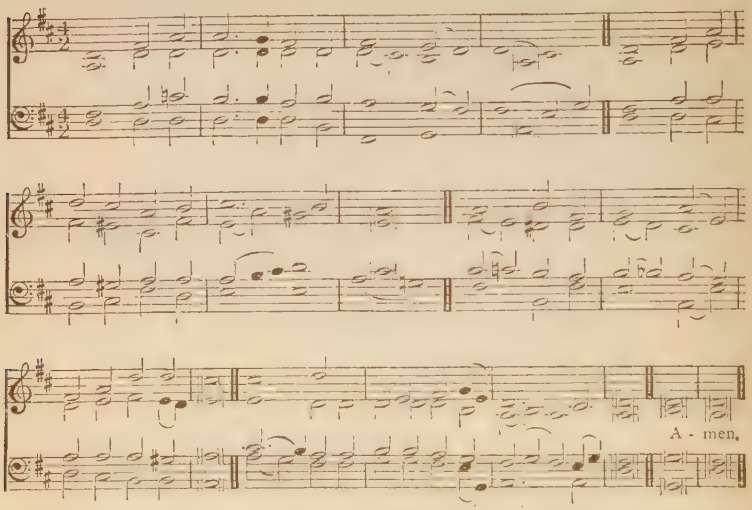
BENEDICTION (ELLERS) * (*1st Tune*). 10.10.10.10. E. J. HOPKINS.



* For another arrangement of this Tune in Vocal Harmony, see "Benediction" (Ellers), No. 392.


mp
cres.
f
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light;
mf
dim.
rall.
From harm and dan ger keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
mp
cres.
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall
dim.
rall.
In harmony, ad lib.
bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace. A - men.

PAX DEI (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.10.10. J. B. DYKES.



534

"*The Lord will bless His people with peace.*"—Ps. xxix. 11.

f 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise!
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

mp 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
cr. With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day;
mf Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
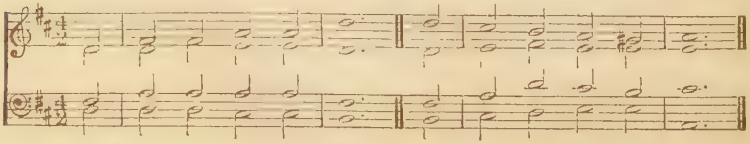
mp 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
cr. Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
mf From harm and danger keep Thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

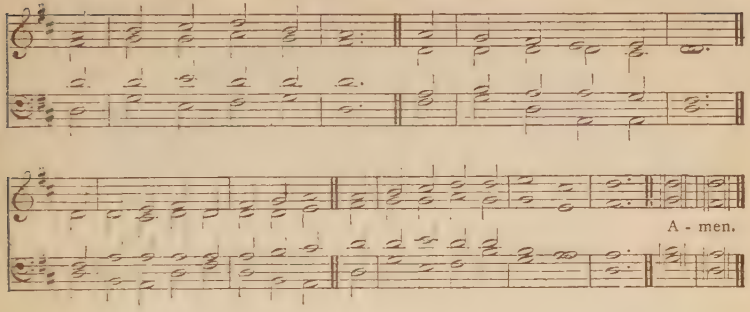
mp 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr. Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
mf Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

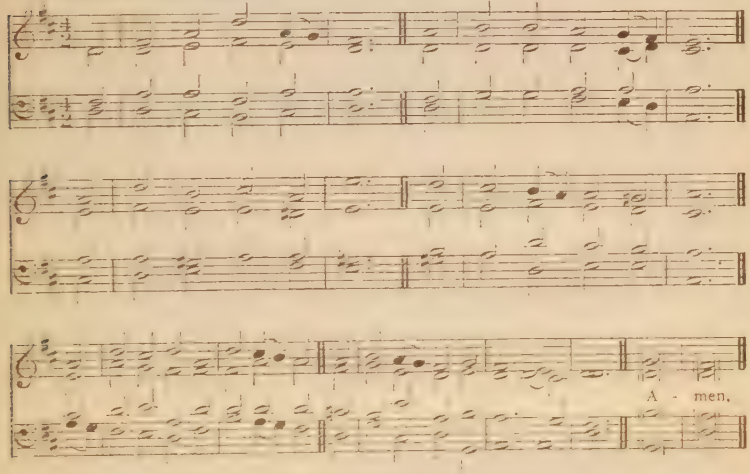
6.—*THE SABBATH DAY.*

ADORATION (ST. JOHN) (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. Anon.





BEVERLEY (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. Anon.



535

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. lviii. 13.

mf 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath bless'd,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

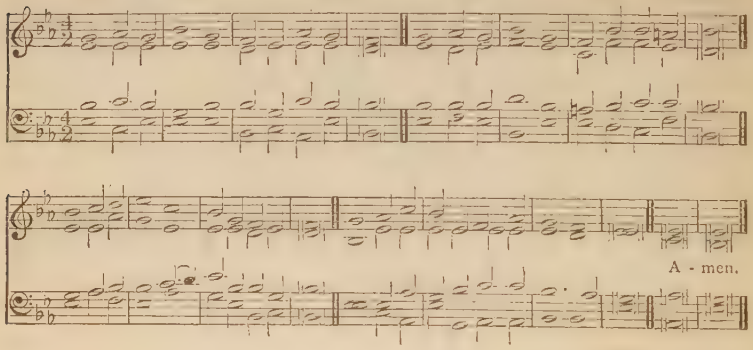
mf 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

f 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannahs rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

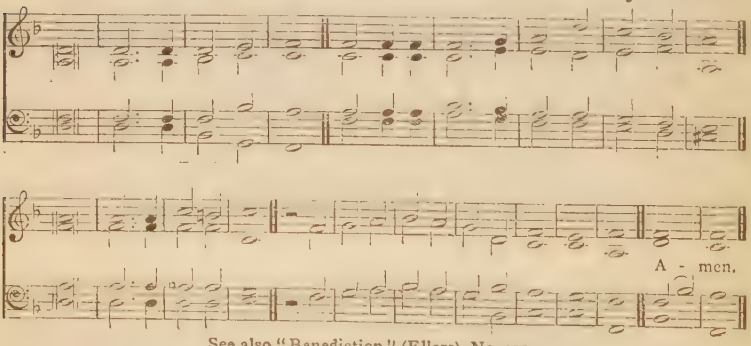
f 4 Great King! gird on Thy sword;
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war.
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away!
Amen.

E. SCOTT and T. COTTERILL.

BONT-NEWYDD (*1st Tune*). 10.10.10.10. J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



ST. CYPRIAN (*2nd Tune*). 10.10.10.10. J. STAINER.



See also "Benediction" (Ellers), No. 392.

536

"*I will arise and go to my Father.*"—Luke xv. 18.

mf 1 FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
cr. Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
p To sue for mercy, (*f*) and to sing Thy praise.

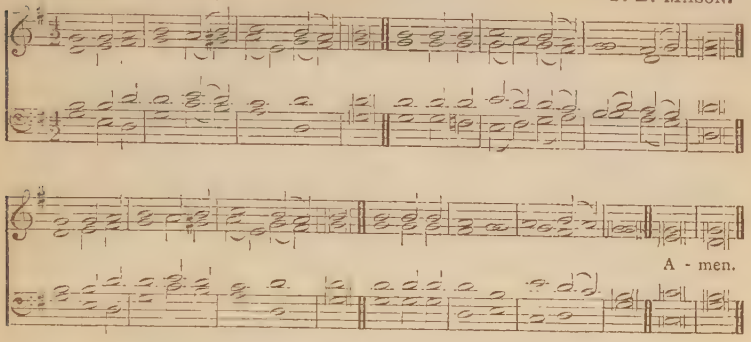
p 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare:
cr. Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
f Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

p 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;
cr. But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
f Returning sinners to a Father's home.

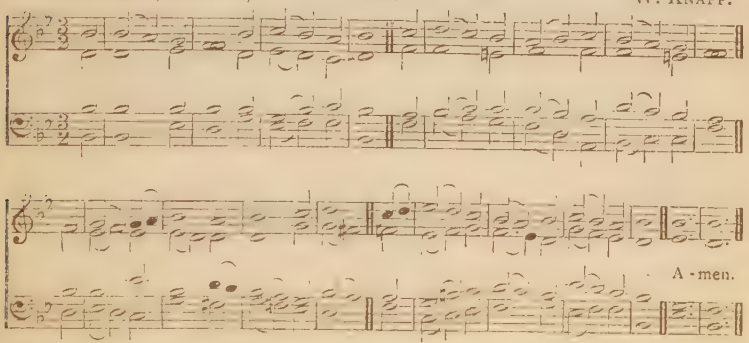
f 4 O by that Name in Whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
cr. O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
ff Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in! Amen.

L. E. G. WHITMORE.

BOSTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. T. B. MASON.



WAREHAM (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. KNAPP.



537

"*For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.*"—Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

mf 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
cr. Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

mf 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
cr. Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

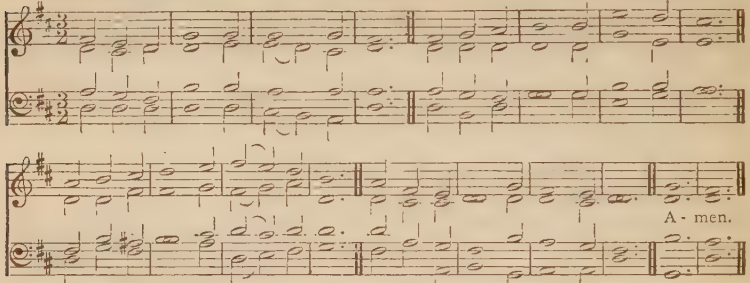
f 3 God is our sun H makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

mf 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

f 5 O God, our King, Whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee—
Blest is the man who trusts in Thee. Amen.

I. WATTS.

OMBERSLEY. L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.



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538

"*Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.*"—Mark ii. 28.

mp 1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

mf 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
cr. But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

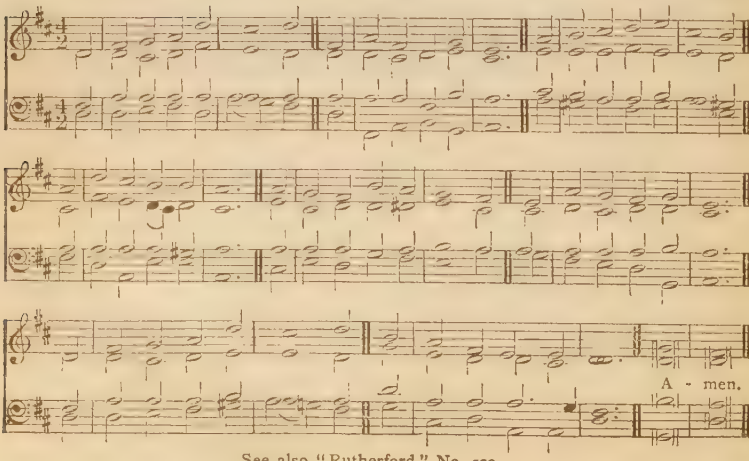
mf 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues

mf 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
cr. No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

f 5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But wait the nobler rest above. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

CEYLON. 7.6.7.6. D. S. REAY.



See also "Rutherford," No. 520.

539

"*The Desire of all nations shall come.*"—Hag. ii. 7.

f 1 LORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
mp Behold us at Thy throne.
cr. We come for mercy crying,
Through Thine atoning blood;
And, on Thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

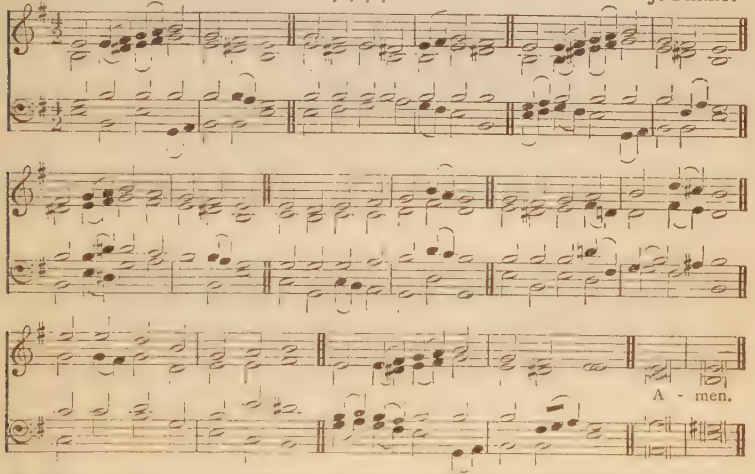
mf 2 We bless that condescension,
Which brought Thee down to earth,
Of which the seers made mention,
Who prophesied Thy birth.

f We celebrate the glory
That marked Thy wondrous way,
And own the joyful story
Which claims this hallowed day.

mf 3 Oh! when shall Thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men in every station
Obey Thy great command?
cr. In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free;
And Gospel-grace receiving
Find life and peace in Thee.
Amen.

BULMER.

ABERYSTWYTH. 7·7·7·7. D. J. PARRY.



540

"*Nevertheless when it ("a man"—margin of R.V.) shall turn unto the Lord, the veil shall be taken away.*"—2 Cor. iii. 16.

mf 1 LORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day!
Thou Who camest from on high,
p For our sins to bleed and die,
cr. Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living church be one.

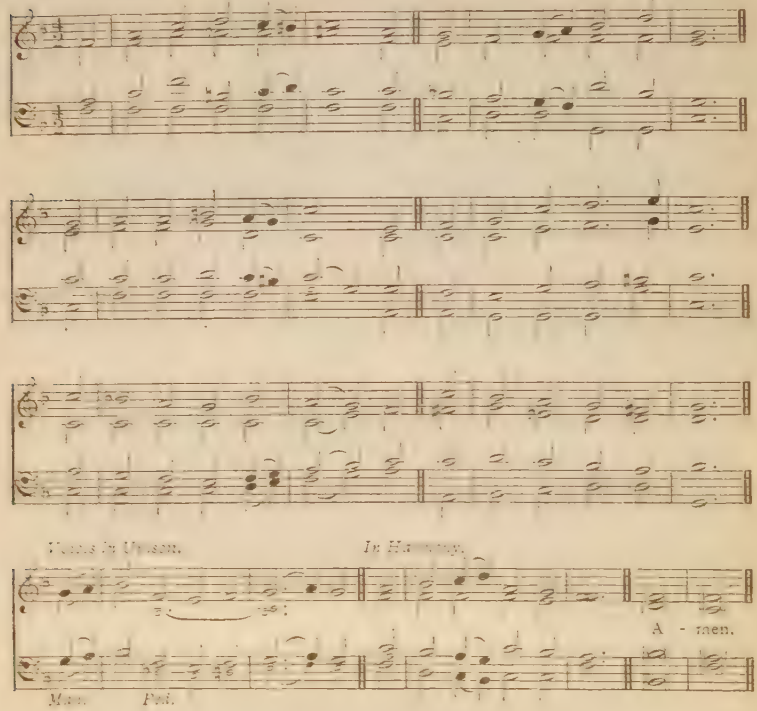
mf 2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee!
May our toils and conflicts cease,
p In the calm of Sabbath peace,
cr. That Thy people, here below,
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath-home above.

p 3 From beyond the grave's dark night
What mild radiance meets my sight?
Softly stealing on the ear,
What strange music do I hear?
mf 'Tis the golden crowns on high!
'Tis the chorus of the sky!
dim. Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
For a place and portion there.

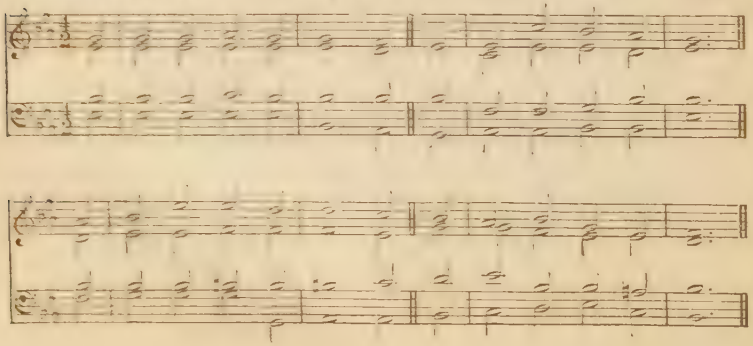
mf 4 Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness;
Then at length, a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
f Take the harp, and raise the song
All Thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore. Amen.

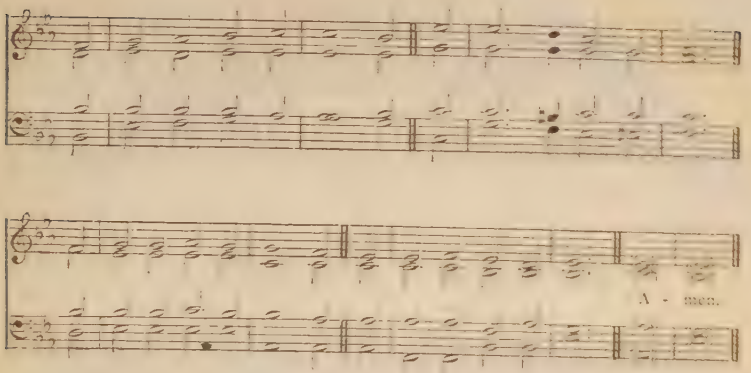
F. G. KLOPSTOCK, *tr.* J. BORTHWICK

DAY OF REST (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.



AURELIA (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.





541

"*This is the rest . . . and this is the refreshing.*"—Isa. xxviii. 12.
"*The Lord's Day.*"—Rev. i. 10.

mf 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
f On thee, the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy!"
To the Great Three in One.

mf 2 On thee, at the Creation,
The Light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
f On thee our Lord [illegible]
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

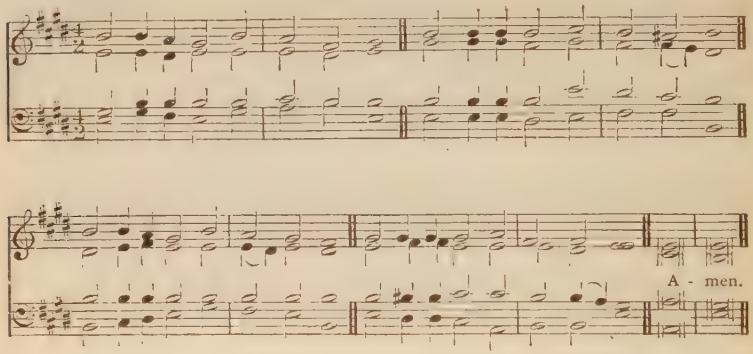
mf 3 [illegible]
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like [illegible]
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
cr. A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.

mf 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
cr. To holy convocations
[illegible]
f [illegible]
With pure and radiant beams.
And [illegible]
With [illegible]

mf 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

HAMPSTEAD. L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.



542

"*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.*"—Psalm xcii. 1.

mf 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing;
To shew Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

mf 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
cr. O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

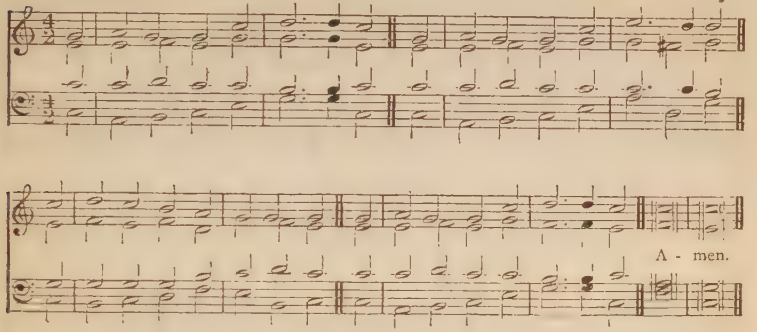
f 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word!
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

f 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head,

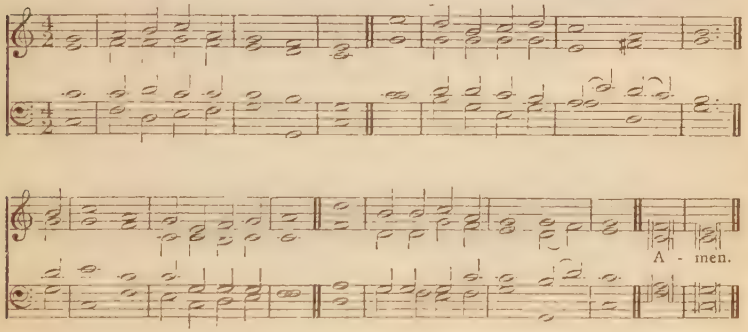
f 5 Then shall I see and hear and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

I. WATTS.

SELBORNE (*1st Tune*). L.M. Ancient Melody.



LUTHER'S CHANT (*2nd Tune*). L.M. M. LUTHER.



See also "Hursley," No. 572.

543

"*One fold, and One Shepherd.*"—John x. 16.

f 1 THANKS to Thy Name, O Lord, that we
One glorious Sabbath more behold:
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with Thee
Among Thy sheep, in this Thy fold.

mf 2 Now, Lord, among Thy tribes appear,
And let Thy presence fill the throng:
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
cr. And bid the feeble heart be strong.

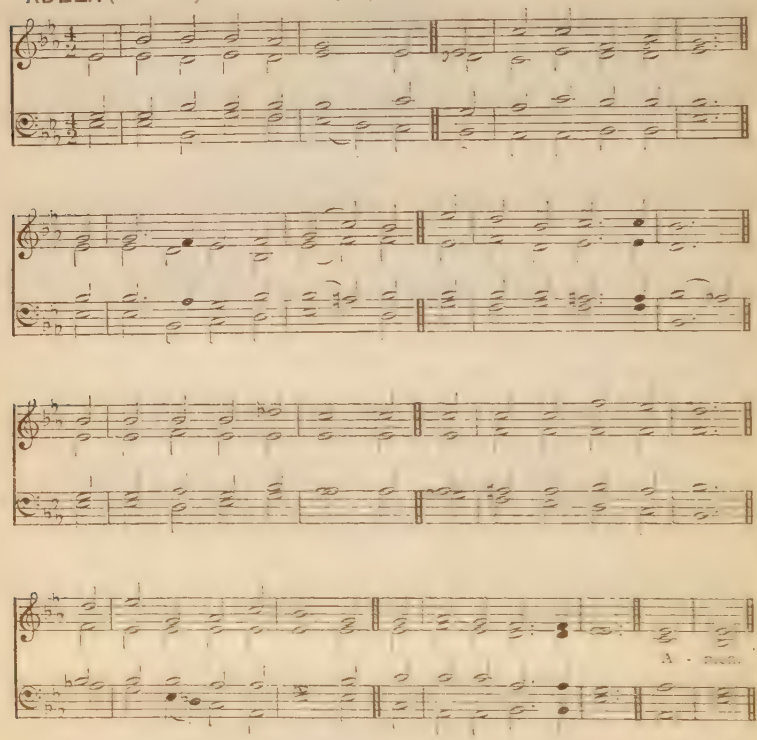
mf 3 Gather the lambs into Thine arms,
And satisfy their every want:
Those that are weak defend from harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.

mf 4 Put forth Thy shepherd's crook, and stay
Thy erring sheep, and bring them back;
cr. O bring the wandering home to-day,
And save them for Thy mercy's sake.

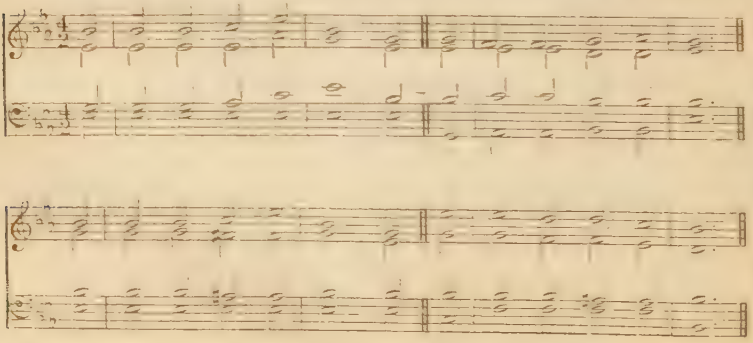
mf 5 Dear tender-hearted Shepherd, look,
And let our wants Thy pity move;
cr. And kindly lead Thy little flock
To the sweet pastures of Thy love. Amen.

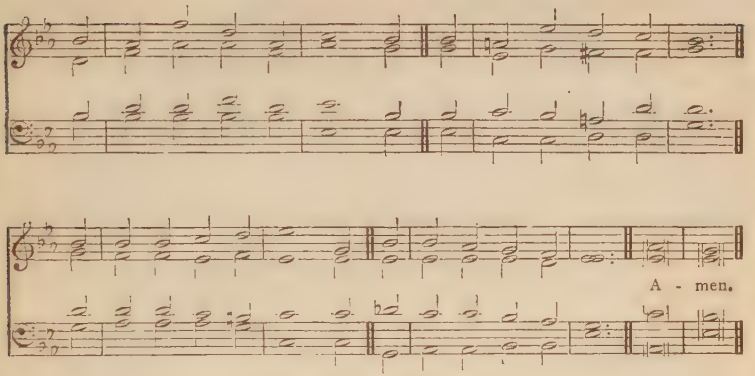
DRACUP, *alt.*

ADELA (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. BIRKBECK.



PROVIDENCE (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. B. FORTAY.





See also "Aurelia," No. 541.

544

"This is the rest . . . and this is the refreshing."—Isa. xxviii. 12.
"As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week."—Matt. xxviii. 1.

mf 1 THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

mf 2 O day when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy,—
cr. When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest,
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast!

f 3 Lord! we would bring for offering,
p Though marred with earthly soil,
cr. A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
f Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.

mp 4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
cr. In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed:
mp Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

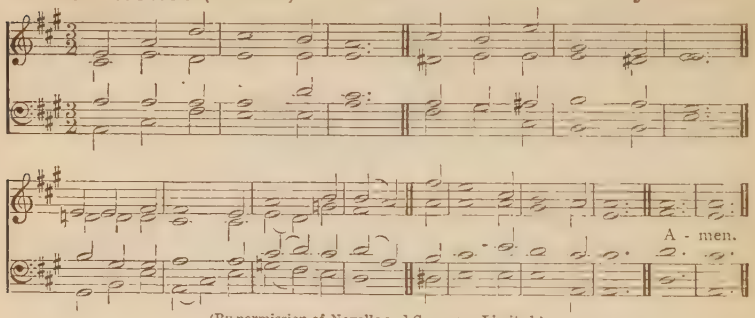
mf 5 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure:—
cr. In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need;
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed!

f 6 So be it, Lord, for ever,
O may we evermore,
In Jesu's holy Presence
His blessed Name adore!
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls.

f 7 So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that Home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past:
When Angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity! Amen.

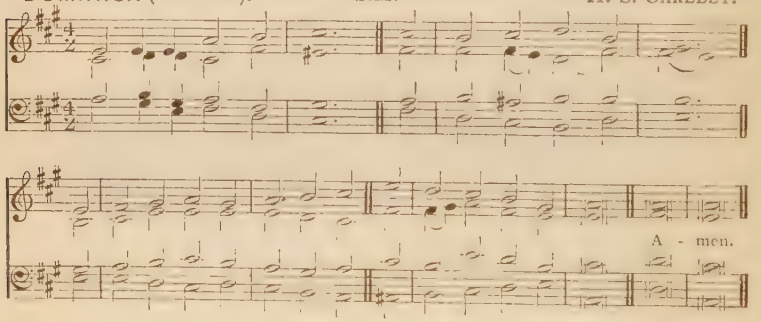
A. CROSS.

CHISELHURST (*1st Tune*). S.M. J. BARNBY.

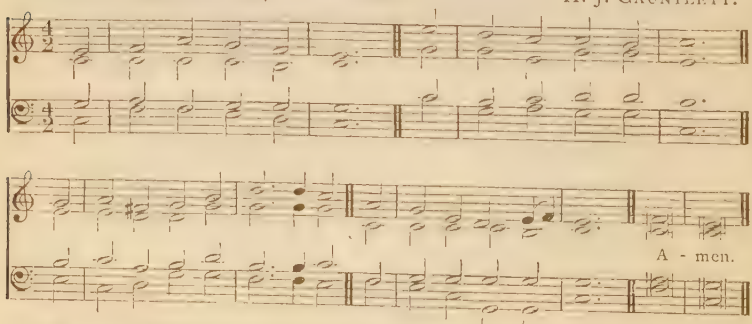


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DOMINICA (*2nd Tune*). S.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



ST. GEORGE (*3rd Tune*). S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



545

"*He shall be as the light of the morning.*"—2 Sam. xxiii. 4.
"*The Dayspring from on high.*"—Luke i. 78.

mf 1 THIS is the day of Light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

p 2 This is the day of Rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

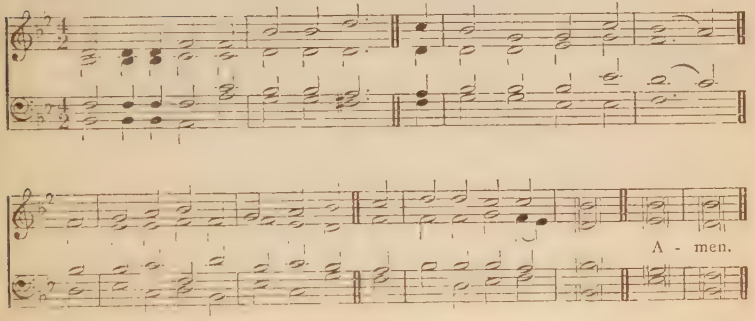
p 3 This is the day of Peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr. Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
dim. The waves of strife be still.

p 4 This is the day of Prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
cr. Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

f 5 This is the First of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

NATIVITY. C.M. H. LAHEE.



See also "St. Agnes," No. 484.

546

"*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"—Ps. cxviii, 24.

mf 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
cr. Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the Throne.

f 2 *To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

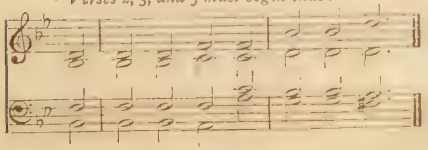
f 3 *Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's Holy Son!
mp Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
cr. Salvation from Thy throne.

mf 4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
dim. To save our sinful race.

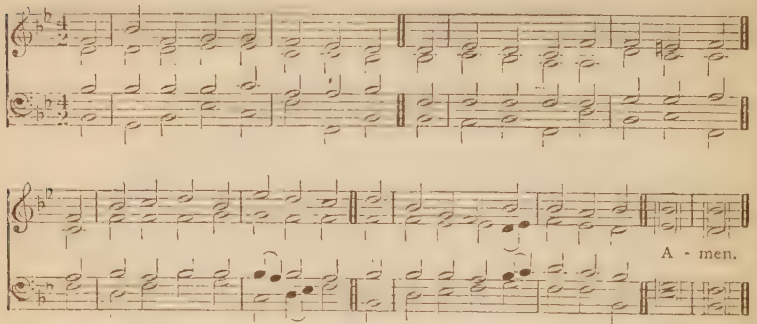
f 5 *Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

I. WATTS.

* *Verses 2, 3, and 5 must begin thus:*



WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. B. CRASSELIUS.



See also "Hesperus" (Whitburn), No. 425.

547

"*The Sun of Righteousness.*"—Mal. iv. 2.

f 1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness!
On this day risen to set no more;
Shine on us now to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

f 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

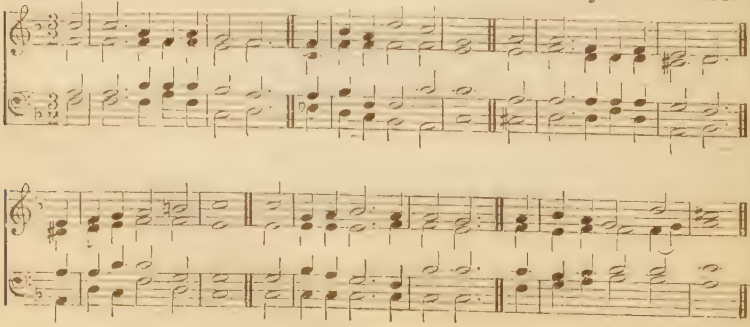
f 3 Shine on Thy pure, eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And when it's read, remember'd, heard,
Oh let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

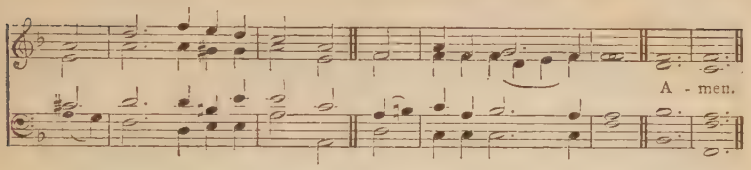
f 4 Shine till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Day-spring from on high.

f 5 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun;
That glorious day which knows no night. Amen.

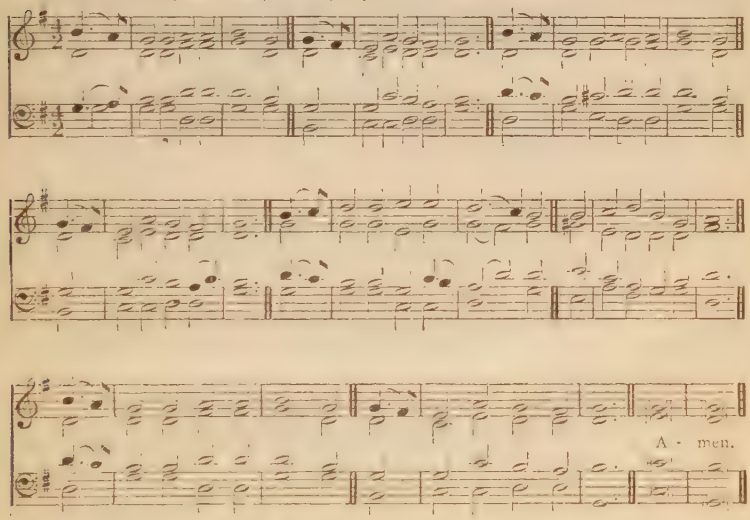
C. ELLIOTT.

ABERMENAI (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. H. ROBERTS.





ENDSLEIGH (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. S. SALVATORI.



See also "Missionary," No. 248.

548

"Grant us Thy salvation."—Ps. lxxxv. 7.

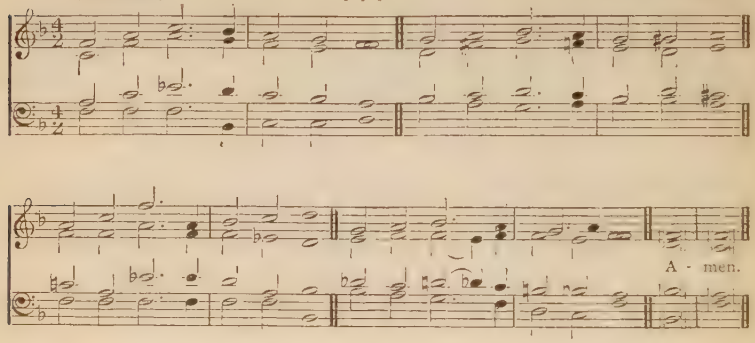
f 1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate Thy glory
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

mf 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, Thou shalt hear;
cr. O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

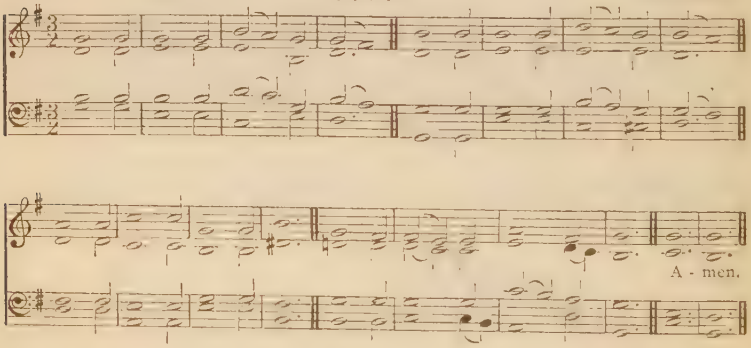
mf 3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
f Then cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee;
What could an angel more? Amen.

T. HAWEIS.

ELI (*1st Tune*) 7·7·7·7· M. COSTA.



CHRISTUS (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7· W. BLOW.



549

"Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."—Ps. cxli. 2.

mp 1 ERE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
cr. Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
mp At Thy feet we bow the knee.

mf 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
f Lord of earth and King of heaven.

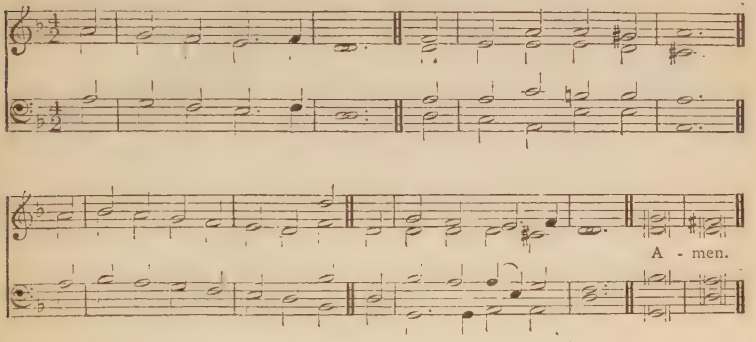
mp 3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
cr. But Thou canst and wilt forgive:
By Thy grace alone we live.

mp 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead:
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

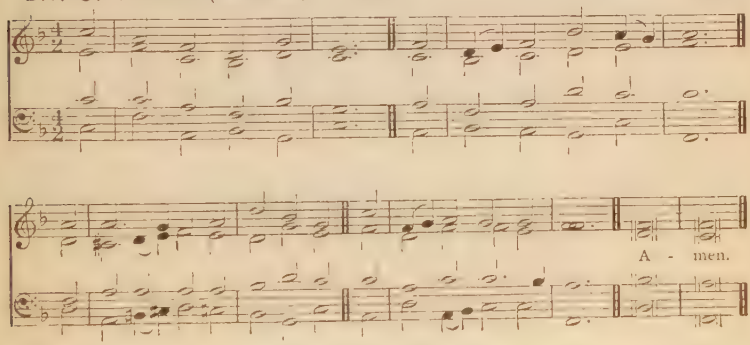
f 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To that rest which knows no end. Amen.

O. P., MISSIONARY MINSTREL.

DOLE (*1st Tune*). S.M. J. T. REES.



DAY OF PRAISE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. C. STEGGALL.



550 "*They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.*"—Rev. iv. 8.

mf 1 OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
mp But pass not from us with the sun,
cr. True Light that lightenest all!

f 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

mp 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
cr. But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

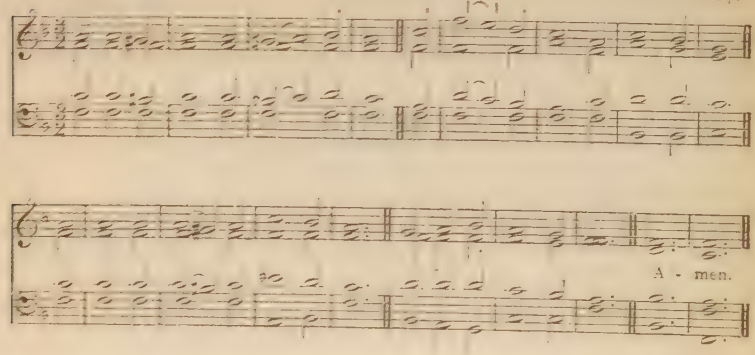
mf 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

mf 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
cr. And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

f 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.
Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

HUMILITY. 8.8.8.6. W. BEST.



551 "Unto thee will I cry, O Lord my rock; be not silent to me."—Ps. cxli. 1.
"At evening time there shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

mf 1 THE Sabbath-day has reached its close!
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows;
Smile on my evening hour!

mp 2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest!
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest;
Smile on my evening hour!

mp 3 Let not the Gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again!
cr. Let heavenly dews descend like rain;
Smile on my evening hour!

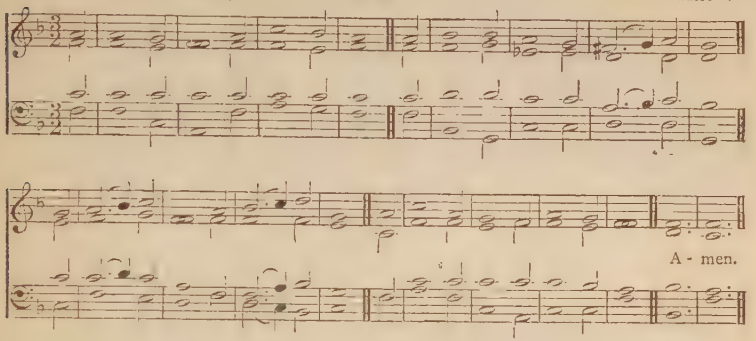
mf 4 Oh! ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye:
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh:
Smile on my evening hour!

mf 5 My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer, and every vow:
Smile on my evening hour!

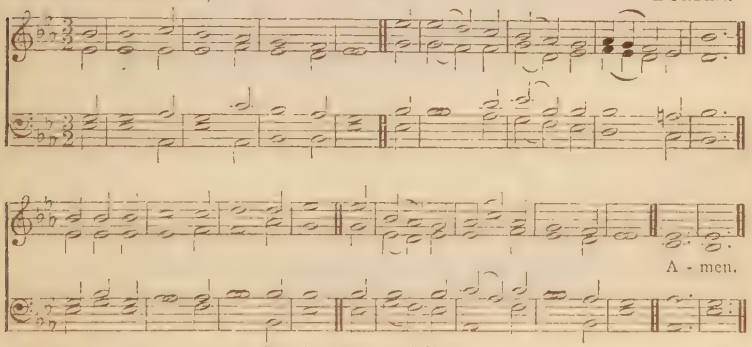
mp 6 And oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
cr. My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour! Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

TREPTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. Anon.



LUTON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. BURDER.



See also "Angelus," No. 555.

552 *"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."*—John xx. 19.

mp 1 'TIS gone—the sacred day is o'er,
And we must leave its rest awhile;
Oh! may our waiting hearts once more
cr. Be gladden'd with the Master's smile.

mf 2 So shall this love our spirits raise,
While at the cross we kneel in prayer;
cr. Dear Saviour, Thine be all the praise
If we have left our burdens there.

mf 3 Spirit of holiness and power!
Spirit of truth and love divine!
Thy presence cheers this closing hour;
Still dwell with us, for we are Thine.

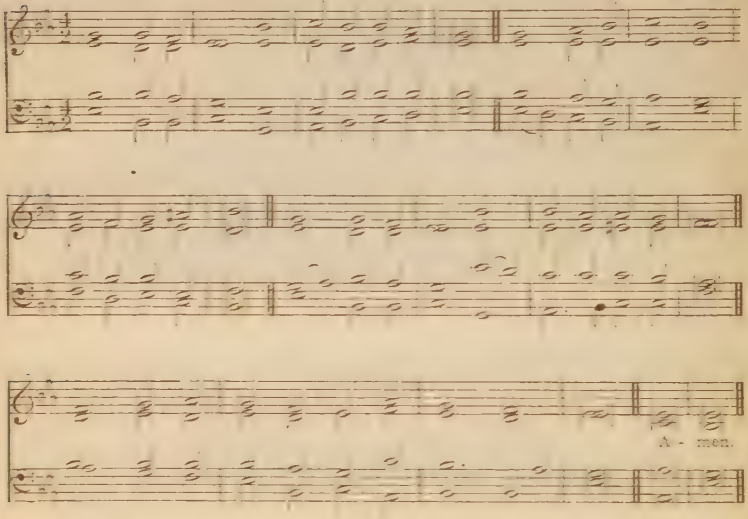
mf 4 For the pure manna of Thy word,
And streams of life so freely given;
As pilgrims here, we bless Thee, Lord,
But wait the perfect rest of heaven.

mf 5 Sweet hope! a few more changing days
And weary cares our faith shall try;
f Then for the songs of nobler praise,
The ceaseless Sabbath of the sky. Amen.

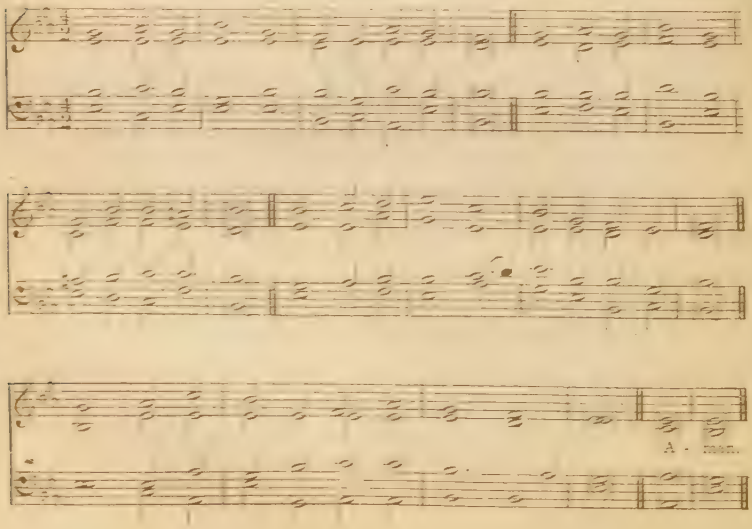
A. ROOKER.

7.—*MORNING AND EVENING.*

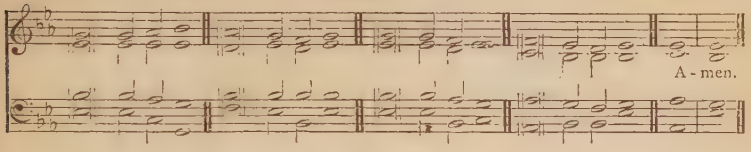
EVENTIDE (*1st Tune*). 10. 10. 10. 10. W. H. MONK.



BONT-NEWYDD (*2nd Tune*). 10. 10. 10. 10. J. Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt).



TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1 (*3rd Tune*). A. H. D. TROYTE.



553

"*Abide with us: for it is toward evening.*"—Luke xiv. 29.

p 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
cr. Help of the helpless, (*dim.*) O abide with me!

p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
cr. O Thou Who changest not, (*p*) abide with me!

mf 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
cr. Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

p 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
cr. Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

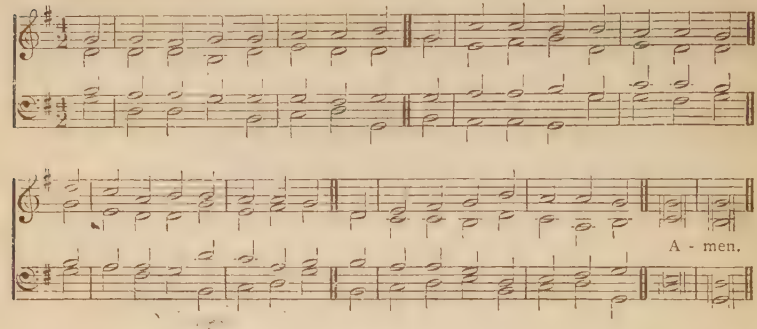
p 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
cr. What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
dim. Through cloud and sunshine, (*p*) O abide with me!

mf 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
cr. Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
f Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
ff I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

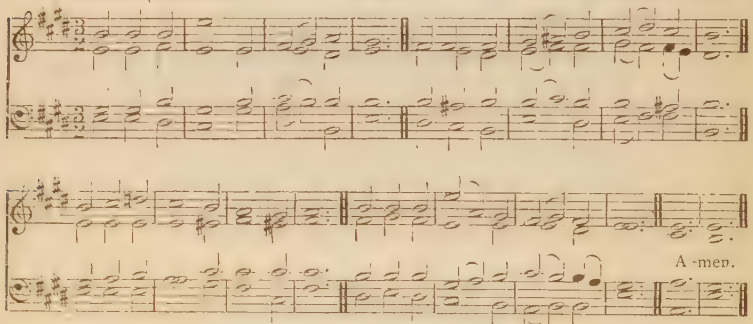
pp 7 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes,
cr. Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
dim. In life, in death, (*pp rall*) O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

TALLIS' CANON (*1st Tune*). L.M. T. TALLIS.



ANTWERP (*2nd Tune*). L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.



See also the "Old Hundredth," No. 556.

554

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. xvii. 8.

mf 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

mp 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

mf 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
cr. Rise glorious at the awful day.

mf 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
cr. Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

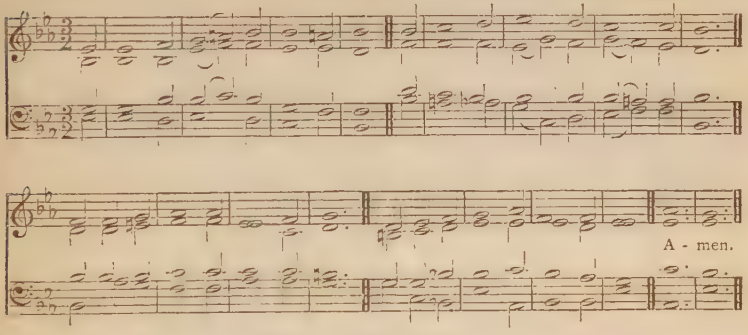
mp 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

f 6 O! when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire.

f 7 Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

T. KEN.

ANGELUS. L.M. J. SCHEFFLER.



See also "Alstone," No. 713.

555 *"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased."*—Mark i. 32.

mf 1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p Oh, in what divers pains they met!
cr. Oh, with what joy they went away!

p 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppress with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
cr. We know and feel that Thou art here.

p 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well;
And some have lost the love they had;

mf 4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

mf 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
p And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

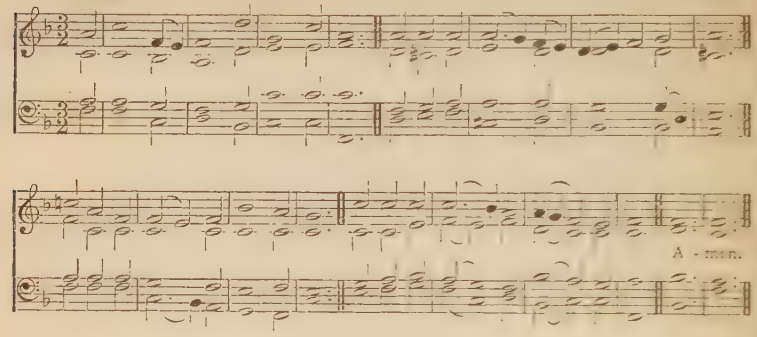
mf 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
dim. Are conscious most of wrong within.

p 7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

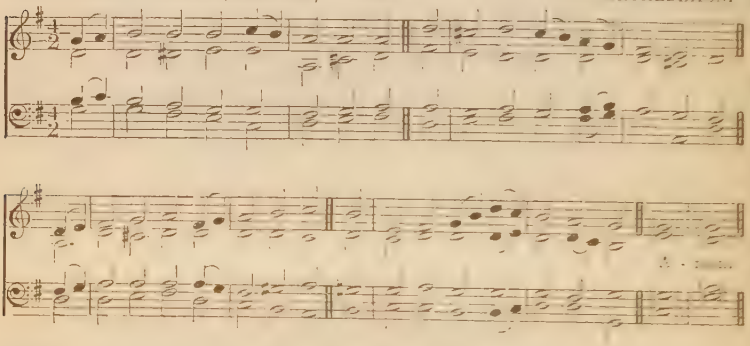
cr. 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
mf No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
dim. Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
p And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

H. TWELLS

DAVID'S HARP (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. DANIELL.



MORNING HYMN (*2nd Tune*). L.M. F. BARTHELEMON.



556

"*I myself will awake early.*"—Ps. cviii. 2.
"*My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.*"—Ps. v. 3.

PART I.

f 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

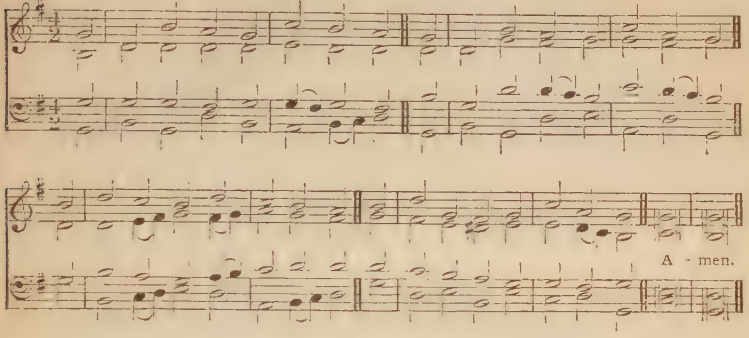
mp 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
cr. Improve thy talent with due care;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

mf 3 In conversation be sincere;
cr. Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear.
mp Think how All-seeing God Thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

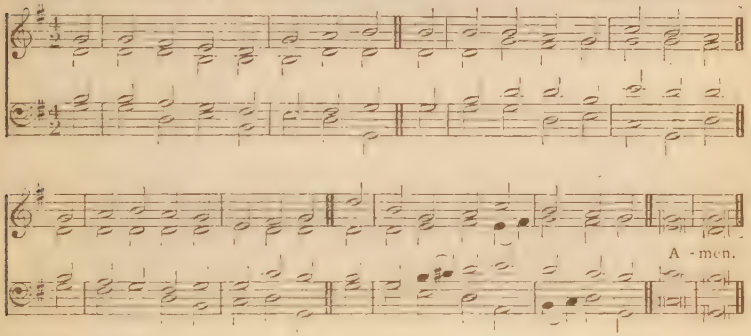
f 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing
Glory to the Eternal King. Amen.

T. KEN.

MAMRE (*1st Tune*). L.M. G. F. HANDEL.



OLD HUNDREDTH (*2nd Tune*). L.M. Genevan Psalter.



556 *"I laid me down and slept; I awake I; for the Lord sustained me."*—Ps. iii. 5.

PART II.

f 1 ALL praise to Thee Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

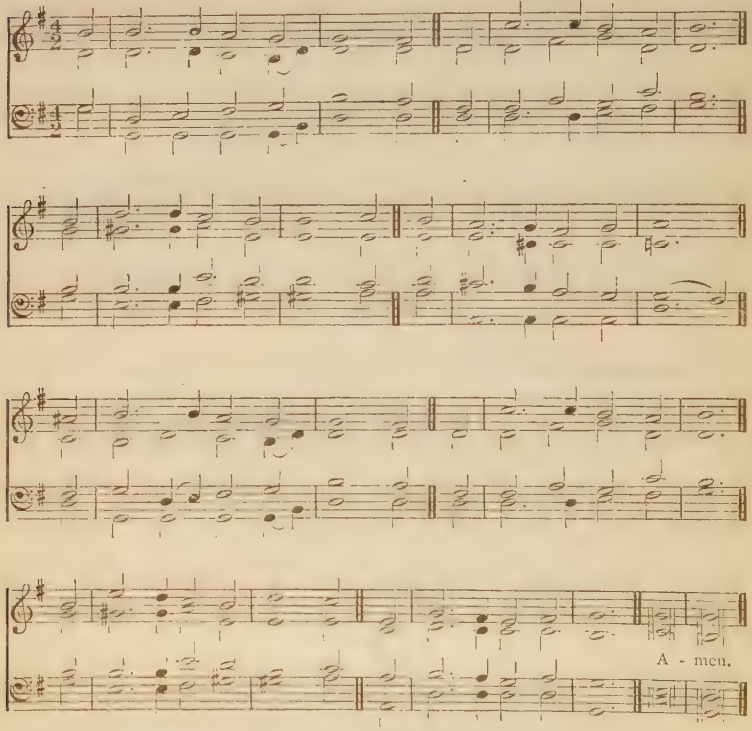
mp 2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
cr. And with Thyself my spirit fill.

mf 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
cr. That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

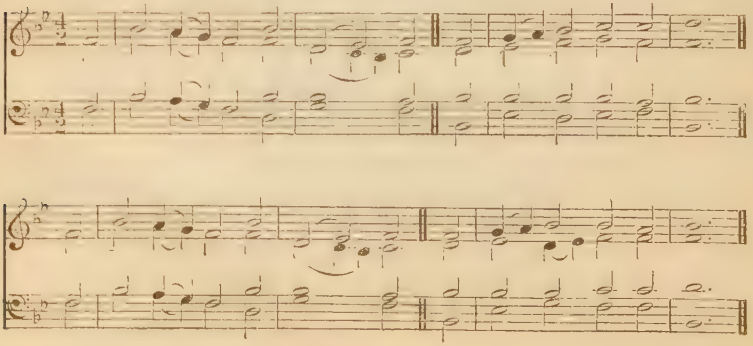
f 4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

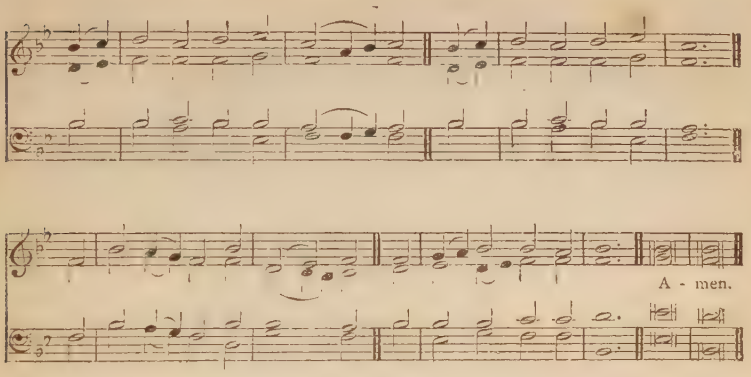
T. KEN.

ANGEL'S STORY (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. A. H. MANN.



ELLACOMBE (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. German.





See also "Aurelia," No. 496.

557 *"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together."*—Ps. xxxiv. 3.

f 1 COME, let us sing together
Our Father's worthy praise,
Who guards our nightly slumbers,
Who guides our daily ways;
Tell forth His love unfailing,
Tell forth His wondrous might,
Whose presence more than morning
Should faithful souls delight.

mp 2 Come, let us stand together
Before that hidden throne,
Where every heart is open,
And every heart is known.
Be all our sins dissolvèd,
Like shadows of the night;
cr. Rise up, each sweet affection,
Like flowers to greet the light.

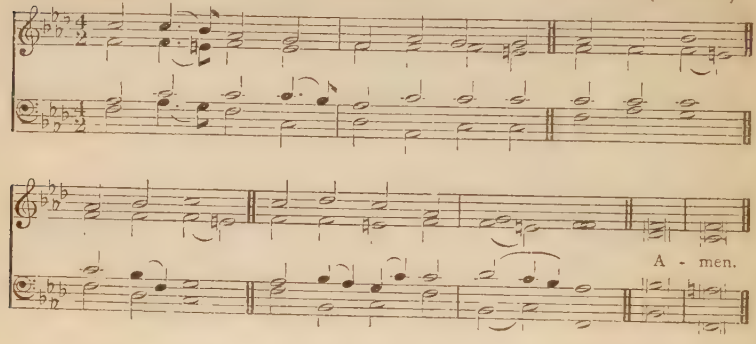
mf 3 Come, let us seek together
The work our Master sends
The prize He holds before us,
The strength His spirit lends.
f One hope in Him we cherish,
One aim in Him pursue,
Each mind to plan the wisest,
Each hand the best to do.

mf 4 Come, let us learn together,
The foes we all must meet,—
mp The fall for souls presuming,
The snare for careless feet.
p Oh weak is mortal virtue!
Oh mad is mortal pride!
cr. The Lord is our salvation,
The Lord shall be our guide.

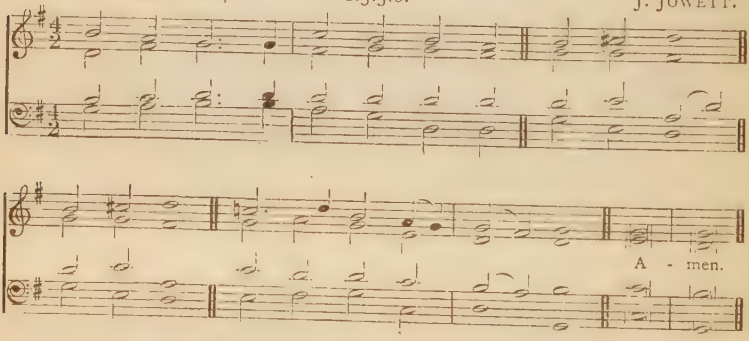
mp 5 Come, let us know together,
What trials soon may come,
What shadows ere the noon-day
May fall on heart and home.
cr. But best the lot, though bitter,
A Father's love provides;
f And best the way, though darksome,
Wherein a Saviour guides. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

GOPPA (*1st Tune*). 8.3.3.6. J. ROBERTS (Henllan).



THANET (*2nd Tune*). 8.3.3.6. J. JOWETT.



558

"*When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.*"—Prov. iii. 24.
"*The Lord is thy keeper.*"—Ps. cxxi. 5.

mf 1 ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

mf 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

mf 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

mp 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

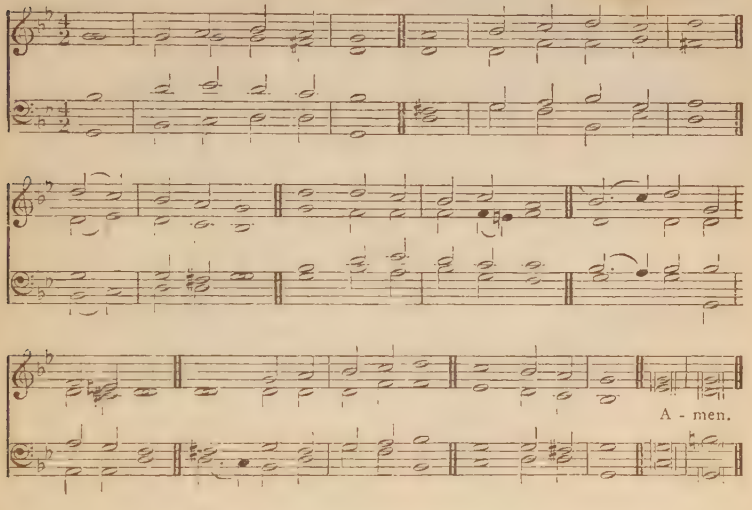
mf 5 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

f 6 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power

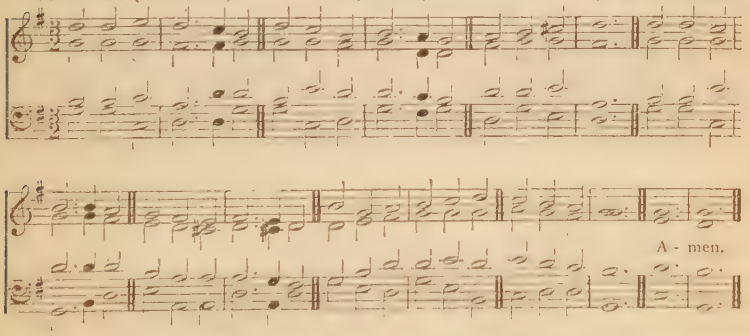
p 7 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
cr. Let me rise
With the wise,
f Counted in their number. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

DENBIGH (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Welsh Melody.



PHILIPPI (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. J. G. EBELING.



559

"*Therefore now let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant.*"—2 Sam. vii. 29.

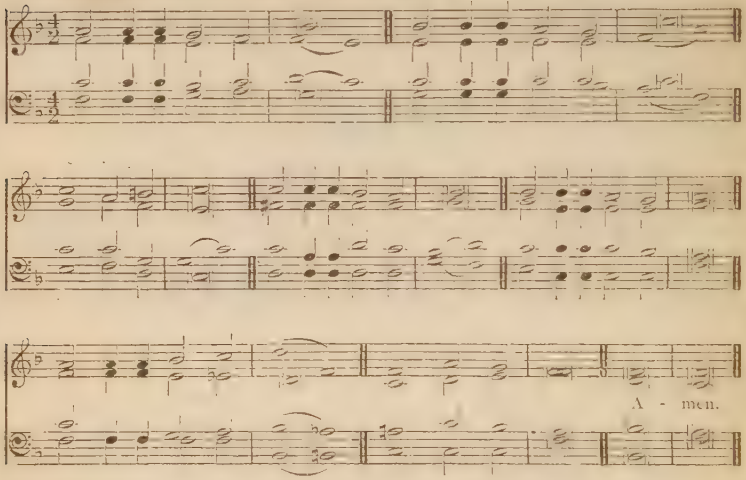
mf 1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
cr. Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day,
Our grateful thanks we pay,
dim. And to our Father pray,—
p Bless us to-night!

mf 2 Jesus, Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
dim. For many sins we grieve,
cr. But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
p Bless us to-night!

mp 3 Spirit of holiness,
Gentle, transforming grace,
Indwelling Light!
dim. Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest,
p Bless us to-night! Amen.

G. RAWSON.

KIRBY BEDON (*3rd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. E. BUNNETT.



559

"*Therefore now let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant.*"—2 Sam. vii. 29.

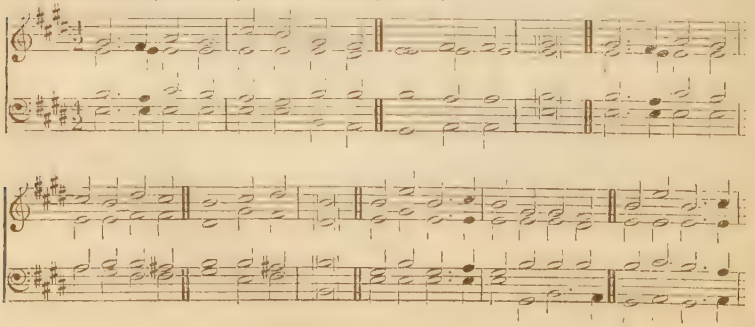
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cr. Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day,
Our grateful thanks we pay,
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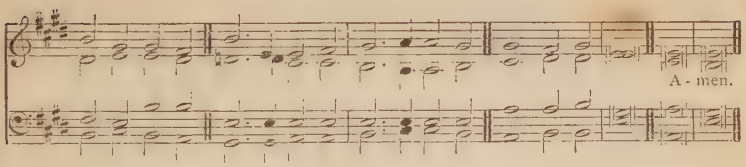
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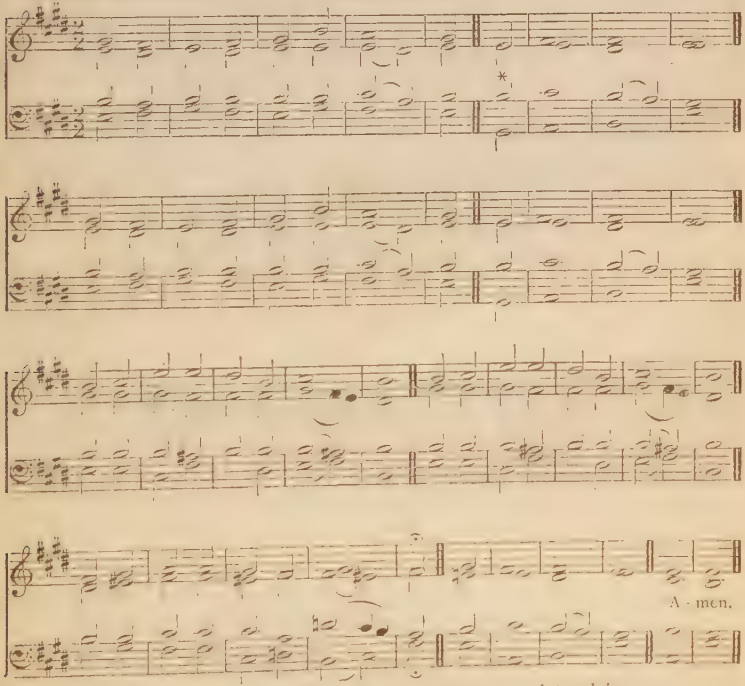
G. RAWSON

STEGGALL (*1st Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. C. STEGGALL.





UPSAL (*2nd Tune*). 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. J. CRÜGER.



* Omit this chord in verse 1 only, and divide the next into minims.

See also "Oh! how He loves," and "Wynnstay," No. 173.

560

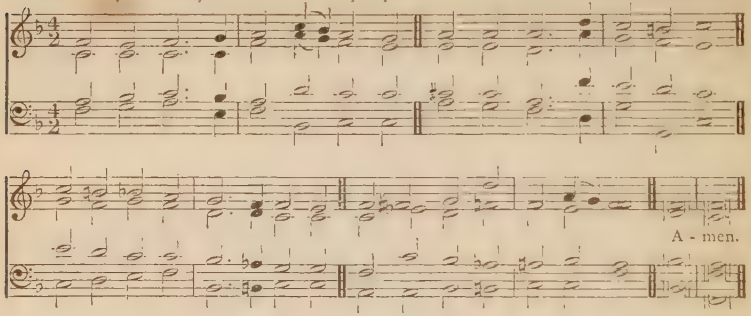
"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

mf 1 GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
mp May Thine angel-guards defend us!
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us!
This live-long night!

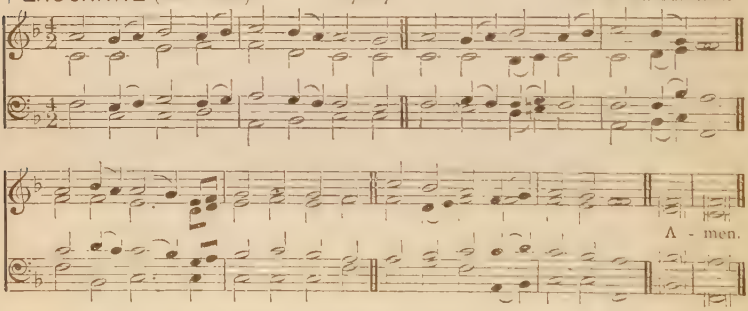
mf 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
mp When the last dread call shall wake us,
cr. Do not Thou, our God, forsake us;
f But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

R. HEBER and R. WHATELY.

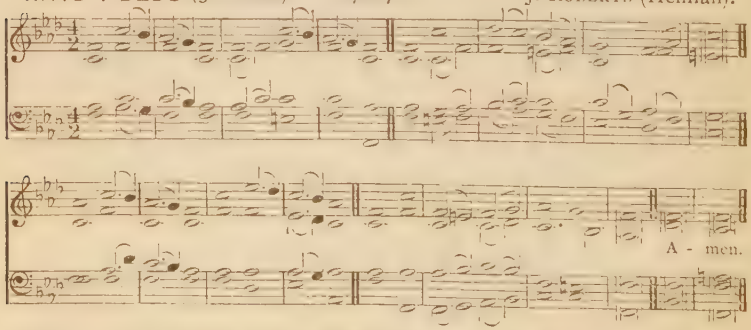
SARDIS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. L. BEETHOVEN.



LAUSANNE (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. H. A. MALAN.



RHYD Y BEDD (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. ROBERTS (Henllan).



561

"*Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.*"—Job xi. 18.
"*For He shall give His angels charge over thee.*"—Ps. xci. 11.

mp 1 HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigils keep.

p 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

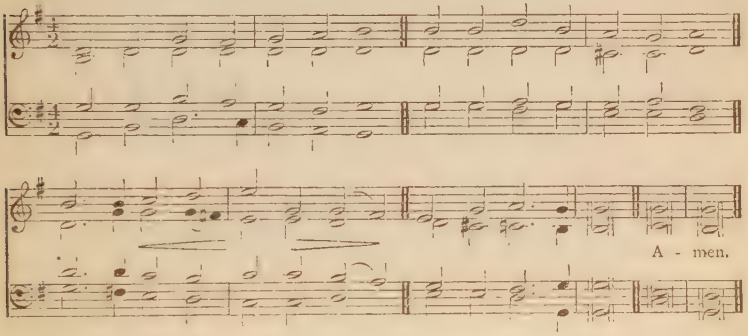
mp 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made!

f 4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought:
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son hath wrought.

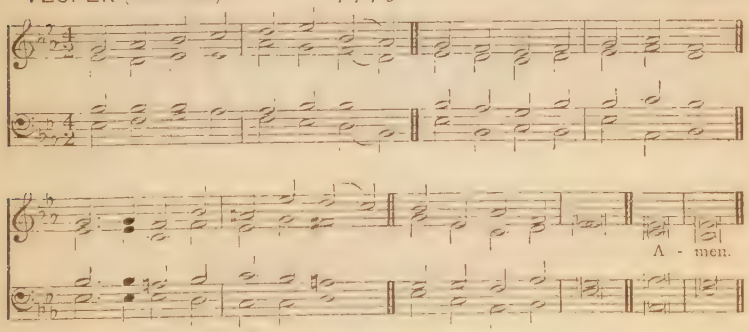
mf 5 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
cr. Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear me home! Amen.

H. PARR.

CONSOLATOR (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·5. A. C. FALCONER.



VESPER (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·5. J. STAINER.



See also "Irene," No. 199.

562

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

mf 1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
cr. Light at evening-time.

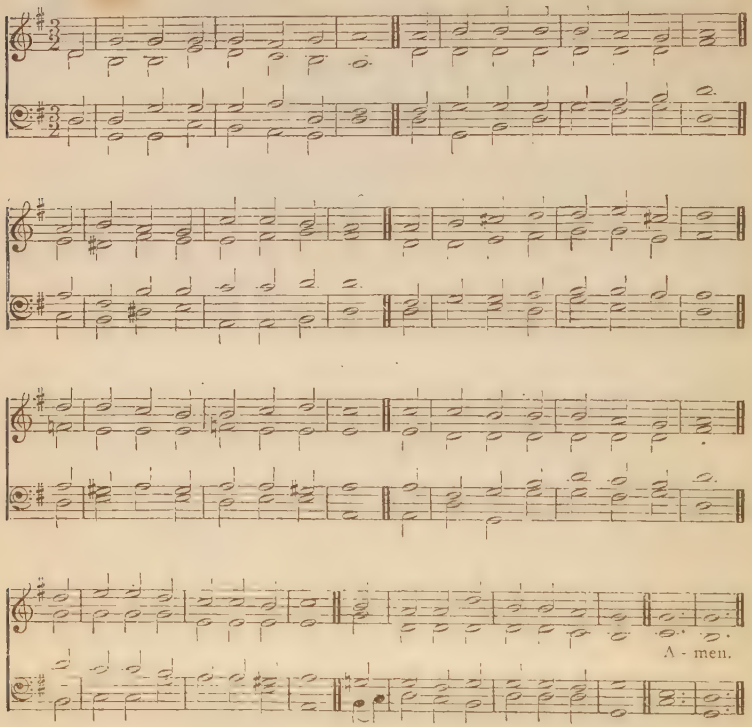
p 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
cr. Light at evening-time.

pp 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie:
Grant us, when we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

mf 4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
cr. Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
f Light at evening time. Amen.

R. H. ROBINSON.

SAXONY. 8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar). Lutheran.



See also "Salome," No. 104.

563

"*Thou hast been my help.*"—Ps. xxvii. 9.

mf 1 KIND Author and Ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast helped me till now:
mp I muse on the years that are past,
cr. Wherein my defence Thou hast proved;
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally loved.

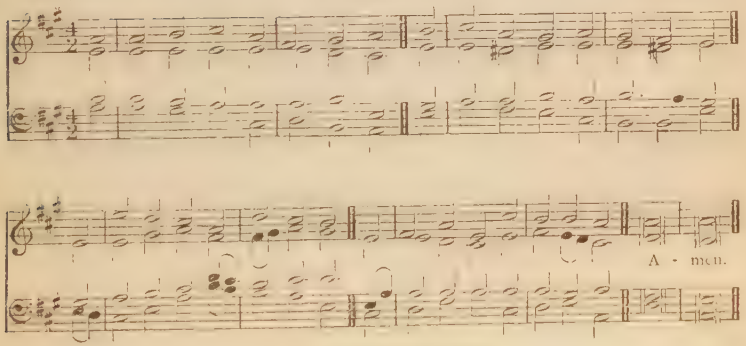
mf 2 Beneficent Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
cr. If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

mf 3 Thy ministering spirits descend,
And watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep!
f Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Fly swift to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

f 4 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
cr. I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join:
And love and adore without end,
Their gracious Creator, and mine. Amen.

A. M. TOPLADY.

ELY. L.M. T. TURTON.



See also "Mainzer," No. 502.

564

"*Blessed be the Lord Who daily loadeth us with benefits.*"—Ps. lxviii. 19.

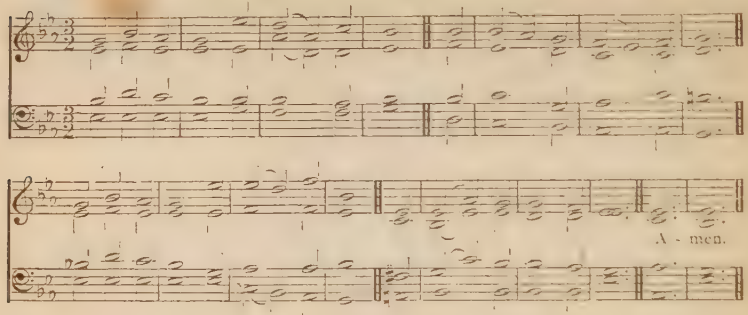
mf 1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
dim. Gently distil like early dew.

mf 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
cr. And quickens all my drowsy powers.

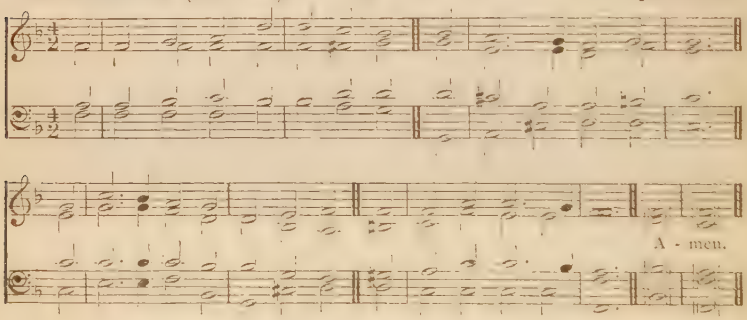
mf 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
cr. Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

I. WATTS.

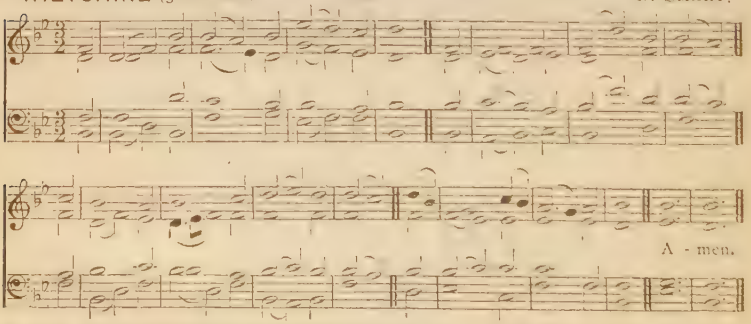
WHITEWELL (*1st Tune*). C.M. C. J. YATES.



NORTHREPPS (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. BOOTH.



WILTSHIRE (*3rd Tune*). C.M. G. SMART.



565 "*Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.*"—Ps. cxli. 2.

mf 1 NOW, from the altar of my heart,
Let incense-flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
mp Mine evening sacrifice.

mf 2 This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

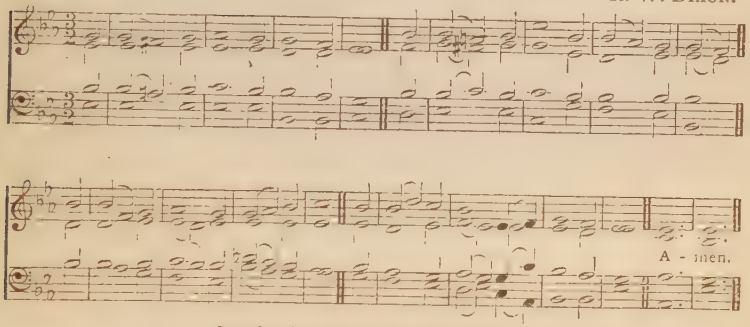
mf 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

mf 4 New time, new favours and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

f 5 Lord of my time, Whose Hand hath set
New time upon my score:
cr. Thee shall I praise for all my time,
dim. When time shall be no more. Amen.

J. MASON.

STAINCLIFFE. L.M. R. W. DIXON.



See also the "Old Hundredth," No. 504.

566

"*At the same time, saith the Lord, will I be the God of all the families of Israel, and they shall be My people.*"—Jer. xxxi. 1.

mf 1 O GOD of families, we own
Thy constant care; before Thy throne
mp We humbly bow the suppliant knee,
And pay our {morning / evening} vows to Thee.

mp 2 O God of families, forgive,
Our daily sins; and O receive
The humble tribute of our praise,
For all the love that crowns our days.

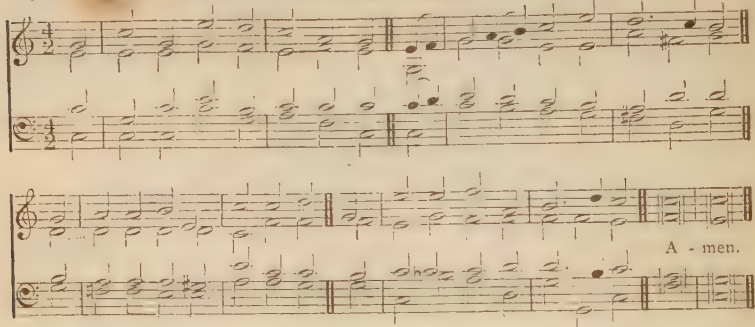
mp 3 O God of families, we pray
Thy guardian care from day to day;
O give, nor more may we desire,
The food and raiment we require.

mf 4 O God of families, impart
To each an understanding heart;
cr. The knowledge of Thy will bestow
And grace to practise what we know.

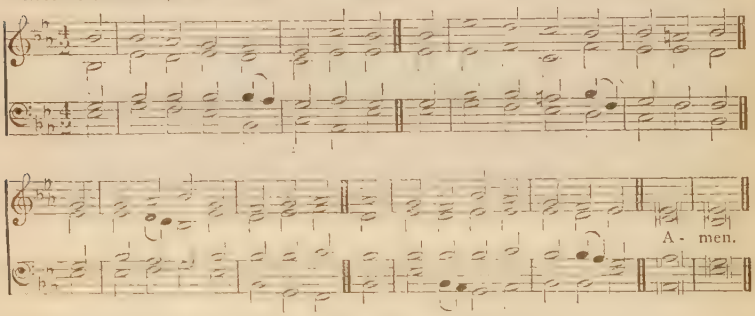
mp 5 And when on earth we cease to be,
As now, a happy family;
cr. To us, O God, may it be given
To be a family in heaven. Amen.

RAFFLES.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT (*1st Tune*). L.M. J. W. ELLIOTT.



MELCOMBE (*2nd Tune*). L.M. S. WEBBE.



567

"*Be Thou their arm every morning.*"—Is. xxxiii. 2.
"*I am the Light of the world.*"—John viii. 12.

mf 1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

mf 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

mf 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
cr And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

mp 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness,
From sudden falls our feet defend,
cr. And bring us to a prosperous end.

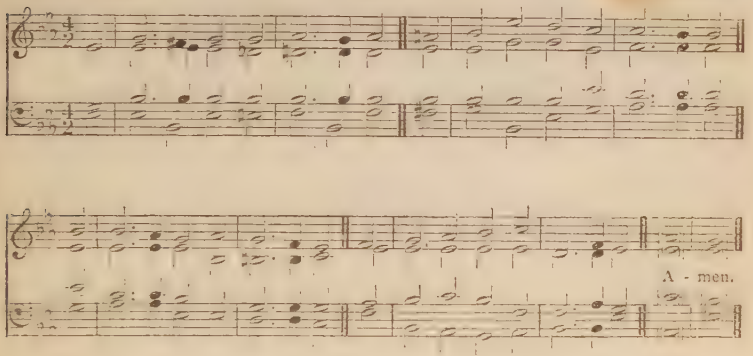
mf 5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

mp 6 Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
cr. And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

mf 7 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
f Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee. Amen.

From the Latin. *Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. B. Calkin.



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568

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. . . . They are new every morning."—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

mf 1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

mf 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
mp Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
cr. Restored to life and power and thought.

f 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

mp 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
cr. New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

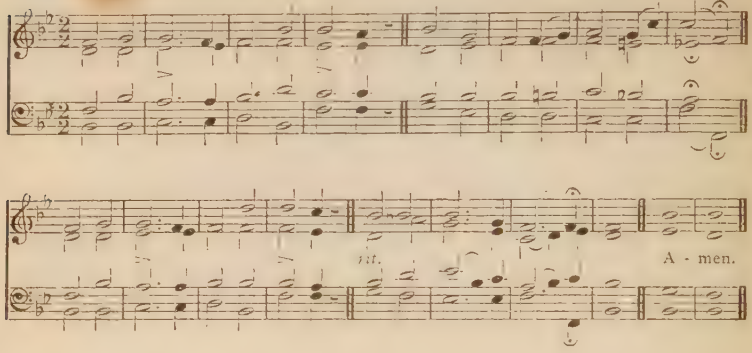
mf 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

mf 6 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;—
The secret this of rest below.

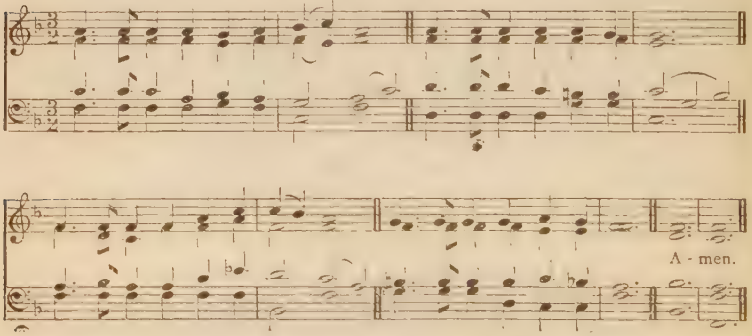
mp 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
cr. And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

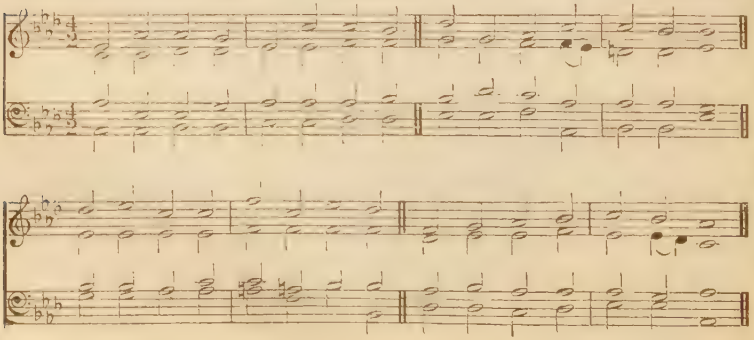
EVENING PRAYER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. G. C. STEBBINS.

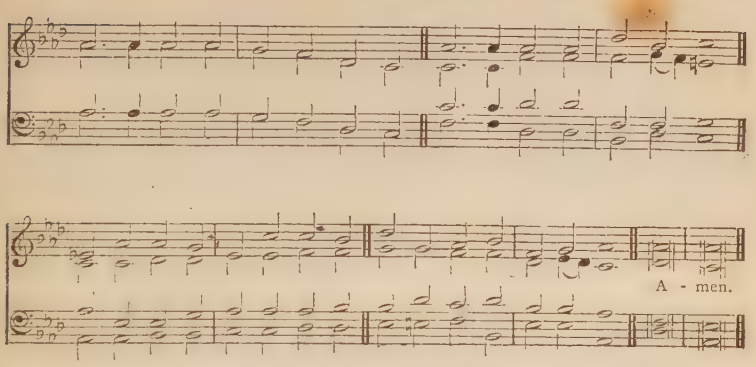


ST. SYLVESTER (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.



SALVATOR (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. P. JEWSON.





See also "Florence," No. 735.

569

"There shall no evil befall thee."—Ps. xci. 10.

p 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
cr. Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

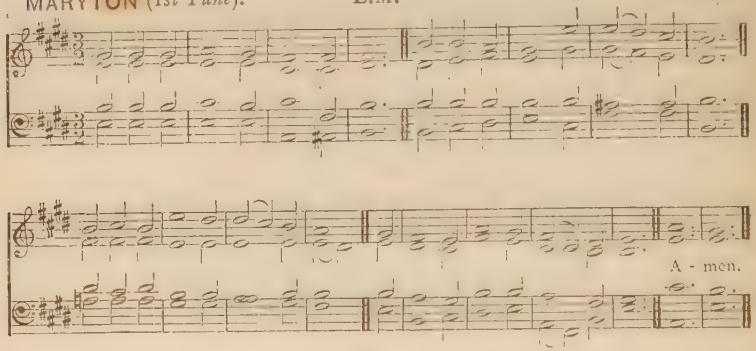
p 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
mf Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p 3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
mf Angel-guards from Thee surround us.
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

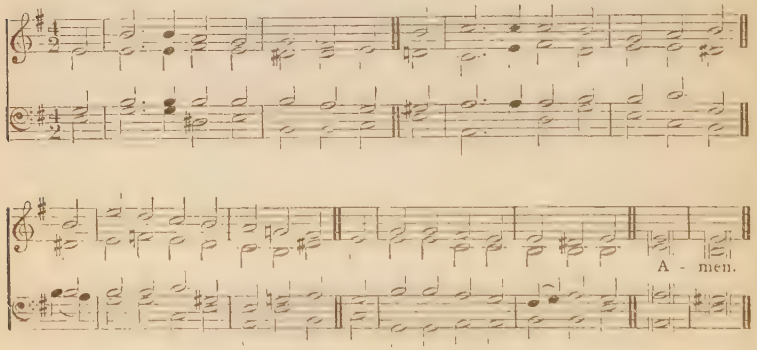
p 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cr. May the morn in heaven awake us,
f Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

J. EDMESTON.

MARYTON (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. P. SMITH.



REST (*2nd Tune*). L.M. M. SMITH.



See also "Golgotha" (St. Cross), No. 318.

570

"*He was their Saviour.*"—Isa. lxiii. 8.

mf 1 SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee,
Once more with supplicating cries,
We lift the heart and bend the knee,
And bid devotion's incense rise.

f 2 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven;
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,
And answer'd prayers, and sins forgiven.

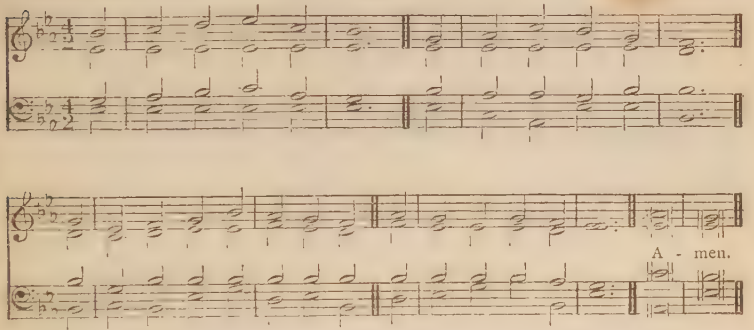
mp 3 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
cr. Be still, to steer our steps aright,
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay.

mf 4 Be ours Thy fear and favour still,
United hearts—unchanging love;
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,
No wish that centres not above.

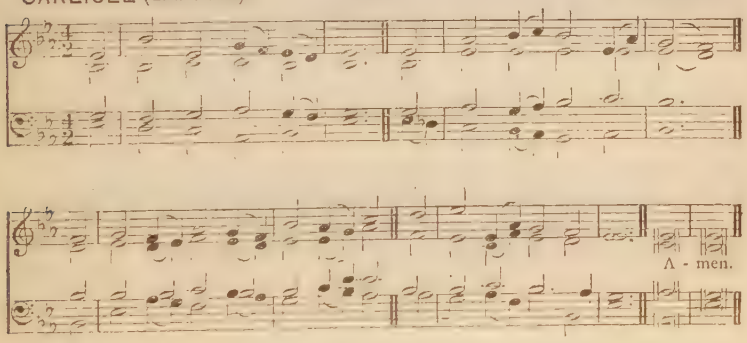
mp 5 And since we must be parted here,
Support us when the hour shall come;
cr. Wipe gently off the mourner's tears,
Rejoin us in our heavenly home. Amen.

H. ALFORD.

RYLSTONE (*1st Tune*). S.M. C. H. LLOYD.



CARLISLE (*2nd Tune*). S.M. C. LOCKHART.



See also "Franconia," No. 332.

571

"*I am still with Thee.*"—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

mf 1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee:

mf 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer:

mf 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,
mp Speak softly to my heart;

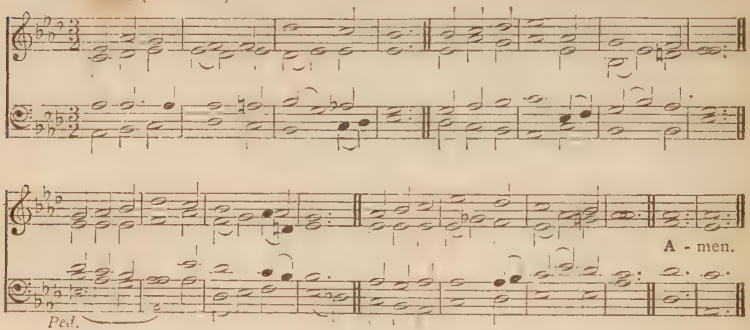
mp 4 With Thee, when day is done
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun,
With Thee, my heart would find:

mp 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

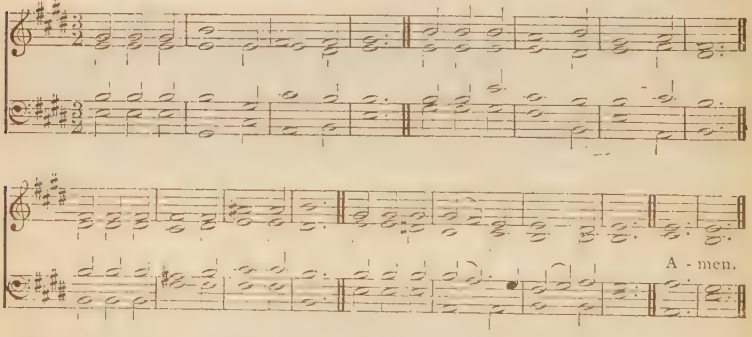
f 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee. Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

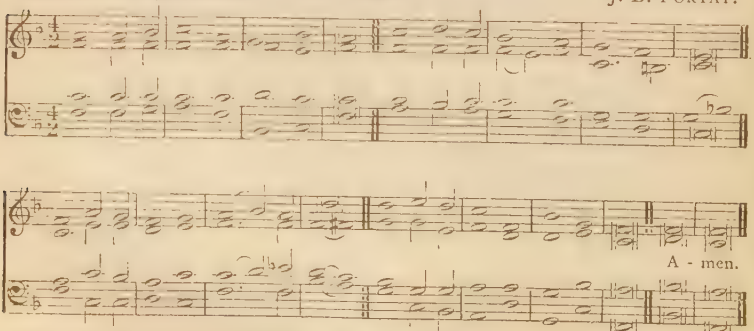
ABENDS* (*1st Tune*). L.M. H. S. OAKELEY.



HESPERUS (WHITBURN) (*2nd Tune*). L.M. H. BAKER.

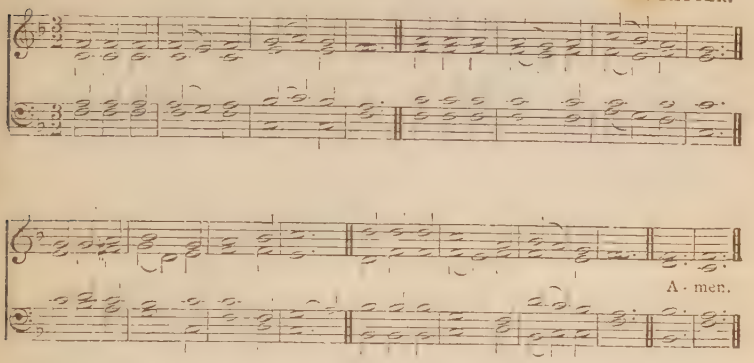


MERVILLE (*3rd Tune*). L.M. J. B. FORTAY.



* Attention is directed to the change of metre at "My wearied," "Abide with," "With blessings," "We lose," where Iambic instead of Trochaic rhythm requires corresponding modification in the music. [Note by Composer.]

HURSLEY (*4th Tune*). L.M. P. RITTER.



572

"*For the Lord God is a sun and shield.*"—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

mf 1 SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
dim. To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

mf 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
dim. Abide with me when night is nigh,
p For without Thee I dare not die.

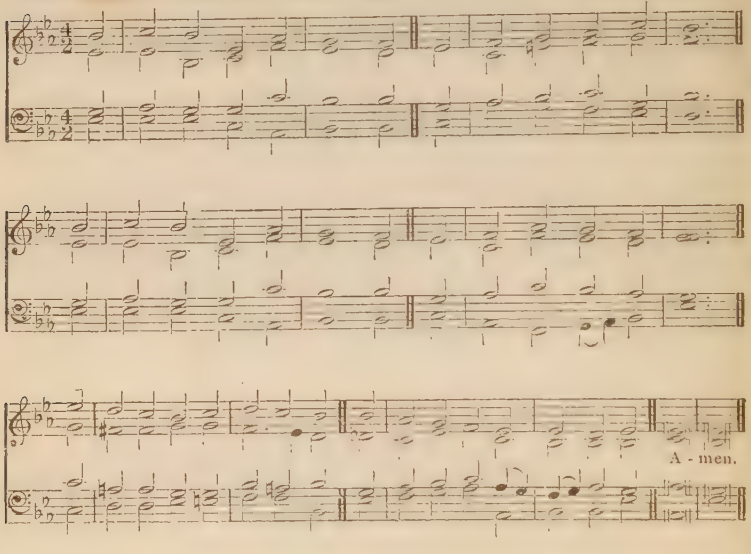
p 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
mf Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf 5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
p Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

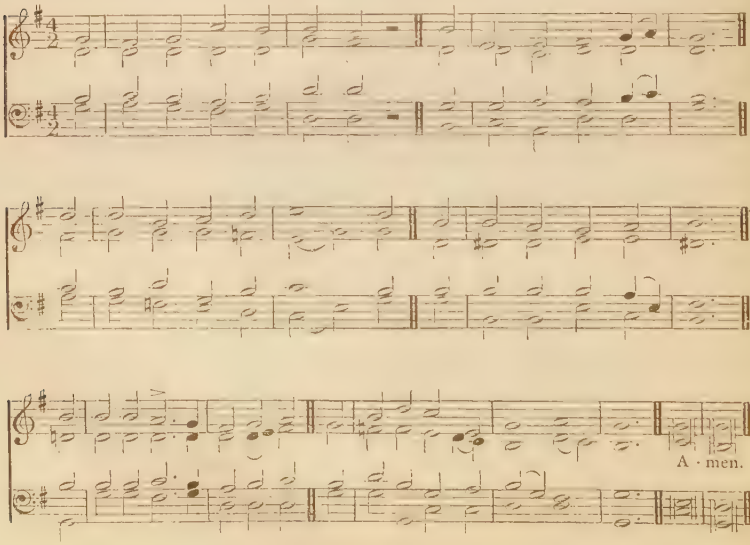
mf 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
cr. Till in the ocean of Thy love
f We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

ANATOLIUS (BROWN) (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6.8.8. A. H. BROWN.



ANATOLIUS (DYKES) (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



573

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Ps. cxxi. 3.

mf 1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
cr. O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

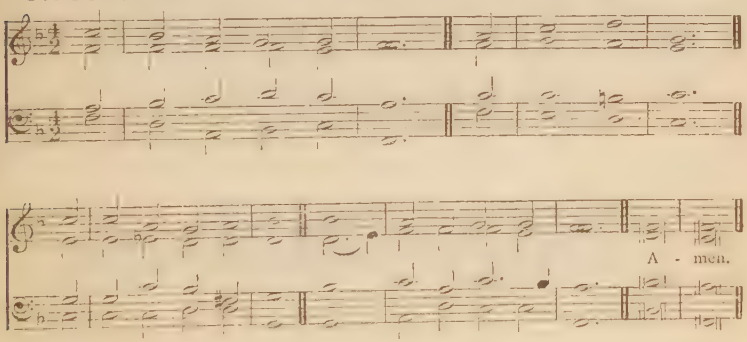
mf 2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
cr. O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

mf 3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
cr. O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

mf 4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
cr. Lover of men! Oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all. Amen.

ANATOLIUS, *tr.* J. M. NEALE.

ST. COLUMBA. 6.4.6.6. H. S. IRONS.



574

"At the time of the evening sacrifice."—1 Kings xviii. 36.

p 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
cr. Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

p 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned.

cr. 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

p 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

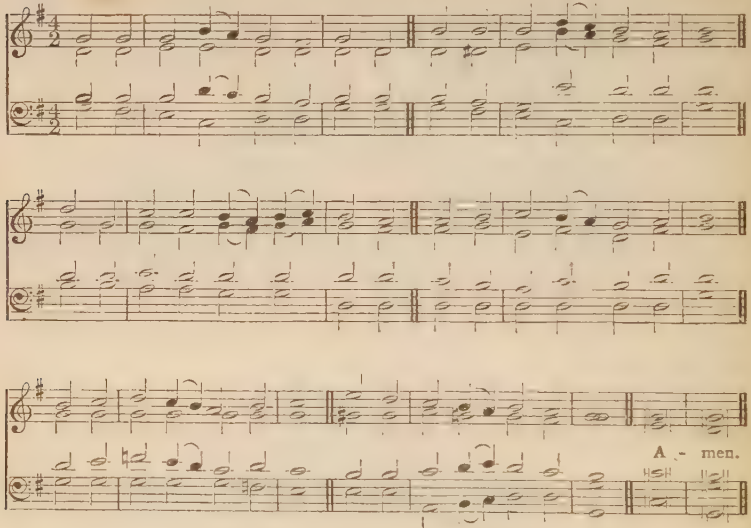
f 5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

mf 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
cr. In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me:

f 7 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine! Amen.

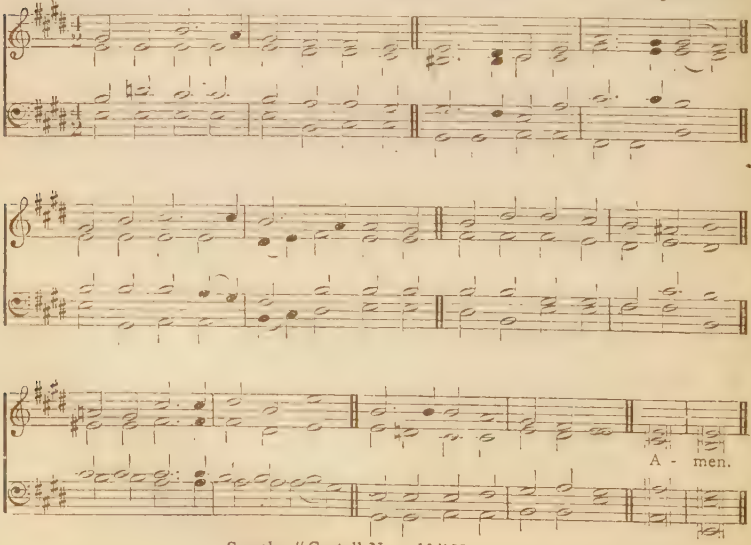
From the Latin, *tr.* E. CASWALL.

GOUNOD (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. GOUNOD.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

STONELEIGH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. C. S. JEKYLL.



See also "Castell Newydd," No. 291.

575

"I . . . will make them to lie down safely."—Hos. ii. 18.

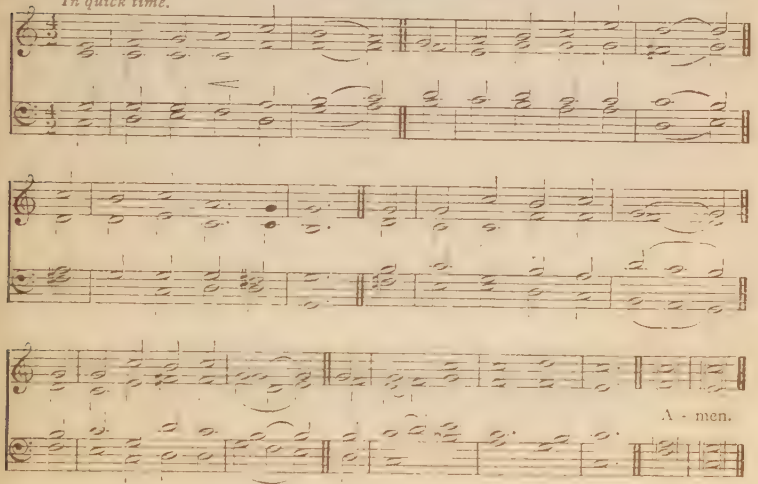
mf 1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us!
Let no foe our peace molest!
p Jesus, Thou our Guardian be!
cr. Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

mf 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes!
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
dim. In Thine arms may we repose!
p And, when life's brief day is past,
cr. Rest with Thee in heaven at last!
Amen.

T. KELLY.

LAUDES DOMINI. 6.6.6.6.6.6. J. BARNBY.

In quick time.



576

"Daily shall He be praised."—Ps. lxxii. 15.

mf 1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
cr. "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf 2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
cr. "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
cr. "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

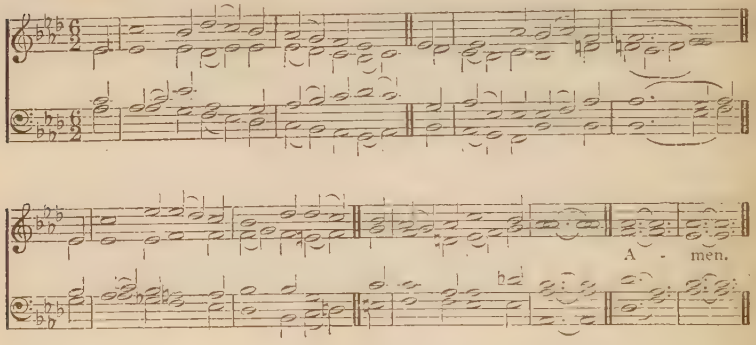
p 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
cr. A solace here I find,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr. My comfort still is this,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

mf 4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
f "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p The powers of darkness fear,
cr. When this sweet chant they hear,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

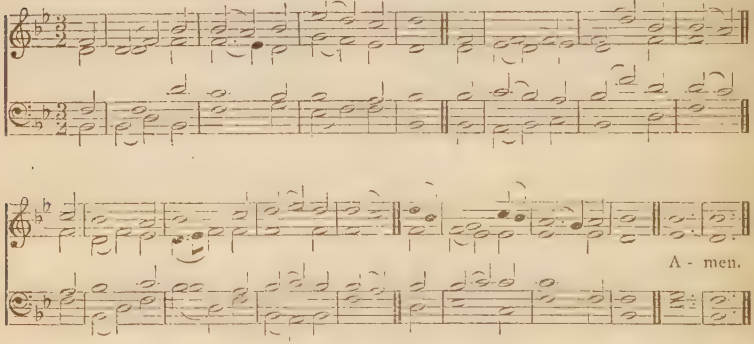
f 5 To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!" Amen.

From the German, *tr.* E. CASWALL.

AVONDALE (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. BOOTH.



WILTSHIRE (*2nd Tune*). C.M. G. SMART.



577 "*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.*"—Ps. cxxi. i.

mf 1 WHILE evening shades are closing round,
I look to Zion's hills;
I pitch my tent on holy ground,
And peace my bosom fills.

mf 2 I lean my head upon the arm
That made the heavens and earth;
He will protect me from all harm,
Who gave my being birth.

mp 3 I close my eyes in slumber deep,
Reclining on His breast;
cr. Whose eyelids never close in sleep,
Who knows nor toil nor rest.

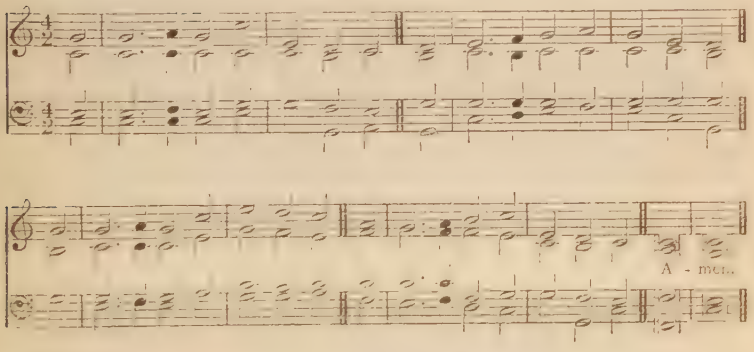
mf 4 From fiercest heat on burning day
His wing provides a shade;
The moon at night no baleful rays
Shall dart upon my head.

mf 5 He Who has saved my soul from sin,
Though troubles be in store,
cr. My going out and coming in
Shall keep for evermore. Amen.

W. HOWELLS.

8.—*ITS ORDINANCES: BAPTISM.*

ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING.



578 "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." - Mark x. 14.

mf 1 A LITTLE child the Saviour came.
f The mighty God was still His Name
And angels worshipped, as He lay
mp The seeming Infant of a day.

mf 2 He, Who a little child began
The life Divine to show to man,
cr. Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to Me."

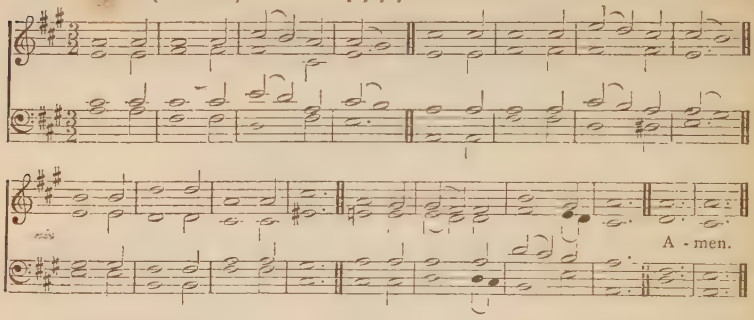
f 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

mp 4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard:
cr. Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

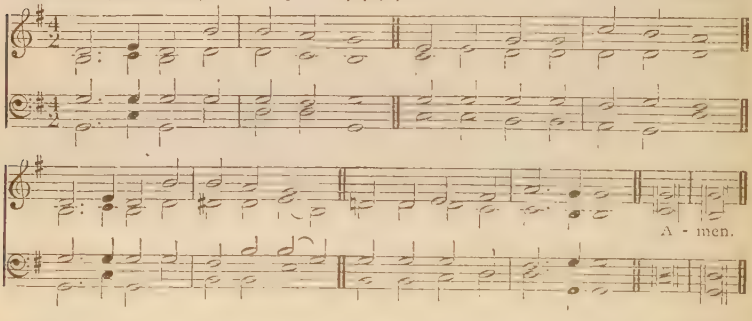
f 5 O Thou, Who, by an Infant's tongue,
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung;
cr. May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

W. ROBERTSON.

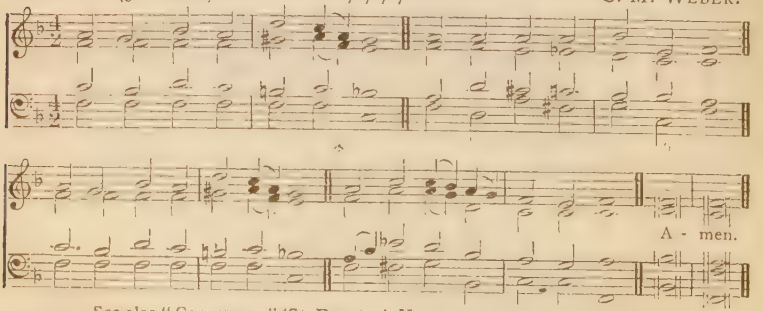
CHRISTUS (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. W. BLOW.



AGAPE (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. Anon.



WEBER (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. C. M. WEBER.



See also "Capernaum" (St. Dunstan), No. 525, and "Heinlein," No. 616.

579

"For this child I prayed."—1 Sam. i. 27.

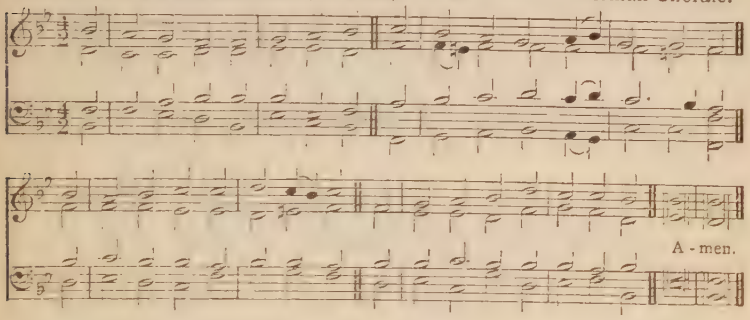
mp 1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children Thou hast given;
cr. Let them all Thy blessings share,
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven!

mf 2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to Thee;
Let them learn to lisp Thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

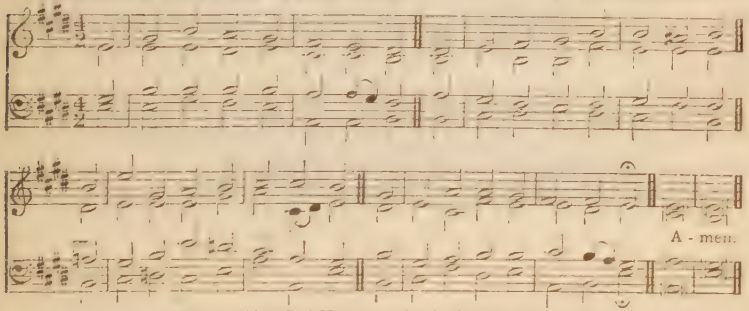
mp 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
cr. Let them all be born again
And be reconciled to God.

mf 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;
While on Thee our souls rely,
mp Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!
Amen.
HASTINGS.

BECCLES (OLDENBURG) (*1st Tune*). L.M. German Chorale.



HEAVENLY DOVE (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. W. STANIFORTH.



See also "Abends," No 572, and "Ombersley," No. 538.

580

"*As long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.*"—1 Sam. i. 28.

mf 1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace,
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

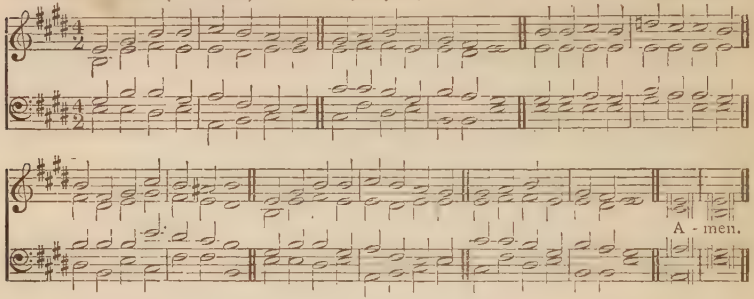
mf 2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesu's throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and rear'd for heaven.

mf 3 Lent to us for a season, we
f Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee!
cr. Assured, that, if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

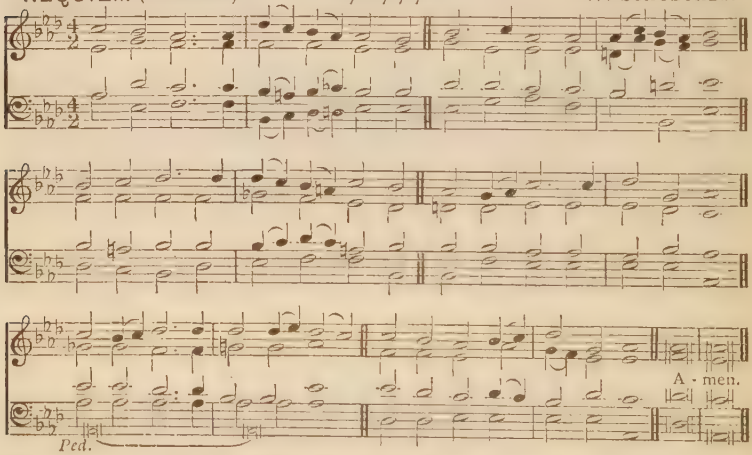
f 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head!
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face!

mp 5 Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled!
cr. Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above! Amen.
J. S. B. MONSELL.

MANNHEIM (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.



REQUIEM (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.7.7. W. SCHULTHES.



581

"*He shall gather the lambs with His arm.*"—Isa. xl. 11.
"*And He took them up in His arms.*"—Mark x. 16.

mf 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
p Sweetly, fondly, safely tended
cr. From all want and danger free.

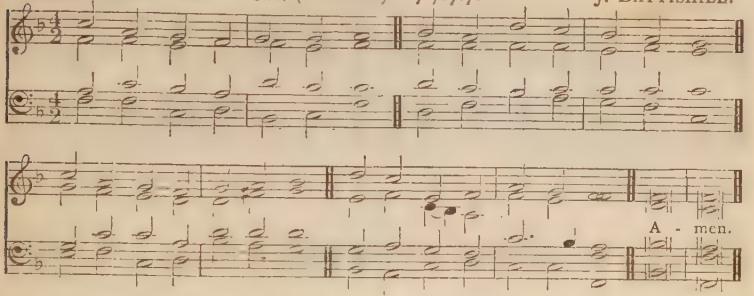
p 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, and protect them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

mf 3 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light; [them
Let Thy love and grace constrain
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

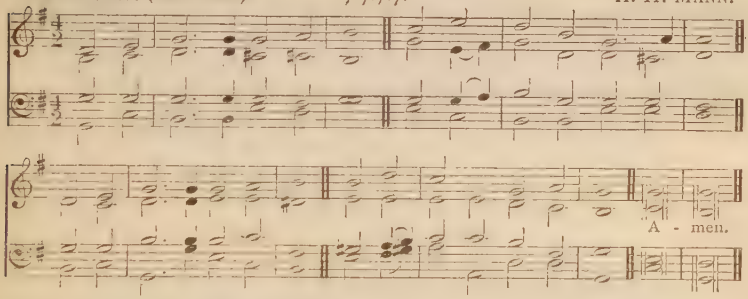
mf 4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,—
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May they their thank-offerings bring;
cr. Then, with all the saints in glory,
f Join to praise their Lord and King.
Amen.

J. E. LEESON and J. KEBLE.

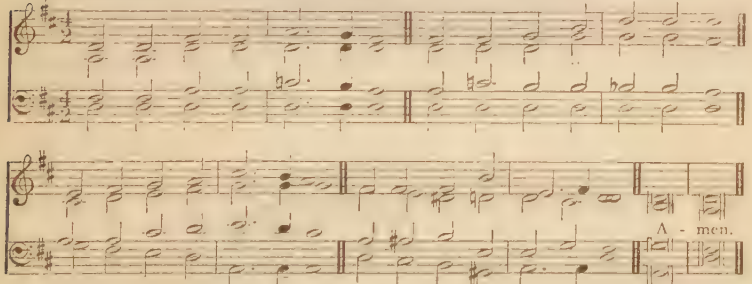
BATTISHILL (MELTON) (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. J. BATTISHILL.



CANTONE (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. A. H. MANN.



SHERBORNE (*3rd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. F. MENDELSSOHN.



See also "University College," No. 443.

582

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children."—Acts ii. 39.

mf 1 HEAVENLY Father, may Thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

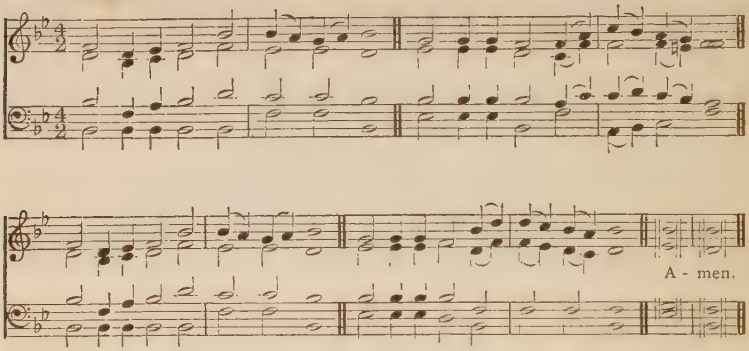
mf 2 Son of God, be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

mf 3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
cr. Thine almighty power display,
Seal him to redemption's day.

f 4 Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit,—Three in one,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be. Amen.

B. GUEST.

ERNAN. L.M. L. MASON.



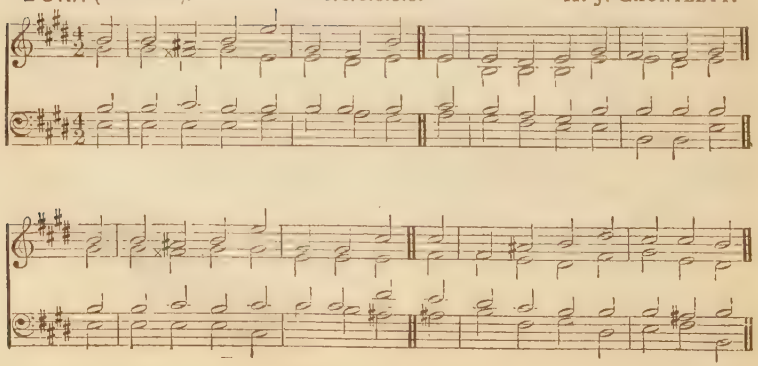
583 *"And they brought unto Him also infants, that He would touch them."*—Luke xviii. 15.

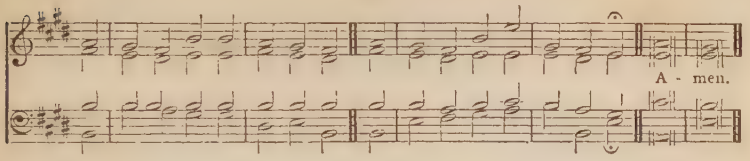
mf 1 JESUS! encouraged by Thy word,
Our offspring now we bring to Thee;
Kindly receive them, gracious Lord,
And Thy dear children let them be.

mf 2 Thy Spirit's renovating grace,
O grant that they may all partake;
Help them to run the heavenly race,
And save them for Thy mercy's sake. Amen.

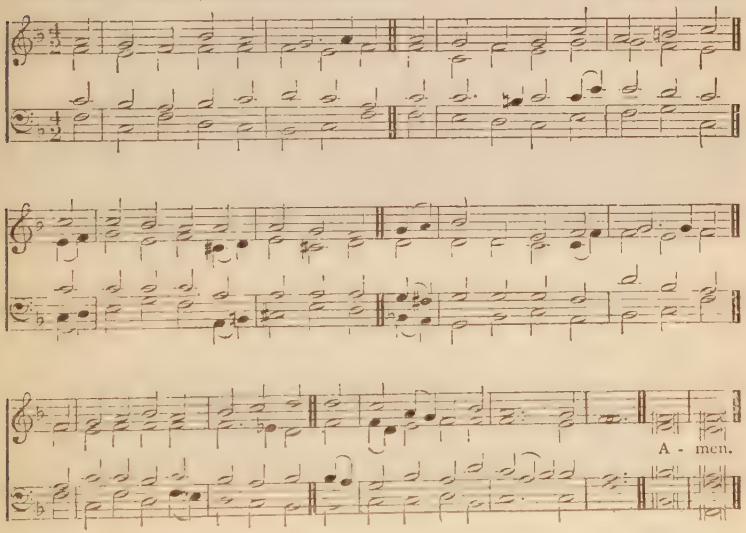
EVANGELICAL COLL.

DURA (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. GAUNTLETT.





ST. MATTHIAS (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. W. H. MONK.



584

"Baptizing them in ('into,' R V.) the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Matt. xxviii. 19.

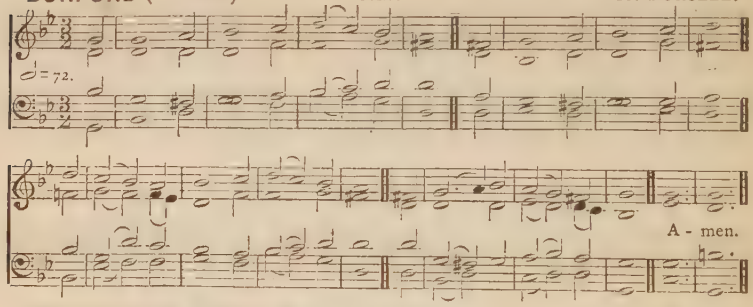
mf 1 O FATHER, in Thy Father's heart
We know our children have their part;
We sign them in Thy threefold Name,
And by the sprinkled water claim
Thy covenant, in Christ revealed,
To us and to our children sealed.

mf 2 Name of the Father! pledge that we
Our inmost being draw from Thee;
Name of the Son! whereby we know
The Father's love to men below;
Name of the Spirit! blessèd sign
That now we share the life divine.

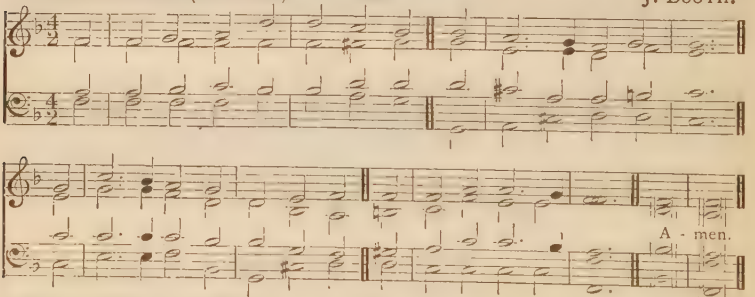
mp 3 Fulfil Thy covenant of love;
Baptize our children from above!
Thy best, Thy highest gift impart,
The blessing of a childlike heart,
cr. And mould them through life's strain and stress,
f To the full growth of perfectness. Amen.

E. S. ARMITAGE.

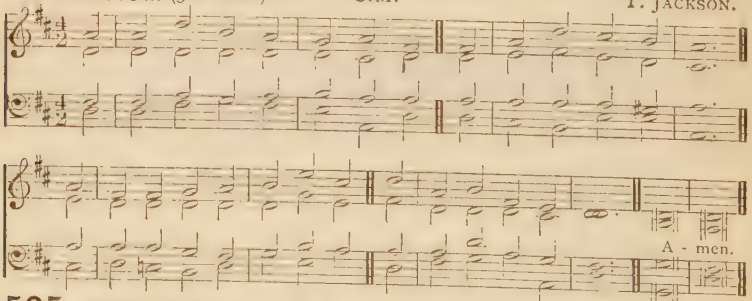
BURFORD (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. PURCELL.



NORTHREPPS (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. BOOTH.



BYZANTIUM (*3rd Tune*). C.M. T. JACKSON.



585 "*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*"—John vi. 68.

mp 1 O LORD, behold us at Thy feet,
A needy, sinful band:
As suppliants round Thy mercy-seat,
We come at Thy command.

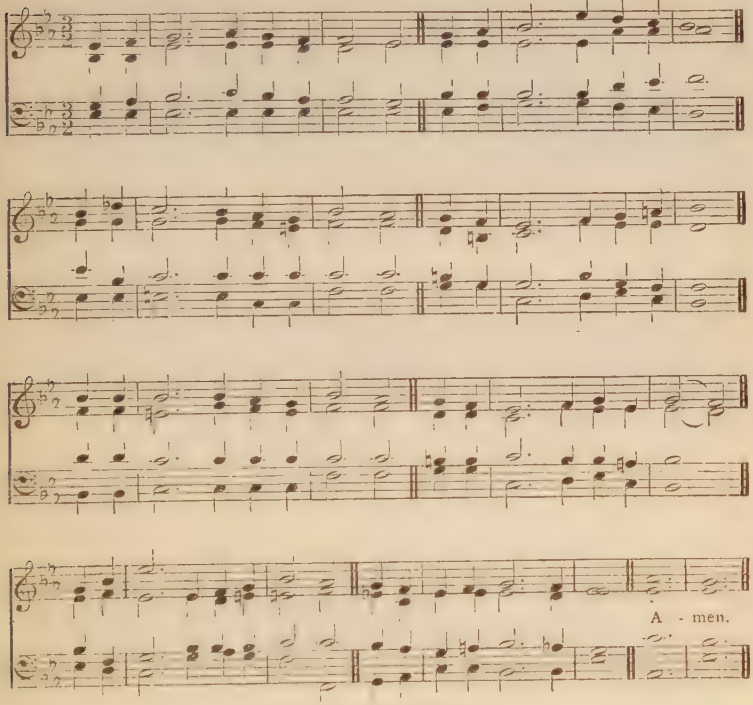
mp 2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring Thou hast given;
cr Where shall we go in time of need
But to the God of heaven?

mp 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife:
cr. But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

mf 4 We crave the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
cr. That they may stand before Thy face,
And see Thee as Thou art. Amen.

HASTINGS.

CHAMOUNI (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. G. LOMAS.



See also "Salvator," No. 569.

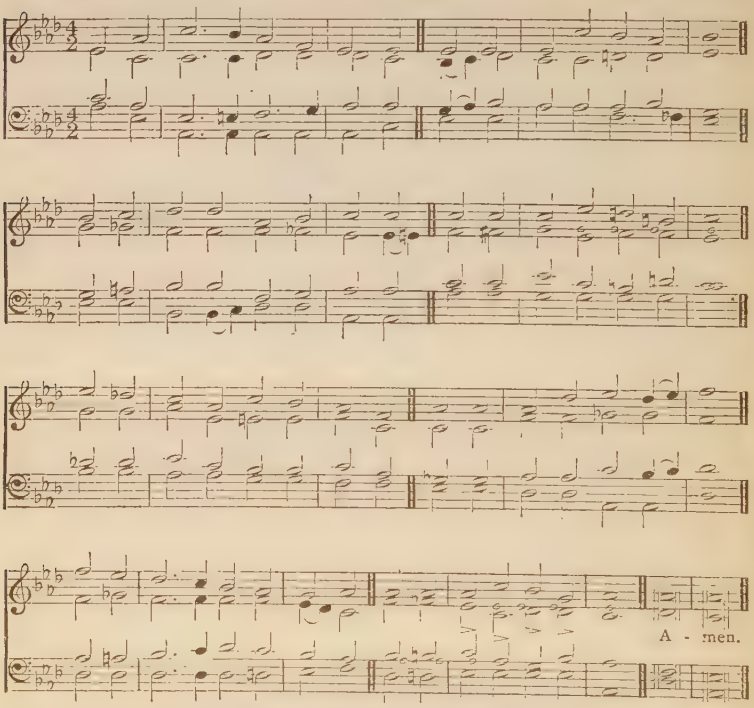
586 "*And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*"—Mark x. 16.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
mp All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
cr. There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm!

mp 2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey:
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
cr. Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
f Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace! Amen.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

SANCTUARY (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Salvator," No. 569.

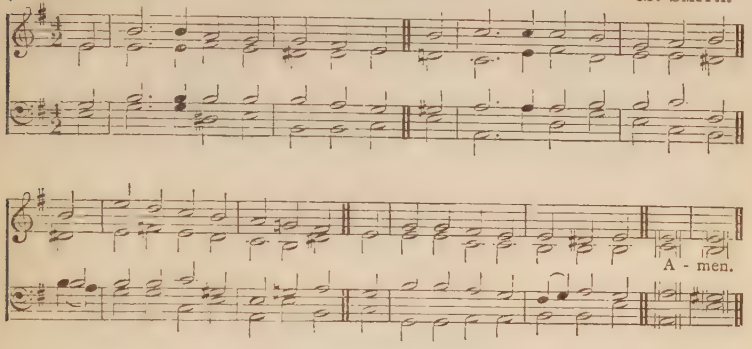
586 "*And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*"—Mark x. 16.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
mp All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
cr. There, we know; Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm!

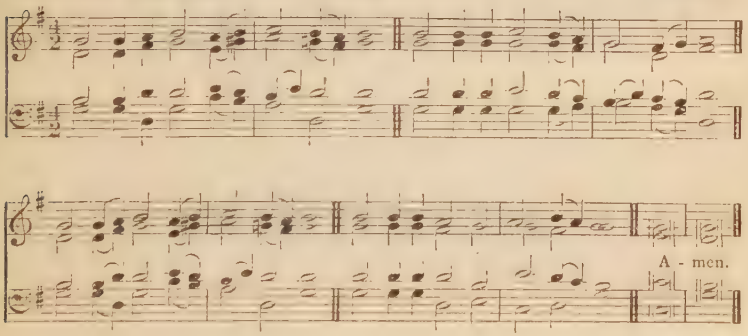
mp 2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;
cr. Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
f Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace! Amen.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

REST (*1st Tune*). L.M. M. SMITH.



BOSTON (*2nd Tune*). L.M. L. MASON.



587 "*For I know him that he will command his children after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord.*"—Gen. xviii. 19.

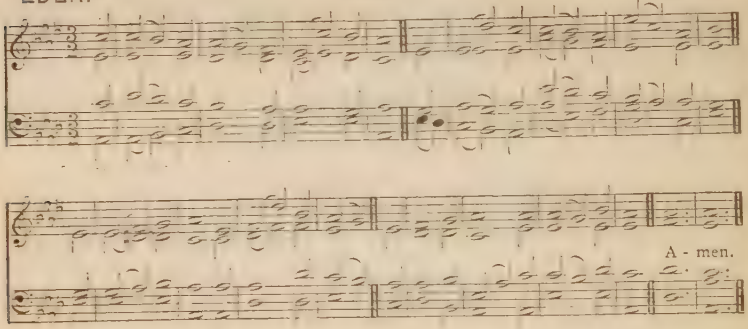
mp 1 THOU Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hear while we for our children cry;
cr. The good desired and wanted most,
Out of Thy richest grace supply.

mp 2 To us the needed aid impart,
To us the discipline be given,
cr. To teach the mind, to train the heart,
To bring them up for Thee and heaven.

mp 3 Give them the wisdom from above,
Their will to Thine, O Lord, subdue;
cr. O shed abroad their souls Thy love,
Create their hearts entirely new. Amen.

HOLLIS.

EDEN. L.M. T. B. MASON.



See also "Ernan," No. 583.

588 "Train up a child in the way he should go."—Prov. xxii. 6.

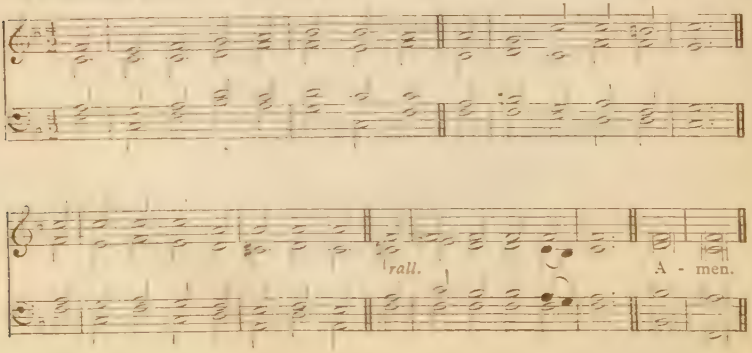
mf 1 THOU God of love and mercy, hear
Our grateful vows, our fervent prayer;
cr. And with Thy choicest favours bless,
And own as Thine our infant race.

mf 2 Incline their hearts to learn Thy will,
Their opening minds with knowledge fill;
cr. Impress Thine image on their breast,
And guide them to eternal rest. Amen.

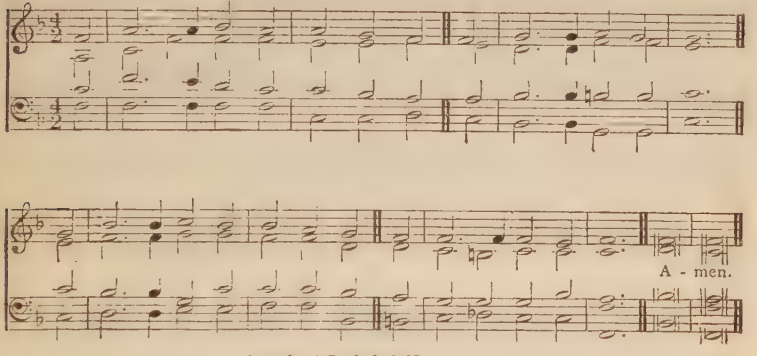
LEEDS COLLEGE.

9.—*ITS ORDINANCES: THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER (1st *Tune*). C.M. J. TURLE.



PENNANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Junr.



See also "Ludwig," No. 277.

589

"*This do in remembrance of Me.*"—Luke xxii. 19.

mp 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
cr. This will I do, my dying Lord!
I *will* remember Thee.

p 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
cr. Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

p 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

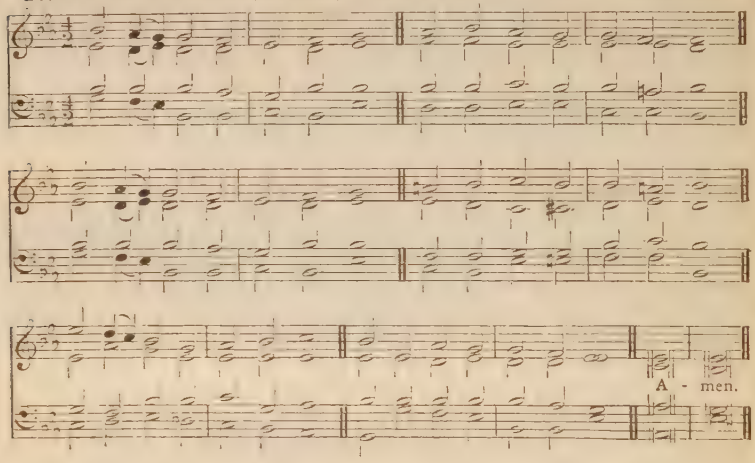
p 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
cr. O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

p 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
cr. And all Thy love to me;
f Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

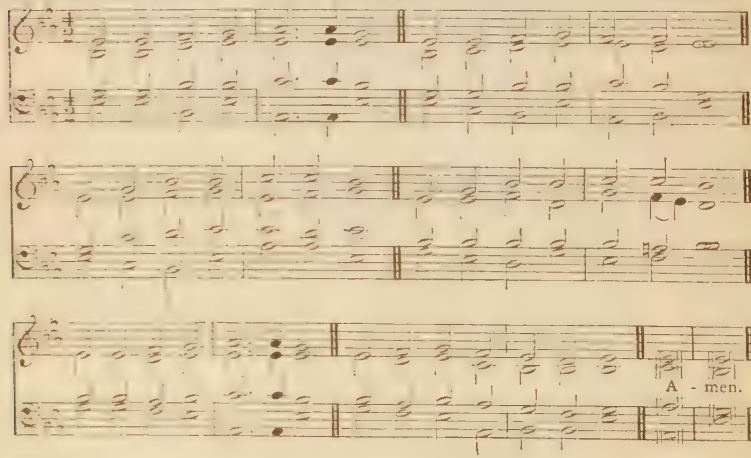
mp 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
cr. When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus! remember me. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

BREAD OF HEAVEN (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. W. D. MACLAGAN.



NORWOOD (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. R. REDHEAD.



590

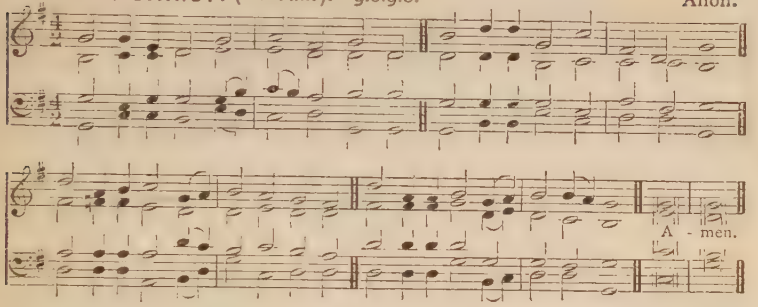
"*I am the living Bread.*"—John vi. 51.

mf 1 BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
cr. Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

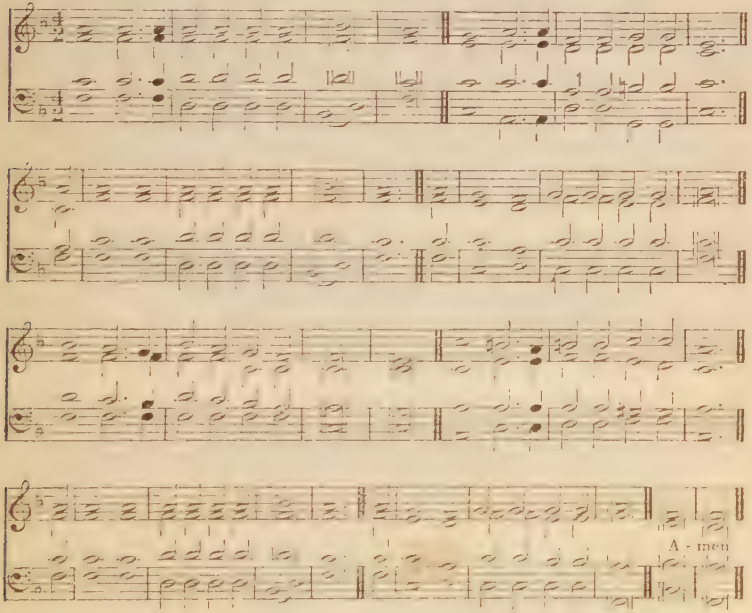
mf 2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice,
mp 'Tis Thy wounds my healing give:
cr. To Thy Cross I look, and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
f Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.
Amen.

J. CONDER.

CORPUS CHRISTI (*1st Tune*). 9.8.9.8. Anon.



ST. CLEMENT (*2nd Tune*). 9.8.9.8. D. A. R. GAUL.



591 "*This is My body. . . . This is My blood.*"—Matt. xxvi. 26, 28.

1.

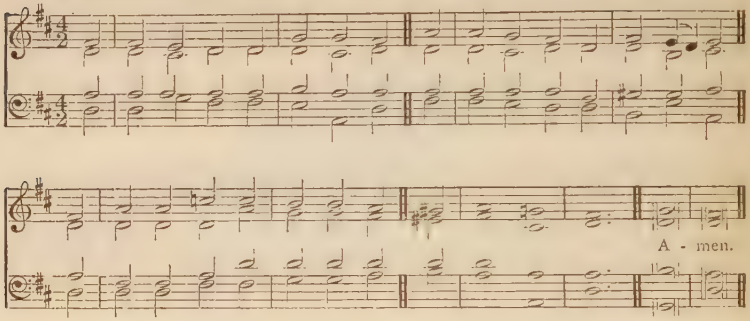
mf BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed;
cr. By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead!

2.

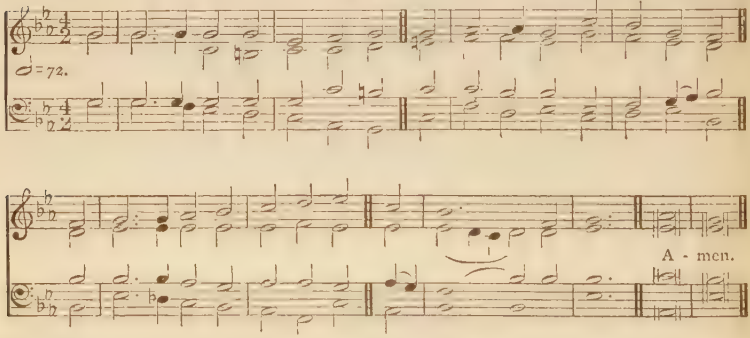
mp Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
cr. And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
Amen.

R. HEBER.

IN MEMORIAM (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.4. F. C. MAKER.



EUCHARIST (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.4. A. C. FALCONER.



592

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

mf 1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
dim. And show the death of our dear Lord
p Until He come.

mf 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
p Until He come.

p 3 The drops of His death agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
cr. The wine shall tell the mystery
dim. Unt'l He come.

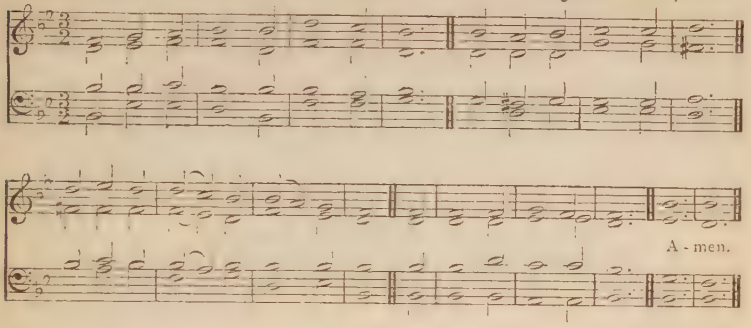
p 4 And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last advent we unite,
cr. By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come:

cr. 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
ff The Lord shall come.

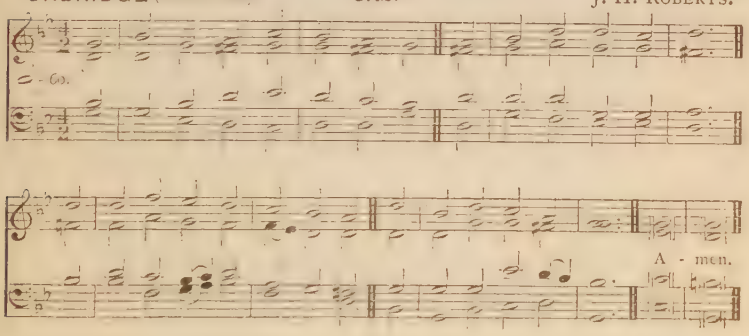
mf 6 Oh, blessèd hope! With this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
cr. But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come! Amen.

G. RAWSON.

ABERGELE (1st *Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Senr.



UXBRIDGE (2nd *Tune*). C.M. J. H. ROBERTS.



See also "St. Flavian," No. 603.

593

"*If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.*"—John xiii. 8.

mp 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
p This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died!

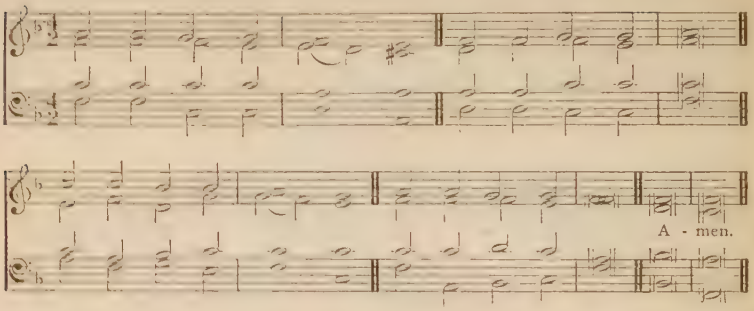
mp 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
cr. Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean!

mf 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
cr. Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

mf 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
cr. Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

CASWALL (DERBY). 6.5.6.5. F. FILITZ.



594

"*The precious blood of Christ.*"—1 Pet. i. 19.

mf 1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the life-blood
mp From His sacred veins.

mf 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

mp 3 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
cr. But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

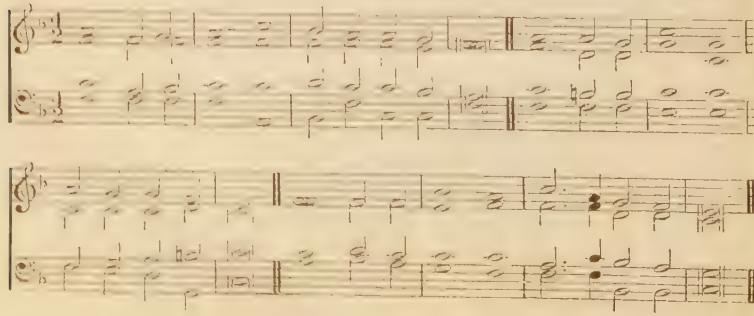
mp 4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
mf Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

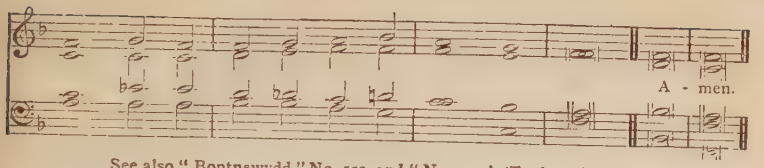
mf 5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
cr. Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

f 6 Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
cr. Louder still and louder
Praise the (*dim.*) precious blood.
Amen.

Italian, *tr.* E. CASWALL.

ST. AGNES. 10.10.10.10. J. LANGRAN.





See also "Bontnewydd," No. 553, and "Navarre" (Toulon), No. 284.

595 "*He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.*"—Sol. Song ii. 4.
"*I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.*"—John xiv. 21.

(BEFORE COMMUNION.)

mf 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
cr. Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
dim. And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

mf 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven,
p Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

mf 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

(AFTER COMMUNION.)

mf 4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here;
cr. Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

mf 5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

mf 6 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My wisdom and my teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

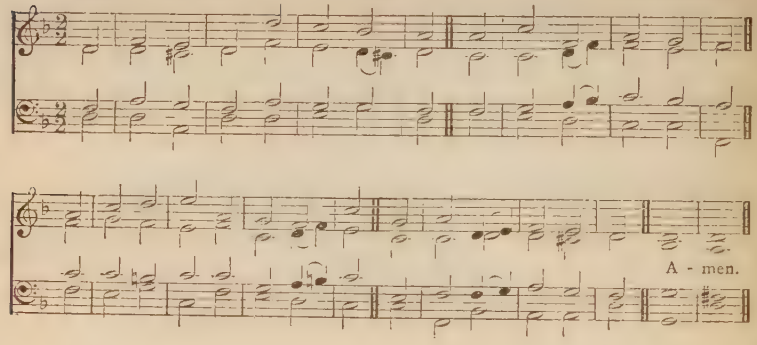
p 7 Mine is the sin, (*cr.*) but Thine the righteousness;
p Mine is the guilt, (*cr.*) but Thine the cleansing blood;
mf Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

mf 8 But see, the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert-night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
cr. It leads me to Thy heritage of light.

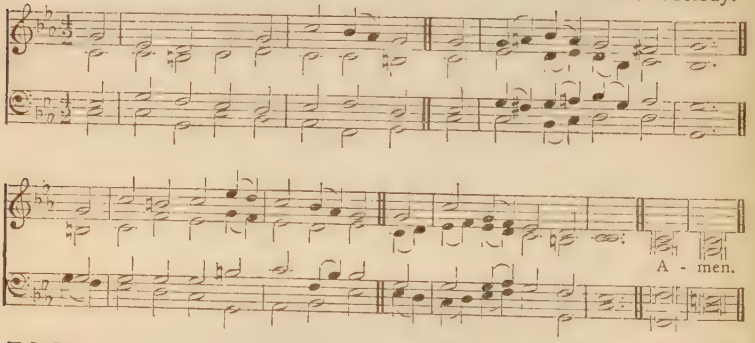
mp 9 I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
cr. Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee:
f Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword, and spear. Amen.

H. BONAR.

ST. MARY (*1st Tune*). C.M. PRYS's Psalter.



BANGO (*2nd Tune*). C.M. Welsh Melody.



596

"*Lord, . . . I am not worthy.*"—Luke vii. 6.

p 1 I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
cr. Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

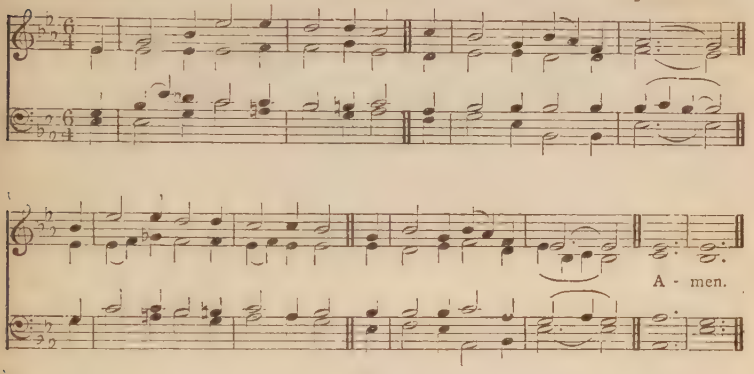
p 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
cr. Lord, speak, and make me whole.

p 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
cr. How can I say Thee nay?
Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood,
My ransom-price to pay?

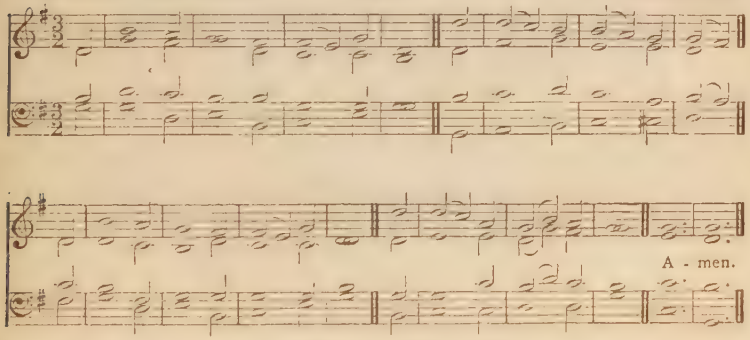
mf 4 Oh, come! in this most blessèd hour
Feed me with food divine;
cr. And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

CLAREMONT (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. FOSTER.



BELMONT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. S. WEBBE, Junr.



597

"*Let us keep the feast.*"—1 Cor. v. 8.

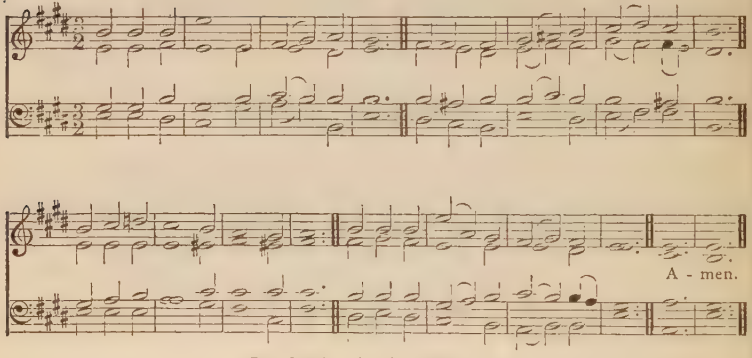
mf 1 IN memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

mf 2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
mp And cup, in token of His blood,
That was for sinners shed.

f 3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above. Amen.

T. COTTERILL, *alt.* R. WHITTINGHAM.

ANTWERP. L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.



See also "Ombersley," No. 568.

598 "*Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.*"—John iv. 13, 14.

f 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

f 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood,
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

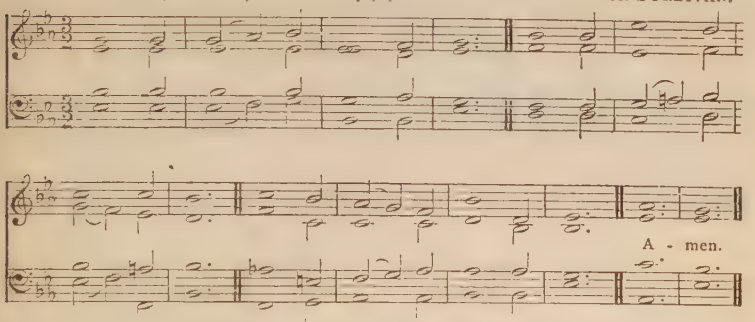
mf 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

mf 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

mf 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright,
cr. Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o er the world Thy holy light! Amen.

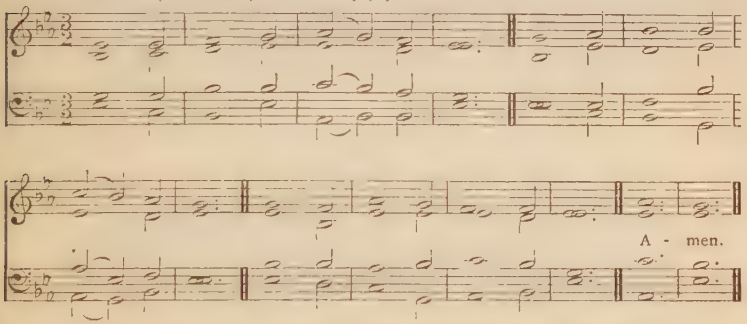
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *tr.* R. PALMER.

LACRYMAE (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7. A. SULLIVAN.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

ST. PHILIP (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7. W. H. MONK.



599 "*Afterward He appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat.*"—Mark xvi. 14.
"*I am the living Bread.*"—John vi. 51.

mf 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

p 2 While in penitence we kneel,
cr. Thy sweet presence let us feel,
f All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p 3 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr. Turn our sadness into praise.

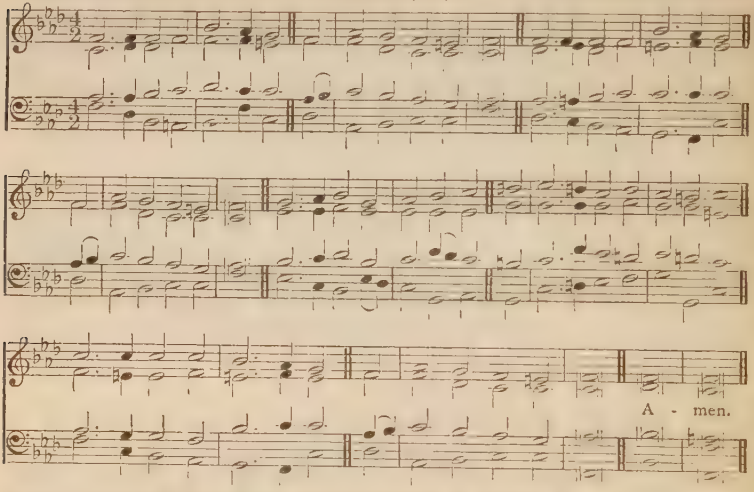
p 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
cr. Whence there flowed the healing tide,
dim. There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

mf 6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cr. Till around Thy throne we stand,
f In the bright and better land. Amen.

R. H. BAYNES.

AGNUS DEI (ATONEMENT). 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. Bohemian Chorale.



600

"Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."—John i. 29.
"Calvary."—Luke xxiii. 33.

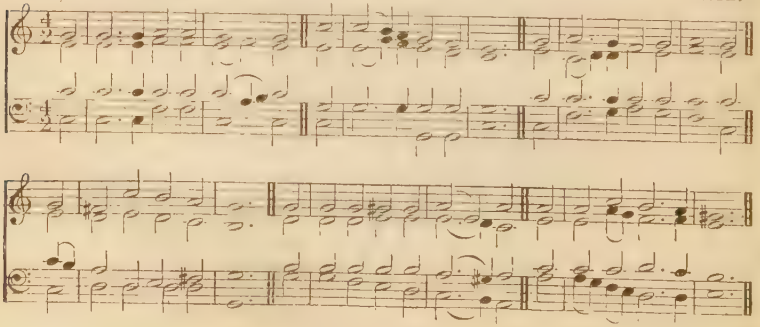
p 1 LAMB of God, Whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every burdened soul release;
cr. O! remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.
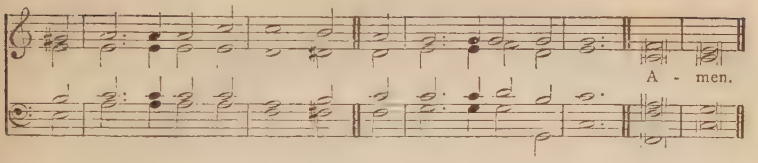
p 2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
mf Burst our bonds and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
cr. O! remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace.

mf 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
p By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
cr. O! remember Calvary,
p And bid us go in peace. Amen.

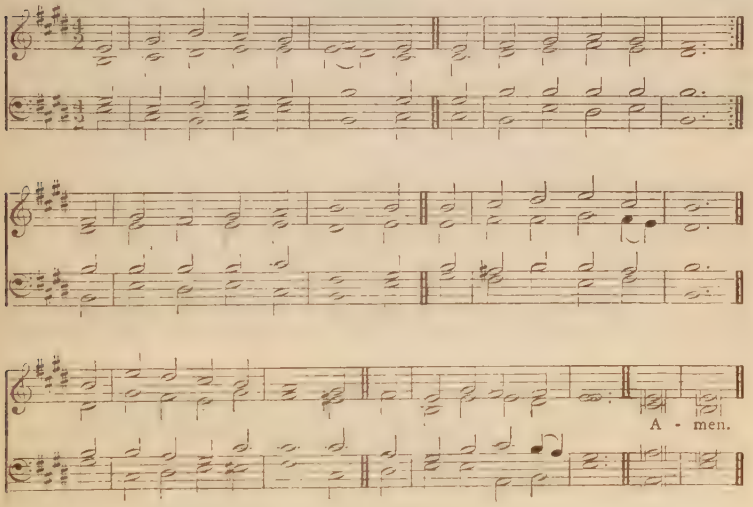
C. WESLEY.

CARNO (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. T. PRICE.





RAMAH (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. Anon.



See also "Aurelia," No 4

601

"*Living bread.*"—John vi. 51.
"*Living water.*"—John iv. 10.

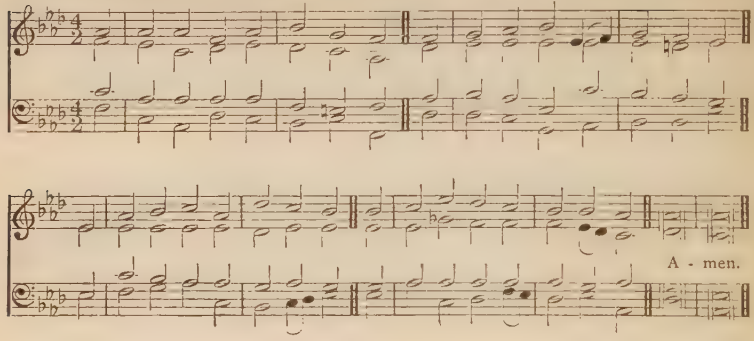
mf 1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
Richer than angels eat;
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
cr. Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled:
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

mf 2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art!
cr. Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

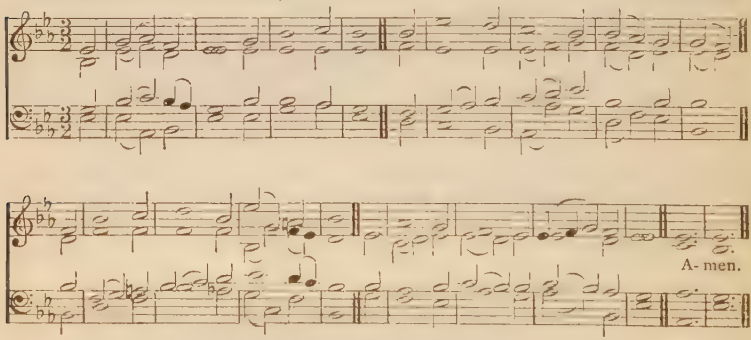
mf 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee, unseen, adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more.
cr. Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see. Amen.

T. AQUINAS, *tr.* R. PALMER.

ALTONA (BRESLAU) (*1st Tune*). L.M. German.



ROCKINGHAM (*2nd Tune*). L.M. E. MILLER.



See also "Boston," No. 587.

602

"*When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead.*"—Rev. i. 17.

mf 1 O GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
mp If, as Thy power is surely here,
cr. Thine open glory should appear?

mf 2 For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud!
cr. And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

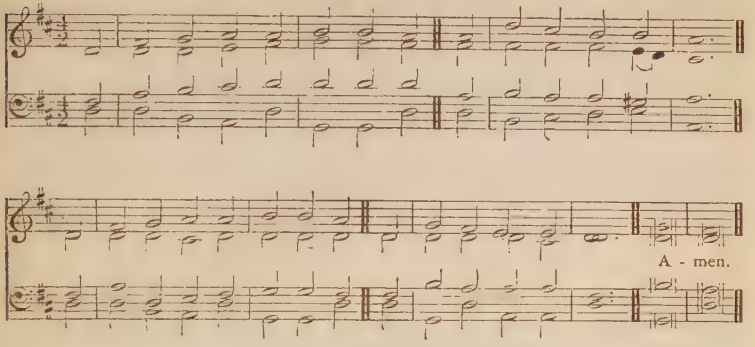
mp 3 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
cr. That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for His daily bread.

mp 4 Oh! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought!
"It is my Maker—dare I stay?
My Saviour—dare I turn away?"

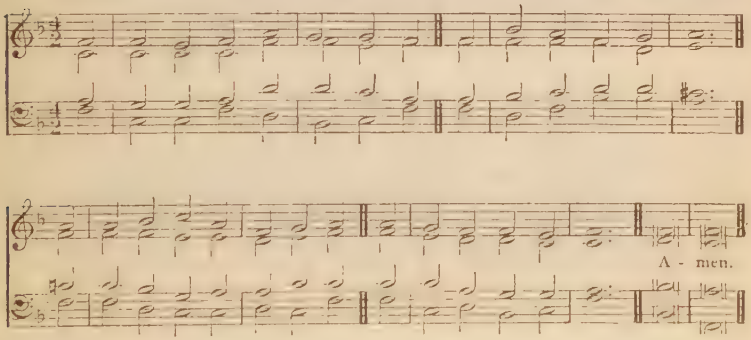
mf 5 Refresh us, Lord, to hold Thee fast;
mp And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
cr. Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

TALLIS (*1st Tune*). C.M. T. TALLIS.



FLAVIAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. BARKER'S Psalter.



603

"*For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.*"—John vi. 55.

mf 1 O JESUS Christ! the holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ! the lowly One,
Come and abide with me!

mf 2 Now while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met:

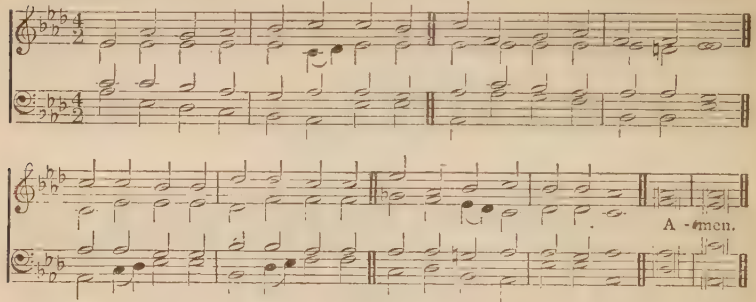
mf 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine;
cr. And feed me, in this solemn hour,
With Thine own bread and wine.

mf 4 My "meat indeed," my "drink indeed,"
Art Thou, my gracious Lord;
cr. Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word;

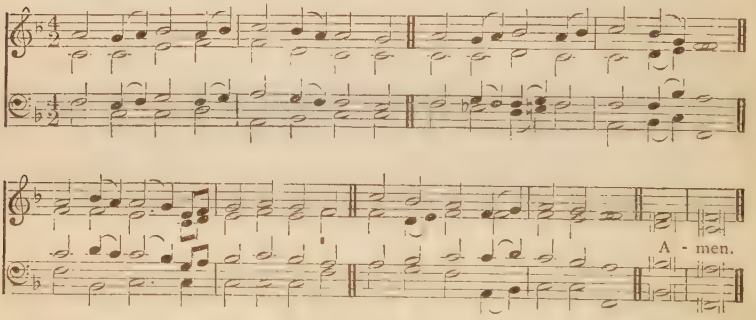
mf 5 Till, nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
cr. Forgets the things Thou hast denied
In those Thou dost impart. Amen.

J. E. BROWNE.

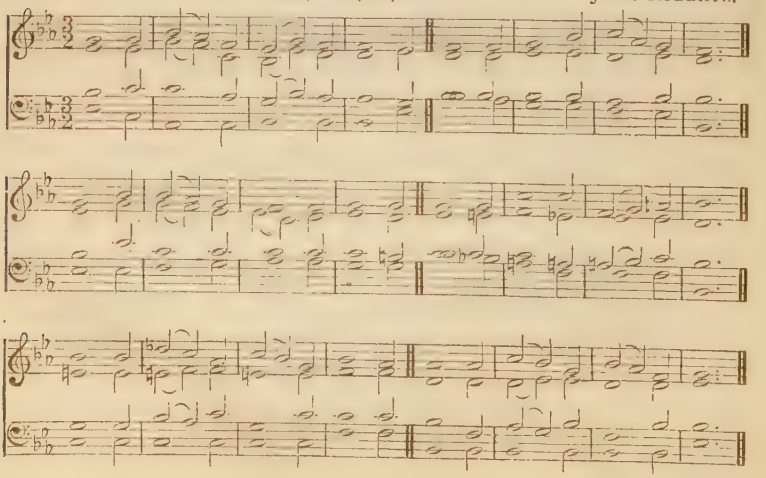
ARUNDEL (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES.

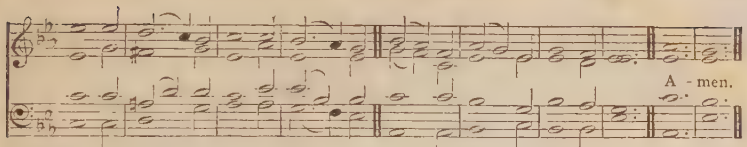


LAUSANNE (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. C. H. A. MALAN.

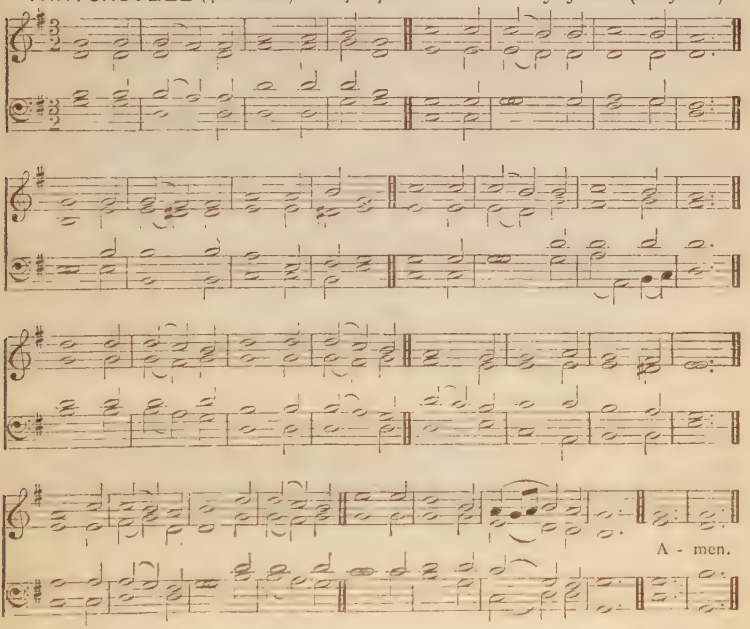


PORT PENRHYN (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. H. ROBERTS.





TANYCASTELL (*4th Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. JONES (Talysarn).



604

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isa. xlv. 22.
"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

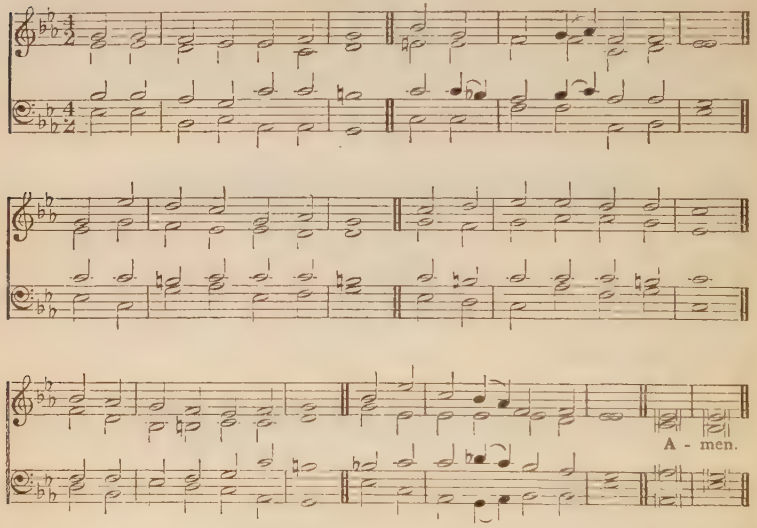
mf 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
dim. From the sinner's dying Friend.
mp Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
cr. Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

mf 2 Truly blessèd is this station,
mp Low before the Cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
p Floating in His languid eye.
mf Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
cr. Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

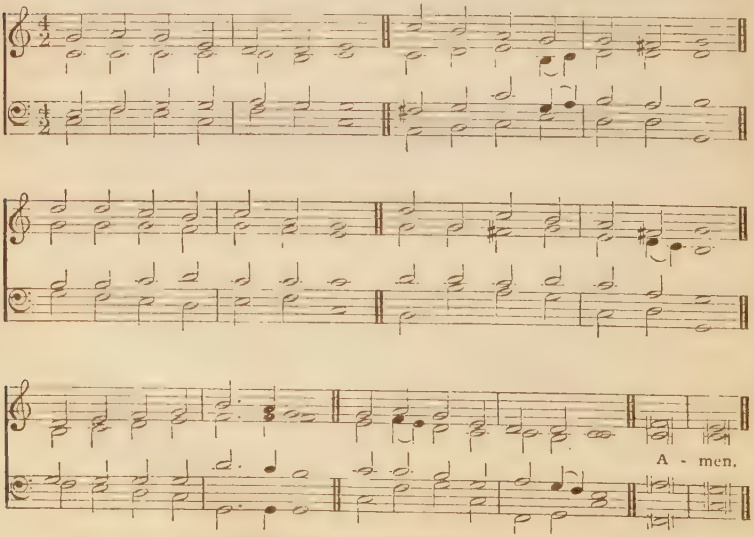
mf 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
mp With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
cr. Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
f May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.
Amen.

J. ALLEN, *alt.* W. W. SHIRLEY.

ROCK OF AGES (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. E. EDWARDS.

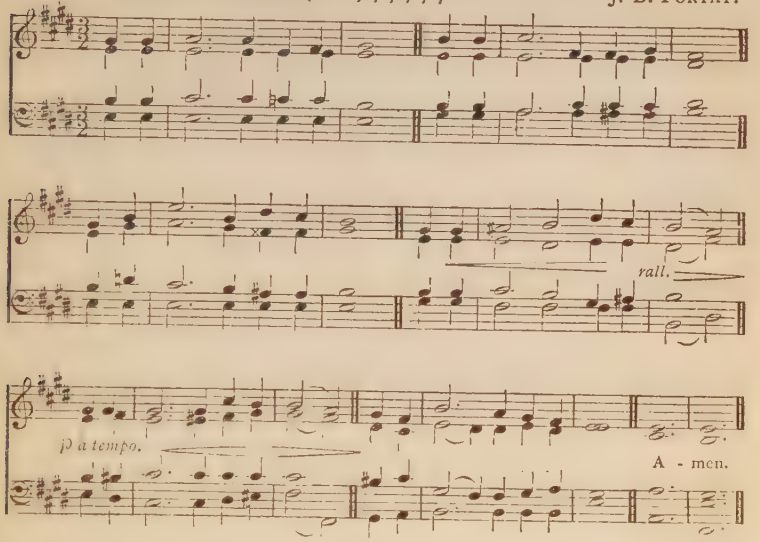


REYNOLDSTONE (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. T. R. MATTHEWS.



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MOUNT OLIVET (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. B. FORTAY.



605

"*Till He come.*"—1 Cor. xi. 26.

p 1 "TILL He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords:
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
cr. Lie beyond that "Till He come."

p 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
dim. Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only "Till He come."

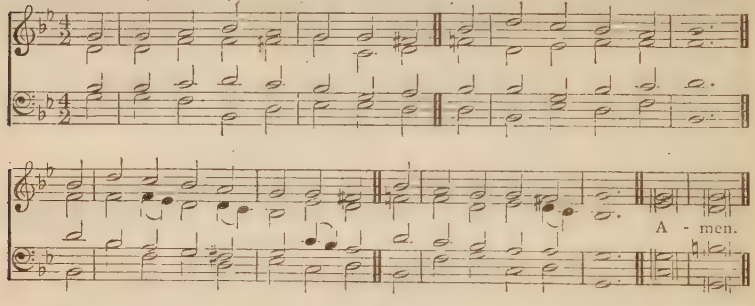
cr. 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
dim. Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
pp Only whisper, "Till He come."

mf 4 See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
cr. Severed only "Till He come." Amen.

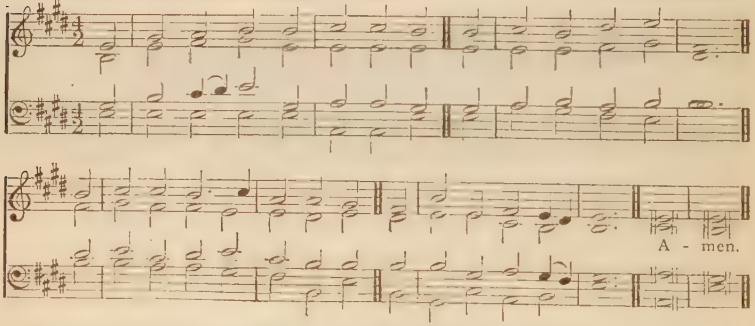
E. H. BICKERSTETH.

10.—*SPECIAL SERVICES: PRAYER MEETING.*

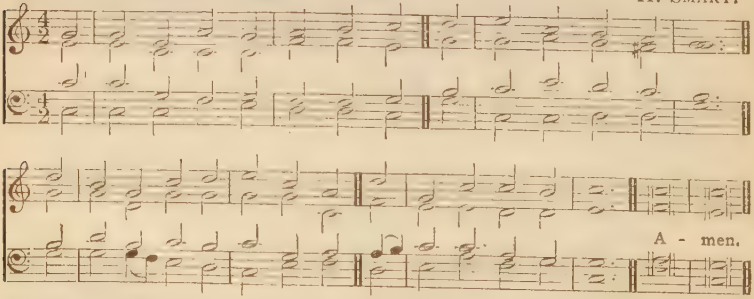
WINDSOR (*1st Tune*). C.M. ESTE'S Psalter.



SURSUM CORDA (*2nd Tune*). C.M. G. F. HANDEL.



ST. LEONARD (*3rd Tune*). C.M. H. SMART.



606 "*I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.*"—EX. XXV. 22.

mf 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
p There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

mf 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
mp Thou callest burdened souls to Thee
And such, O Lord, am I.

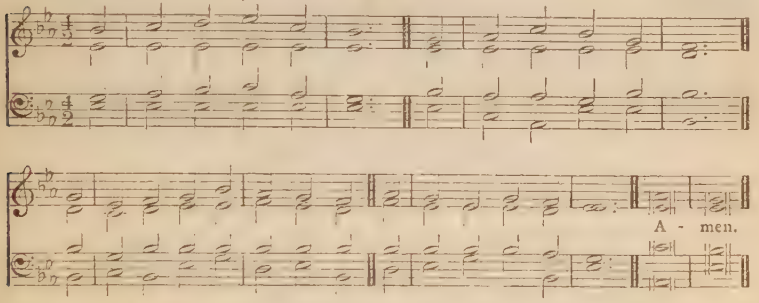
p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
cr. I come to Thee for rest.

m Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
cr. I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died!

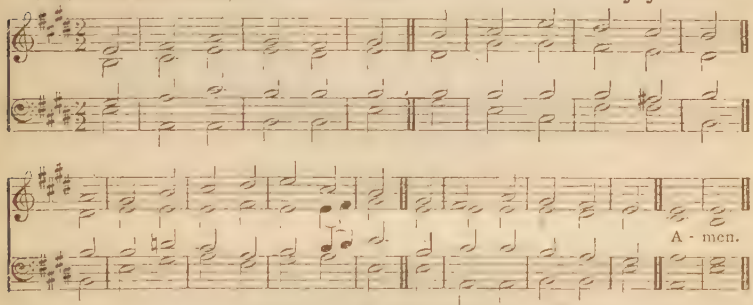
f 5 O wondrous love! (*p*) to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
cr. That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name! Amen.

NEWTON.

RYLSTONE (*1st Tune*). S.M. C. H. LLOYD.



IPSWICH (*2nd Tune*). S.M. J. J. WAITE.



See also "Franconia," No. 571.

607

"*Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.*"—Hebrew iv. 16.

mf 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

mp 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
cr. Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

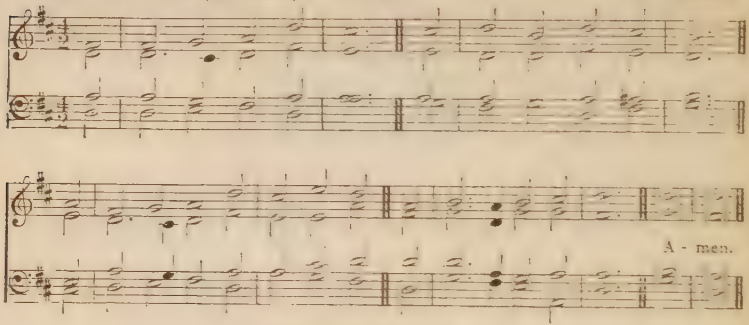
f 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
mp Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
cr. What else can He withhold?

f 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

m 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

KIRK BRADDAN (*3rd Tune*). S.M. G. LOMAS.



See also "Franconia," No. 571.

607

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace."—Heb. iv. 16.

mf 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

mp 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
cr. Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

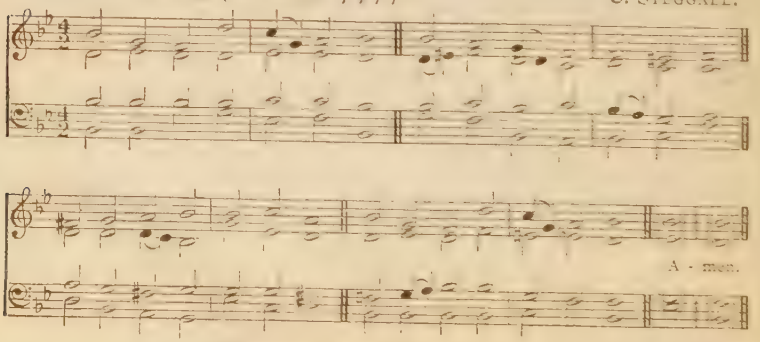
f 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
mp Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
cr. What else can He withhold?

f 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

mf 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
f Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine. Amen.

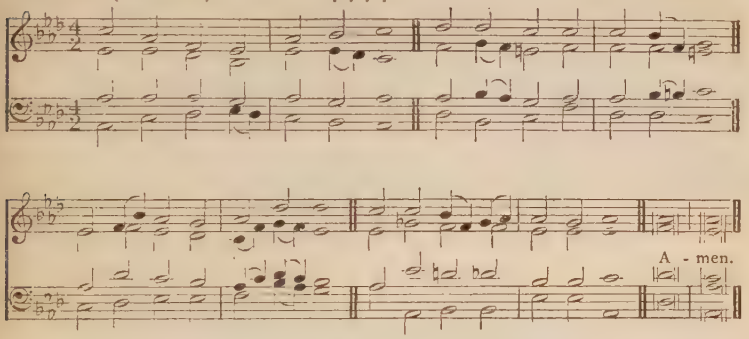
J. NEWTON.

CHRIST CHAPEL (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. C. STEGGALL.

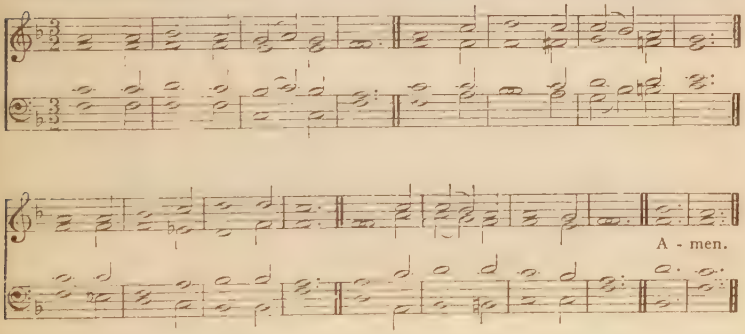


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ELIJAH (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. F. MENDELSSOHN.



ST. GURON (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. C. J. DICKINSON.



608

"*What is thy petition?*"—Esther vii. 2.
"*Ask, and it shall be given you.*"—Matt. vii. 7.

mf 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

f 2 Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

mp 3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt:

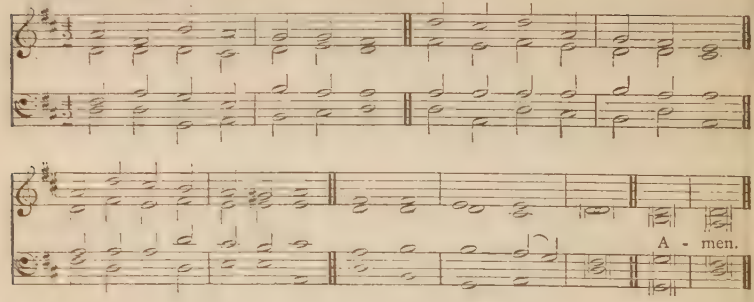
mf 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
cr. There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

mf 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

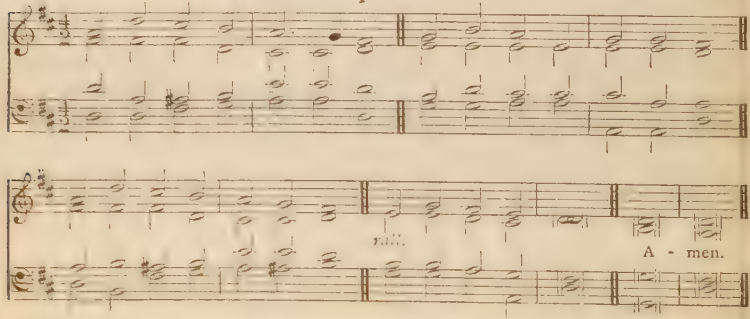
mf 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
cr. Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.
Amen.

J. NEWTON.

CAPETOWN (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·5. F. FILITZ.



LEDBURY (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·5. A. KING.



609

"*When Thou hearest, forgive.*"—1 Kings viii. 30.

mf 1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-
p Hear, forgive, and save. [place:

mf 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
p Look from heaven and save.

mf 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
p Lord, accept and save.
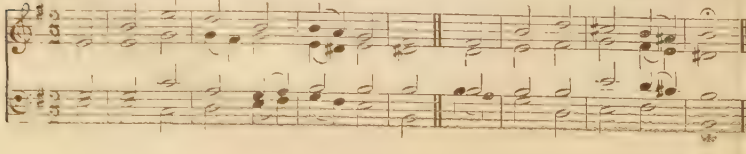
p 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
pp Lord, forgive and save.

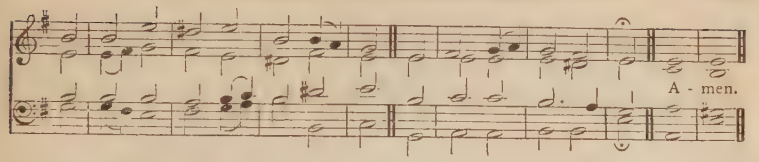
p 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
cr. May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

mf 6 And, whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
cr. From our burden set us free:
f Hear, forgive, and save. Amen.

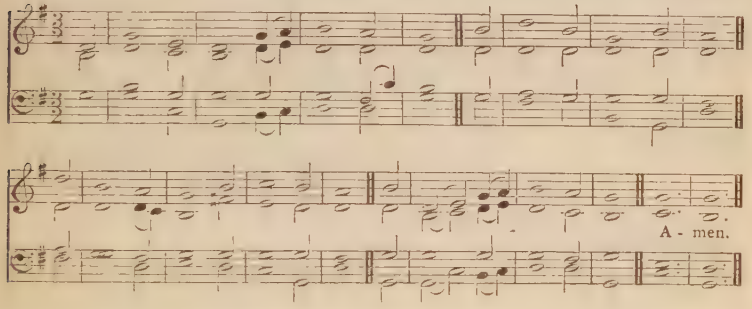
E. F. MORRIS.

DINAS (*1st Tune*). C.M. W. DAVIES.
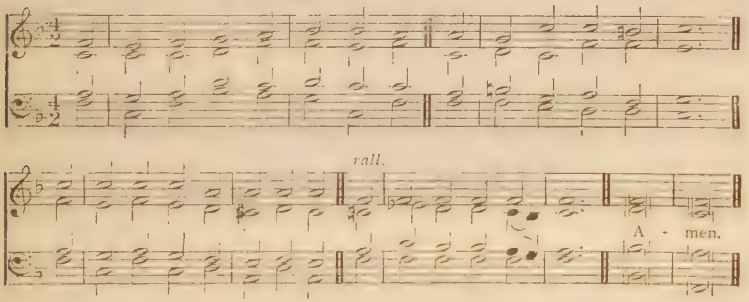




MARTYRDOM (*2nd Tune*). C.M. H. WILSON.



ST. JOHN, WESTMINSTER (*3rd Tune*). C.M. J. TURLE.



610

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Ex. xv. 26.

mp 1 HEAL us, Immanuel, hear our prayer,
We wait to feel Thy touch;
p Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

mp 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess:
We faintly trust Thy word;
cr. But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

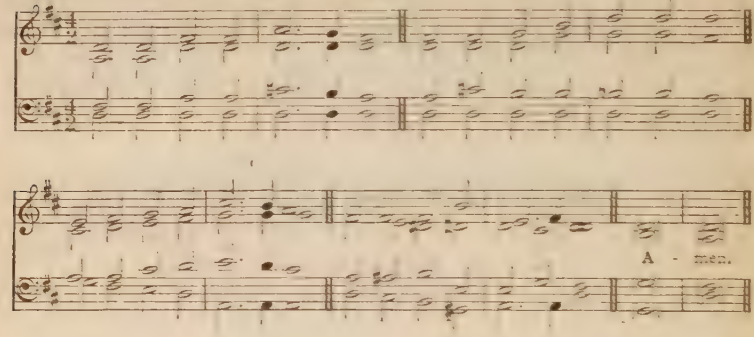
mp 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:—
p "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,—
"Oh, help my unbelief."

mp 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole, [peace,
cr. Was answered,—"Daughter, go in
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

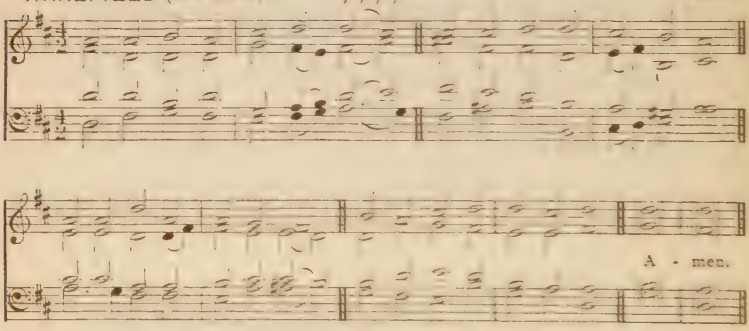
mf 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee, if we may;
cr. O send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away. Amen.

W. COWPER.

SHERBORNE (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. F. MENDELSSOHN.



WAKEFIELD (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. Anon.



611 "*Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.*"—Matt. xviii. 20.

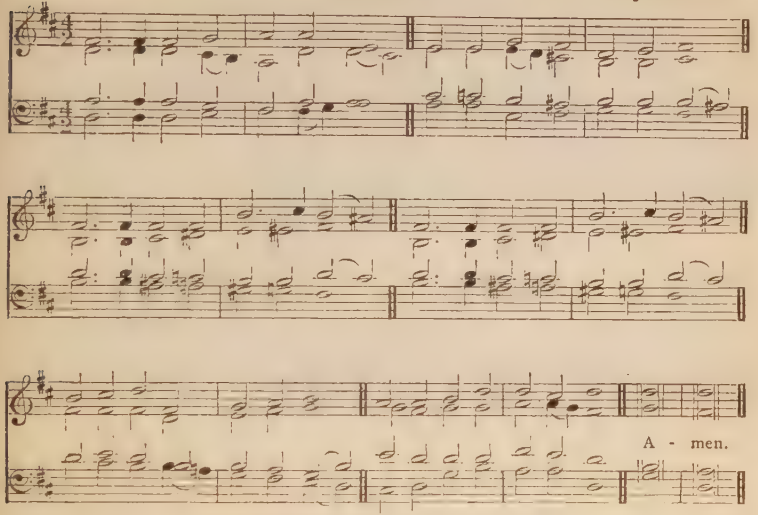
mf 1 JESUS, we Thy promise claim,
We are gathered in Thy Name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here.

mp 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
cr. Light, and life, and joy impart.

f 3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to stand in Thy pure sight,
Partners with the saints in light. Amen.

CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST HYMNAL.

GRATIAS AGIMUS (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7. J. STAINER.



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612 "*O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.*"—Ps. xcv. 6.

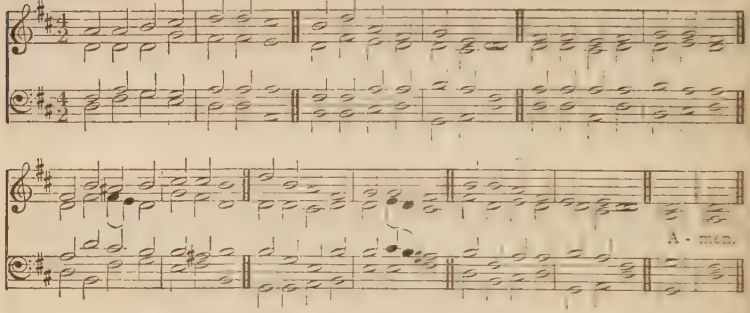
mp 1 LORD, before Thy throne we bend;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend;
cr. Servants to our Master true,
Lo, we yield Thee homage due;
Children, to our God we fly,
p Abba, Father, hear our cry!

mp 2 Low before Thee, Lord, we bow;
We are weak, (*cr.*) but mighty Thou:
mp Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
We await Thy holy will:
Bound to earth, and rooted here
cr. Till our Saviour-God appear.

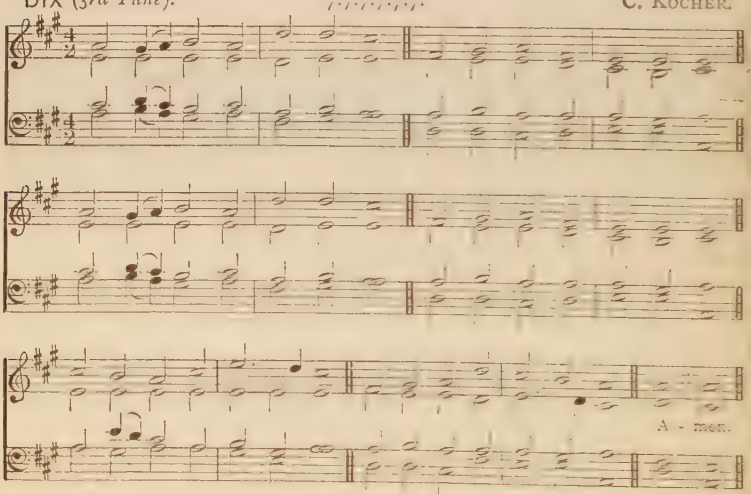
mp 3 From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,
Shed, O shed Thy pardoning grace;
In temptation's dangerous hour,
Leave us not beneath its power;
cr. Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
f Lord of life and victory. Amen.

BOWDLER.

RATISBON (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7· German.



DIX (*3rd Tune*). 7·7·7·7·7·7· C. KOCHER.



612

"*O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.*"—Ps. xcv. 6.

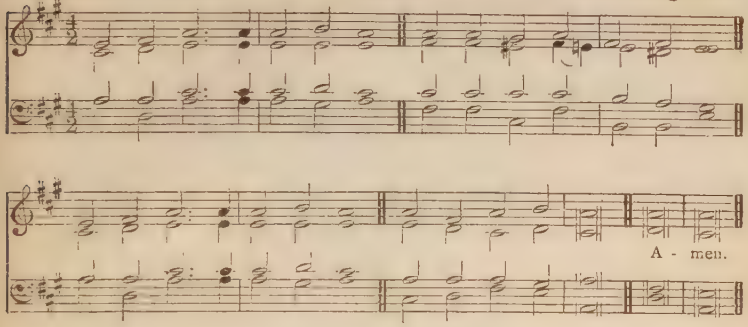
mp 1 LORD, before Thy throne we bend;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend:
cr. Servants to our Master true,
Lo, we yield Thee homage due;
Children, to our God we fly,
p Abba Father, hear our cry!

mp 2 Low before Thee, Lord, we bow,
We are weak, (*cr.*) but mighty Thou:
mp Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
We await Thy holy will:
Bound to earth, and rooted here
cr. Till our Saviour-God appear.

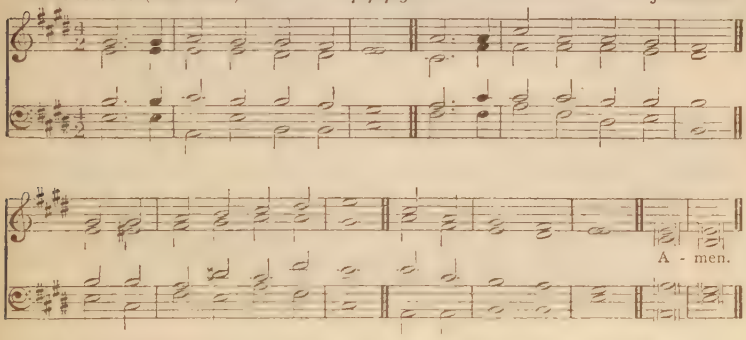
mp 3 From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,
Shed, O shed Thy pardoning grace;
In temptation's dangerous hour,
Leave us not beneath its power;
cr. Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
f Lord of life and victory. Amen.

BOWDLER.

AMBROSE (1st *Tune*). 7·7·7·5. Gregorian.



ANGELUS (2nd *Tune*). 7·7·7·5. R. JACKSON.



613 "*God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God. Also unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy.*"—Ps. lxii. 11, 12.

mf 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
f Maker, Teacher, Infinite:
p Jesus, hear and save!

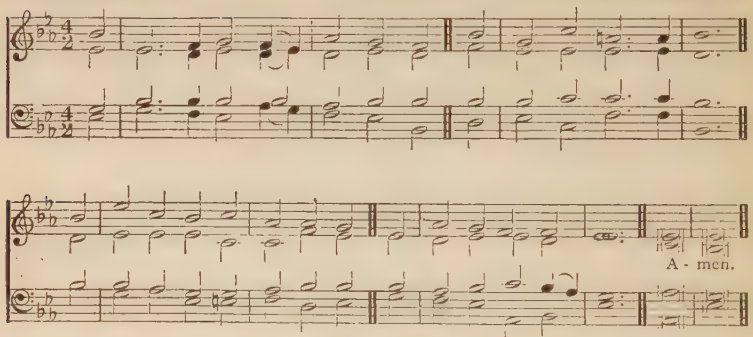
f 2 Strong Creator, (*mp*) Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
p Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
Jesus, hear and save!

f 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
p Jesus, hear and save!

mf 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
cr. Hear us now, and hear us then:
p Jesus, hear and save! Amen.

R. HEBER.

ST. BERNARD. C.M. W. RICHARDSON.



See also "Evan," No. 620.

614

"*Lord, teach us to pray.*"—Luke xi. 1.

mp 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
p Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

p 2 God of all grace, we bring to Thee,
A broken, contrite heart;
cr. Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part.

mp 3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
cr. A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;—

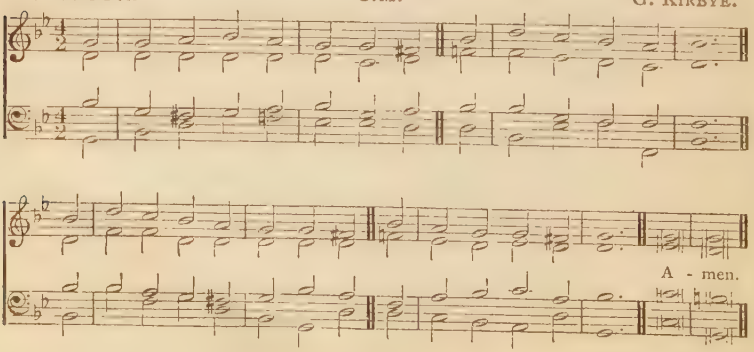
mf 4 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;—

mp 5 Patience to watch and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
cr. Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

f 6 Give these,—and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
cr. We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.
Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WINDSOR. C.M. G. KIRBYE.



See also "St. Flavian," No. 585.

615

"*I prayed . . . and made my confession.*"—Dan. ix. 4.

p 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

p 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
cr. Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

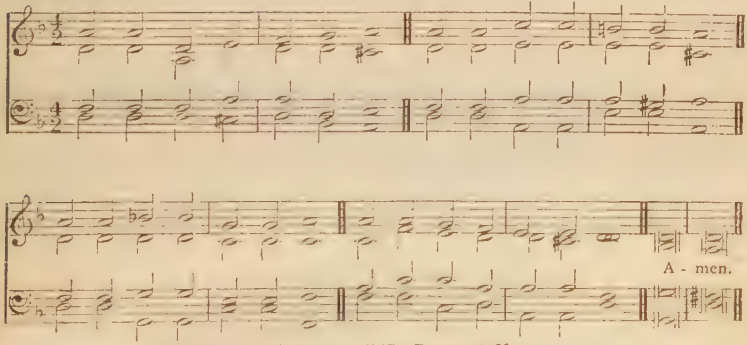
mf 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

mf 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

mf 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

J. D. CARLYLE.

HEINLEIN. 7·7·7·7· P. HEINLEIN.



See also "Capernaum" (St. Dunstan), No. 525.

616

"*God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about Him.*"—Ps. lxxxix. 7.

mp 1 LORD! with reverence and with fear
We would now to Thee draw near;
p Dust and ashes in Thy sight,
cr. Teach us how to pray aright.

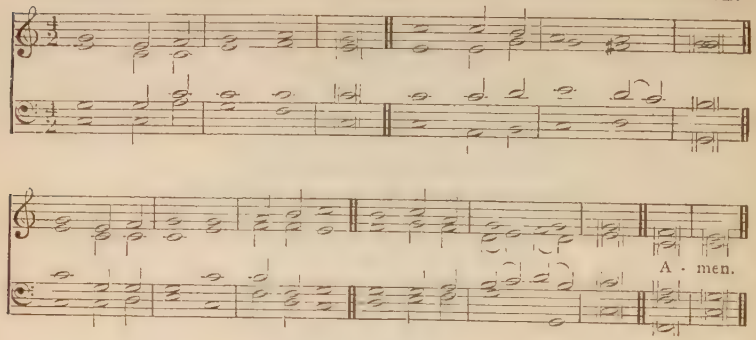
mp 2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Foes without and fears within;
cr. Whither can our spirits flee,
But, O God of grace, to Thee?

mf 3 Every vile corruption slay;
Wash our crimson sins away;
cr. Scatter all our foes and fears;
mp Wipe away the mourner's tears.

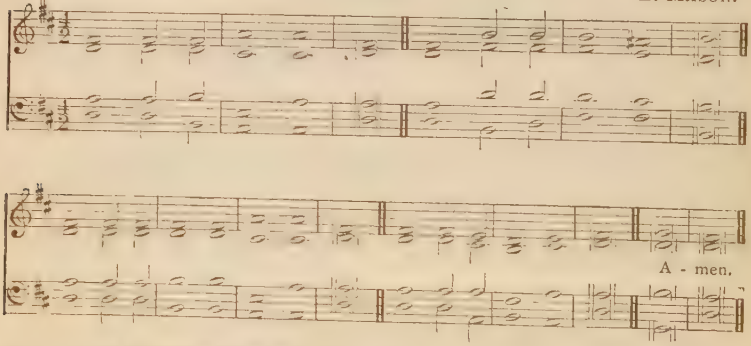
mf 4 Since in Jesu's Name we come,
Send us not unanswered home;
f When in Jesu's name we cry,
Wilt Thou, canst Thou, Lord, deny?
Amen.

J. CONDER.

BOYLSTON (*1st Tune*). S.M. L. MASON.



SHAWMUT (*2nd Tune*). S.M. L. MASON.



617 "*And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart. . . . and rest awhile.*"—Mark vi. 31.

mf 1 NOW from the world withdrawn,
For intercourse with Thee,
May each, O Lord, before Thy throne,
From earthly cares be free.

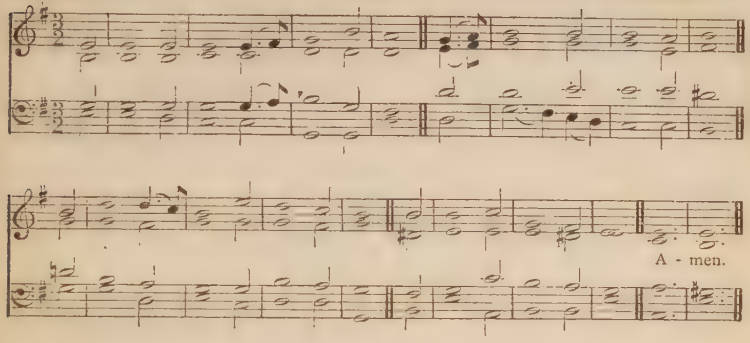
mf 2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.

mf 3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
cr. That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.

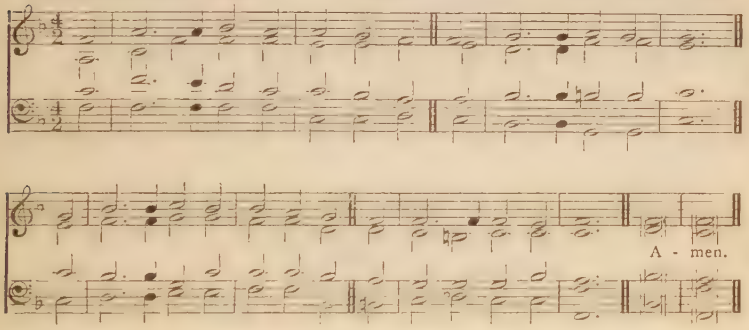
mp 4 Then in our latter end,
When death shall close our eyes,
cr. Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies. Amen.

BULMER.

LUDWIG (*1st Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



PENNANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Junr.



618 "*And they told what things were done in the way, and how He was known of them in breaking of bread.*"—Luke xxiv. 35.

mp 1 O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thy footstool kneel.

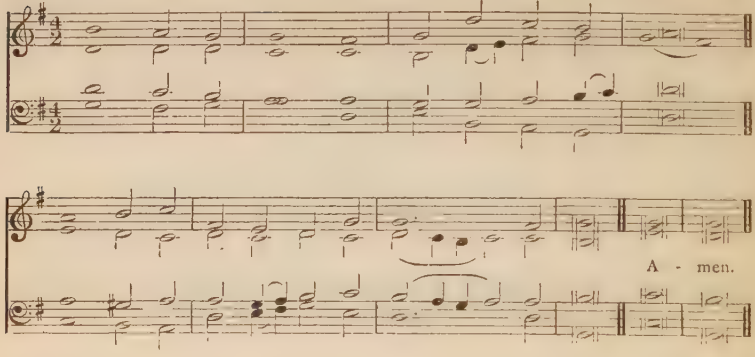
mf 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
cr. The streams that through the desert flow;
The manna from above.

mf 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, His precious blood.

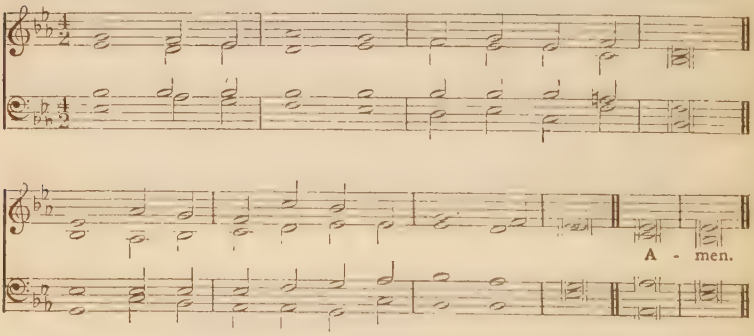
f 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey:
For we, O God, are Thine;
cr. And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength Divine. Amen.

E. OSLER.

LAMMAS (*1st Tune*). 10.10. A. H. BROWN.



COENA DOMINI (*2nd Tune*). 10.10. A. SULLIVAN.



619

"*Men ought always to pray.*"—Luke xviii. 1.
"*Pray without ceasing.*"—1 Thess. v. 17.

mp 1 PRAY, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads
Within thee all thy daily, hourly, needs.

p 2 Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heaviest load
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flow'd.

mp 3 Pray, always pray; though weary, faint and lone,
cr. Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.

p 4 Pray, always pray; amid the world's turmoil
cr. Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.

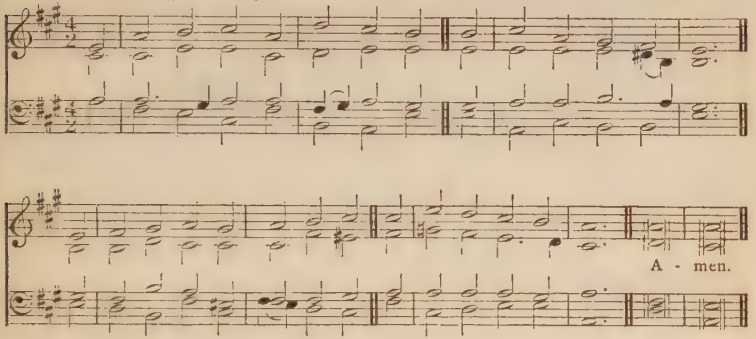
tf 5 Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway throng,
f Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angels' song.

mp 6 Pray, always pray; if loved ones pass the veil,
cr. Prayer drinks with them of springs that cannot fail.

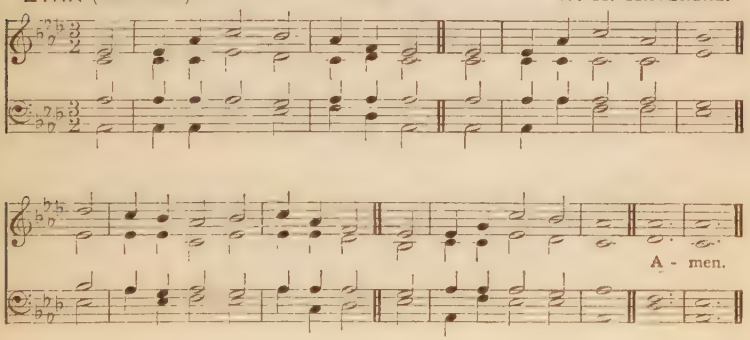
mf 7 All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
f Prayer grasps eternity; pray, always pray. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

LANCASTER (*1st Tune*). C.M. S. HOWARD.



EVAN (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



620

"I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."—Gen. xxxii. 26.

mp 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

mp 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

mp 3 The interceding Spirit's grace
Give us in faith to claim;
cr. To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

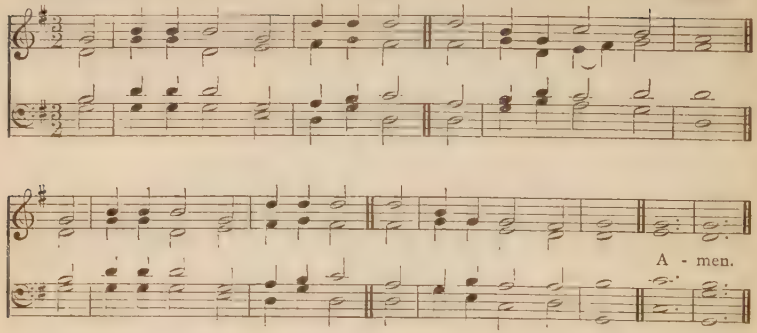
mf 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
f "I will not let Thee go."

f 5 "I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee:

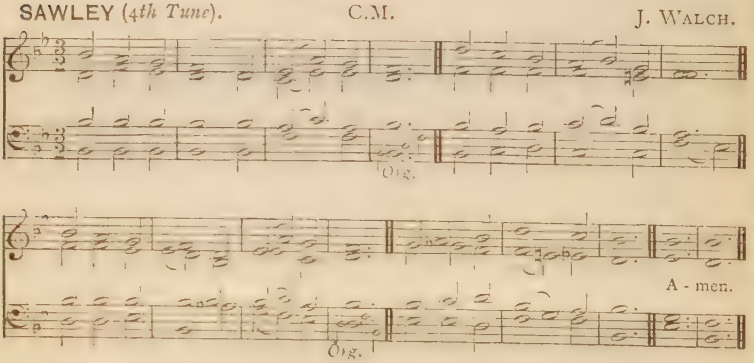
f 6 "Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

MARLOW (*3rd Tune*). C.M. Anon.



SAWLEY (*4th Tune*). C.M. J. WALCH.



620

"*I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.*"—Gen. xxxii. 26.

mp 1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day,
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

mp 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

mp 3 The interceding Spirit's grace
Give us in faith to claim:
cr. To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

mf 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
f "I will not let Thee go."

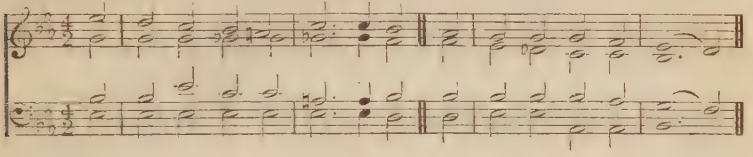
f 5 "I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee:

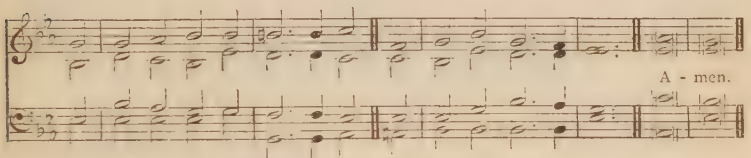
f 6 "Then let me, on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

Amen.

C. WESLEY.
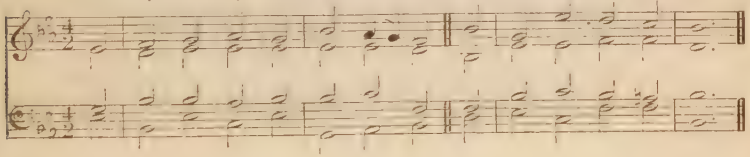
HOLY TRINITY (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. BARNBY.

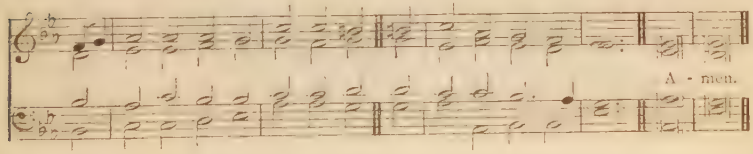




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HORSLEY (*2nd Tune*). C.M. W. HORSLEY.





621

"*Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*"—Heb. iv. 15.

mf 1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

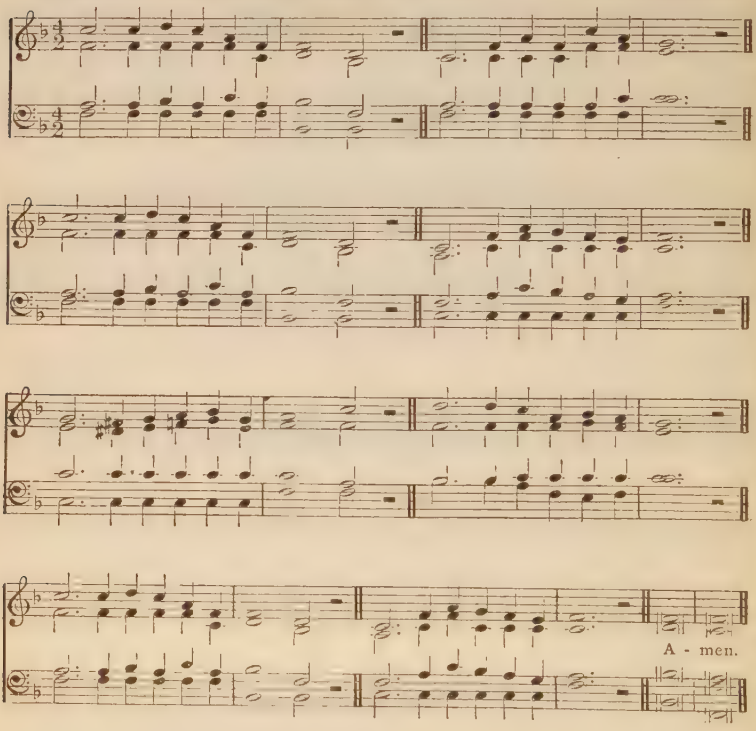
mp 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
cr. The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

mp 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear divine;
cr. And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

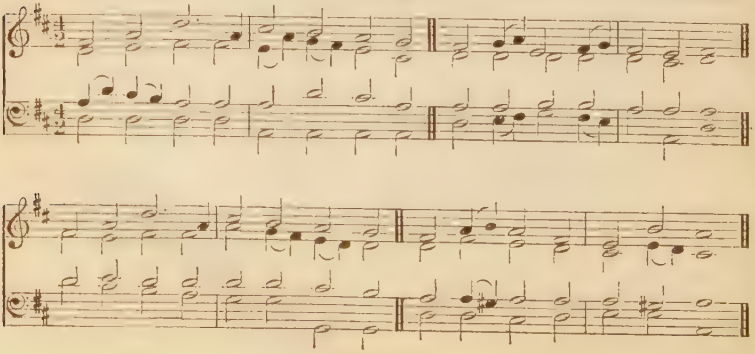
mp 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
cr. But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe. Amen.

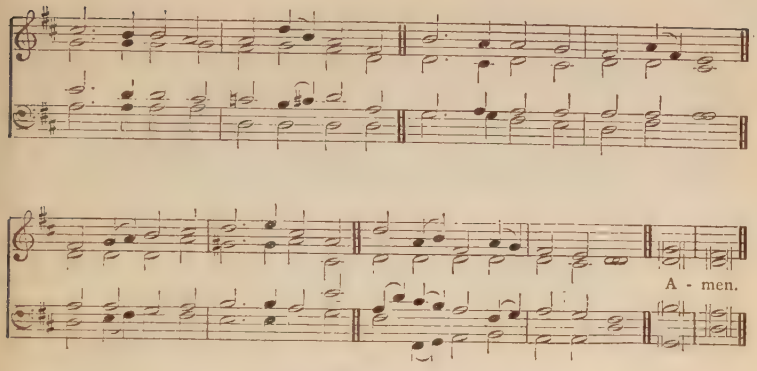
J. CREWDSON and B. H. KENNEDY.

FRIEND OF SINNERS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. C. C. CONVERSE.



JOSEPH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. T. PRICE.





622

"*A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"—Prov. xviii. 24.
"*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*"—Ps. lv. 22.
"*Come unto Me.*"—Matt. xi. 28.

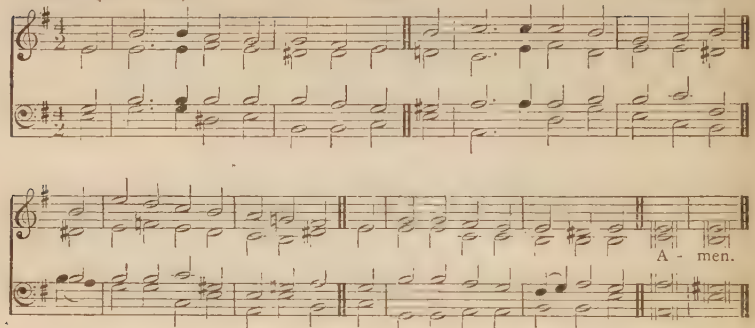
mf 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege, to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
p Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
cr. All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

p 2 Have we trials or temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
cr. We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
mf Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

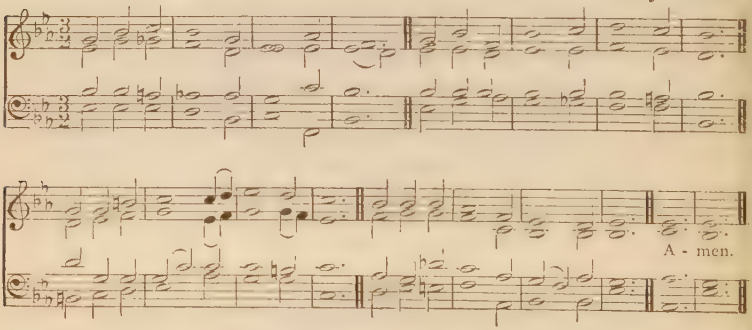
p 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
mf Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
p Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
mf Take it to the Lord in prayer!
cr. In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

J. SCRIVENER.

REST (*1st Tune*). L.M. M. SMITH.



MARGARET (*2nd Tune*). L.M. T. J. PRICE.



623

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."—1 John ii. 1.

1.

mp WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
p Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

2.

p O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3.

mp Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

4.

mf O think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

5.

mp O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
cr. And let His merits stand for mine.

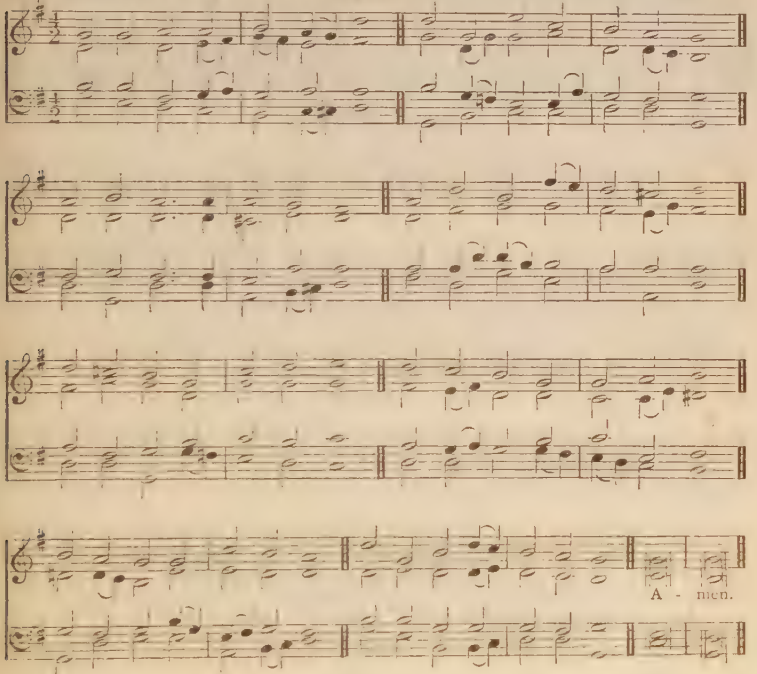
6.

f Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shorten'd be;
Behold me here, my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!
Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

11.—*HARVEST THANKSGIVING.*

COBURG (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. D. H.R.H. PRINCE CONSORT.



624 *"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."*—Matt. xiii. 39.

f 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

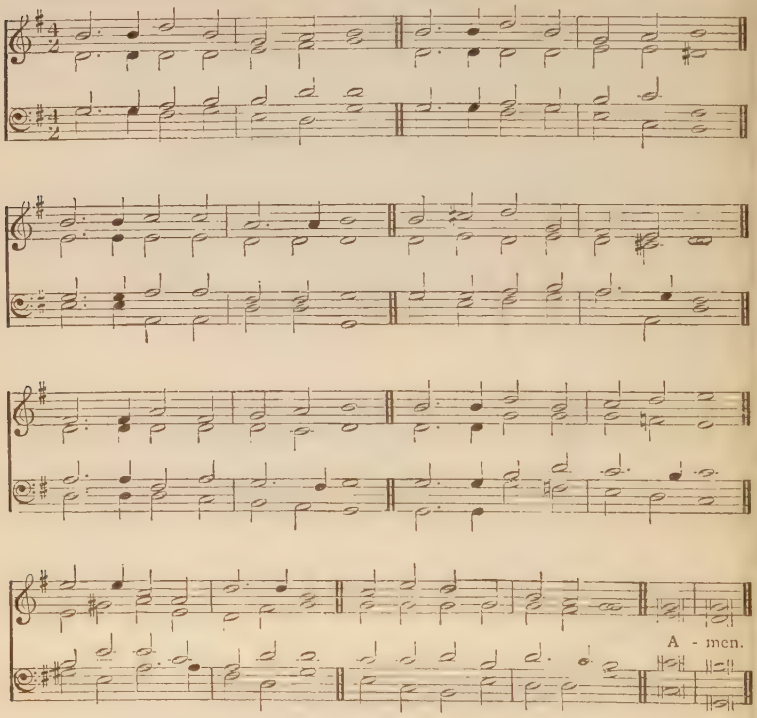
mf 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
p First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest! grant that we,
cr. Wholesome grain and pure may be.

p 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
cr. From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
cr. But the fruitful ears to store
f In His garner evermore.

mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-home!
cr. Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
p There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
cr. Come, with all Thine angels, come,
rall. Raise the glorious Harvest-home!
Amen.

H. ALFORD.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. D. G. J. ELVEY.



624

"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. xiii. 39.

f 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

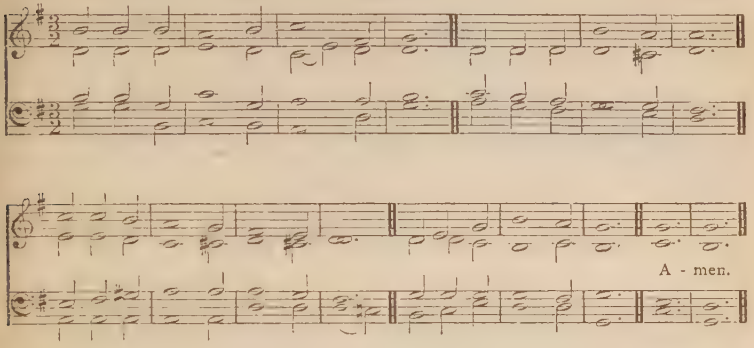
mf 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest! grant that we,
cr. Wholesome grain and pure may be.

p 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
cr. From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
cr. But the fruitful ears to store
f In His garner evermore.

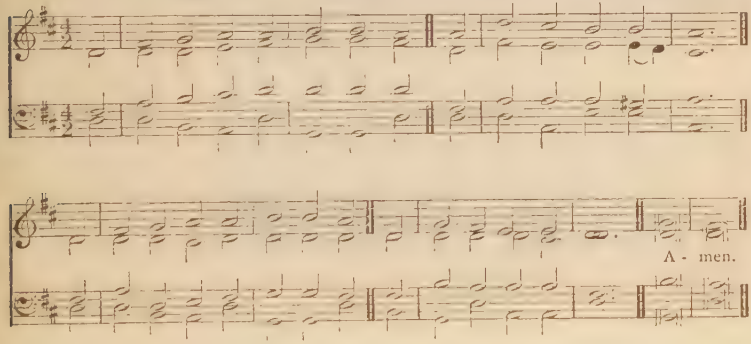
mf 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-home!
cr. Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
p There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
cr. Come, with all Thine angels, come,
rall. Raise the glorious Harvest-home!
Amen.

H. ALFORD.

ST. AGNES (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. B. DYKES.



TALLIS (*2nd Tune*). C.M. T. TALLIS.



625

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."—Ps. lxv. 11.

f 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

mf 2 When, in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

mf 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

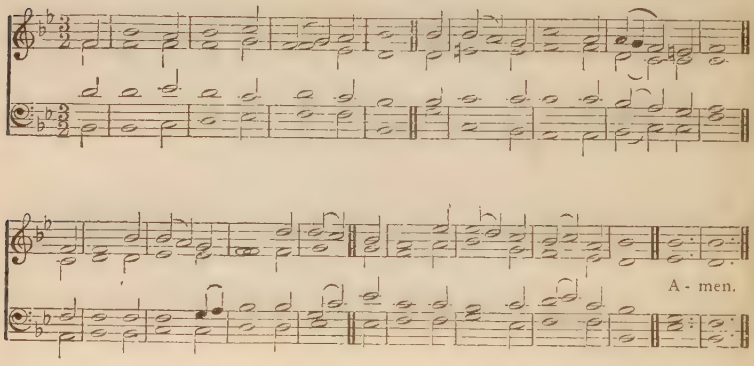
mf 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain:
cr. A yellow harves tcrowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

mf 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone,
Thou dost on man bestow;
cr. Let him not then forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow!

f 6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created Nature join
In sweet, harmonious praise!
Amen.

A. FLOWERDEW.

WALTON. L.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



626

"*The joy in harvest,*"—Isa. ix. 3.

mf 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
cr. Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

f 2 The harvest-song we would repeat:
Thou givest us the finest wheat:
The joys of harvest we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

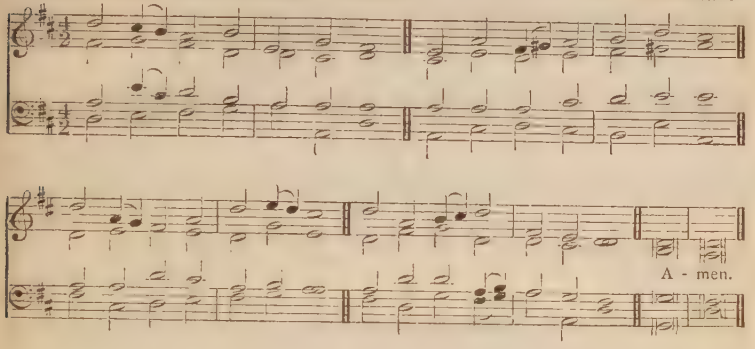
f 3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
cr. O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord:
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
dim. That hearts and lives should barren prove.

mf 4 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
mp That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

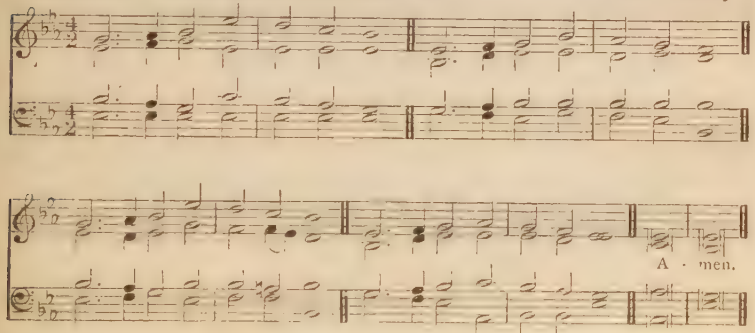
mf 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
cr. Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky. Amen.

E. BUTCHER.

BONN (FESTUS) (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. German.



DURHAM (INNOCENTS) (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. Church Melody.



See also "University College," No. 443.

627

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever."—Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

mf 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
cr. For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 2 Let us sound His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
cr. For His mercies, &c.

f 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
cr. For His mercies, &c.

f 4 He, the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run:
cr. For His mercies, &c.

mf 5 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
cr. For His mercies, &c.

mf 6 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
cr. For His mercies, &c.

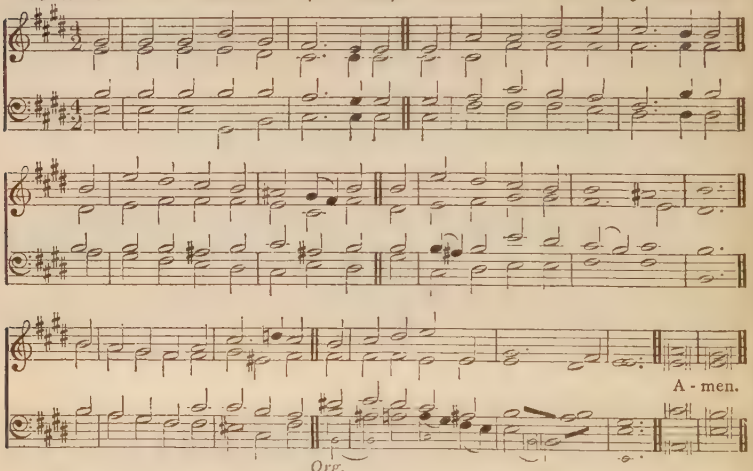
mp 7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
cr. For His mercies, &c.

f 8 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
cr. For His mercies, &c.

Amen.

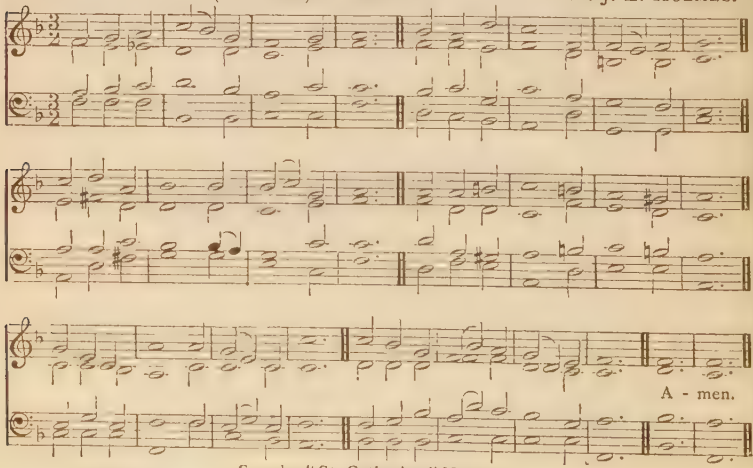
J. MILTON.

LORD OF THE HARVEST (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. BARNBY.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

PATER OMNIUM (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



See also "St. Catherine," No. 629.

628 '*O give thanks unto the Lord. . . . Who giveth food to all flesh.*—Ps. cxxxvi. 1, 25.

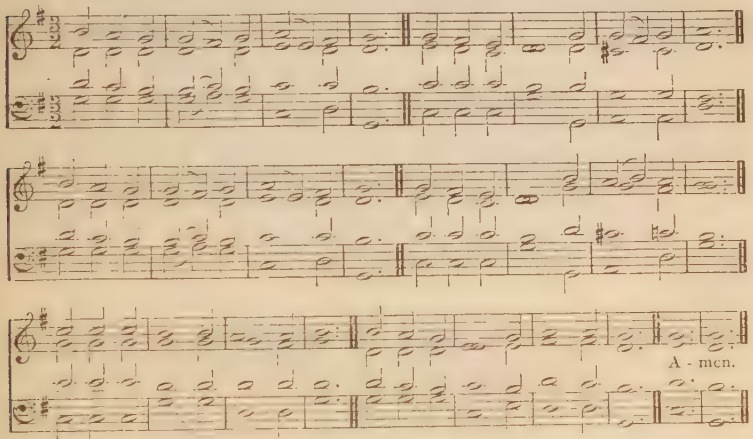
f 1 LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year:
mp For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
cr. By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

mf 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
cr. Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
f So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

mp 3 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for "daily bread";
cr. But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
f O Bread of life! from day to day,
Be Thou their comfort, food and stay! Amen.

J. ANSTICE.

ST. CATHERINE (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. G. WALTON.



629

"*While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease.*"
—Gen. viii. 22.
"*The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*"—Ps. cxvi. 7.

1.

mf LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
f Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

2.

mf When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
cr. Still do we sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3.

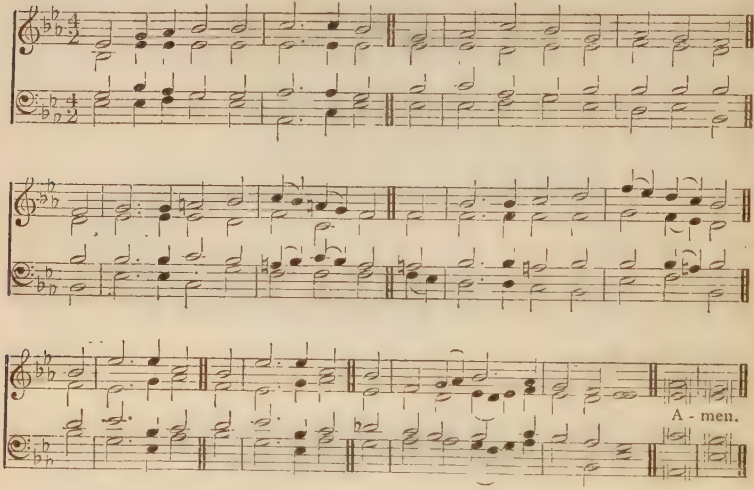
mf But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,—
When sounds of music fill the air,
As, homeward, all their treasures bear;
f We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4.

mf Lord of the harvest, all is Thine,—
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound.
cr. New, every year
Thy gifts appear:
f New praises from our lips shall sound.
Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

CLIVE VALE (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8.8.4.4.8. G. MERRITT.



629 "*While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease.*"
—Gen. viii. 22.
"*The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*"—Ps. cxvi. 7.

mf 1 LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
f Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

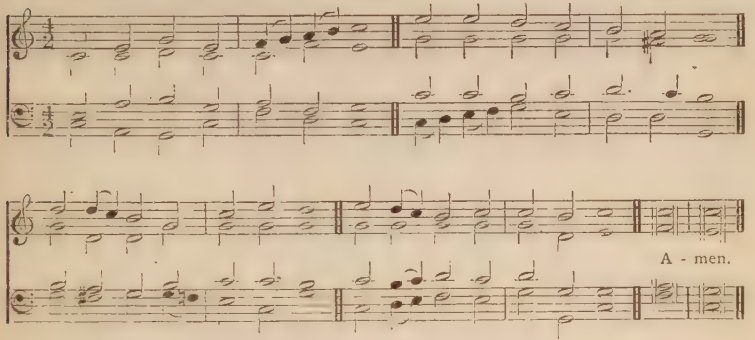
mf 2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
cr. Still do we sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

mf 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,—
When sounds of music fill the air,
As, homeward, all their treasures bear;
f We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounty share.

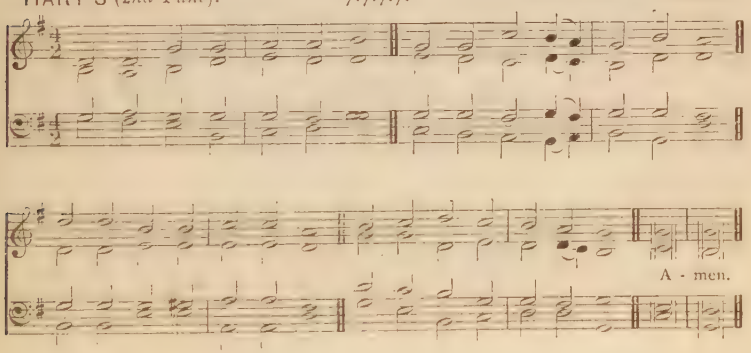
mf 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine,—
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound.
cr. New, every year
Thy gifts appear:
f New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

MONKLAND (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. J. B. WILKES.



HART'S (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. Anon.



630

"O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for His mercy endureth for ever."—Ps. cxxxvi. 26.

f 1 PRAISE, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run!
For His mercies, &c.

mf 3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies, &c.

f 4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain!
For His mercies, &c.

mf 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies, &c.

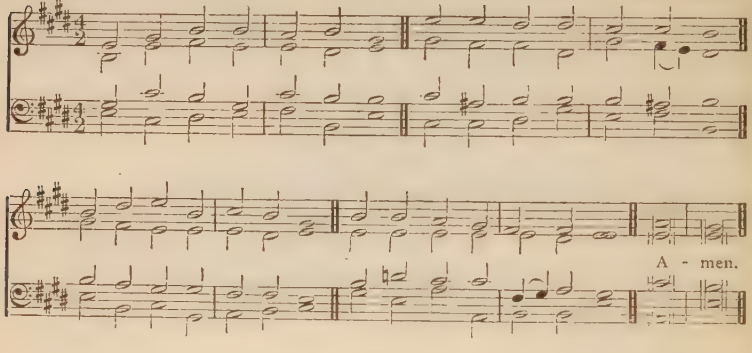
f 6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies, &c.

f 7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss:
For His mercies, &c.

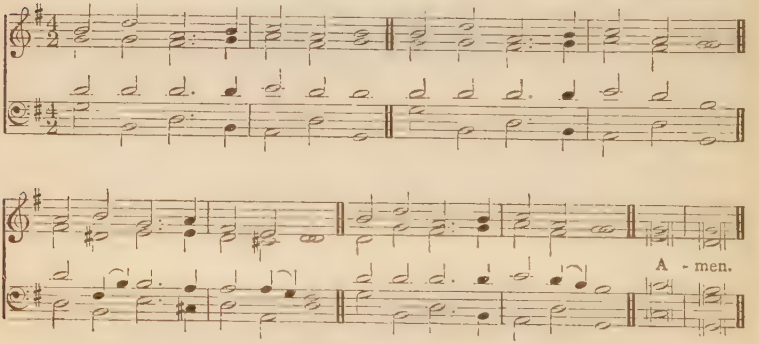
f 8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
cr. Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.
Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

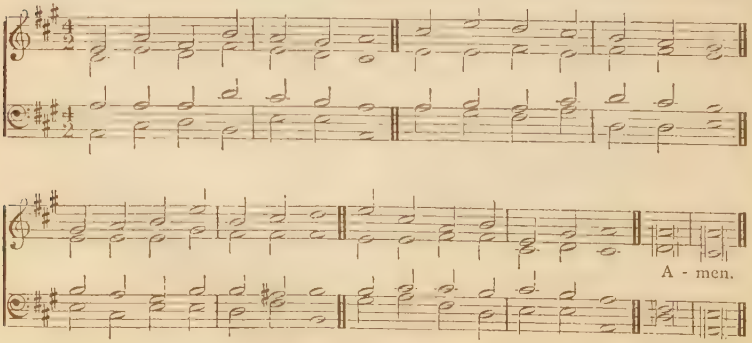
CULBACH (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7. C. H. DRETZELL.



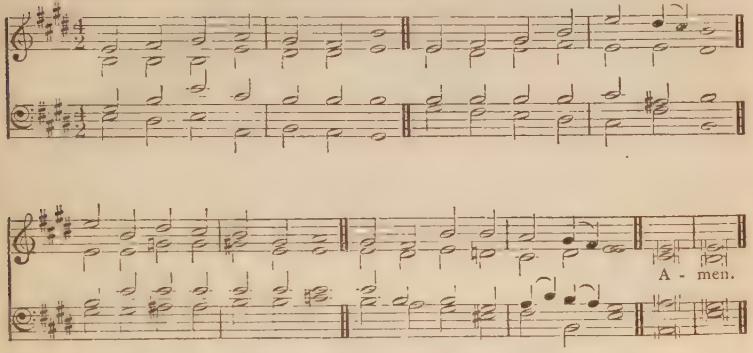
GERMAN HYMN (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. J. PLEYEL.



STAFFORD (*3rd Tune*). 7.7.7.7. S. WESLEY.



LAUDATE PUERI (*4th Tune*). 7·7·7·7. F. G. EDWARDS.



631 "*I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever. . . . Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.*"—Ps. cxlv. 2, 16.

1.

f PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2.

f For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
cr. For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

3.

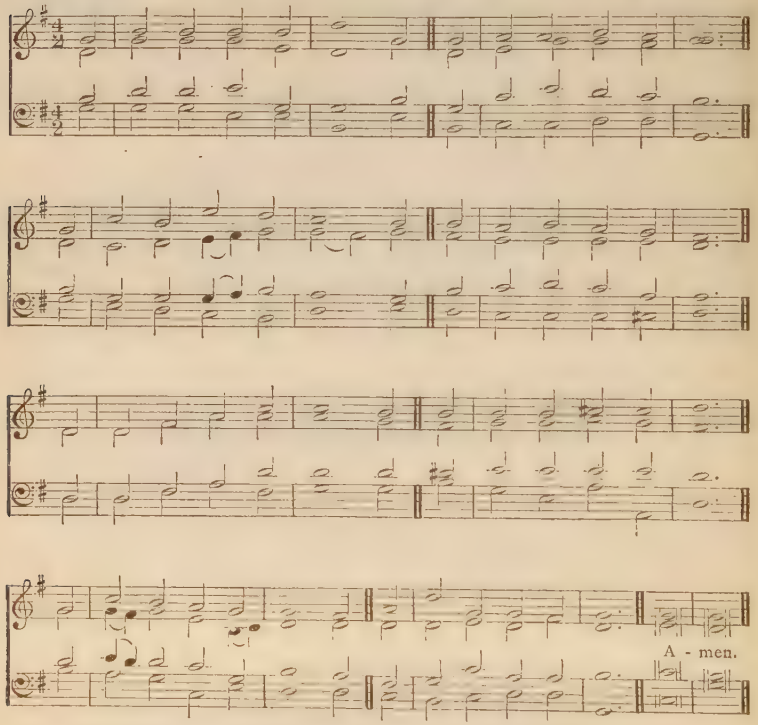
f All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

4.

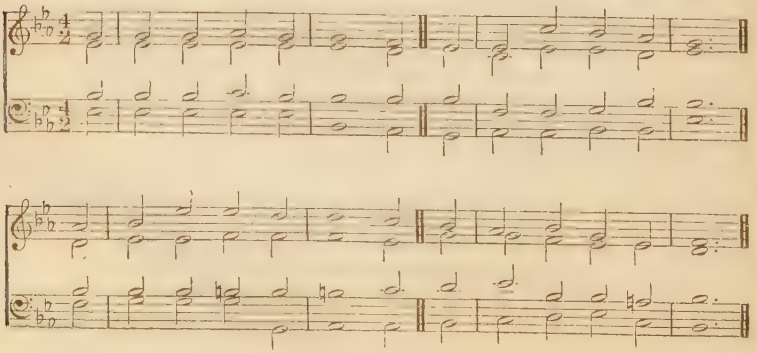
f These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow,
cr. And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise. Amen.

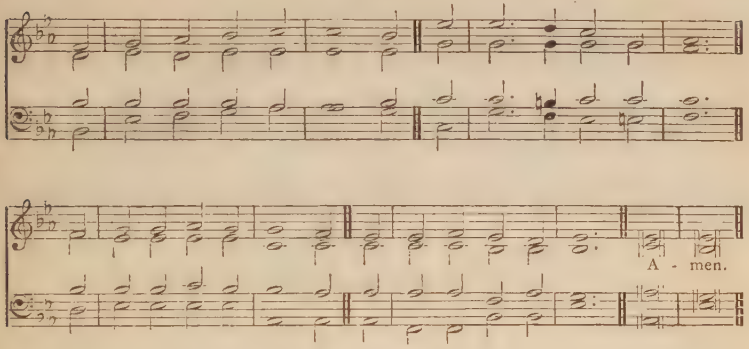
A. L. BARBAULD, *alt.*

NORHAM (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.



AURELIA (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. S. S. WESLEY.





632 "*He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harv* "—Jer. v. 24.

f 1 SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise:
mf By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
cr. Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

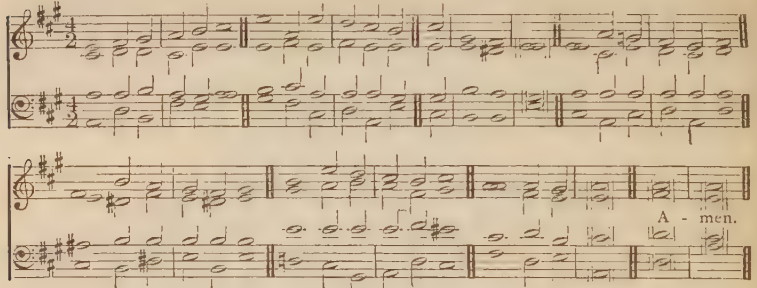
f 2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

mp 3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

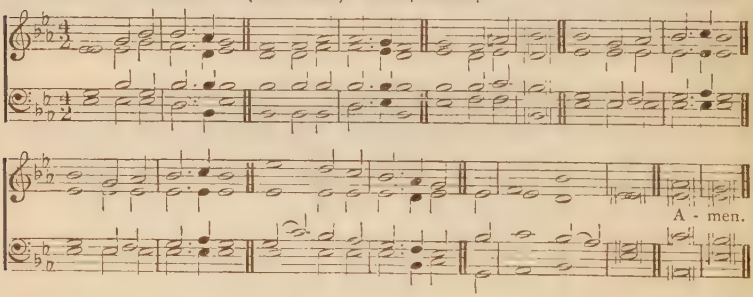
f 4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good":
To Christ, Who, when we wandered,
Restored us with His blood;
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessèd dews and sunshine,
cr. Be praise for evermore. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

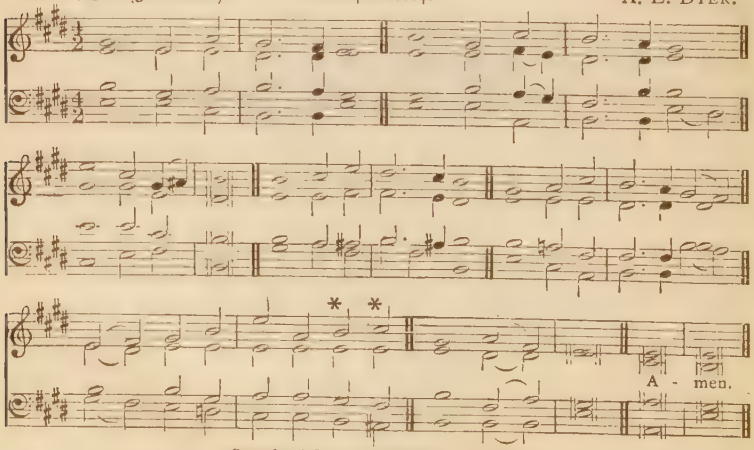
HUNGARY (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. German.



MOUNT OF OLIVES (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. L. MASON.



WESTON (*3rd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. A. E. DYER.



See also "Italy" (Moscow), No. 649.

* In verses 3 and 4, these minims should be sung to the last syllable of the 6th line and the slurs in the following bar omitted.

633

"The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."—Ps. lxv. 13.

mf 1 THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
cr. The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

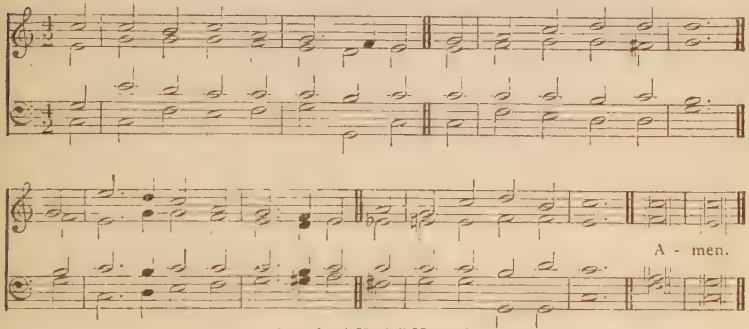
mf 2 Garden and orchard ground
Autumnal fruits have crowned,
The vintage glows:
cr. Here plenty pours her horn;
There the full tide of corn,
Swayed by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

mf 3 A few seeds scattered wide
God's hand hath multiplied:
Here thou may'st find
Christ's miracle renewed;
With self-producing food
He feeds a multitude—
f He feeds mankind.

f 4 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord:
cr. From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along;
And in your harvest song
ff Bless ye the Lord! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. F. G. BAKER.



See also "York," No. 486.

634

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

mf 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

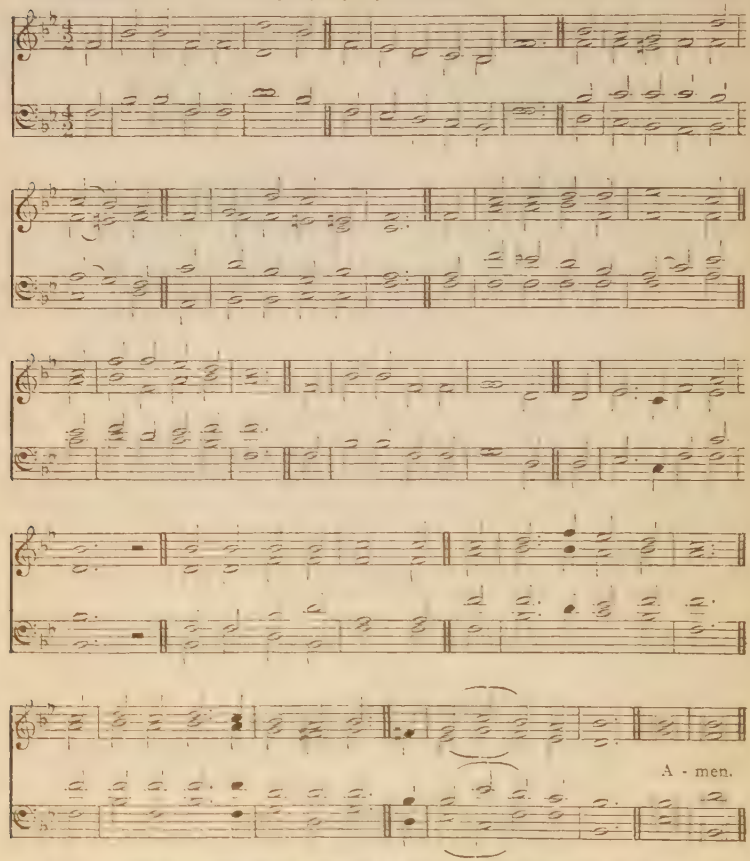
mf 2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest,
In every cheerful ray;
p Love draws the curtains of the night,
cr. And love restores the day.

mf 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.

f 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen;
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between, Amen.

T. GIBBONS.

DRESDEN. 7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4. J. A. P. SCHULTZ.



635

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. cxlv. 15.

mf 1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
p And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all his love.

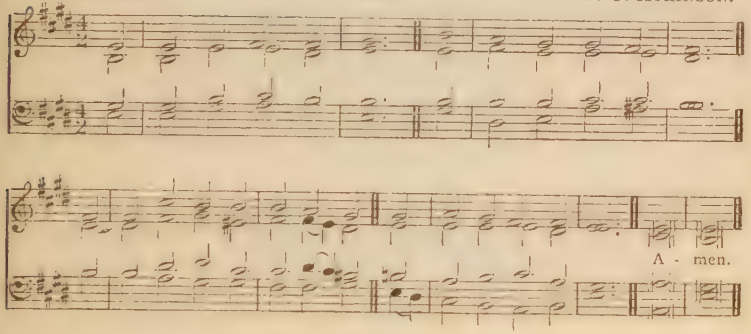
mf 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things, near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
cr. The winds and waves obey Him;
p By Him the birds are fed;
cr. Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love.

f 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
mf No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
dim. Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
ff Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love. Amen.

M. CLAUDIUS, *tr.* J. M. CAMPBELL.

12.—*ALMSGIVING.*

THETFORD. S.M. F. C. ATKINSON.



636 "*All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.*"—1 Chron. xxix. 14.
"*What hast thou that thou didst not receive?*"—1 Cor. iv. 7.

mf 1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
cr. All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

mf 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
cr. And gladly as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

mp 3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

mf 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

mf 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

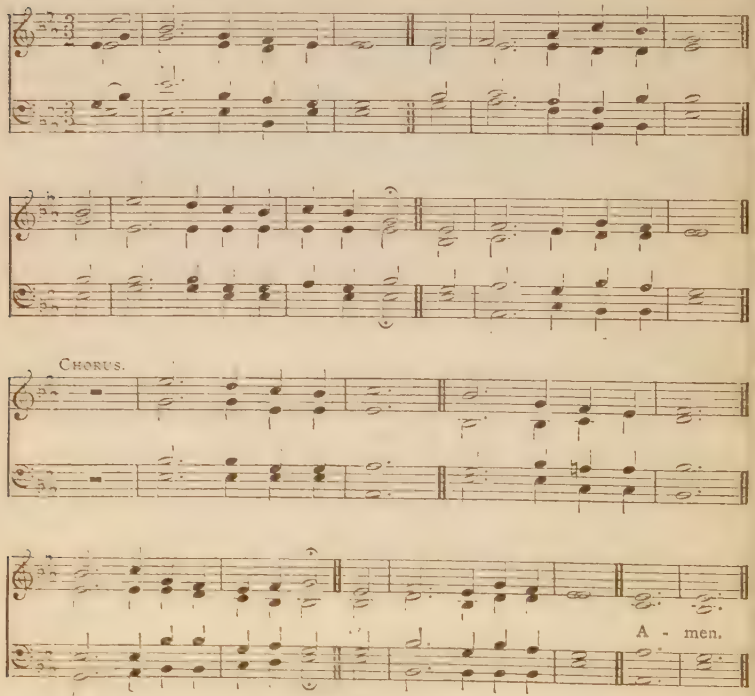
f 6 And we believe Thy word,
mp Though dim our faith may be;
cr. Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

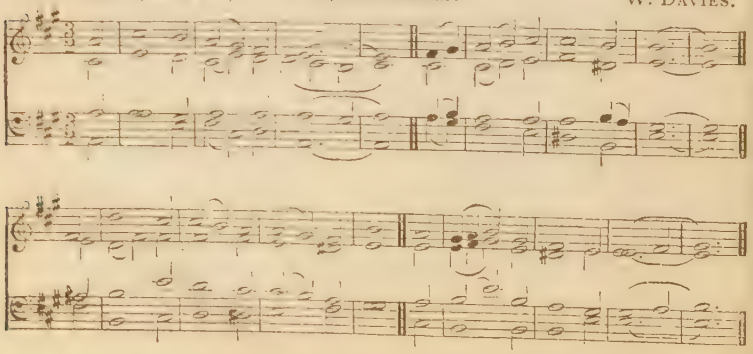
(See also Hymn 21.)

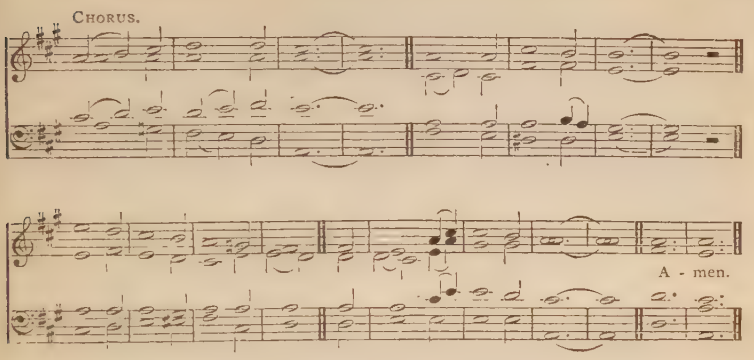
13.—*EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.*

CALVARY (*1st Tune*). S.M., with Chorus. L. HARTSOUGH.



HARTLEY (*2nd Tune*). S.M., with Chorus. W. DAVIES.





637

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

mf 1 I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
f I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
dim. Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

p 2 Though coming weak and vile,
cr. Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

f 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

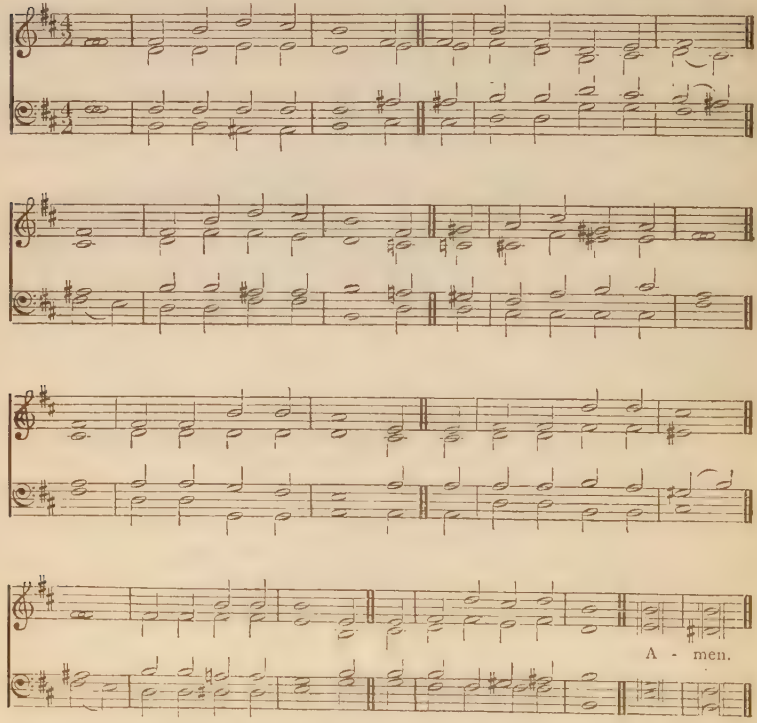
mf 4 'Tis Jesus Who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

mf 5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

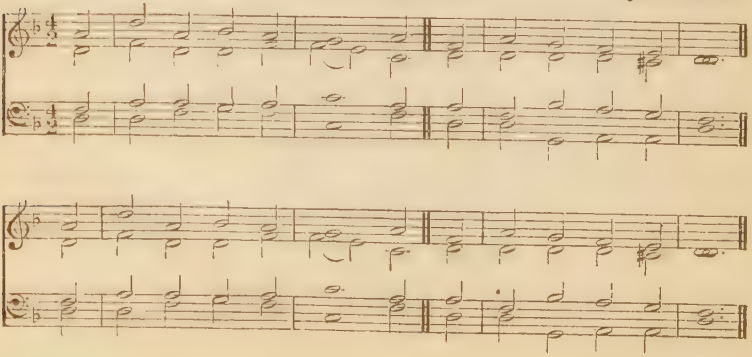
cr. 6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
ff Our Strength and Righteousness! Amen.

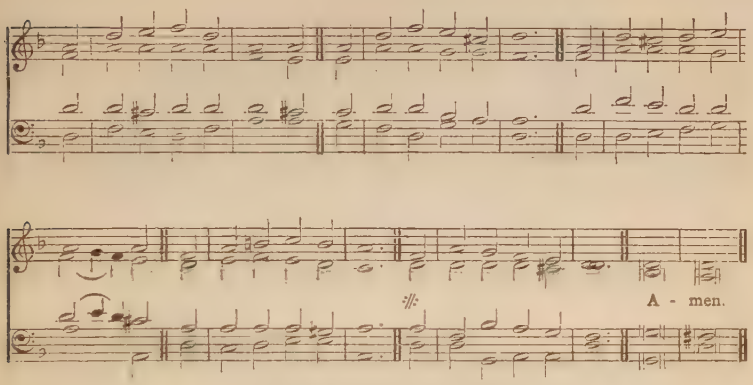
L. HARTSOUGH.

BORROWDALE (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. E. J. HOPKINS.



PWLLHELI (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. J. FRANCIS.





See also "Missionary," No. 248.

638 *"And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel."*—Lev. xvi. 21.
"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—Isa. viii. 4.

mf 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
cr. I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

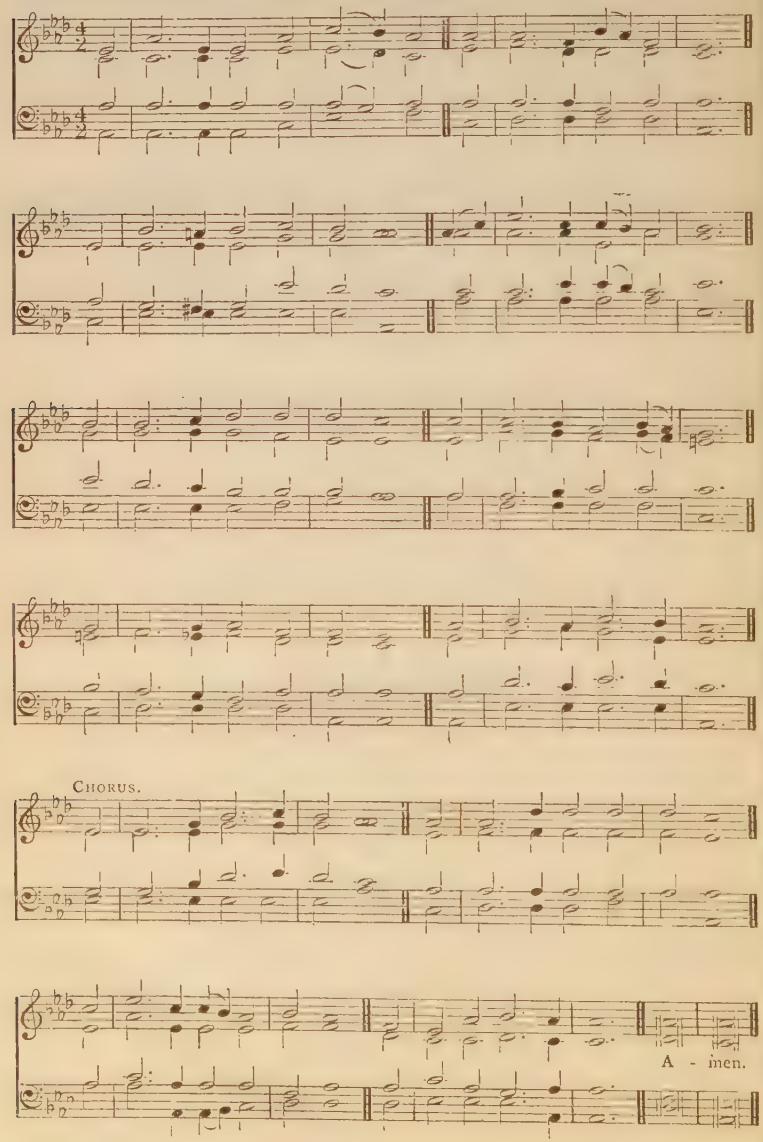
mf 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
cr. I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares,
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

mp 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
cr. I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

mf 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild:
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
cr. I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. Amen.

H. BONAR.

THE OLD STORY. 7.6.7.6. D., with Chorus. W. G. FISCHER.



639 "*I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*"—Ps. xxxiv. 11.

mf 1 I LOVE to tell the Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love!
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true:
It satisfies my longing,
As nothing else would do.
f I love to tell the Story! 'twill be my theme in glory
To tell the Old, Old Story, of Jesus and His love.

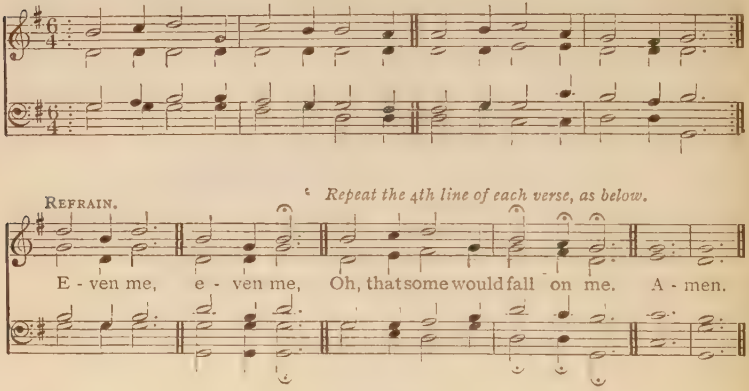
mf 2 I love to tell the Story:
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story:
It did so much for me:
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
f I love to tell the Story! 'twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story, of Jesus and His love.

mf 3 I love to tell the Story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
f I love to tell the Story! 'twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story, of Jesus and His love.

mf 4 I love to tell the Story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
cr. And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story,
That I have loved so long.
ff I love to tell the Story! 'twill be my theme in glory
To tell the Old, Old Story, of Jesus and His love. Amen.

K. HANKEY.

EVEN ME. 8.7.8.7., with Refrain. W. B. BRADBURY.



640

"*There shall be showers of blessing.*"—Ez. xxxiv. 26.

mf 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
cr. Oh, that some would fall on me,
Even me.

mp 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

mp 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee:
cr. I am longing for Thy favour,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me,
Even me.

mf 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
cr. Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

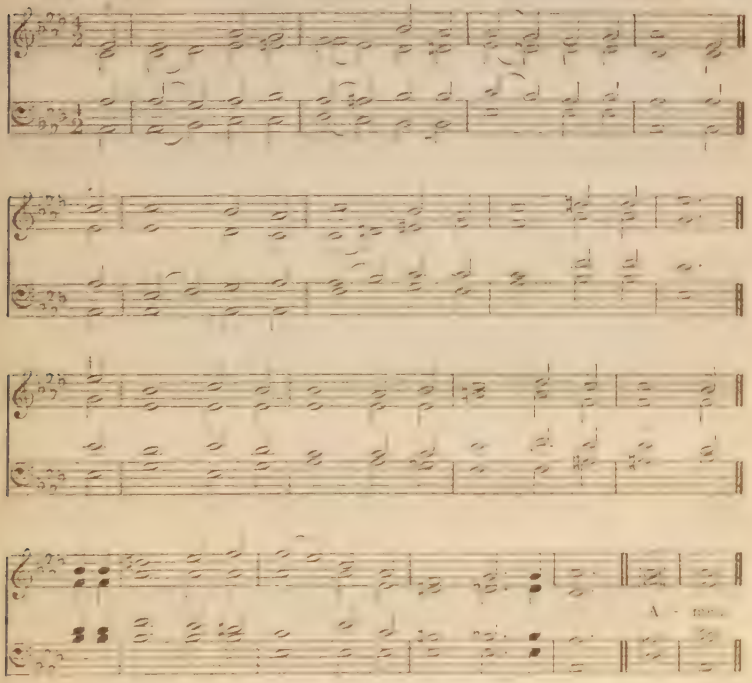
p 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
cr. Oh! forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

f 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

mp 7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave Thy child shall be,
f All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, Oh! bless me,
Even me. Amen.

E. CONDER.

ST. ASAPH. 12.11.12.11. A. H. MANN.



* Divide this chord into two in verse 3. † Divide this chord into two in verse 4.

641

[illegible] John vi. 37.

mf : O [illegible]
O come to the Lord Who forgives and forgets:
mp Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
cr. There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

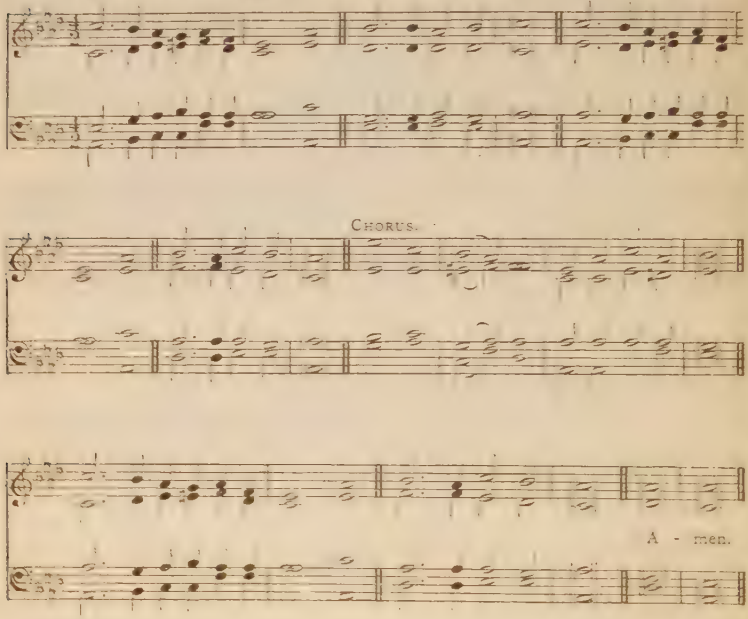
mf 2 Yes, come to the Saviour, Whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
cr. And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

[illegible]
p Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
cr. O fear not! and doubt not! the mother who bore you
f [illegible]

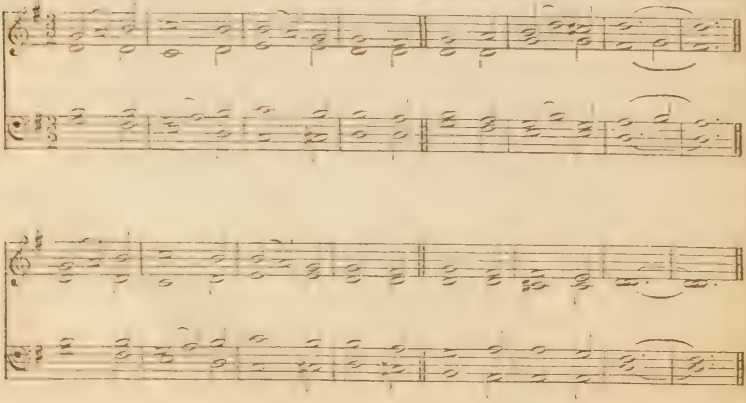
f [illegible]
And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner will move Him,
And your sins will be lost in His tender embrace. Amen.

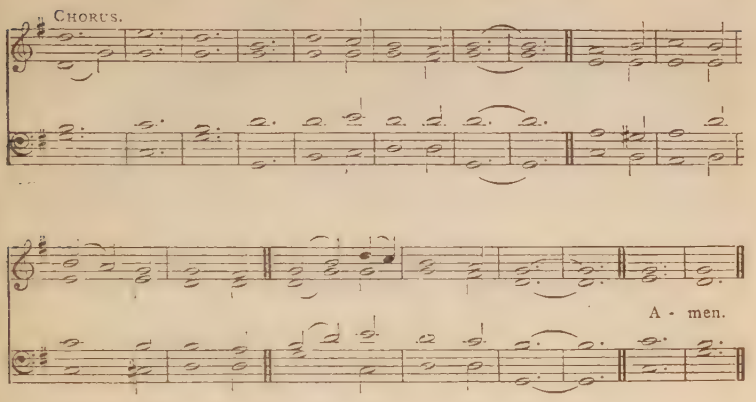
F. W. FABER.

PASS ME NOT (*1st Tune*). S.S.S.S., with Chorus. W. H. DOANE.



ORIEL COLLEGE (*2nd Tune*). S.S.S.S., with Chorus. W. DAVIES.





642 "*Pass not away, I pray Thee, from Thy servant.*"—Gen. xviii. 3.
"*Whosoever shall call on the Name of the Lord shall be saved.*"—**Acts ii. 21.**

p 1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
cr. While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
p Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
cr. And while others Thou art calling,
f Do not pass me by.

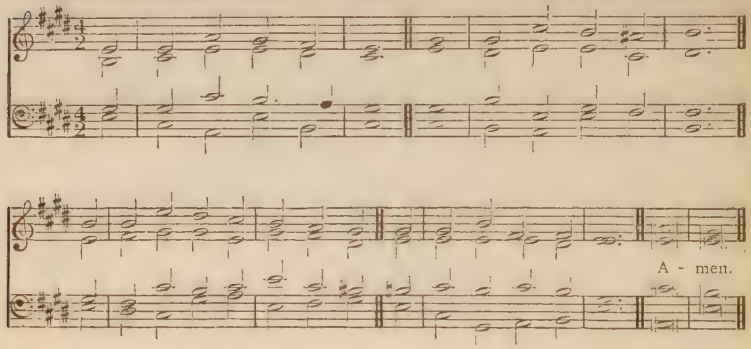
p 2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
p Saviour, Saviour, &c.

mf 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
cr. Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
dim. Save me by Thy grace.
p Saviour, Saviour, &c.

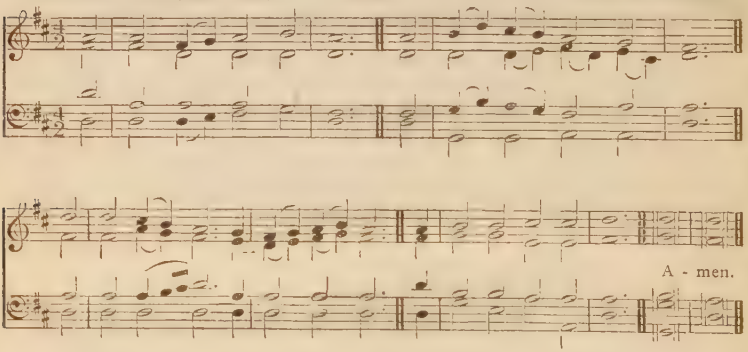
f 4 Thou, the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
cr. Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
ff Whom in heaven but Thee?
Saviour, Saviour, &c. Amen.

F. J. ALSTYNE.

ARMAGEDDON (*1st Tune*). S.M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



SILCHESTER (*2nd Tune*). S.M. C. H. A. MALAN.



See also "Swabia," No. 374.

643

"*O Lord, revive Thy work.*"—Hab. iii. 2.

f 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
cr. Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

f 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death,
cr. Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine almighty breath!

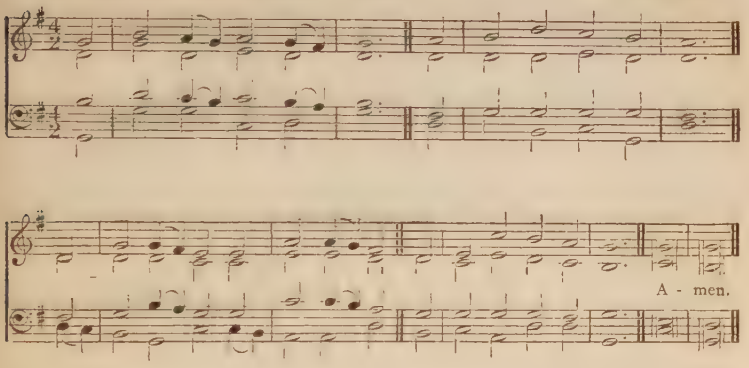
f 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
mp Create soul-thirst for Thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh may our spirits be!

f 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious Name:
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

f 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
cr. The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours! Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

BATHURST (CAMBRIDGE). S.M. R. HARRISON.



644

"*Revive Thy work.*"—Hab. iii. 2.
"*Will Thou not revive us again?*"—Ps. lxxxv. 6.

f 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy work of quickening power;
mp O'er earth's parched wilderness pour down
cr. The Pentecostal shower.

f 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In far-off Indian lands;
cr. Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
Stretch forth to Thee their hands.

f 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Amid the polar snows,
cr. Let Nature's frozen wastes rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

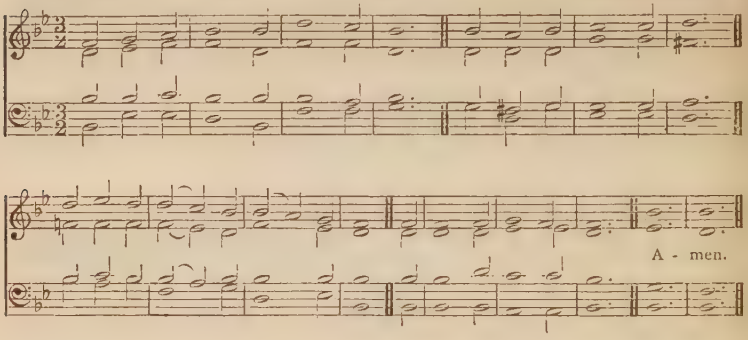
f 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Among the long-lost sheep
Of Israel's house, and bid them look
mp On Him they pierced, and weep.

f 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In this our native isle;
cr. With floods of light and life divine,
Make all her borders smile.

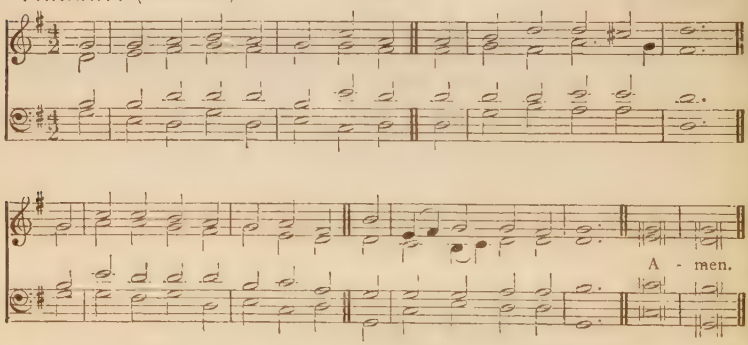
f 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
In our own souls, we pray:
cr. May all for the great harvest-home
Be ripening day by day. Amen.

L. C. W., in LEIFCHILD'S COLL.

ABERGELE (*1st Tune*). C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Senr.



FARRANT (*2nd Tune*). C.M. R. HILTON.



645

"*They were all with one accord in one place.*"—Acts ii. 1.

mp 1 SPIRIT of holiness descend,
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend:
Let us Thy mercy see

mp 2 Behold Thy weary churches wait
With wistful, longing eyes;
Let us no more be desolate:
cr. O bid Thy light arise.

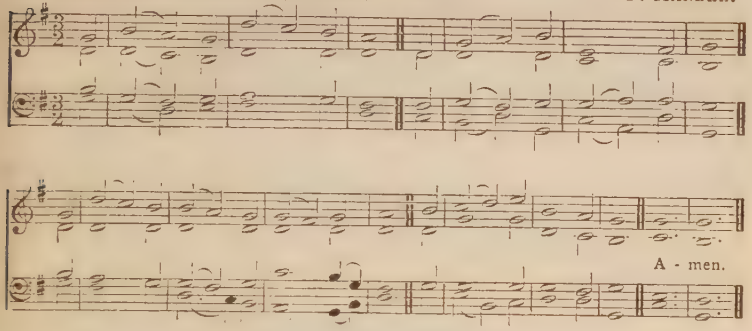
mf 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone Thy people be.

f 4 O bring our dearest friends to God,
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode:
Fit them for joys above.

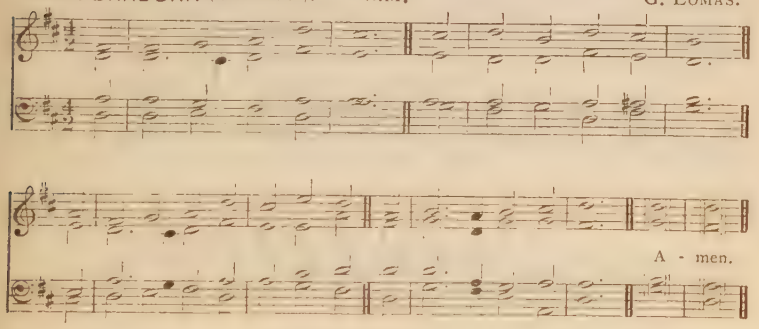
mp 5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
cr. Come,—for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share. Amen.

S. F. SMITH.

CHANDOS (GERMANY) (*1st Tune*). S.M. G. F. HANDEL.



KIRK BRADDAN (*2nd Tune*). S.M. G. LOMAS.



See also "Carlisle," No. 142.

646

"*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.*"—Rev. xxii. 17.

p 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come:
f The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, Come.

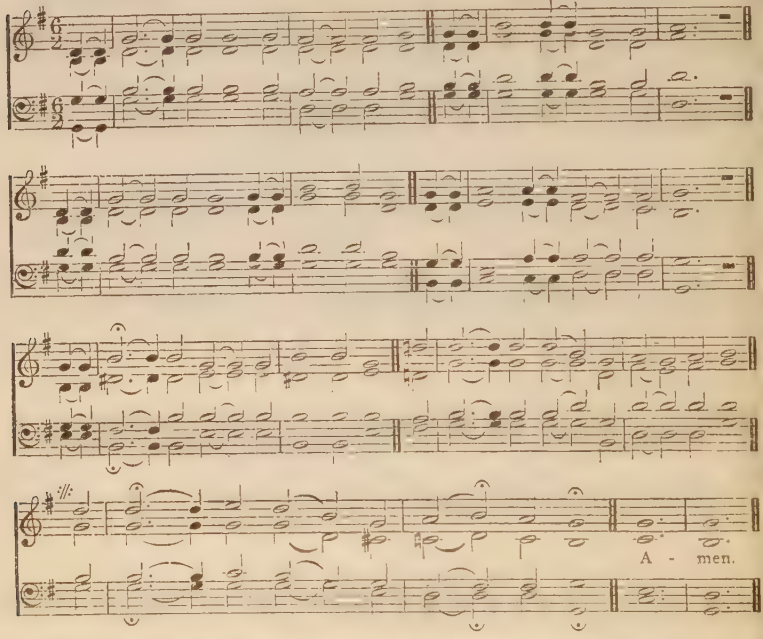
f 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, Come.

f 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely Come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him Come.

p 4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, I quickly Come:
cr. Lord, even so: I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, Come! Amen.

H. N. ONDERDONK.

THE NINETY AND NINE. 9 7·9·7·9·9. (Irregular). I. D. SANKEY.



647 "*Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep that was lost.*"—Luke xv. 6.

f 1 THERE were ninety and nine that sáfely lay
In the shelter óf the fold;
mf But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gátes of gold,
dim. Away on the mountains wild and bare,
p Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

mf 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enóugh for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:—"This of Mine
Has wandered awáy from Me;
cr. And, although the road be rough and steep,
f I go to the desert to find My sheep."

mf 3 But none of the ransomed éver knew
How deep were the wáters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lórd passed through
dim. Ere He found His shéep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
p Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

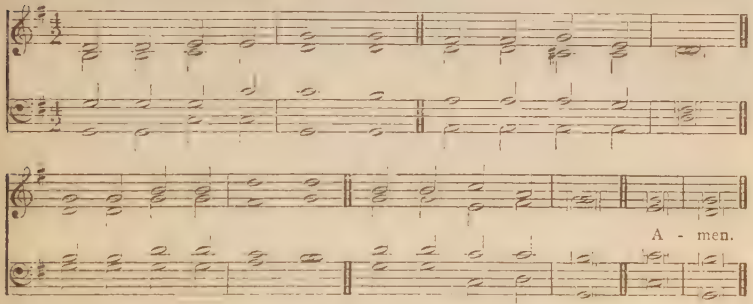
mf 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops áll the way,
That mark out the móuntain's track?"
p "They were shed for one who had góne astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
inf "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and tórn?"
dimin. "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn!"

f 5 But, all through the mountains, thúnder-riven,
And up from the rócky steep,
There arose a cry to the gáte of heaven,
ff "Rejoice, I have fóund My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!" Amen.

E. C. CLEPHANE.

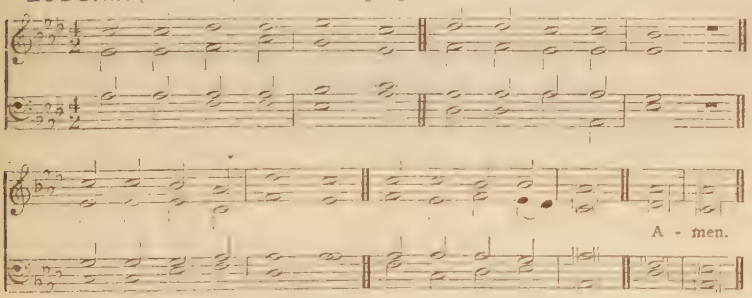
14.—*TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.*

NORTH COATES (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

EUDOXIA (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. S. BARING-GOULD.



648

"*Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.*"—Matt. xxi. 28.

mf 1 CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Laboured, wearied, suffered,—
Died upon the tree.

mf 2 Work with feet untiring,
By the Master led,
Help to free the drunkards
From their bondage dread.

mf 3 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

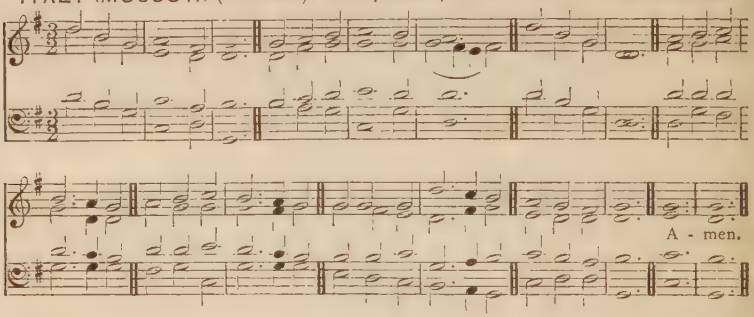
mp 4 Work with heart that burneth,
Humbly at His feet
cr. Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown made meet.

mp 5 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
cr. Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

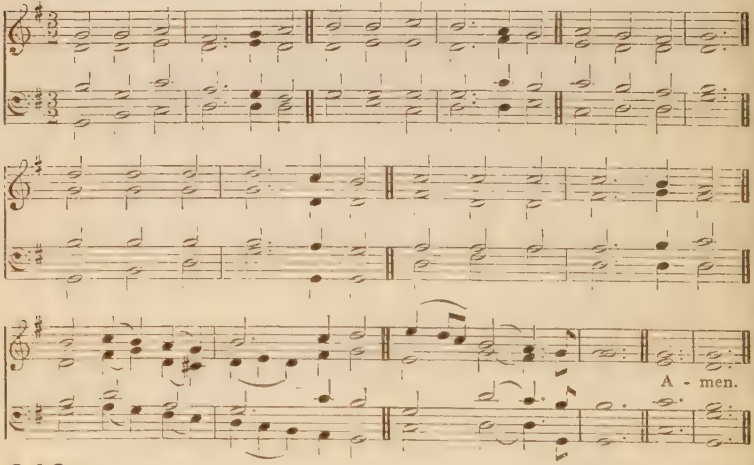
mf 6 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draws near;
cr. Then Thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear. Amen.

M. HASLOCK.

ITALY (MOSCOW) (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. F. GIARDINI.



NATIONAL ANTHEM (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Anon.



649

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. vi. 10.

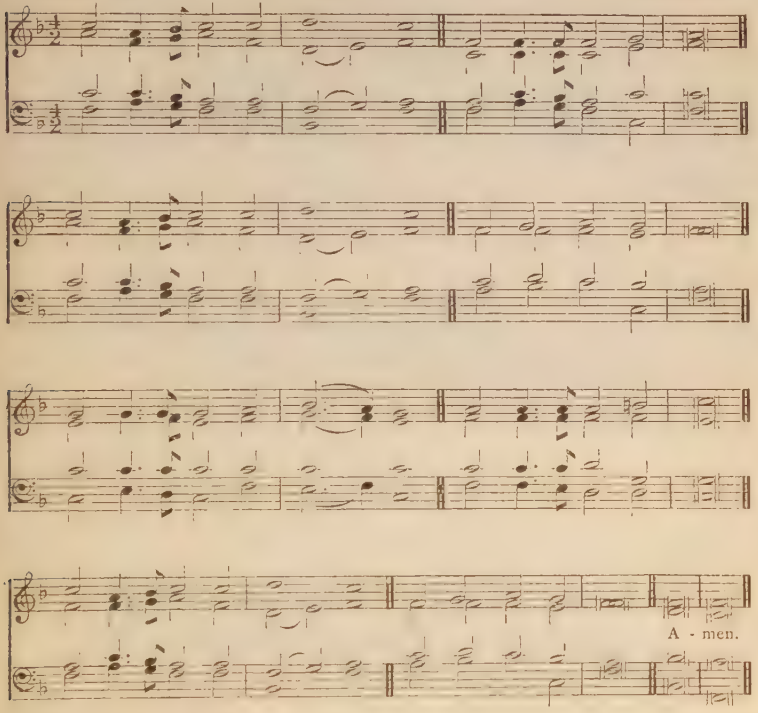
mf 1 GOD bless our Temperance band:
O may we firmly stand
True to our pledge;
cr. May we united be,
Strong in consistency,
Zeal, truth, and charity,
f Courage and love.

mp 2 May we for drunkards feel,
cr. Labour with constant zeal;
God bless our work:
mp And we His aid implore
cr. To help us more and more,
f Until, from shore to shore,
All shall abstain.

f 3 May Britain's children stand
A noble Temperance band,
Their country's hope!
And may our cause extend,
Until all people blend,
And one great shout ascend,
ff The world is free! Amen.

ANON.

DILIGENCE. 7.6.7.5. D. L. MASON.



650 "*I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.*"—John ix. 4.
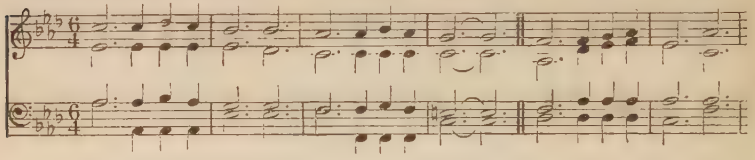
mf 1 WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling:
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
dim. Work, for the night is coming,
p When man's work is done.

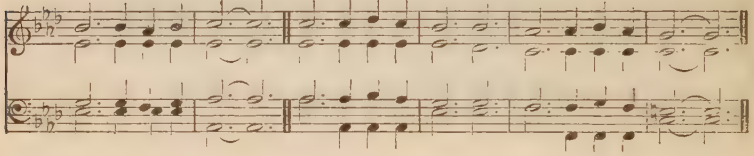
mf 2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
dim. Work, for the night is coming,
p When man works no more.

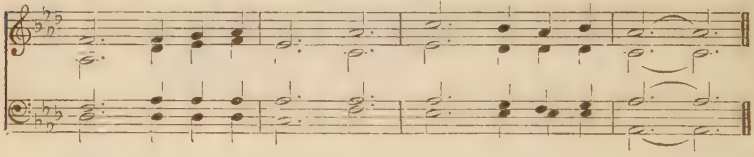
mf 3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
dim. Work, while the night is darkening,
p When man's work is o'er. Amen.
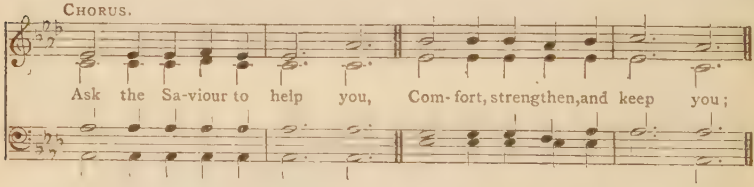
A. L. WALKER.

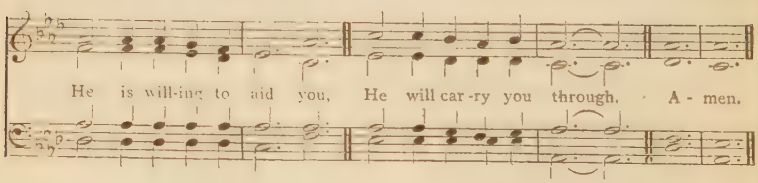
FORTITUDE (*1st Tune*). 11.11.11.11., with Chorus. H. R. PALMER.



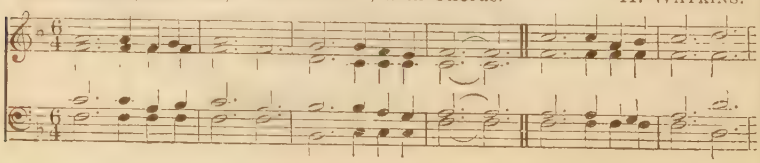


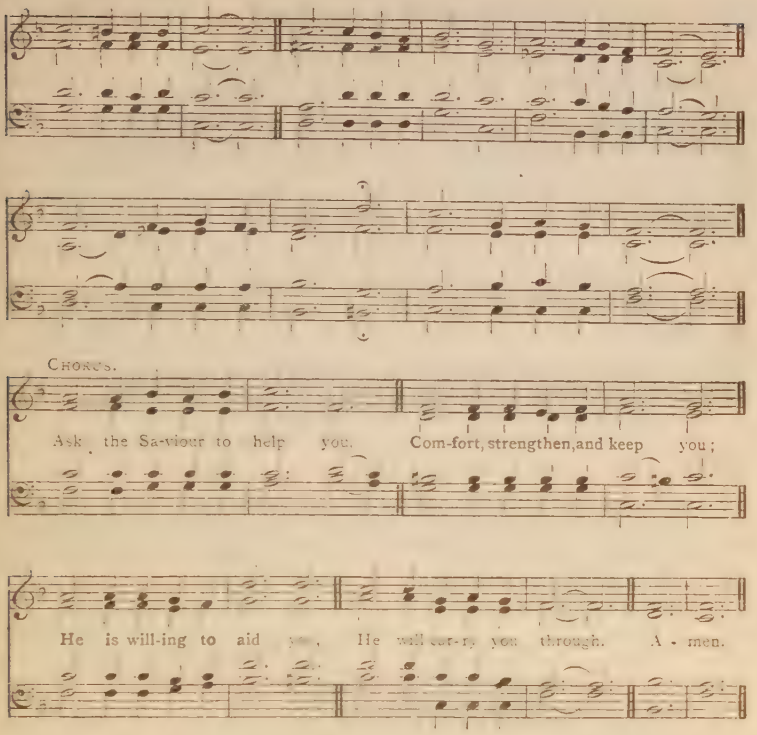






HONDDU (*2nd Tune*). 11.11.11.11., with Chorus. H. WATKINS.





651

"*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"—Rev. ii. 10.

mf 1 YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
cr. Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
f Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

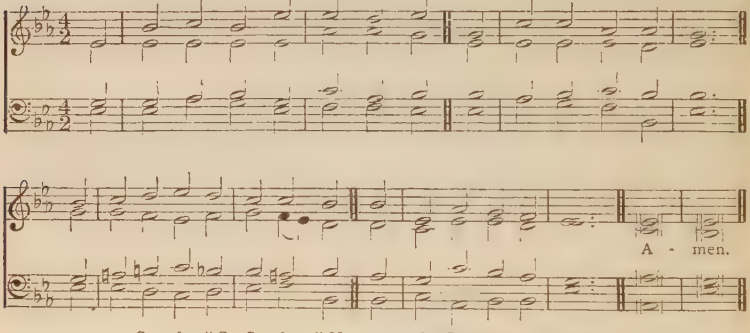
mf 2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
p God's Name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
cr. Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

mf 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He Who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c. Amen.

H. R. PALMER.

15.—*FOUNDATION AND OPENING OF PLACES OF WORSHIP.*

CHRISTCHURCH. C.M. Anon.



See also "St. Stephen," No. 450, and "Gloucester," No. 127.

652

"Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest."—Ps. cxxxii. 8.

f 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
mp Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes
cr. Thus to be owned and blest.

f 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

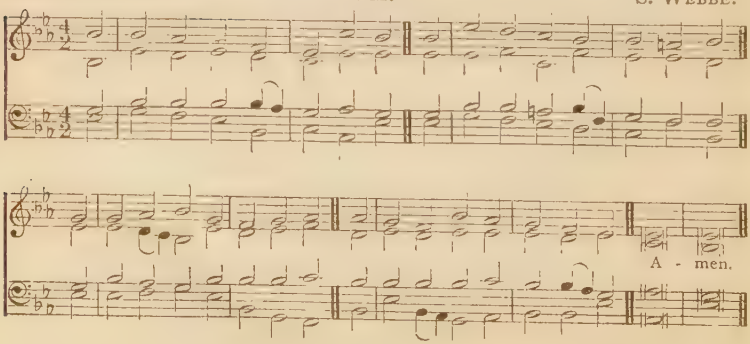
mp 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
cr. Here let Thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

f 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

f 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes. Amen.

I. WATTS.

MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



See also "Eden," No. 425, and the "Old Hundredth," No. 556.

653

"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."—Gen. xxviii. 17.

1.

mf BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day;
This house we dedicate to Thee:
cr. Oh, hear Thy servants as they pray,
And let Thine ear attentive be.

2.

mf Within these walls let holy peace,
Let love and truth be always found;
cr. May burdened hearts find sweet release,
And souls with richest grace be crowned.

3.

mp May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,
The weary enter into rest;
cr. Here may the contrite to Thee cry,
And waiting souls be richly blest.

4.

mf Here, when the Gospel sound is heard,
And here proclaimed the saving Name,
f May hearts be quickened, moved, and stirred,
And souls be kindled into flame.

5.

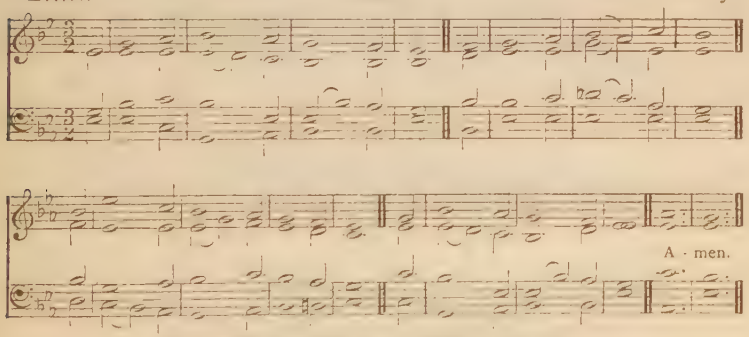
f Here may the dead be made to live,
The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear;
mp And do Thou to the humble give
Pardon and peace instead of fear.

6.

f Make this, O Lord, Thine own abode;
Thy presence in these courts be given;
Be this, indeed, "the house of God,"
And this in truth "the gate of heaven." Amen.

C. D. BELL.

ERIN. C.M. Irish Melody.



See also "St. Ann," No. 450, and "Tudor," No. 462.

654

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."—Ps. cxxii. 7.

mf 1 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

mp 2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease—
The wounded spirit heal.

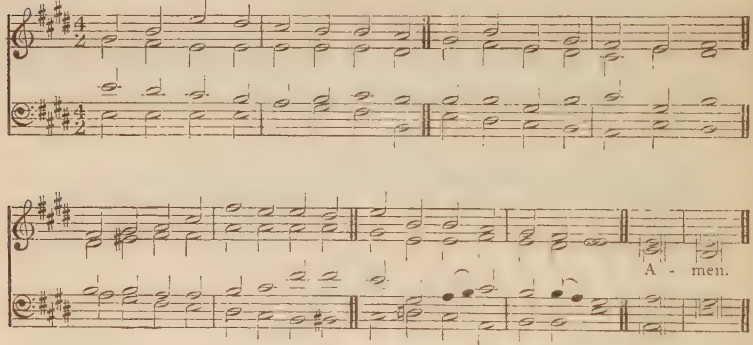
mf 3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
cr. And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

mp 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
cr. And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.

f 5 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. Amen.

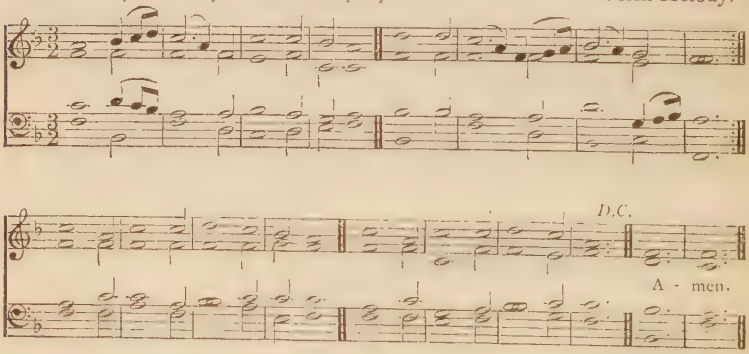
J. NEWTON.

ALL FOR JESUS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

MORIAH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. Welsh Melody.



See also "Stuttgart," No. 356, and "Henryd," No. 445.

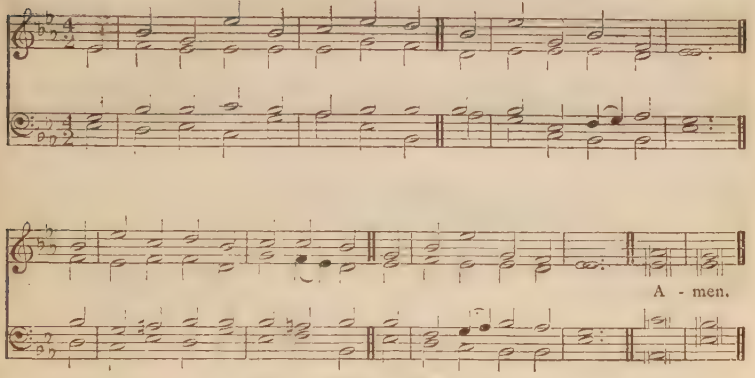
655 *"In all places where I record My Name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."*—Ex. xx. 24.

mf 1 FIX, O Lord, a tent in Goshen,
Thither come, and there abide!
Bow Thyself from light celestial,
And with sinful man reside.

f 2 Dwell in Zion, there continue
Where the holy tribes ascend;
Ne'er desert Thy chosen people
Till the world in flames shall end. Amen.

W. WILLIAMS, *tr.* W. GRIFFITHS.

LONDON NEW. C.M Scotch Psalter.



See also "St. Ann," No. 450.

656

"*The glory of the Lord filled the house.*"—2 Chron. vii. 1.

1 LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter and claim Thine own:
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

mf 2 We rear no altar,—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine:
What need have we of creature-aid?
cr. The power to save is Thine.

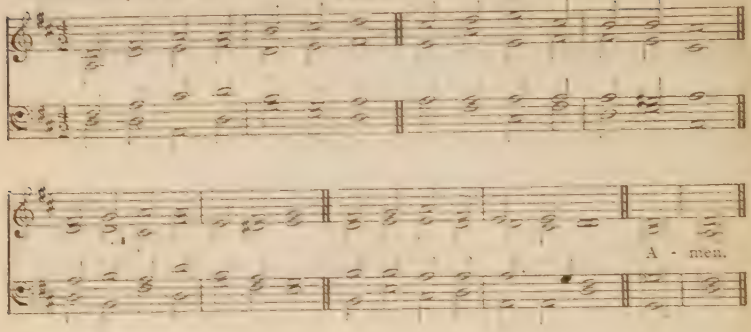
mf 3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
cr. Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

mf 4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask:
No tongues of flame desire;
cr. Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

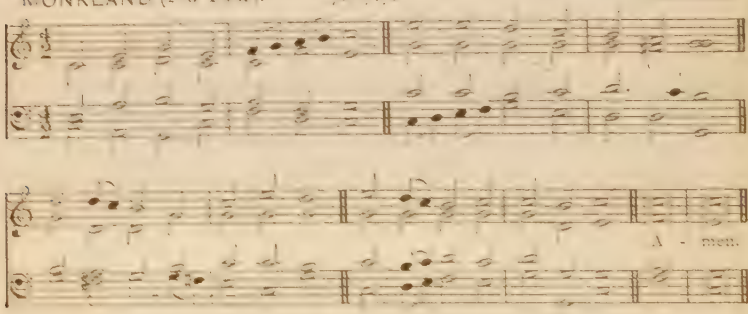
f 5 Light up this house with glory, Lord;
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above. Amen.

J. HARRIS.

LUBECK (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. German.



MONKLAND (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. German.



See also "Christus," No. 549.

657 *"I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put My Name there, for ever."*—1 Kings ix. 3.

mf 1 LORD of Hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

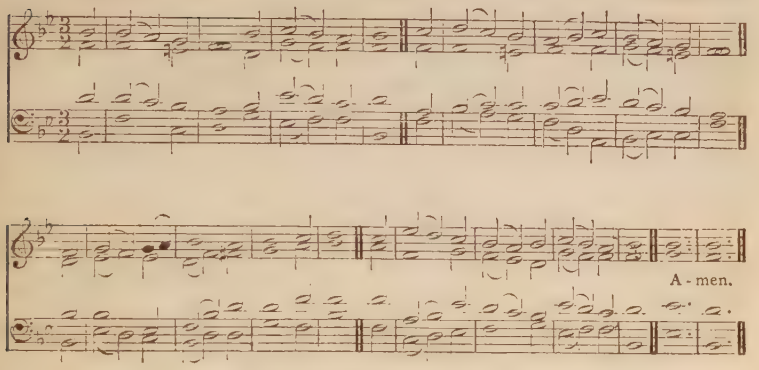
mf 2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WAREHAM. L.M. W. KNAPP.



See also "Mainzer," No. 502.

658 *"But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?"*—2 Chron. vi. 18.

mf 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:
cr. Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

mf 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
mp And dying sinners pray to live:
cr. Hear Thou, in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
mp And when Thou hearest, O forgive!

mf 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
cr. Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

f 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

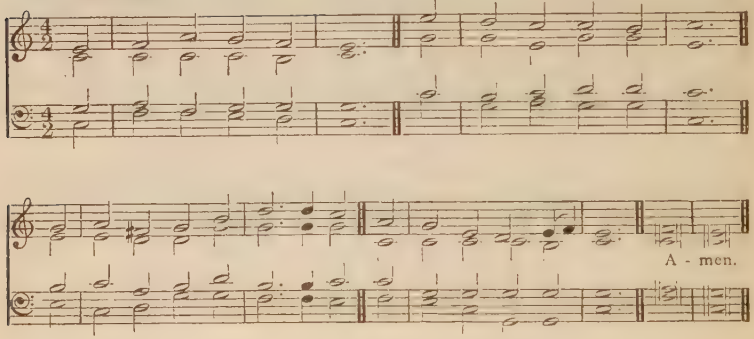
mp 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide,—no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest.

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart:
In every bosom fix Thy throne. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

16.—*MARRIAGE.*

ST. GEORGE. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



659 "*And both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.*"—John ii. 2.

mf 1 HOW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
cr. When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

mf 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He Who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

mf 3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
cr And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

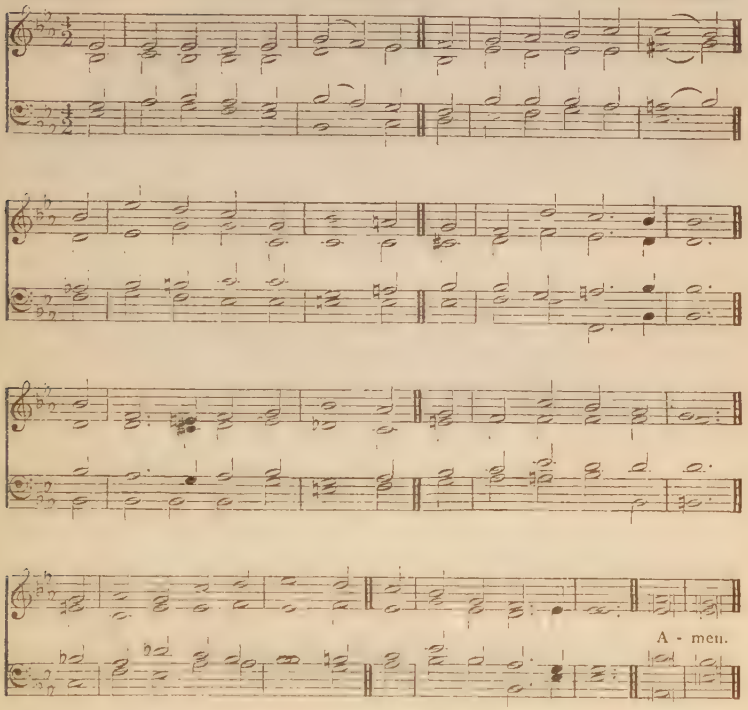
p 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
cr. And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

mf 5 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
p Forth from Thy pierced side.

mf 6 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
cr. As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
f So bless them evermore. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

BRISTAN. 7.6.7.6. D. A. H. MANN.



See also "Day of Rest," No. 541.

660

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."—1 John iv. 16.

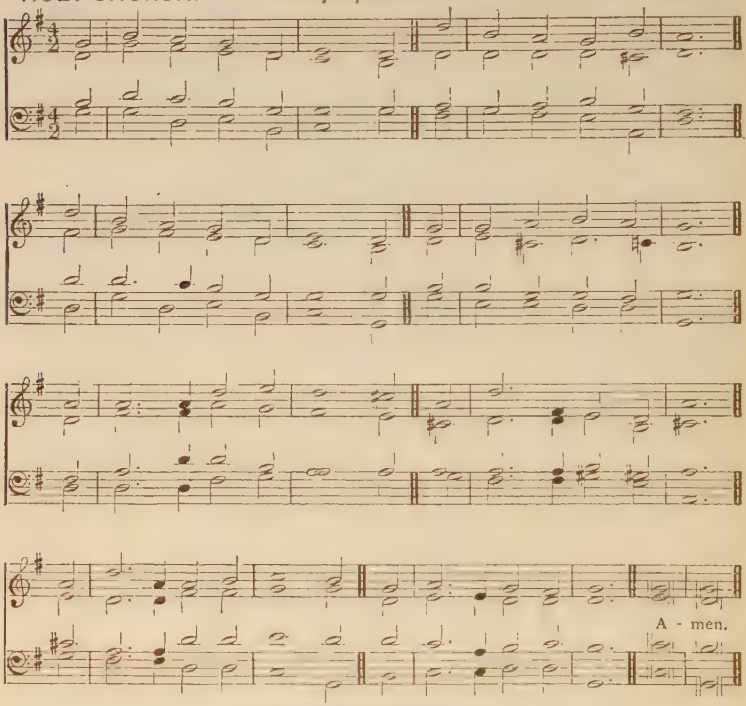
mf 1 O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height!
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light:
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.

mf 2 O Love! divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love.
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
cr. And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

f 3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joys where "God is Love." Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

HOLY CHURCH. 7.6.7.6. D. A. H. BROWN.



See also "Aurelia," No. 496.

661 "*Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*"—Ps. cxxvii. 1.

mf 1 O FATHER, all-creating,
Whose wisdom, and Whose power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
cr. To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew:
A home by Thee made blessed,
A love by Thee kept true.

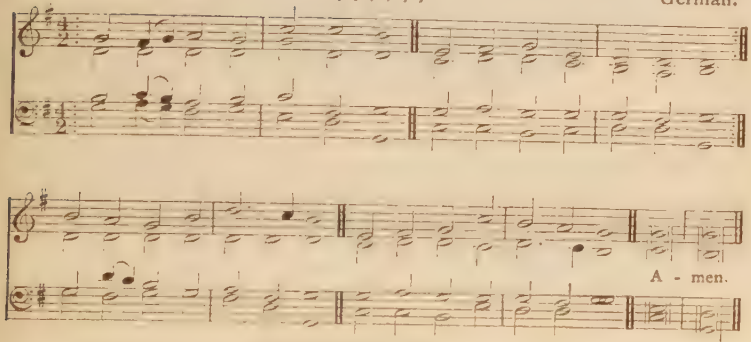
mf 2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
cr. Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine;
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

mf 3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
cr. So mighty in Thy pureness,
mp So tender in Thy love:
cr. That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

mp 4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain:
cr. But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love, which Thou hast hallowed,
Is endless love begun. Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

DIX. 7·7·7·7·7·7· German.



See also "Spain," No. 509.

662

"As being heirs together of the grace of life."—1 Peter iii. 7.

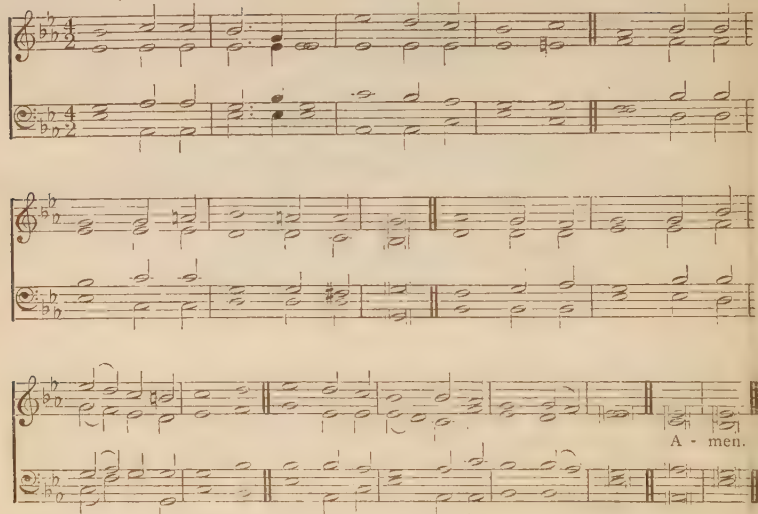
mf 1 SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now;
Be it with Thy presence blest,
Ratify the nuptial vow,
cr. Hallowed let this union be,
With each other, and with Thee.

mf 2 Let the path our friends pursue
From this hour together trod,
mp Many though its days, or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
cr. To the land where rest is given—
To our Father's house in heaven. Amen.

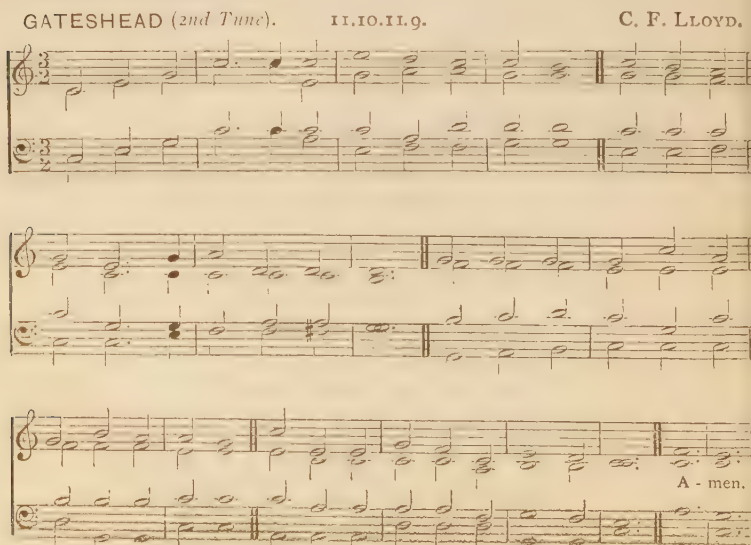
T. RAFFLES.

17.—*NATIONAL HYMNS.*

RUSSIA (*1st Tune*). 11.10.11.9. A. LVOFF.



GATESHEAD (*2nd Tune*). 11.10.11.9. C. F. LLOYD.



663 *"The Lord will bless His people with peace."*—Is. xxix. 11.

1.

f GOD the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword
dim. Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2.

f God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
dim. Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3.

mf God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy way of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
dim. Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4.

f God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
pp Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

5.

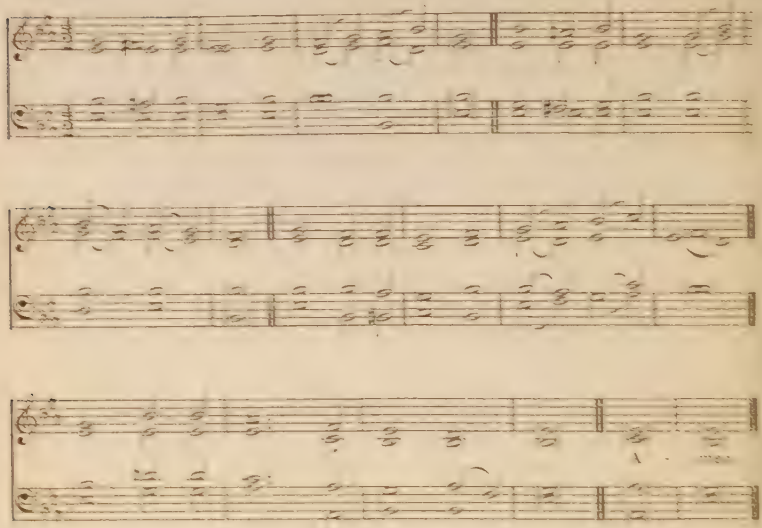
mf God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening
cr. Thou will give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

6.

ff So shall Thy children in thankful devotion
Laud Him Who saved them from peril and sword
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord." Amen

H. F. CHORLEY, *alt.* J. ELLERTON.

HOLLY. L.M. G. Hews.



664

"My soul hath a longing to behold Thy salvation, and in Thy word is my trust."—Ps. cxix. 5.

mf 1 O GOD of love, O King of peace!
Make wars throughout the world to cease:
cr. The wrath of sinful man restrain;
mp Give peace, O God, give peace again!

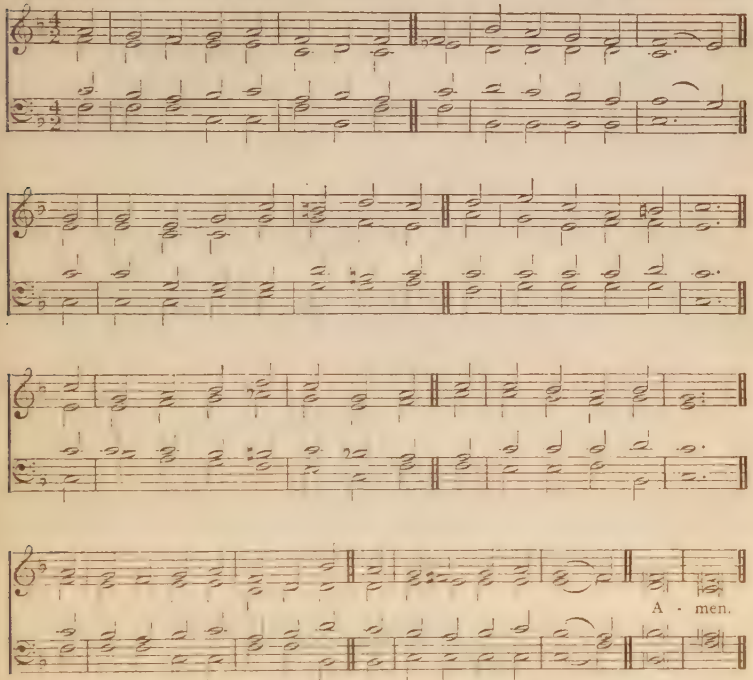
mf 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
p Remember not our sins' dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

mf 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

mf 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
cr. Oh bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

BETHLEHEM (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. C. E. WILLING.



See also "St. Leonard" and "St. Matthew," No. 305.

[NATIONAL HUMILIATION.]

665 *"O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nought."*—Jer. x. 24.

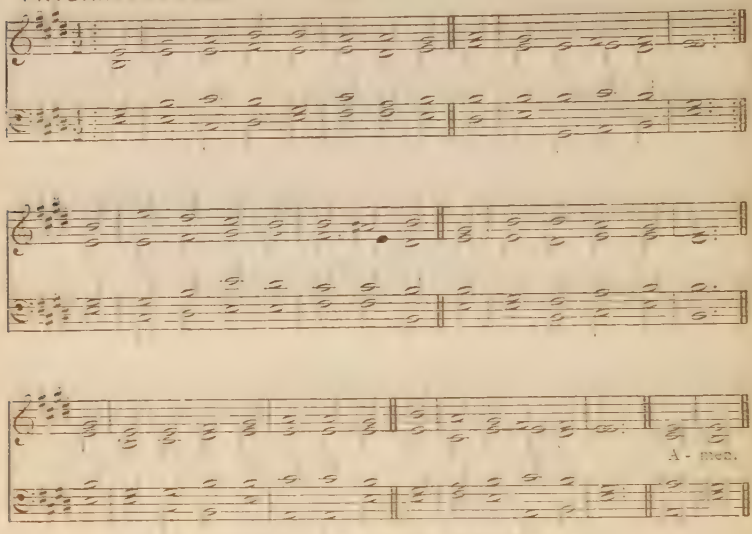
mp 1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
Oh, turn us not away,
cr. But hear us from Thy lofty throne
And help us when we pray.

mp 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own;
cr. Yet wondrously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
mp When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
cr. To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

p 3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
cr. With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
mp "Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare." Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

PRYDAIN (*2nd Tune*). C.M.D. J. CRUGER.



See also "St. Leonard" and "St. Matthew," No. [illegible].

[NATIONAL HUMILIATION.]

665 "*O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest* [illegible]. —JER. x. 24.

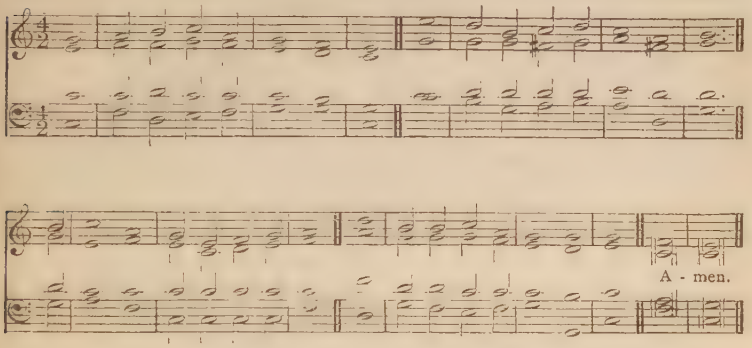
p GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer.
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
Oh, turn us not away.
cr. But hear us from Thy lofty throne
And help us when we pray.

mp 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less, we own;
cr. Yet wondrously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.
mp When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
cr. To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

p 3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
cr. With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer:
mp "Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
[illegible] Thy mercy spare." Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L.M. Anon.



See also "Antwerp," No. 598.

[NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.]

666 *"For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon Him for."*—Deut. iv. 7.

f 1 PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free!

f 2 Praise to our God! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

f 3 Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

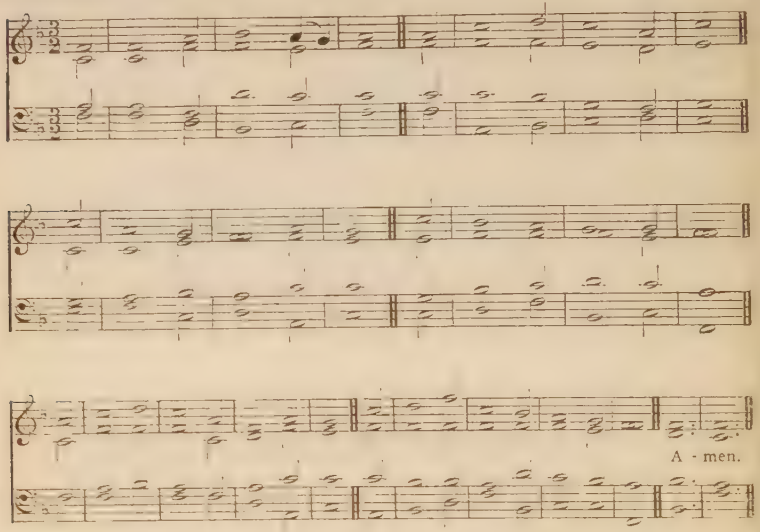
f 4 Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

f 5 Praise to our God, Who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace!

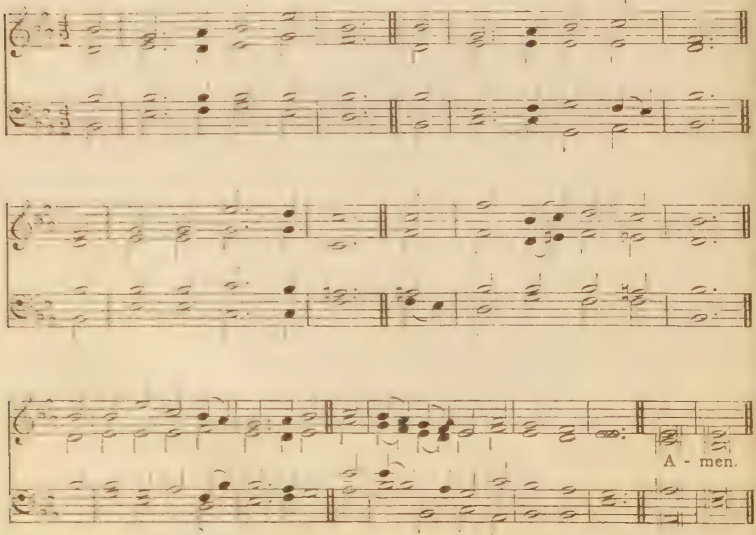
f 6 Praise to our God, though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn!
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

GWLADYS (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. Welsh Melody.



WATERSTOCK (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. Goss.



[NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.]

667 *Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation."*—Ps. lxxxv. 7.

mp 1 TO Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O! hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face,
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

f 2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy Name
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

f 3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

mf 4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

mf 5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

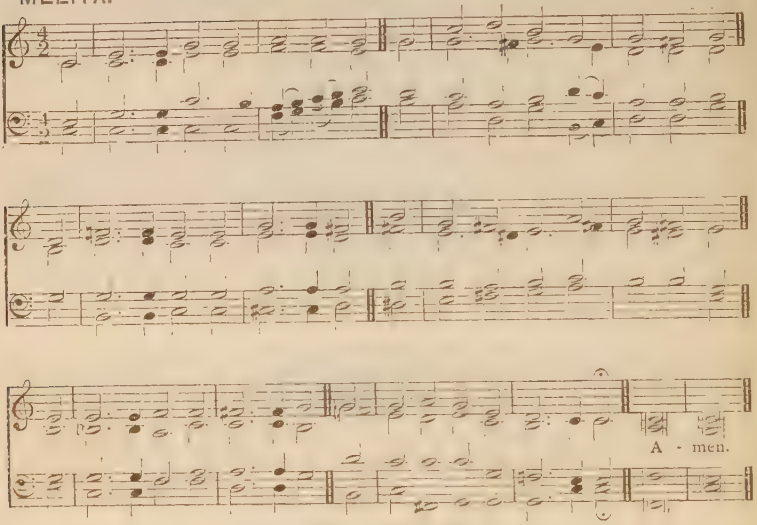
p 6 Give peace, Lord, in our time:
Oh! let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

p 7 Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

18.—*FOR THOSE AT SEA.*

MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Proclamation," No. 669.

668 "*Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.*"—Job xxxviii. 11.

mf 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

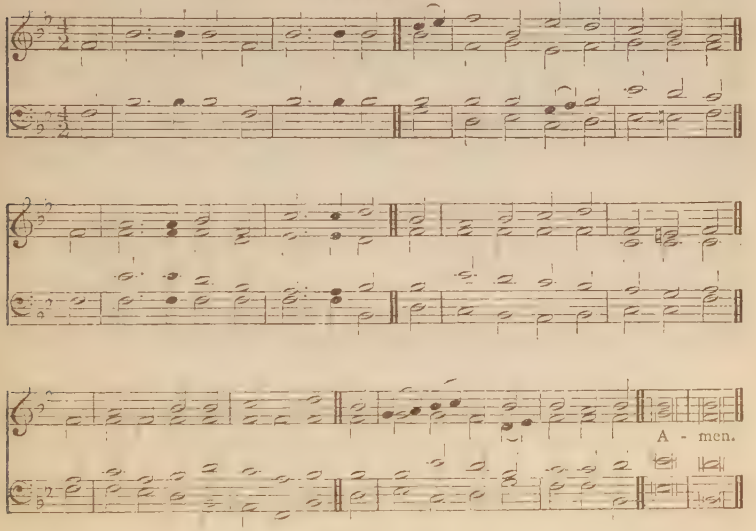
mf 2 O Saviour, Whose almighty word
p The winds and waves submissive heard
f Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
dim. And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

mf 3 O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
p Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

f 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
ff And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

W. WHITING

PROCLAMATION. 8.8.8.8.8.8. A. L. PEACE.



See also "Melita," No. 668.

669

"Thou rulest the raging of the sea."—Ps. lxxxix. 9.

mf 1 GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to Thee,
Able to succour and to save
From perils of the wind and wave.
cr. Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim. The dwellers on the homeless deep!

mf 2 Smooth the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place
p To the soft breeze that wafts the barque
Safely alike through light and dark.
cr. Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim. The dwellers on the homeless deep!

mf 3 In storm or battle, with Thine arm
Shield Thou the mariner from harm,—
From foes without, from ills within,
p From deeds and words and thoughts of sin.
cr. Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim. The dwellers on the homeless deep!

p 4 O Son of God, in days of ill,
Say to each sorrow, "Peace, be still!"
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.
cr. Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim. The dwellers on the homeless deep!

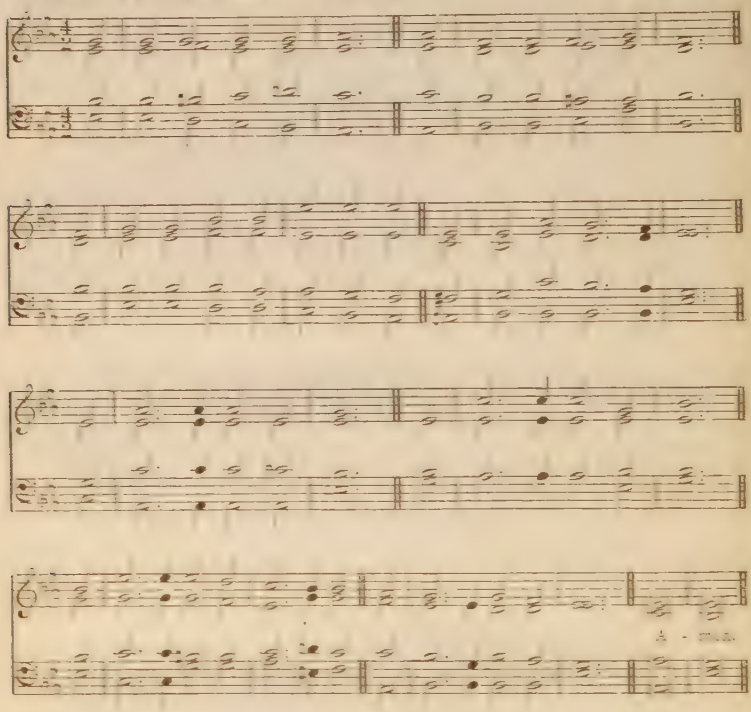
mf 5 When hidden is each guiding-star,
f Flash out the beacon's light afar;
p From mist and rock and shoal and spray
Protect the sailor on his way.
cr. Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim. The dwellers on the homeless deep!

mf 6 Good Pilot of the awful main,
Let us not plead Thy love in vain;
p Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,
cr. Say, "It is I, be not afraid."
f Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
dim. The dwellers on the homeless deep! Amen.

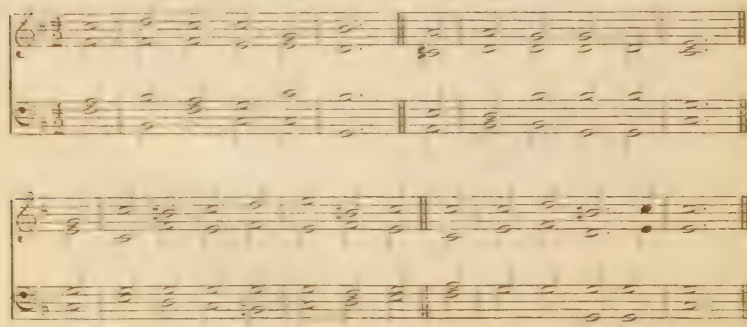
H. BONAR.

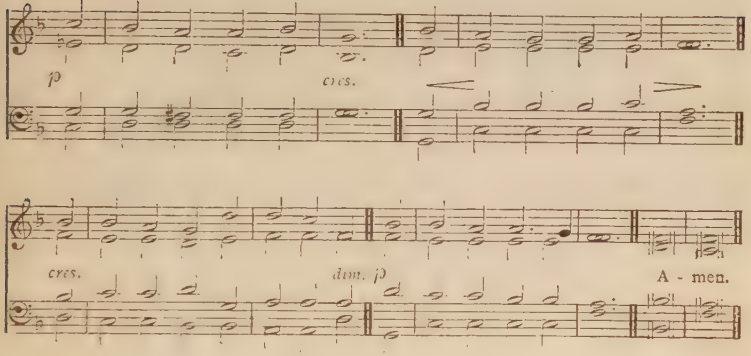
19.—*FUNERAL SERVICES.*

LEOMINSTER (1st Tune). S.M.D. G. W. MARTIN.



CHALVEY (2nd Tune). S.M.D. L. G. HAYNE.





670

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. xc. 9.
"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos iv. 12.
"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

mf 1 A FEW more years shall roll.
A few more seasons come,
dim. And we shall be with those that rest,
p Asleep within the tomb:
cr. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
dim. O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

mf [2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
p And we shall be where suns are not
A far serener clime:
cr. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
dim. O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.]

mf 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more:
cr. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
dim. O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

p 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
cr. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
dim. O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

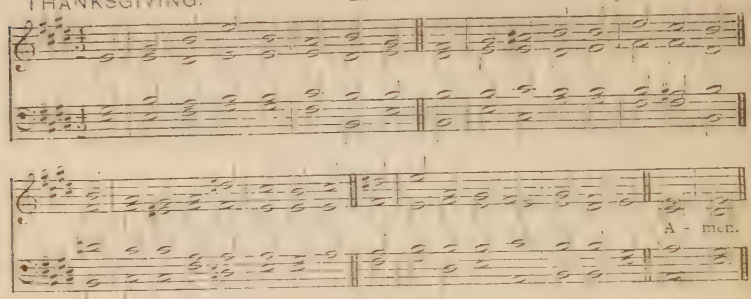
mf 5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest
Th' eternal Sabbath-day;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
dim. O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.

p [6 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
cr. Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
dim. O wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away.] Amen.

H. BONAR.

* Verses 2 and 6 are not in the Book of Hymns alone.

THANKSGIVING. L.M. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Hursley," No. 572.

671

"That I may know how frail I am."—Ps. xxxix. 4.

1.

mp ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
p Teach me to know how frail I am,
cr. And spend the remnant to Thy
praise.

2.

mp My days are shorter than a span;
A little part is my life appears.
How frail in best, as dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3.

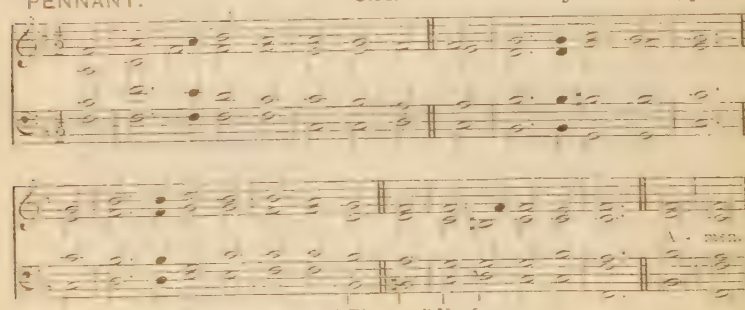
mf Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his
mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe.
p And dies and leaves them all behind.

4.

mp O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy Throne;
cr. Entrust a fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.
Amen.

A. STEELE.

PENNANT. C.M. J. A. LLOYD, Junr.



See also "Tiverton," No. 634.

672

...ole family in heaven and earth is named."—Eph. iii. 15.

1 C... join our friends
That have obt...
And on the eagle...
To joys celestial ri...
2 Let all the saints...
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
...

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath:
mp Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

mf 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:
Part of His host have crossed the
flood
mp And part are crossing now.

mp 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
p And we expect to die.

mf 6 Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
cr. And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

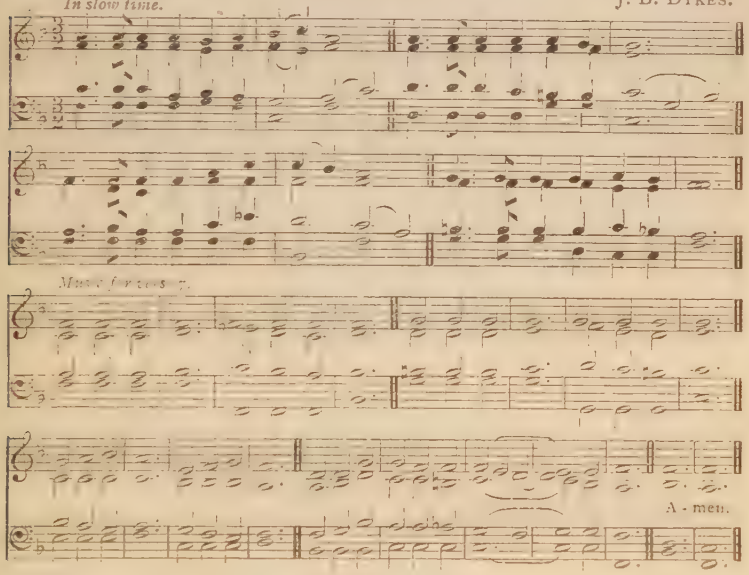
f 7 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

mf 8 Be Thou, O God, our constant guide
And when the word is given,
f Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7.8 7., and 8.8.8.9. J. B. DYKES.

In slow time.



673

"His days are as a shadow that passeth away."—Ps. cxliv. 4.
"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. xc. 12.

mp 1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
p Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

mf 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
cr. Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
f Wake, oh wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

mp 3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
cr. To inherit bliss unending,
p Or eternity of woe.

mp 4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

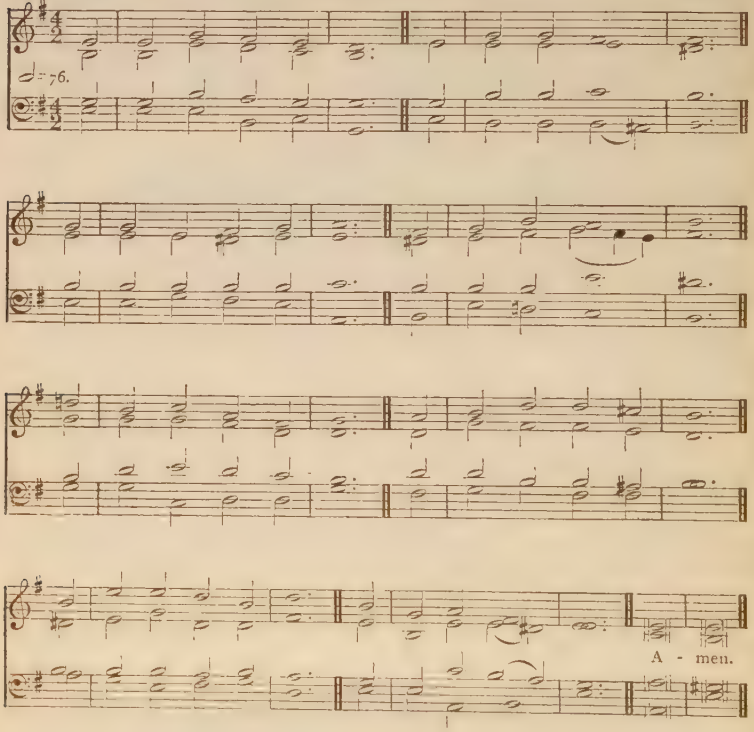
mf 5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

mf 6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand
cr. Saviour, over death victorious,
f Place us then on Thy right hand

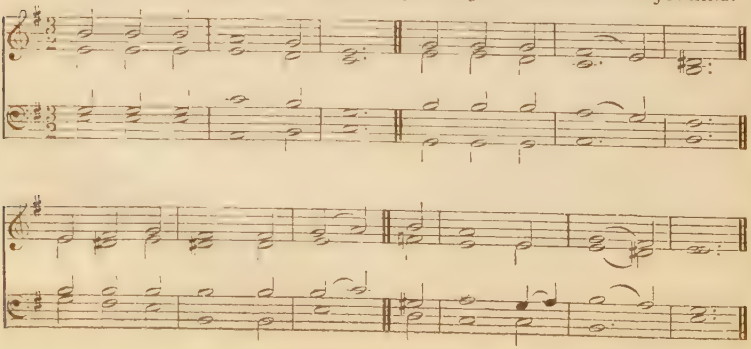
p 7 Life passeth soon: death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear:
With Thee to live, with Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity. Amen.

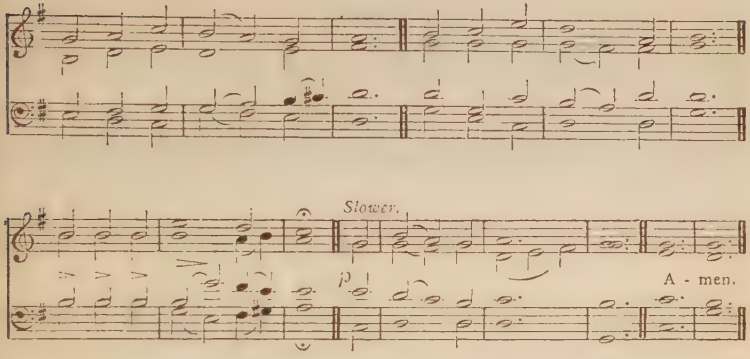
E. CASWALL and E. H. BICKERSTETH.

MOAB (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5. J. ROBERTS (Ieuan Gwyllt).



CAPEL TYGWYDD (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5 6.6.6.5. D. JENKINS.





674 "*Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*"—Ps. lv. 6.

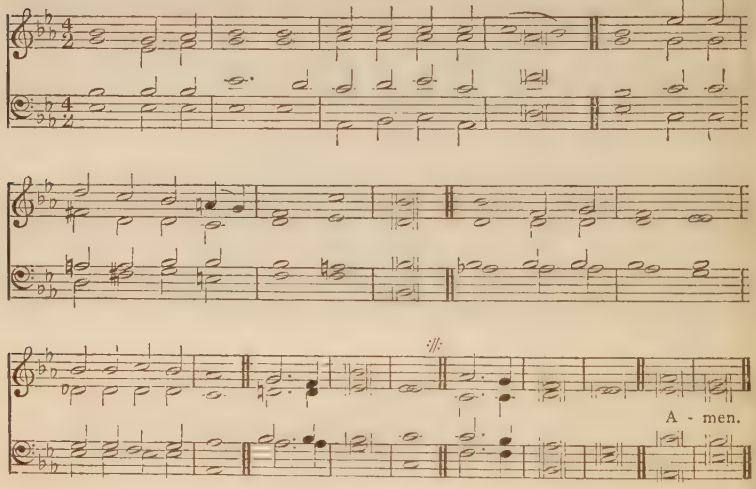
p 1 DEEP Jordan's banks I tread,
And trembling waver;
I long to cross—but dread,
The stormy river.
cr. O would 'twere given that I
Might shun these swellings high,
f And o'er the flood might fly,
p To rest for ever!

mf 2 The stream in might along
Its waters urges,
And many are the strong
p The wave submerges.
mp I fear the land of light,
Will never greet my sight,
p And I shall sink to-night,
Beneath these surges.

mf 3 But who are these I see
In crowds appearing?
Old friends, from peril free,
My spirit cheering.
cr. I'll linger here no more,
But trust to God that bore
f Them safe to yonder shore,
No danger fearing. Amen.

E. EVANS, *tr.* W. HOWELLS.

ST. PHILIP. 10.10.10.4. J. BARNBY.



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675

"*I am glorified in them.*"—John xvii. 10.
"*A cloud of witnesses.*"—Heb. xii. 1.

f 1 FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah!

f 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light. Hallelujah!

f 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Hallelujah!

mf 4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
p We feebly struggle: (*f*) they in glory shine!
cr. Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah!

p 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
cr. Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong! Hallelujah!

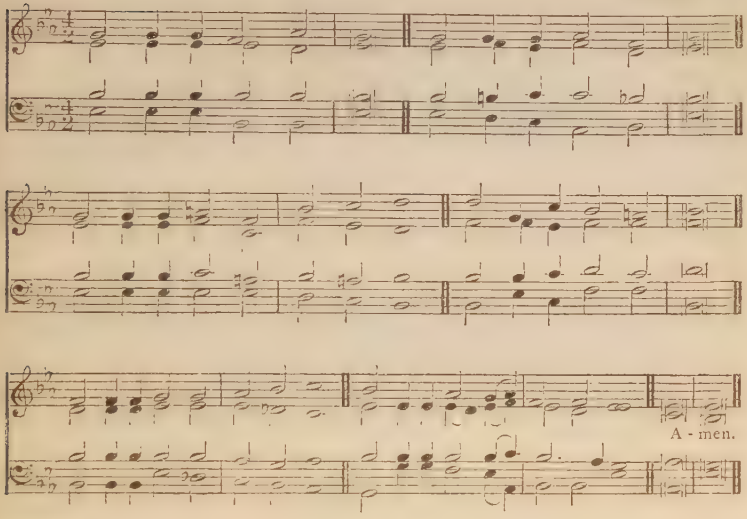
mf 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
p Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Hallelujah!

f 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way! Hallelujah!

ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—Hallelujah! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

BATH. 6.6.8.6.8.8. W. H. COOKE.



676

"*Departed for a season.*"—Philem. 15.

mp 1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
cr. There is no union here of hearts,
dim. That finds not here an end:
mf Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

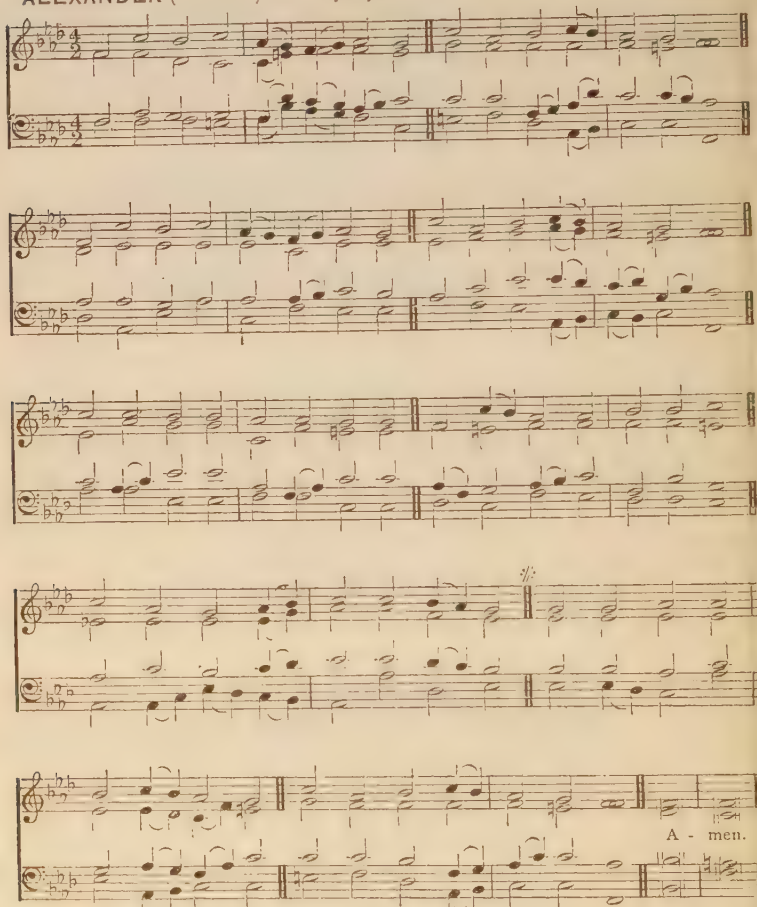
mf 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
cr. There surely is some blessèd clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

f 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

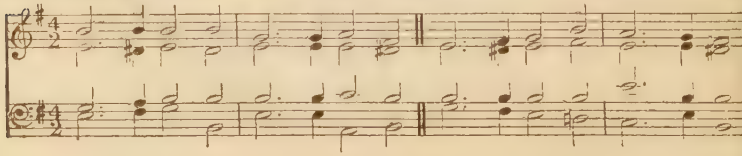
mp 4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are past away,
cr. As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
f Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light. Amen.

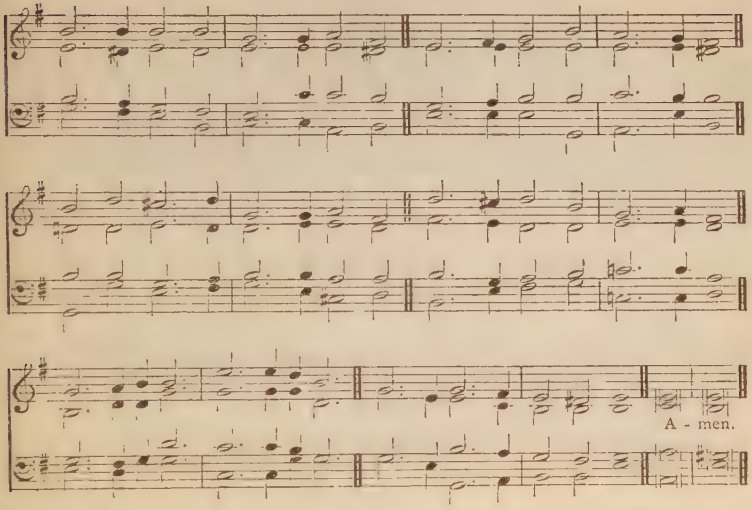
J. MONTGOMERY.

ALEXANDER (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. ROBERTS.

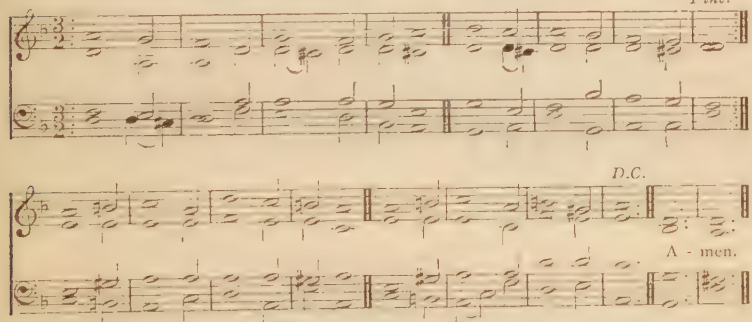


BRITAIN'S LAMENT (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. Welsh Melody.





DINIWEIDRWYDD (*3rd Tune*). 8 7.8.7. D. Welsh Melody.



See also "Rhyd y Bedd," No. 561, and "Deerhurst," No. 678.

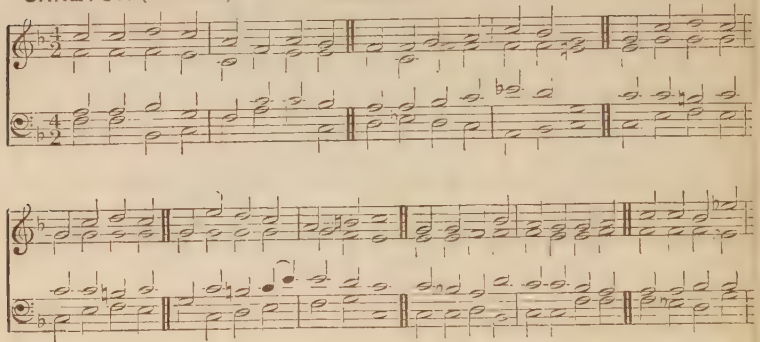
"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."—Col. iii 2.
677 *"For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."*—2 Cor. iv. 18.

f 1 GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Who hast glorious power to save,
mp Grant me light, and still conduct me
Over each tempestuous wave;
cr. May my soul with sacred transport
View the dawn while yet afar,
And until the sun arises,
Lead me by the Morning Star.

mf 2 O what folly! O what madness!
That my thoughts should go astray
mp After toys and empty pleasures,
Pleasures only of a day!
p This vain world with all its trifles
Very soon will be no more,
cr. There's no object worth my loving
Save the God Whom I adore.
Amen.

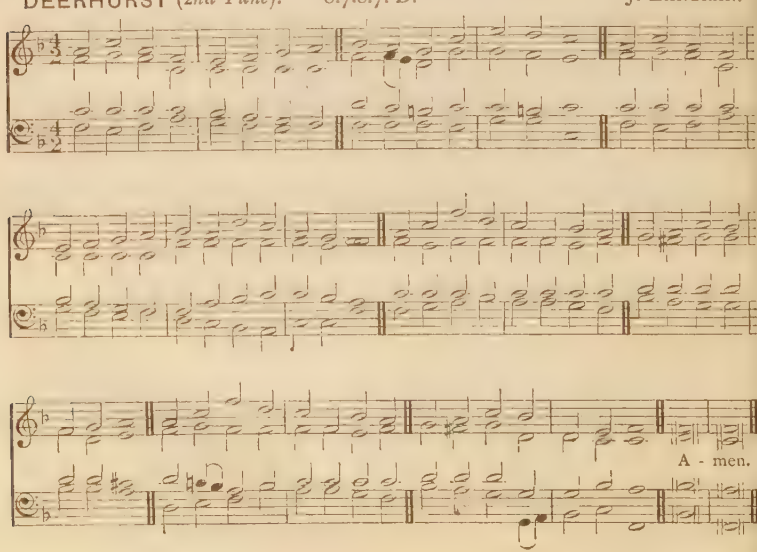
W. WILLIAMS, *tr.* W. GRIFFITHS.

CARLTON (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. BARNBY.



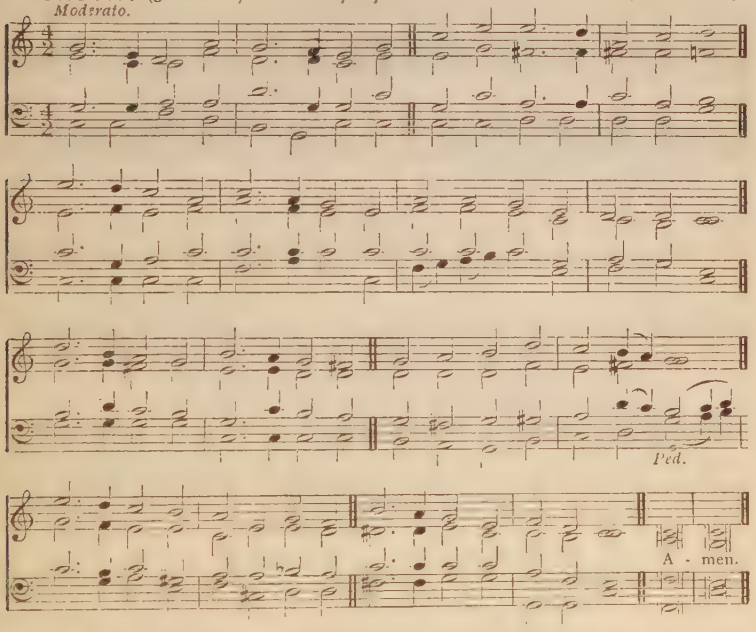
(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

DEERHURST (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. LANGRAN.



DOROTHY (*3rd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. C. H. STEWART.

Moderato.



678

"A great multitude, which no man could number."—Rev. vii. 9.

f 1 HARK the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
cr. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.
f Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
cr. Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

mp 2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus;
cr. Tried they were, and firm they stood;
p Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cr. They have conquered Death and Satan,
By the might of Christ the Lord.

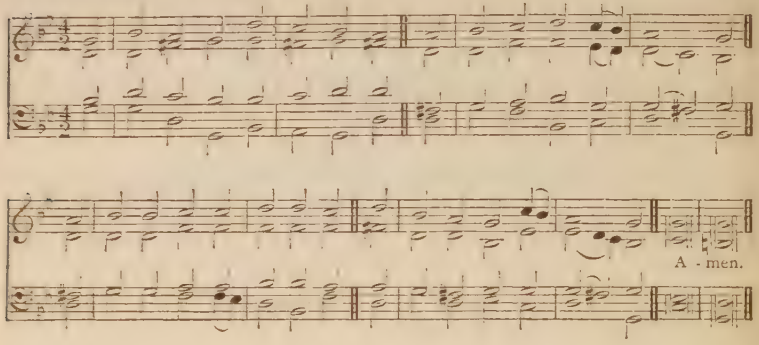
f 3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

f 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
mp Love and peace they taste for ever;
And all truth and knowledge see
cr. In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

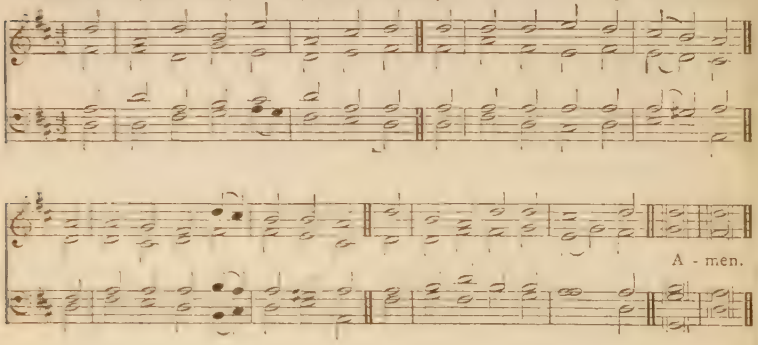
f 5 God of God, the One-Beggotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, joined together,
All the Saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.
Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

DYMUNIAD (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8 7. (Peculiar). R. H. WILLIAMS.



SABBATH (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. (Peculiar). J. WILLIAMS.



679

"*Jesus wept.*"—John xi. 35.

p 1 LORD, when beside the grave we mourn,
And sorrows round us gather,
cr. For hope, for strength, to Thee we turn,
mf The living God, our Father!

2 Thy children blest, in Christ that die,
What power from Thee can sever?
All peaceful in Thine arms they lie,
To Thee they live for ever.

3 Thy saving might, Eternal Son,
The grave's dark fears hath banished;
cr. Through Thy dear cross,—Thy victory won,
f The sting from death hath vanished.

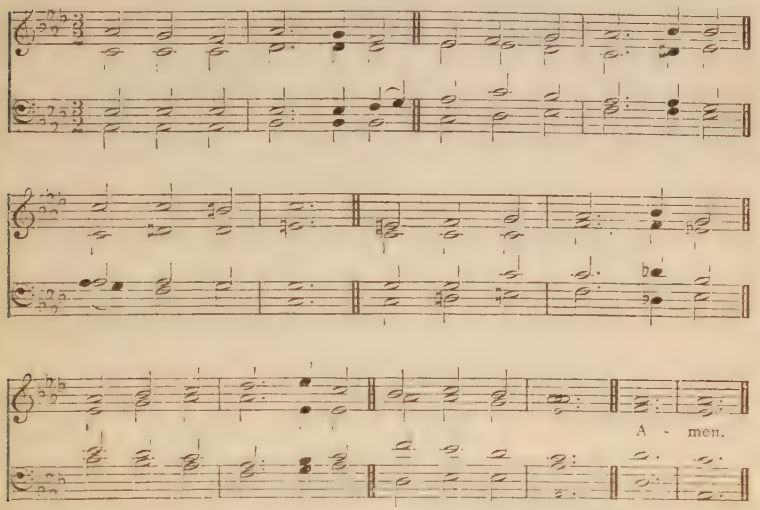
4 O Jesus, by those tears of Thine
For human sorrow flowing,
Uphold us with Thine arm divine,
Thy comfort still bestowing.

5 Lift up, O Lord, each mourner's heart
Our feeble faith sustaining!
cr. For Thou our risen Saviour art,
f In heaven for ever reigning!

mf 6 For all who fall asleep in Thee
Our thankful praise we render;
In death, O Lord, our Refuge be,
Our Life, and our Defender!
Amen.

T. E. POWELL.

SUPPLIANT. 6.6.4. D. M. B. FOSTER.



680 "*Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.*"—Luke xxiii. 46.

mp 1 LOWLY and solemn be,
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

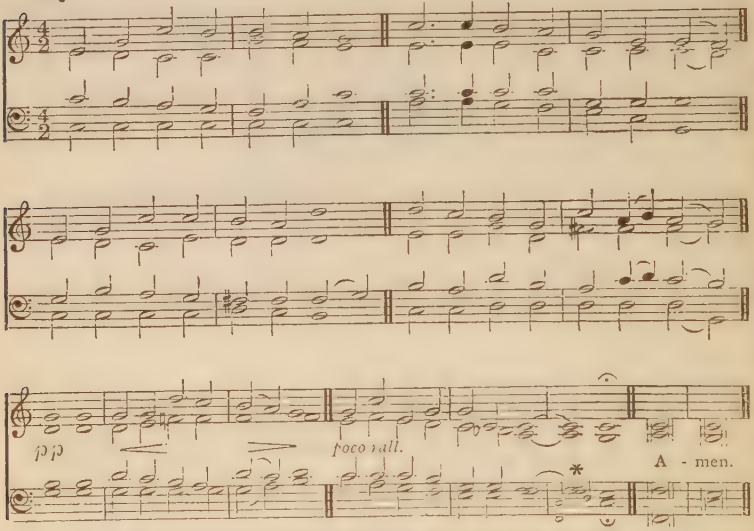
mp 2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou!

mp 3 By Him Who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From Whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God.

mp 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
cr. Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine. Amen.

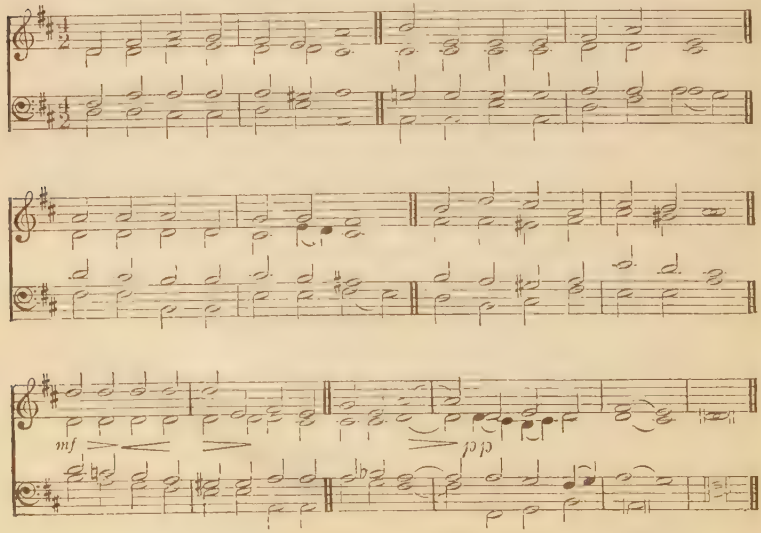
F. D. HEMANS.

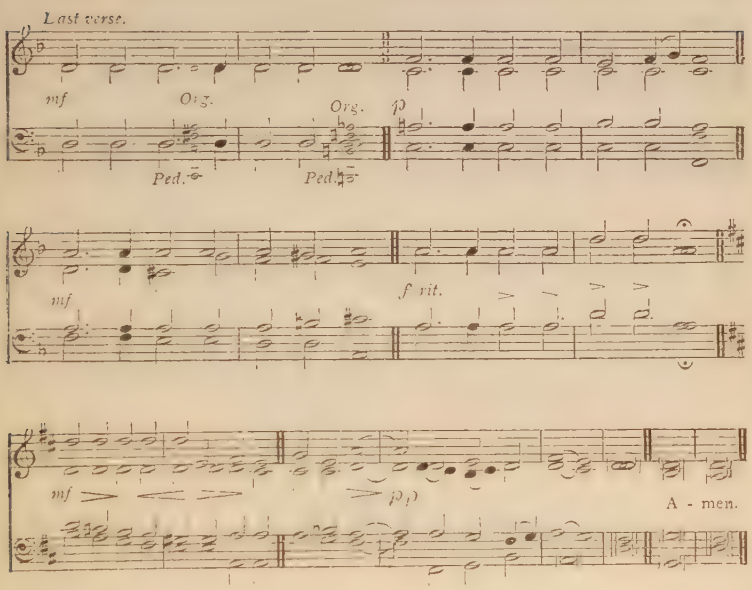
REQUIESCAT (*1st Tune*). 7.7.7.7.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



* If there is no accompaniment, the small notes may be sung.

ARDWYN (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.7.7.8.8. T. PRICE.





681

"Into Thine hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."—Ps. xxxi. 5.

p 1 NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
cr. Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last;
mp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim. Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf 2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
p By a juster Judge than here:
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim. Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf 3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade:
mp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim. Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

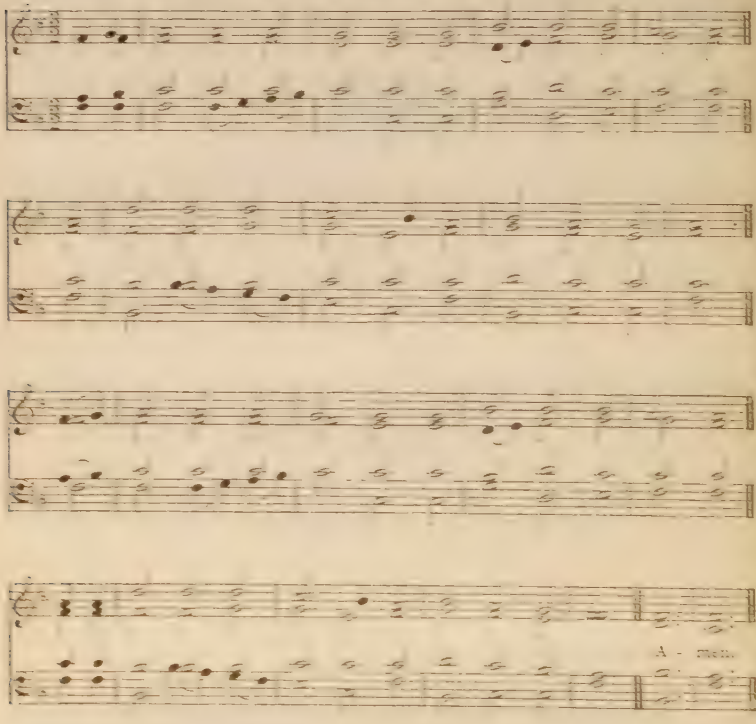
p 4 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
cr. All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise:
mp Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim. Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf 5 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
f Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release:
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
dim. Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

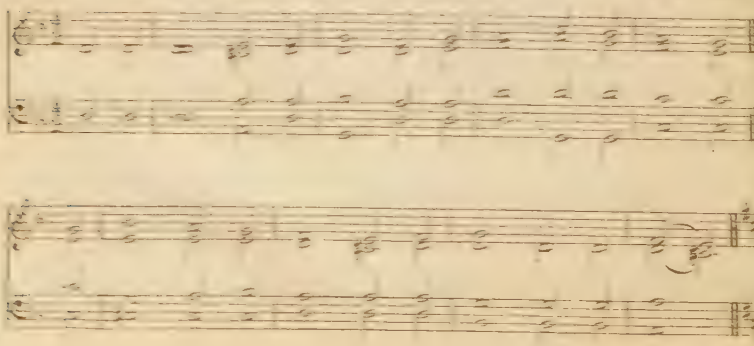
p 6 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind we wait in trust
cr. Till the resurrection-day:
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
pp Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
Amen.

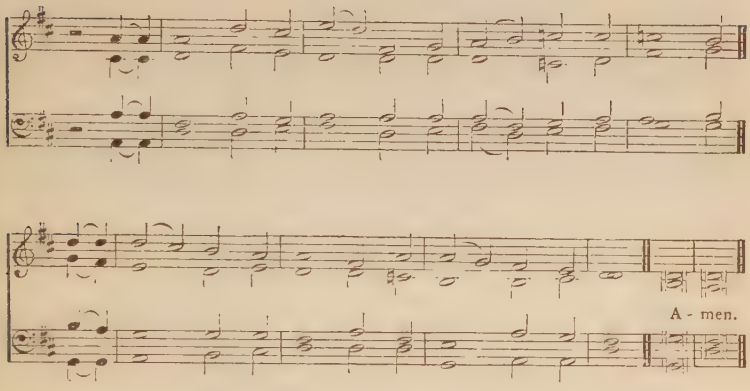
J. ELLERTON.

EMS 1st Tune. 13 11 13 11 Irregular. German Chorale.



RESURGAM (2nd Tune.) 13 11 13 11. Irregular. E. Prout.





682 "*Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.*"—1 Thess. iv. 13.

1.

mp THOU art gone to the grave! (*cr.*) but we will not deplore thee
p Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
cr. The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

2.

mp Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
cr. But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

3.

mp Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
cr. But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

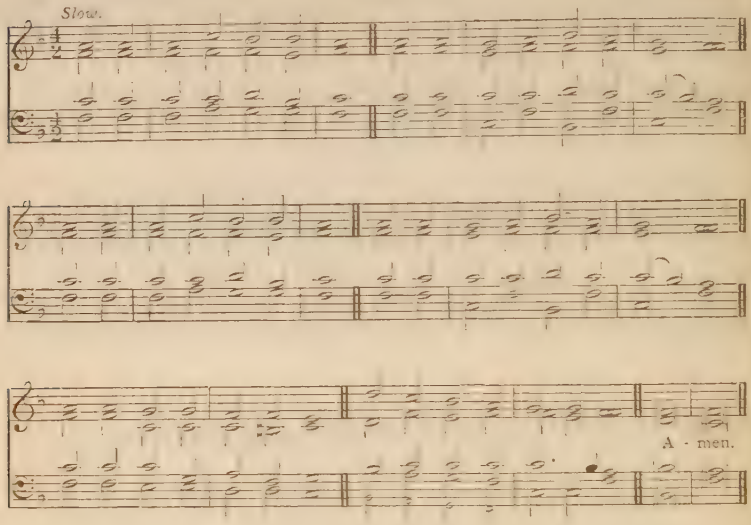
4.

mp Thou art gone to the grave! (*cr.*) but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
cr. He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died! Amen.

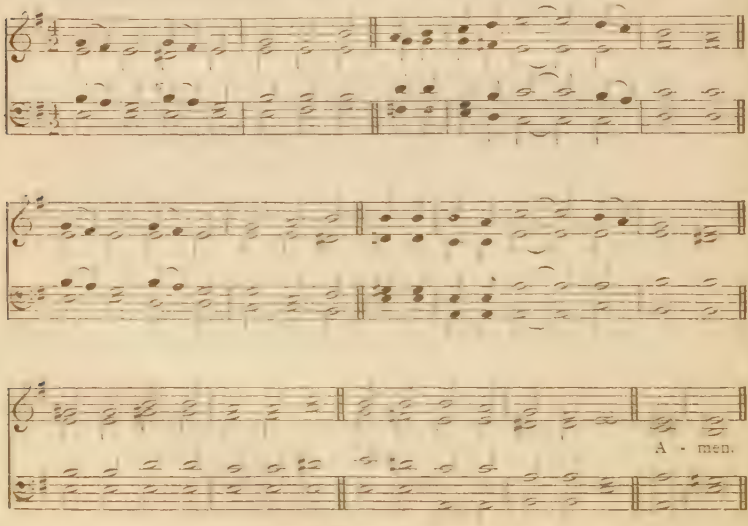
R. HEBER.

MEINHOLD (*1st Tune*). 7.8.7.8.7.7. German.

Slow.



TENDER SHEPHERD (*2nd Tune*). 7.8.7.8.7.7. H. Elliot Button.



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[DEATH OF A CHILD].

683 "*He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*"—Isa. xl. 11.

1.

p TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In {his / her} narrow bed {he's / she's} sleeping!
cr. And no sigh of anguish sore
p Heaves that little bosom more.

2.

p In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave {him, / her,}
cr. To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive {him, / her,}
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
mf Now {he / she} dwells with Thee in light.

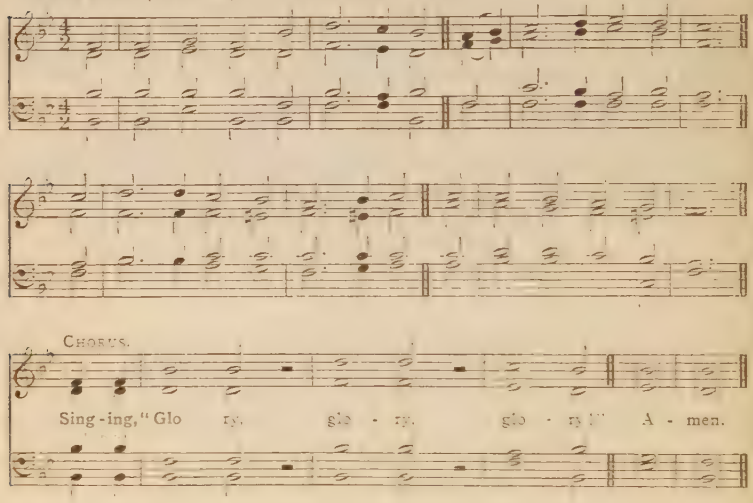
3.

p Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where {he / she} lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That {his / her} heavenly food are giving.
cr. Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

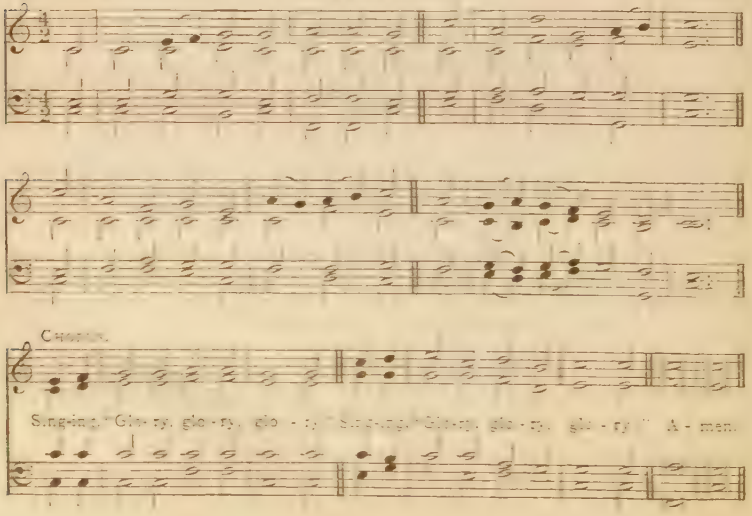
J. W. MEINHOLD, *tr.* C. WINKWORTH.

X.—CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

CAMPDEN (*1st Tune*). C.M., with Chorus. W. H. Callcott.



GLORY (*2nd Tune*). C.M., with Chorus. Anon.



684

"They are without fault before the throne of God."—Rev. xiv. 5.

mf 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
p Children whose sins are all forgiven,
cr. A holy, happy band,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

mf 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

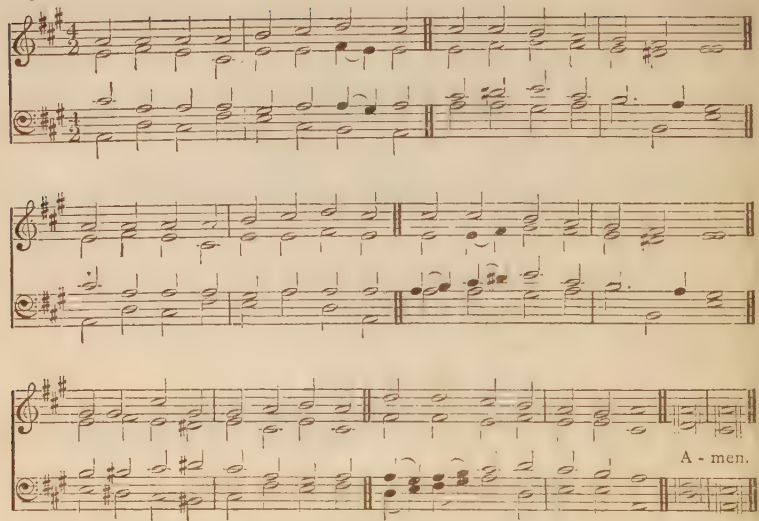
p 3 What brought them to that world above,
cr. That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory"?

p 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
cr. Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!"

mf 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face
And stand before the Lamb,
f Singing, "Glory, glory, glory!" Amen.

A. SHEPHERD.

ORIEL. 8.7.8.7.8.7. German.



See also "Mannheim," No. 581.

685

"*Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.*"
—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

mp 1 BLESSÈD Father! Great Creator!
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
cr. To Thy throne for all Thy favours,
Youthful praises now we send.
mf Blessèd Father!
To our youthful songs attend.

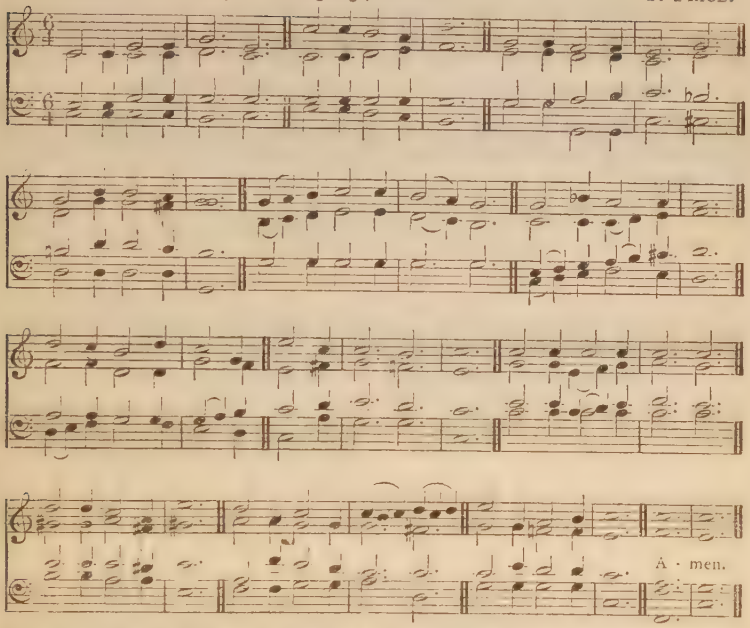
mp 2 Blessèd Jesus! Great Redeemer!
Sadly by Thy Cross we stand;
On Thy Cross Thou diedst, to bring us
cr. To the joys of Thy right hand.
mf Blessèd Jesus!
Bring us to Thy heavenly land.

mf 3 Blessèd Spirit! Great Consoler!
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place;
Teach us, guide us, sanctify us,
cr. And console us all our days.
Blessèd Spirit!
Ever cheer us with Thy grace.

f 4 Blessèd Father, Son, and Spirit,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One!
Guide us to the heaven of heavens,
Through the merits of the Son.
Guide and guard us,
Till we see Him on the throne. Amen.

J. CAWOOD.

ALMA ST. (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5., 12 lines. T. PRICE.



686

"Behold, I have given Him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people."—Isa. lv. 4.

mf 1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
f Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
ff Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

mf 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cr. Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
ff Brightly gleams, &c.

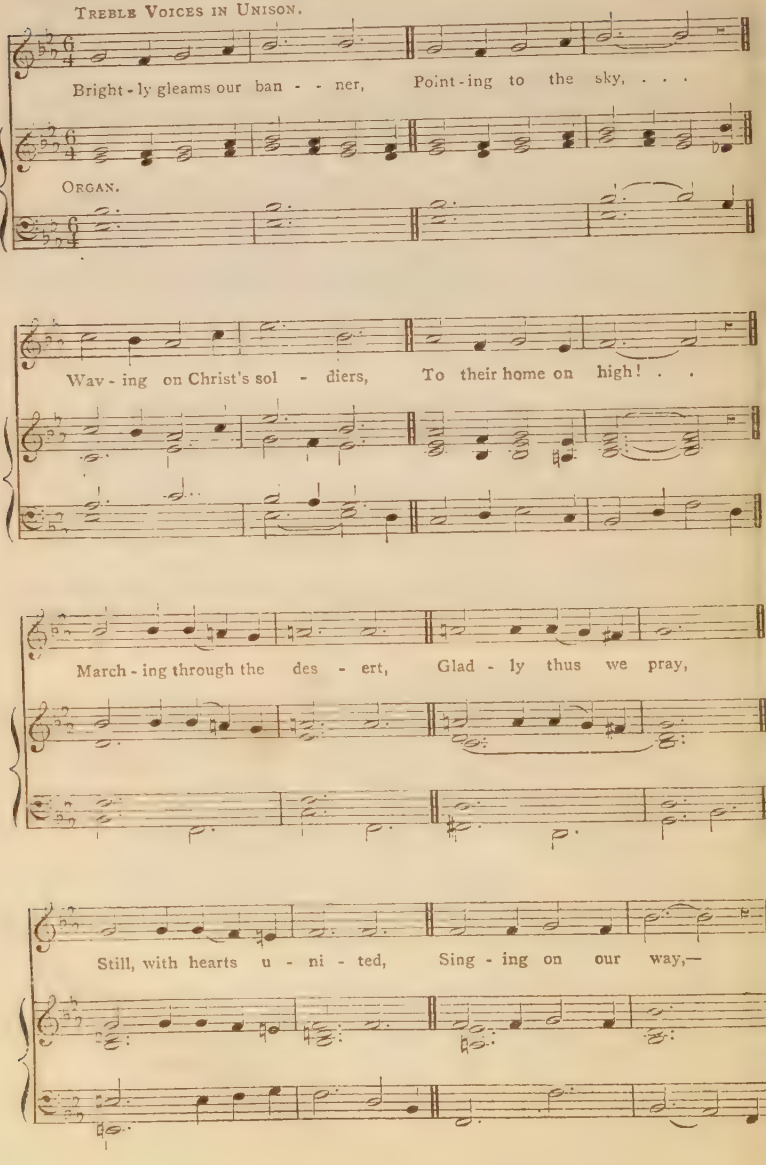
mp 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
p In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cr. Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
ff Brightly gleams, &c.

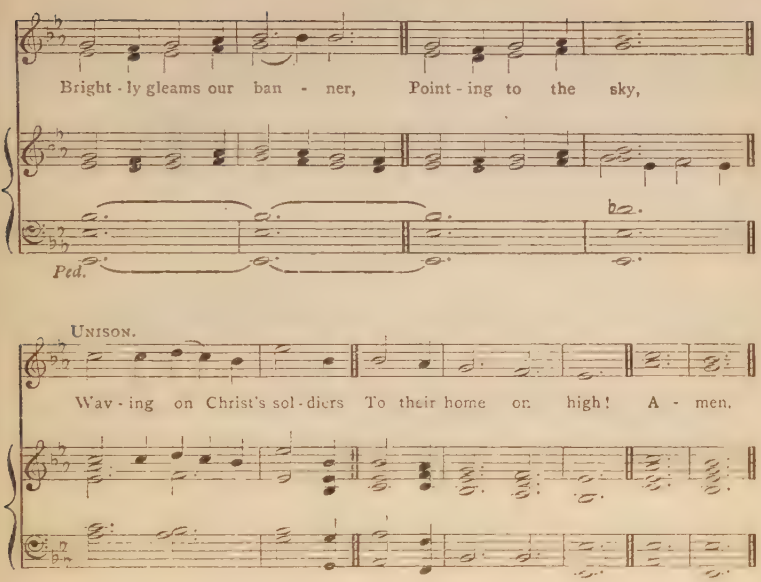
mp 4 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
ff Brightly gleams, &c.

f 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr. Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!
ff Brightly gleams, &c.
Amen.

T. J. POTTER and W. W. HOW.

ST. THERESA (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. (12 lines.) A. SULLIVAN.





686

"Behold, I have given Him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people."—Isa. lv. 4.

mf 1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
f Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
ff Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

mf 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cr. Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
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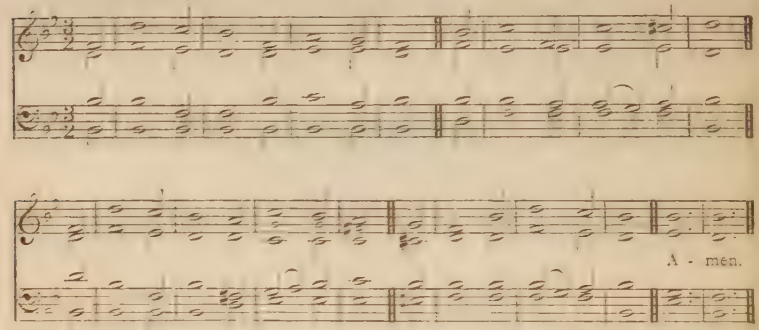
mp 3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
p In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
cr. Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
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In the way we go;
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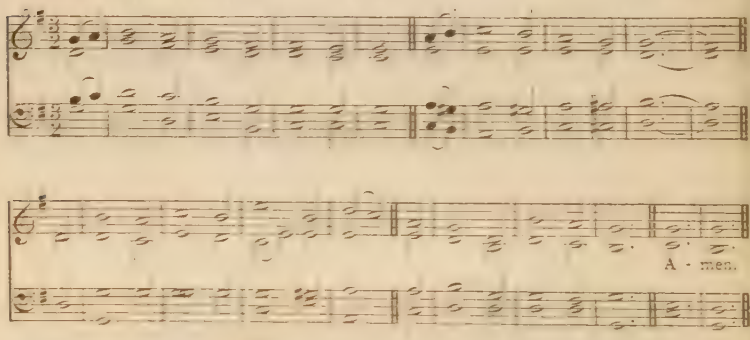
f 5 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr. Jesus in his beauty!
Songs that never cease!
ff Brightly gleams, &c.
Amen.

T. J. POTTER and W. W. HOW.

HOLY CROSS (*1st Tune*). C.M. F. MENDELSSOHN.



MANOAH (*2nd Tune*). C.M. ROSSINI.



687

"He shall grow as the lily."—Hos. xiv. 5.

mf 1 BY cool Siloam's s[illegible]
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
cr. Of Sharon's dewy rose!

mf 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
cr. Is upward drawn to God.

mf 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
p The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

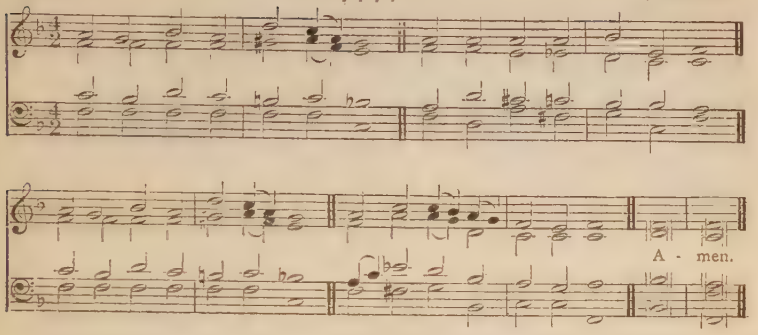
mp 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
cr. Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

mf 5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
cr. Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine—

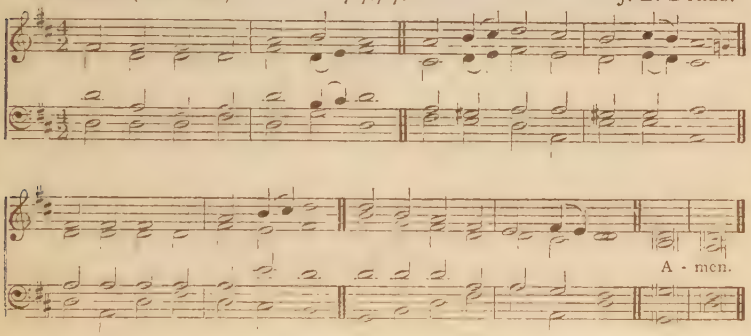
mf 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
cr. In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.
Amen.

R. HEBER.

WEBER (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7· C. M. WEBER.



FERRIER (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7· J. B. DYKES.



688

"I am meek and lowly in heart."—Matt. xi. 29.

mf 1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

mf 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
cr. In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

mf 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
mp Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

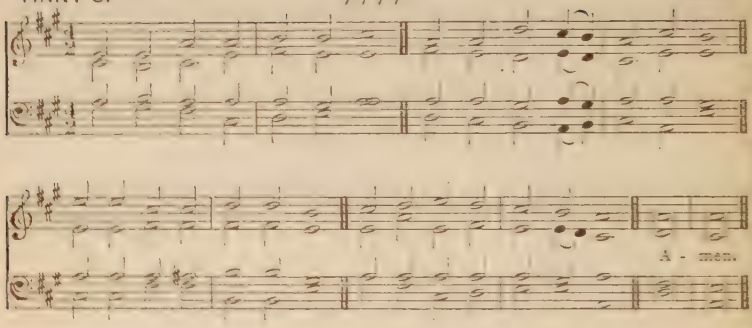
mf 4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

mf 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
cr. Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

f 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

HART'S. 7·7·7·7. Anon.



689

"Though He be not far from every one of us."—Acts xvii. 27.

mf 1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

mp 2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

mf 3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine!
cr. Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

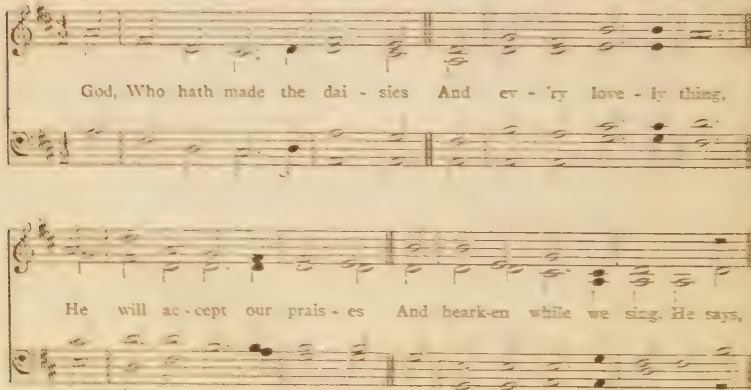
p 4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
cr. Thou alone our guide canst be;
p When oppressed with woe and care,
cr. Whom have we to trust but Thee?

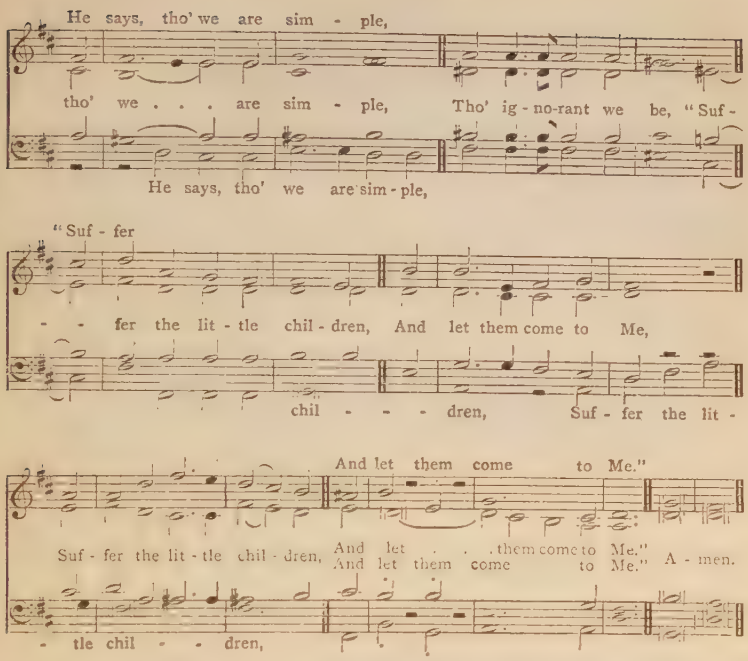
mp 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
cr. Saints and angels will rejoice
If we walk in wisdom's way.

f 6 Saviour, give us faith and power
Hope and love on every soul!
Hope, till time shall be no more,
Love, while endless ages roll!
Amen.

H. NEALE, *alt.* E. BICKERSTETH.

MENDELSSOHN (LEIPSIC). 7.6.7.6. D. F. MENDELSSOHN.





690

"*Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*"—Mark x. 14.

mf 1 GOD, Who hath made the daisies
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises
And hearken while we sing.
mp He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
cr. "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

mf 2 Though we are young and simple,
cr. In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
mp And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
cr. "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

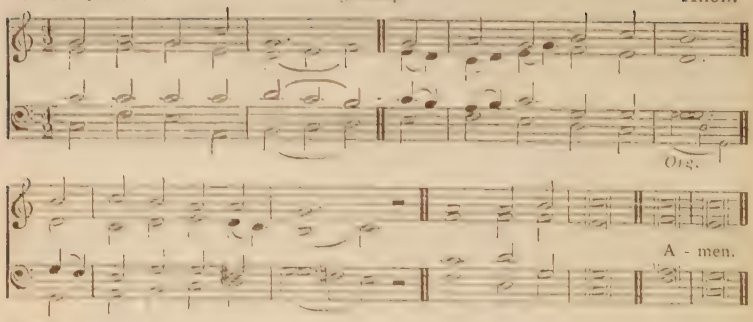
mf 3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high:
mp He sees the heart's low breathings,
And says—well pleased to see—
cr. "Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

f 4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him—
We'll make our voices ring;
For, in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."

Amen.

E. P. HOOD.

MAYFIELD. 5.6.6.4. Anon.



691

"He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

mf 1 GOD, Who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

mf 2 God, Who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

mf 3 God, Who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
p Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

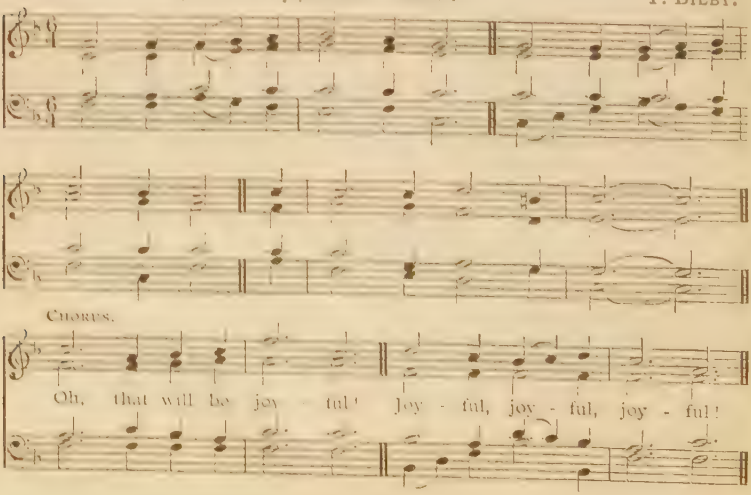
mf 4 God, Who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

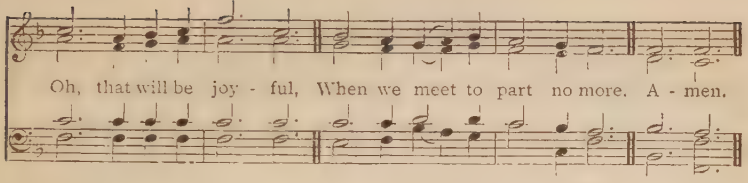
mf 5 God, Who sent His Son
p To die on Calvary,
mf He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

mf 6 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
cr. I'll sing with that blest band,
rall. "God cared for me." Amen.

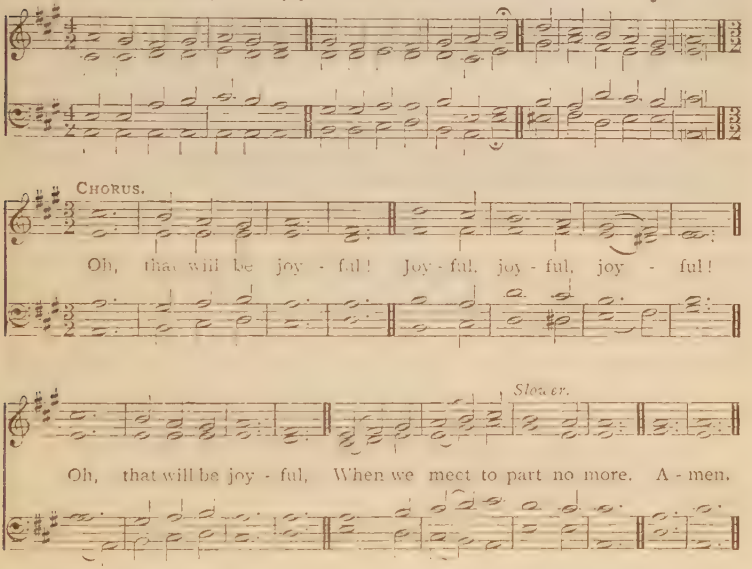
S. B. RHODES.

BILBY (*1st Tune*). 7.7.6., with Chorus. T. BILBY.





JOYFUL (*2nd Tune*). 7.7.6., with Chorus. D. JENKINS.



692

"Let the saints be joyful in glory."—Ps. cxlix. 5.
"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. iv. 17.

f 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again:
cr. In heaven we part no more.
f Oh, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

mf 2 All who love the Lord below,
p When they die, to heaven will go,
cr. And sing with saints above.

mf 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath school.

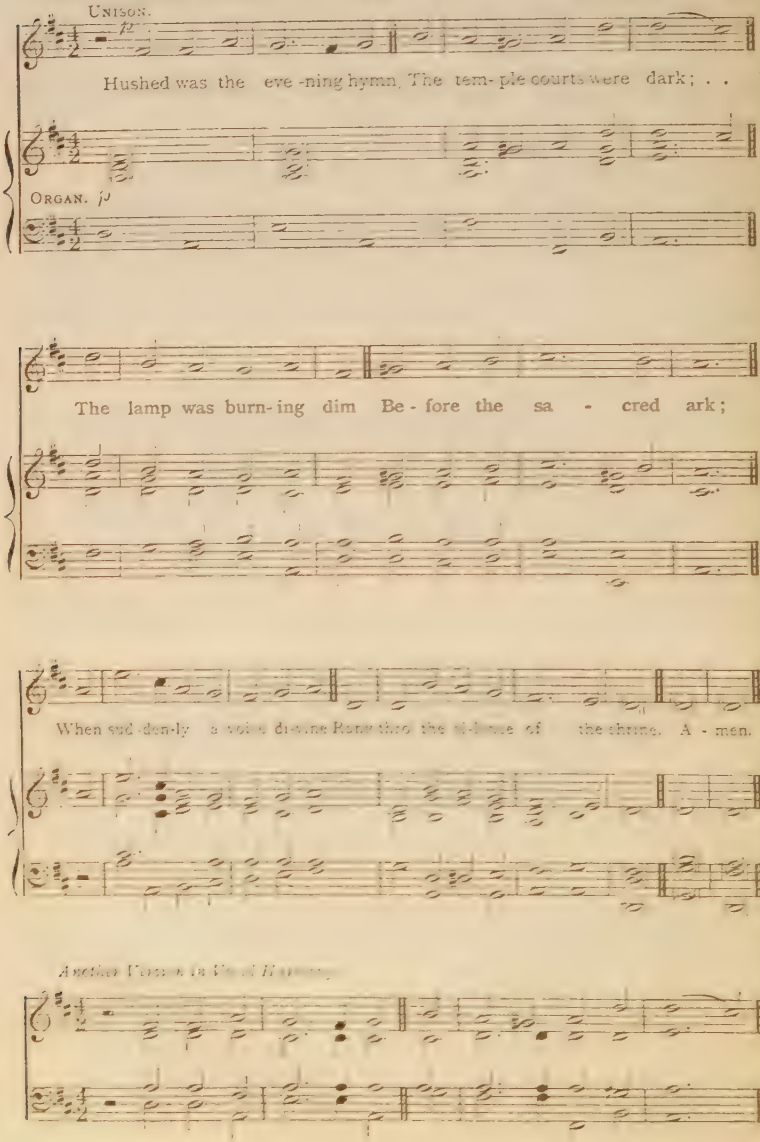
mf 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above:
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

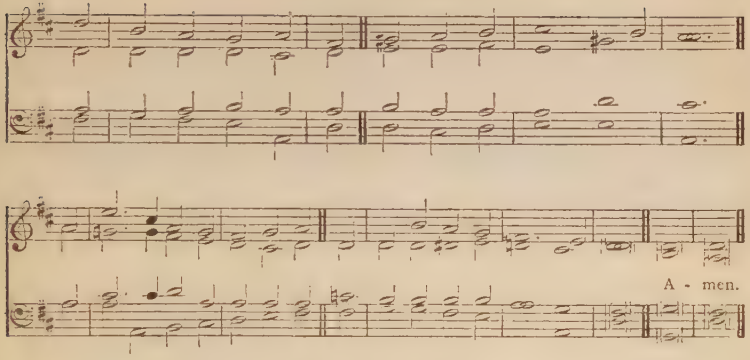
mf 5 Oh, how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.

f 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
Amen.

T. BILBY.

HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. A. SULLIVAN.





693

"*Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.*"—1. Sam. iii. 9.

p 1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
cr. When suddenly a voice divine
dim. Rang through the silence of the shrine.

p 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
cr. The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

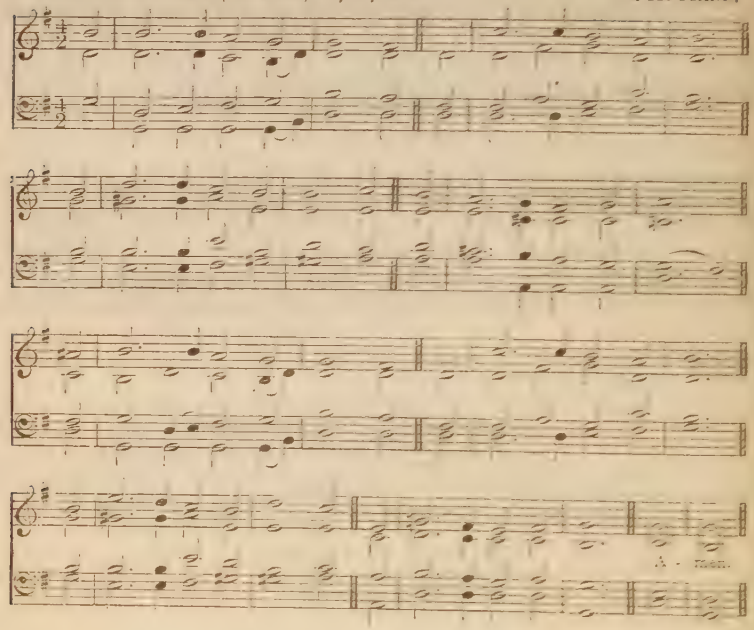
mf 3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear!
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word,
cr. Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

mf 4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
p A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
cr. By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

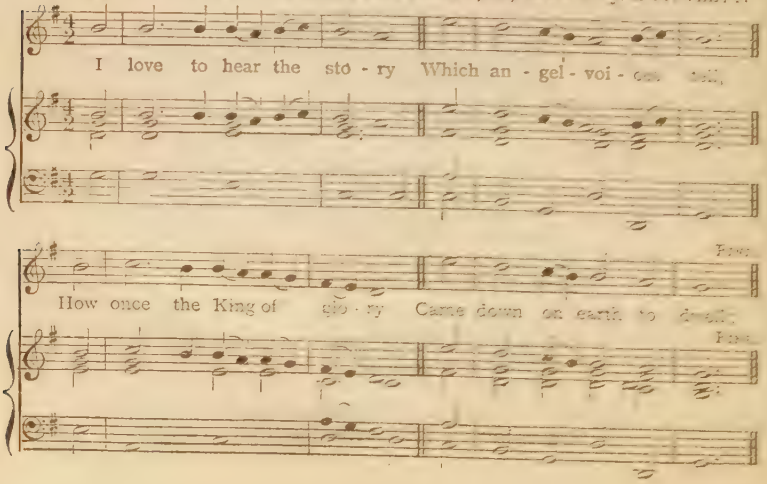
mf 5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.

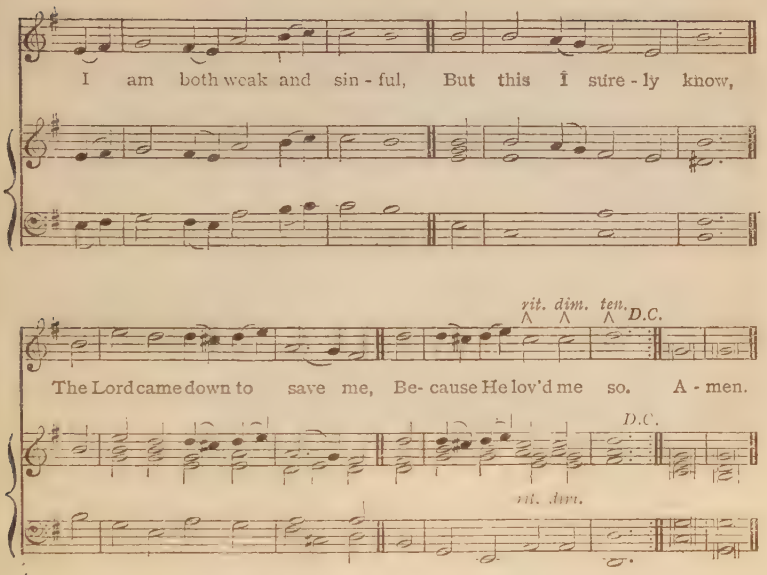
J. D. BURNS.

ANGELS' STORY (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. A. H. MANN.



I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. GAUNTLETT.





694

"*The Son of God Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*"—Gal. ii. 20.

mf "1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel-voices tell,
cr. How once the King of glory
f Came down on earth to dwell;
mp I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
cr. The Lord came down to save me,
ff Because He loved me so.

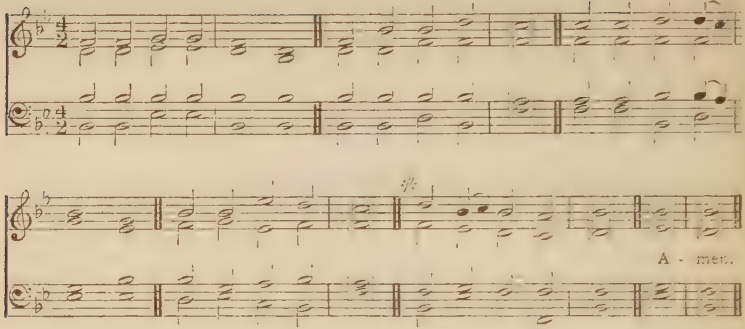
mf 2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
cr. He never will forget me,
f Because He loves me so.

p 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
cr. And, though I cannot see Him,
f I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
cr. To sing among His angels,
ff Because He loves me so. Amen.

E. H. MILLER.

* The first four lines of verse 1 should be sung as a "Refrain" after each verse with the 2nd Tune.

INFANT PRAISES. 6.5.6.5. F. SILCHER.



See also "St. Constantine," No. 458.

695

"*Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*"—Heb. xi. 13.

p 1 I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

mf 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

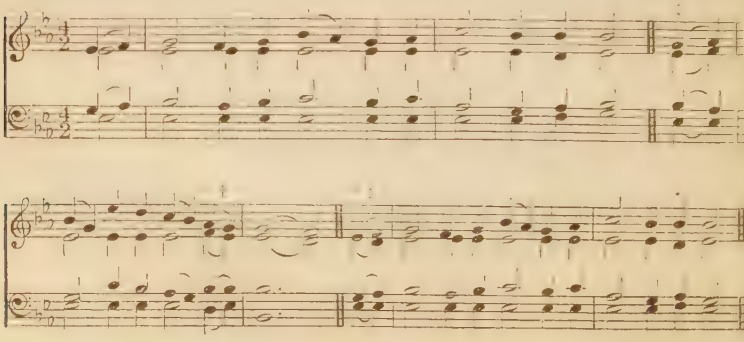
p 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes
And with Christ be seen.

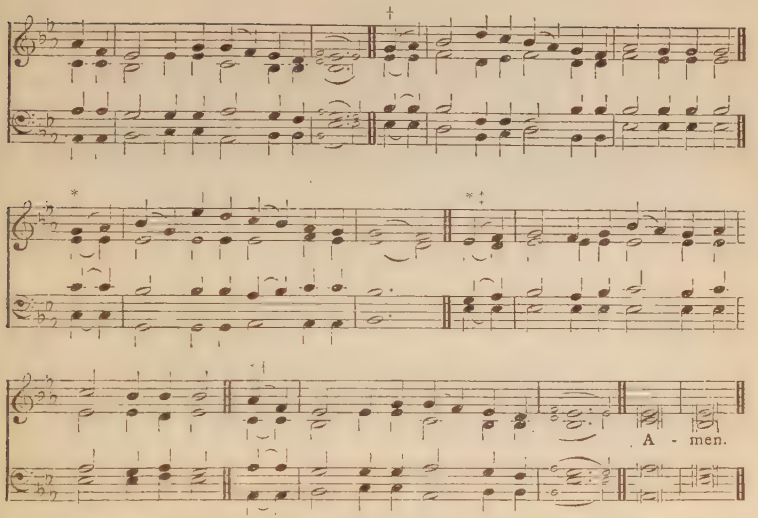
mf 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey:
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

mf 5 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here,
cr, But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near. Amen.

J. CURWEN.

ATHENS (*1st Tune*). P.M. Greek Air.





* Omit slurs in Verse 1. † Omit slurs in Verse 2. ‡ Omit slurs in Verse 3.

696 "*Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.*"—Mark x. 14.

mf 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

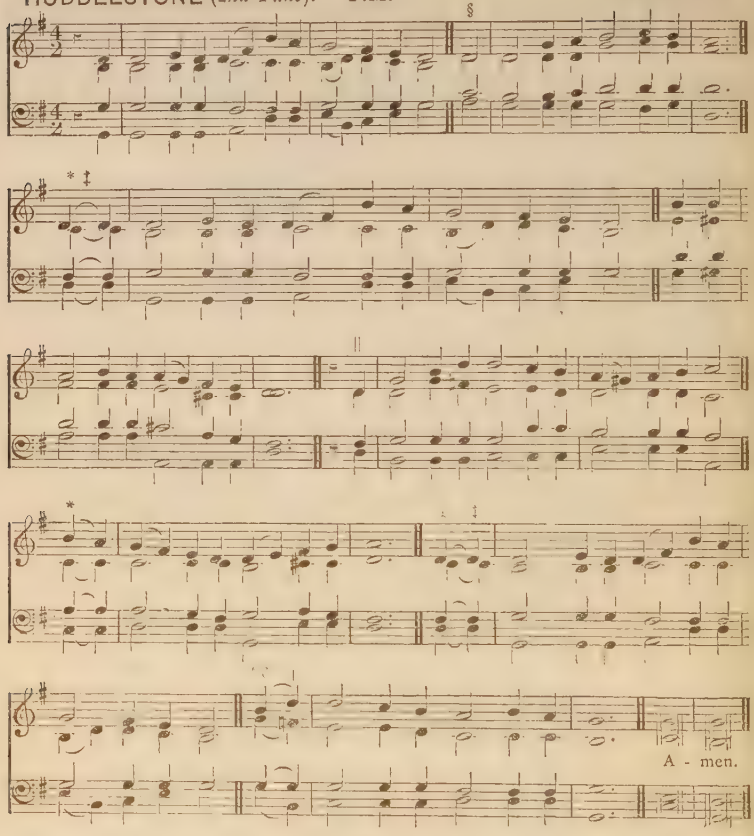
mp 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
cr. And, if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
mf In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

mp 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr. I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
f I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

J. LUKE.

3 M

HUDDLESTONE (*2nd Tune*). P.M. A. BERRIDGE.



* Omit slurs in Verse 1. † Omit slurs in Verse 2. ‡ Omit slurs in Verse 3.
‖ Divide this chord into two in Verse 2. § Divide this chord into two in Verse 3.

696

"*Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.*"—Mark x. 14.

mf 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

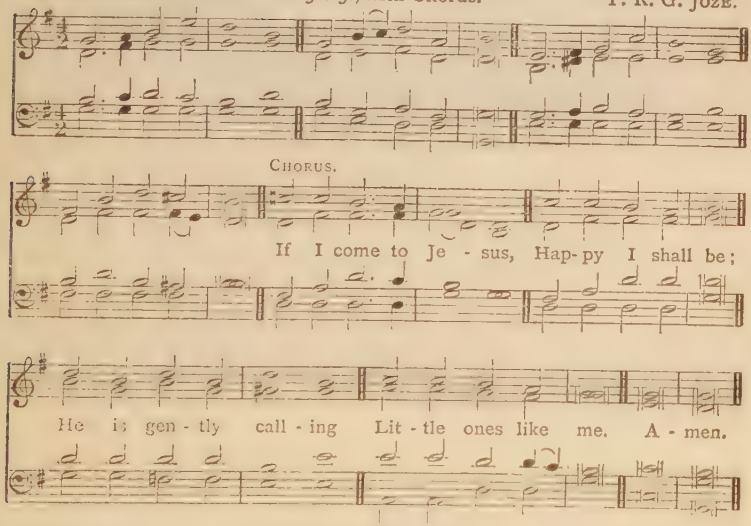
mp 2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
cr. And, if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

mf In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

mp 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr. I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
f I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

J. LUKE.

MOUNTMELLICK. 6.5.6.5., with Chorus. T. R. G. Jozé.



See also "Lyndhurst," No. 704.

697

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

mf 1 IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad,
He will give me pleasure
p When my heart is sad.
mf If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
dim. He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

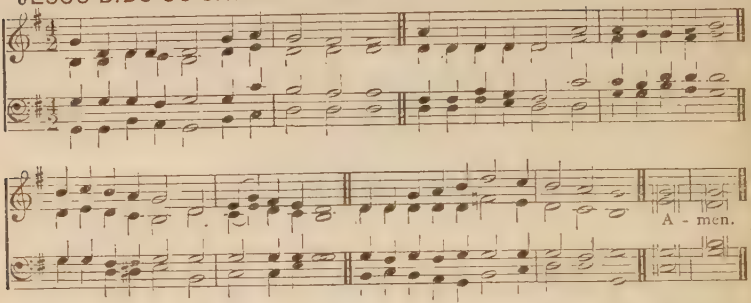
mf 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly:
p He my sins did bear.
mf If I come to Jesus, &c.

mf 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand;
dim. He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
mf If I come to Jesus, &c.

mf 4 There, with happy children
Robed in snowy white,
f I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
mf If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be;
dim. He is gently calling
Little ones like me. Amen.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE. 10.11.10.10. E. O. EXCELL.



698 *"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Which is in heaven."*—Matt. v. 16.

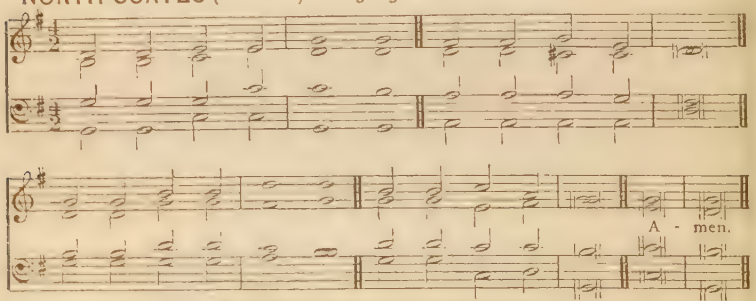
mf 1 JESUS bids us shine with a pure clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night;
mp In this world of darkness, so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

mf 2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim;
cr. He looks down from heaven, to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

mf 3 Jesus bids us shine then, for all around,
mp Many kinds of darkness in this world are found;
Sin and want and sorrow; so we must shine—
f You in your small corner, and I in mine. Amen.

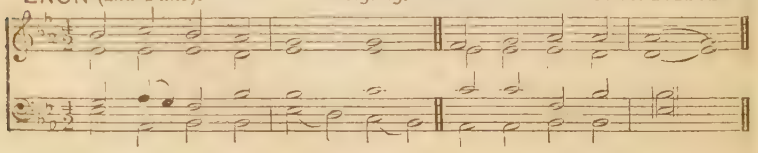
E. H. MILLER.

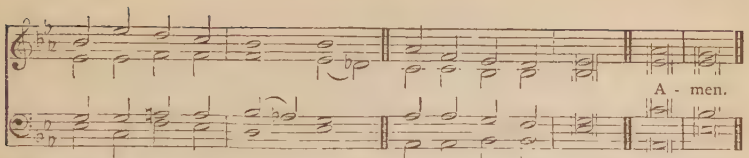
NORTH COATES (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. T. R. MATTHEWS.



(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

ENON (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. O. M. FIELDEN.





699 *"Who is like unto the Lord our God, Who dwelleth on high, Who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!"*—Ps. cxiii. 5, 6.

mf 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

f 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
mf Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

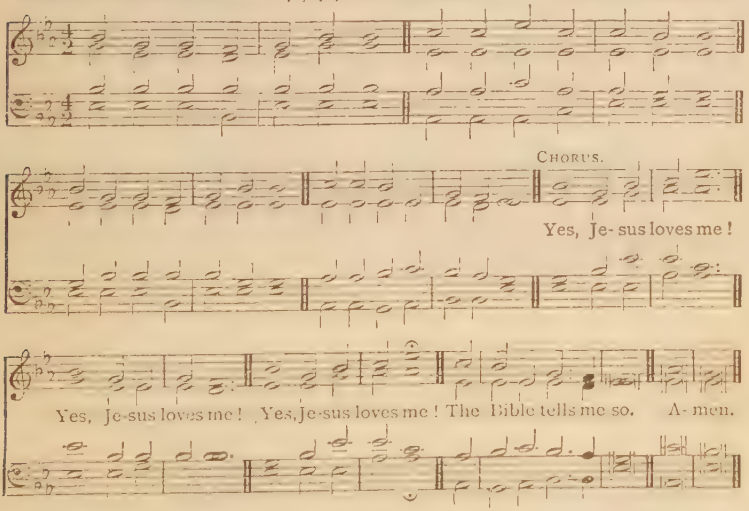
p 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
cr. In the heavenly way.

p 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
cr. Help us now to love Thee:
p Take our sins away.

mf 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
f "Saviour, Lord, we come."
Amen.

F. W. HARRIS.

JESUS LOVES ME. 7·7·7·7., with Chorus. W. B. BRADBURY.



700 *"Walk in love as Christ also hath loved us."*—Eph. v. 2.

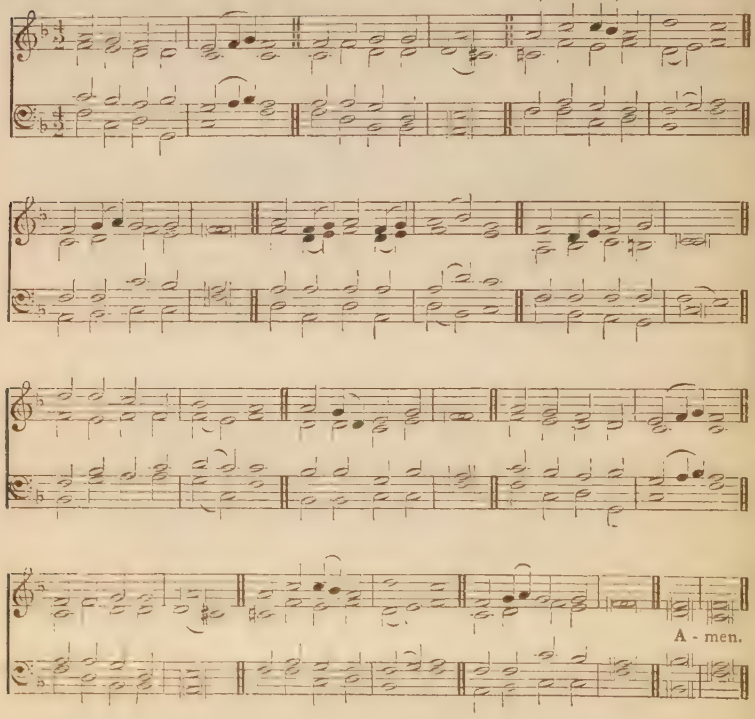
mf 1 JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
f Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

mf 2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

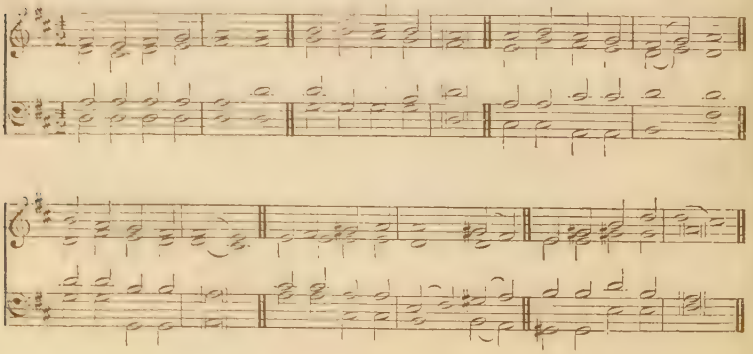
mf 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him when I die,
He will take me home on high.
Amen.

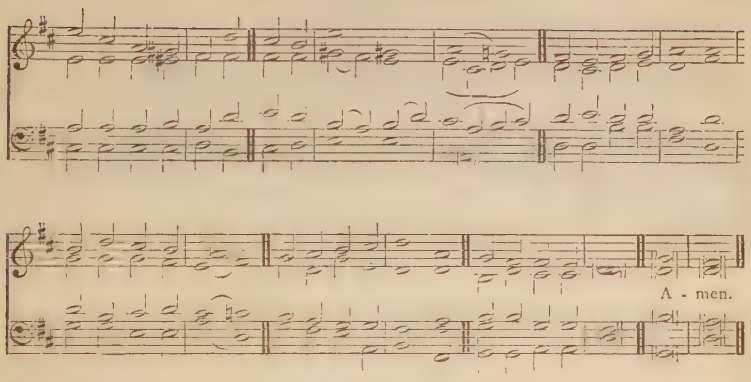
A. B. WARNER.

AMBLESIDE (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5., 12 lines. A. Lowe.



DEVA (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5., 12 lines. E. J. Hopkins.





701

"Save Lord: let the King hear us when we call."—Ps. xx. 9.

mf 1 JESUS, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
dim. Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
mf Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
dim. Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

mf 2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;—
cr. Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth:
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

mp 3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
dim. For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
cr. For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face;
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

mf 4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

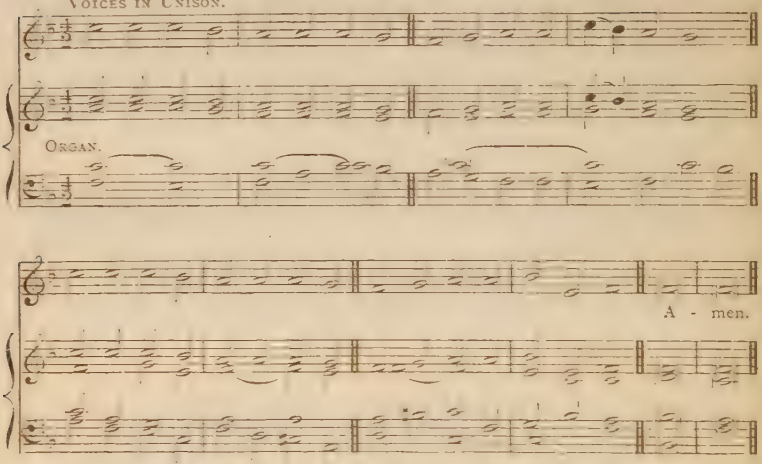
mf 5 Help us ever steadfast
In the faith to be:
In Thy Church's sore conflicts
Fighting valiantly.
cr. Loving Saviour, strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through Thy cross to conquer
Crafty evil powers.
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

mp 6 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
dim. When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
cr. Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
f Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
Amen.

W. H. DAVISON.

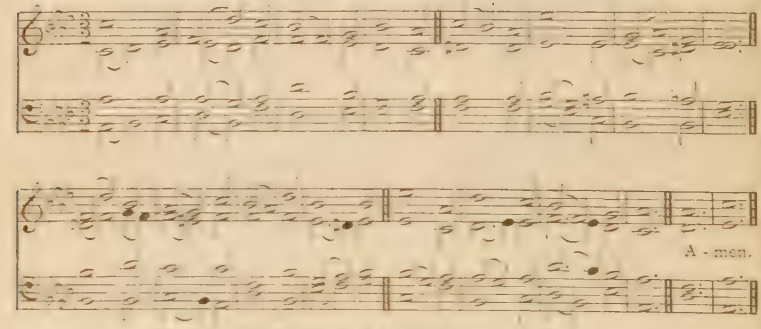
EVENING PRAYER (*1st Tune*). S.7.S.7. J. STAINER.

VOICES IN UNISON.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

WEAVERTHORPE (*2nd Tune*). S.7.S.7. E. G. MONK.



See also "Dijon," No. 708, and "St. Silvester," No. 569.

702

"*He shall gather the lambs with His arm.*"—Isa. xl. 11.

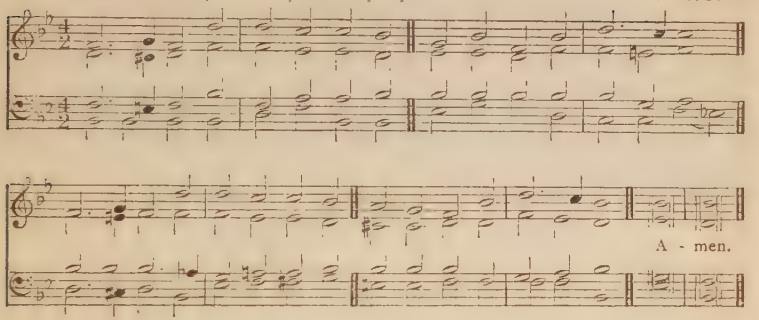
mp 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

mf 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

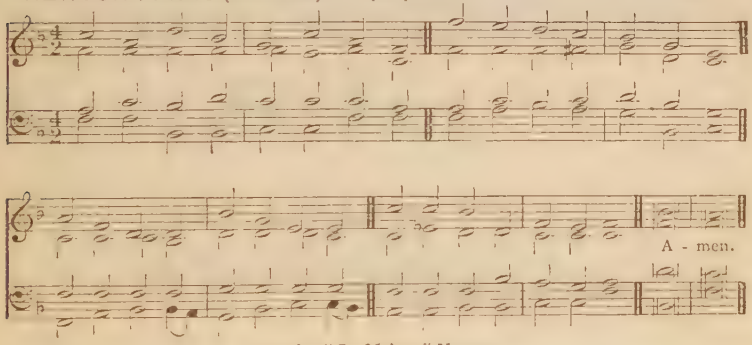
mp 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
cr. Bless the friends I love so well;
mf Take me, when I die, to heaven,
f Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

M. L. DUNCAN.

ST. LAWRENCE (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. F. TOZER.



NEWTON FERNS (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. S. SMITH.



See also "St. Mabyn," No. 390.

703 "*Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever.*"- Ps. xciii. 5.

mp 1 LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great and high and holy;
Oh, how solemn we should be!

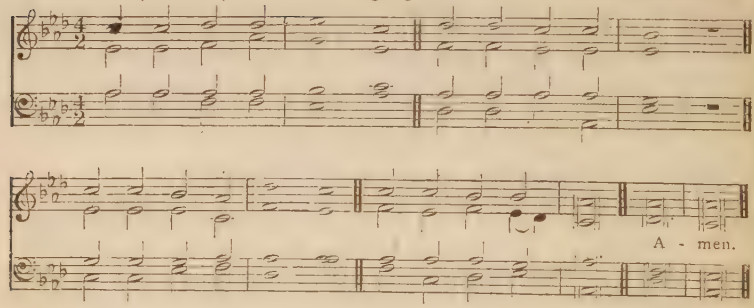
mf 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone:
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.

mf 3 For we know the Lord of Glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

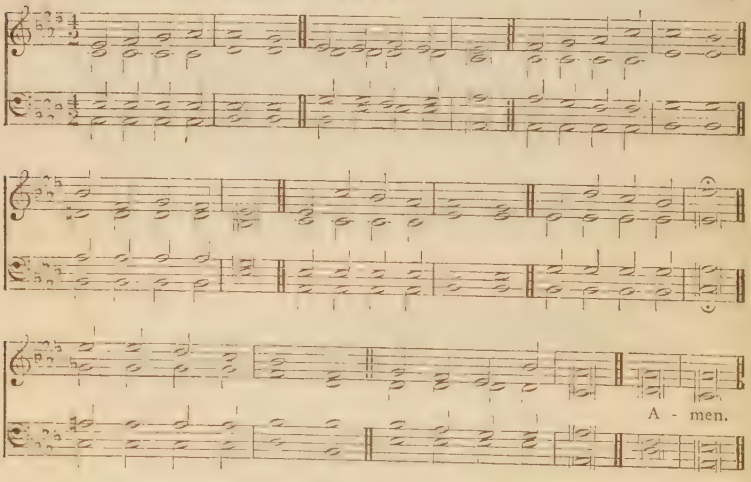
mp 4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
cr. Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song. Amen.

M. E. SHELLY.

EUDOXIA (*1st Tune*). 6.5.6.5. S. BARING-GOULD.



LYNDHURST (*2nd Tune*). 6.5.6.5. D. Anon.



[EVENING.]

704

"Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Prov. iii. 24.

mf 1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

mf 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

f 3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

mf 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee:
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

p 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

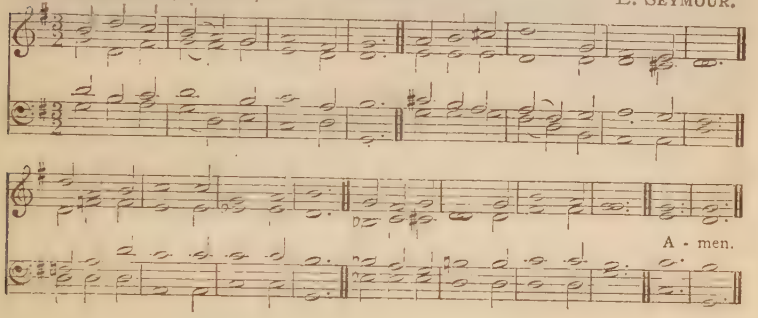
p 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

mf 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

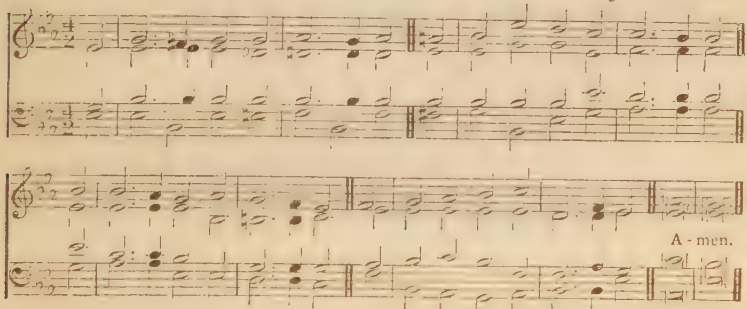
f 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run! Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

S. RAPHAEL (*1st Tune*). L.M. E. SEYMOUR.



WALTHAM (*2nd Tune*). L.M. J. B. CALKIN.



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See also "Hesperus" (Whitburn), No. 425.

705

"*Learn of Me.*"—Matt. xi. 29.

mp 1 O HOLY Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child;
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild;

mf 2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,

mp To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey!

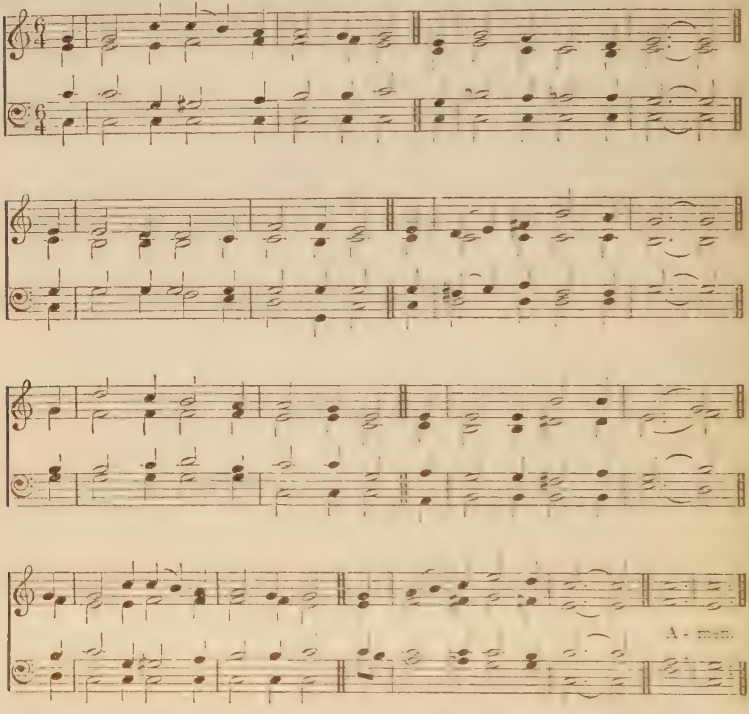
mp 3 O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

mf 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there!

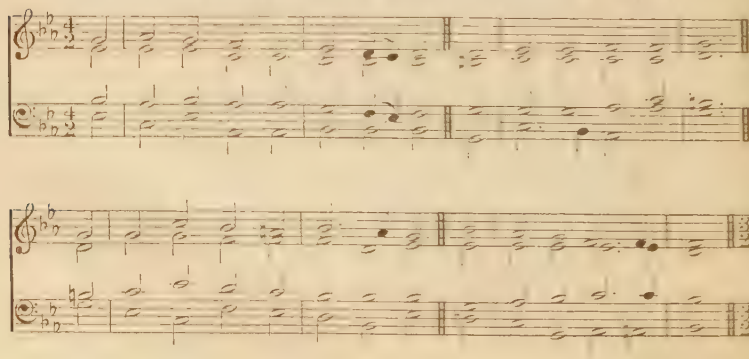
mf 5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
cr. In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both God and man. Amen.

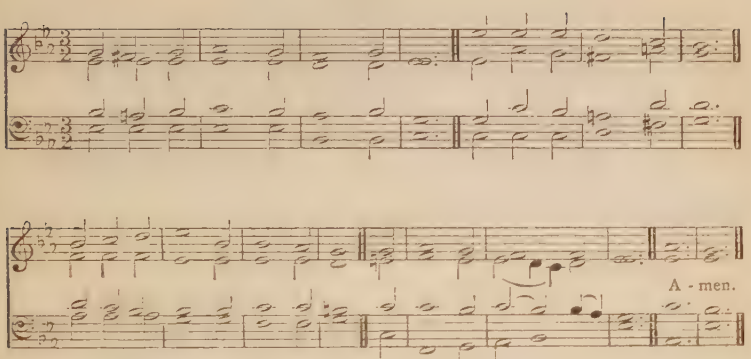
W. W. HOW.

SPES CELESTIS (*1st Tune*). C.M. D. W. A. SMITH.



CASTLE RISING (*2nd Tune*). C.M. D. F. A. J. HERVEY.





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See also "Aeron," No. 159.

706

"*Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious Name.*"—1 Chron. xxix. 13.

f 1 O LORD of all, we bring to Thee our sacrifice of praise,
To Thee with glad and thankful hearts our festal hymn we raise:
mf We are but children here on earth, and Thou art high above;
cr. But yet we dare to come to Thee, because Thy Name is Love.

f 2 We praise Thee now for life, and health, and earthly happiness,
For all the sacred human love that still our lives doth bless,
For Thy dear Son Whom Thou hast sent, Whose kind and tender voice
Bids the young children come to Thee, and in Thy love rejoice.

mf 3 What shall we render Thee, O Lord? what tribute shall we bring?
O let us give our hearts, our lives, in thankful offering.
Although we are but children, yet Thou dost our service ask,
And each in Thy great work may find his own appointed task.

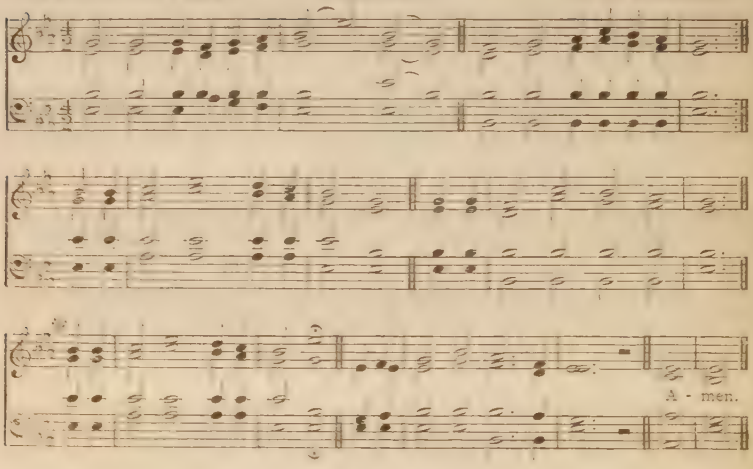
mp 4 O make us watchful, lest by sin our hearts be darkened;
O make us true in word and work, though all the world should scorn;
O make us willing here to serve, in lowliness and love,
For Him Who in a servant's form came down from heaven above.

mp 5 The night of sin must come at last, the noon of joy begin,
When Christ in every human heart His royal throne must win:
cr. O let us give Him now in youth our all, our all and our strength,
f Work for His glorious kingdom here, and share His joy at length!

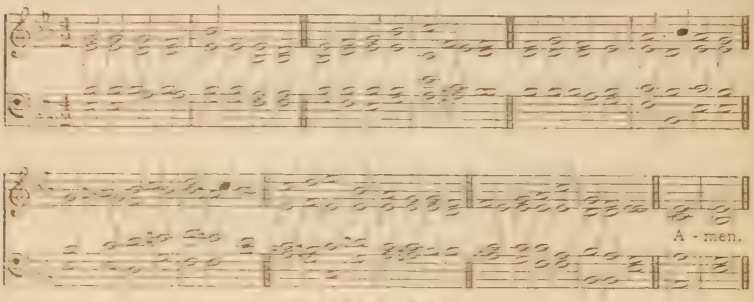
mf 6 Already breaks the early dawn of that great day of God:
Already sounds the Master's voice through all the earth abroad.
f Then cast the works of night away, and on the arms of light,
And on the side of Christ our King stand ready for the fight. Amen.

E. S. ARMITAGE.

SAVIOUR (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. B. BRADBURY.



SINCERITY (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. F. BENSON.



See also "Rescue," No. [illegible].

707

—John x. 3.

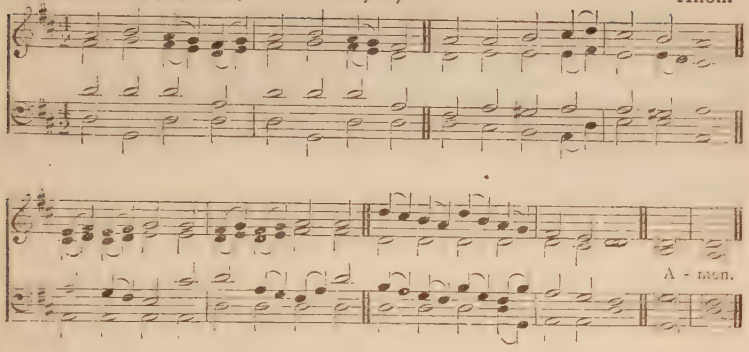
S

mf 4 Thou hast promised to receive us,
p Poor and sinful though we be;
cr. Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
f Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

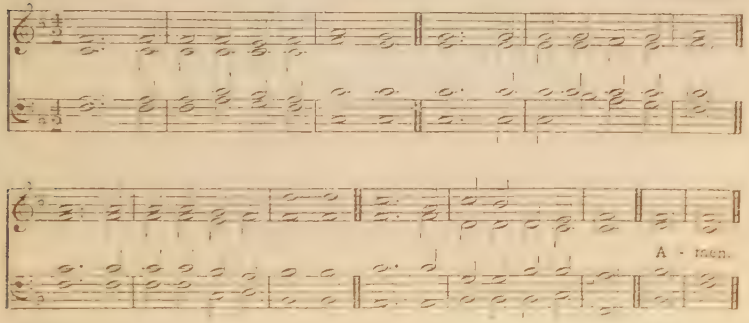
mf 4 Early let us seek Thy favour:
Early let us do Thy will;
[illegible]d Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
[illegible]èd Jesus!
[illegible] hast loved us, love us still.
Amen.

D. A. THRUPP.

MARINERS (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. Anon.



DIJON (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. German.



708

"*My son, give me thine heart.*"—Prov. xxiii. 26.

mf 1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
cr. All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine and only Thine to be.

mf 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me.
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
cr. Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

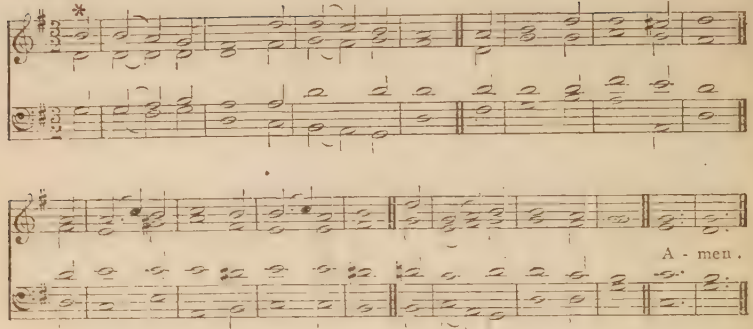
mf 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
cr. May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

mp 4 Let me do Thy will or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

f 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart,
Suffer me to leave Thee never:
Seal Thine image on my heart. Amen.

J. BURTON.

COMPTON. C.M. W. CROFT.



See also "Nativity," No. 727.

* Omit this chord and the slurs in the next bar for verses 1, 5, and 6.

709

"*Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel.*"—Ps. lxxx. 1.

mp 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

mf 2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

mf 3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall;
cr. Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to speak,
And on Thy Name to call.

mf 4 We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
cr. Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.

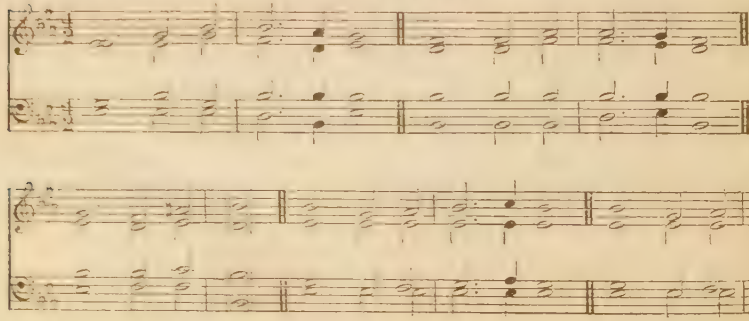
mf 5 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true;
cr. And still, in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.
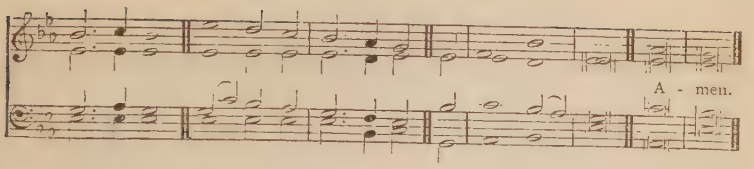
mf 6 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
cr. Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast!

Amen.

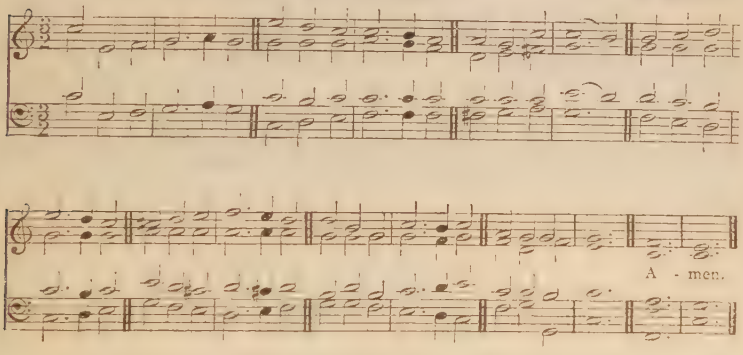
BATHURST.

MOUNT OF OLIVES (*1st Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. L. MASON.





GREENWOOD (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. E. PROUT.



See also "Malvern," No. 507.

710

"*I am the Good Shepherd.*"—John x. 14.

mf 1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
f Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And as Thy children bring,
ff To Thee our praise!

mf 2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The All-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
p Thou didst Thyself abase,
cr. That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
f And give us life.

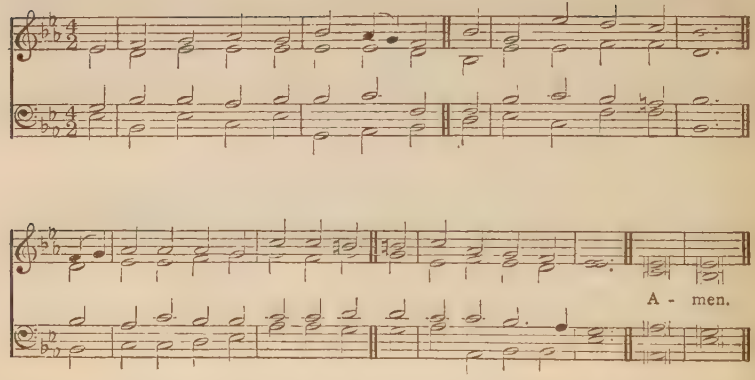
f 3 O Wisdom's great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
p While in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain;
cr. Help Thou dost not refrain,—
f Help from above.

mf 4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our Staff and Song:
cr. Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial wood,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
f Make our faith strong.

f 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
cr. Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
ff To Christ our King. Amen.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, *tr.* H. M. DEXTER.

HORSLEY. C.M. W. HORSLEY.



711

"*There they crucified Him.*"—Luke xxiii. 33.

mf 1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
mp Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

mp 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
cr. But we believe it was for us
p He hung and suffered there.

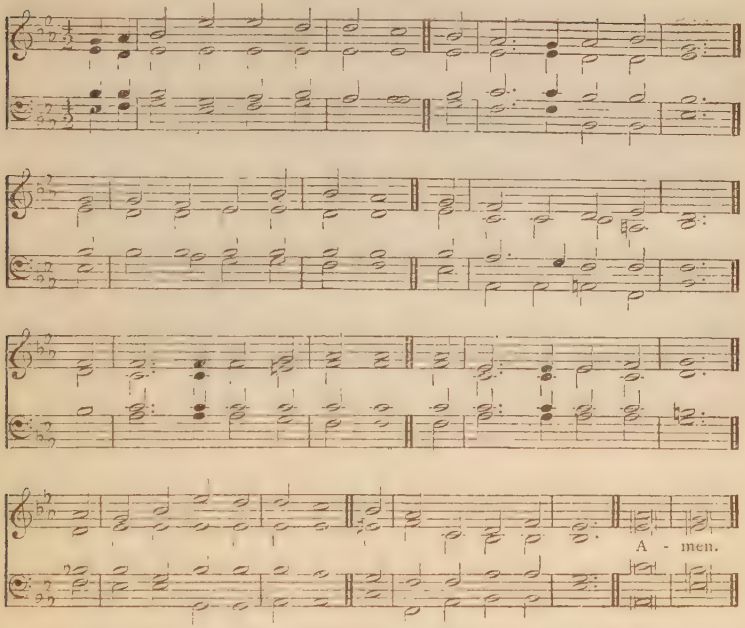
mf 3 He died that we might be forgiven;
He died to make us good,
cr. That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

mf 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

mf 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
cr. And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His work to do. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

EDEN GROVE (*1st Tune*). 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. S. SMITH.



712

"*The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*"—1 Cor. ii. 9.

mf 1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changeth,
Whose love will never die:
p Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
f This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

mf 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And Abba Father cry;
p A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
cr. Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
cr. Where Jesus reigns in glory;
f A home of peace and joy;
mf No home on earth is like it
Or can with it compare,
f For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

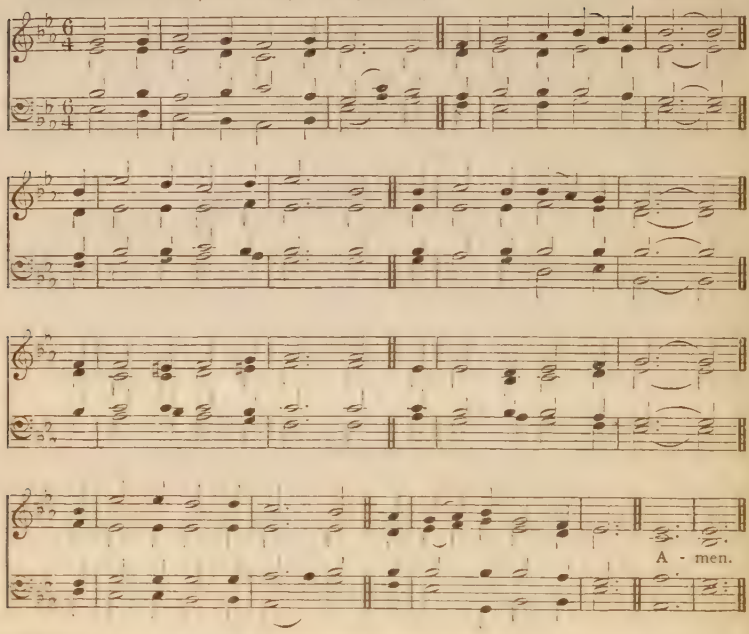
f 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
mf And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
f A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
mf On all who love the Saviour
And walk with Him below.

f 5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
mf A song which even angels
Can never, never sing:
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

f 6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A harp of sweetest music;
A palm of victory.
And, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone:
p Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

IN MEMORIAM (*2nd Tune*). 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. J. STAINER.



712

"*The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*"—1 Cor. ii. 9.

mf 1 THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changeth,
Whose love will never die;
p Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
f This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

mf 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And Abba Father cry:
p A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

mf 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
cr. Where Jesus reigns in glory;
f A home of peace and joy;
mf No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
f The weary are at rest,
Nor could be happier there.

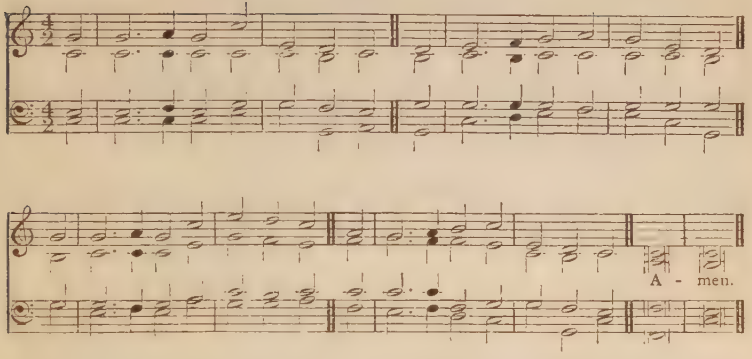
f 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
mf And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
f A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
mf On all who love the Saviour
And walk with Him below.

f 5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
mf A song which even angels
Can never, never sing:
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

f 6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A harp of sweetest music;
A palm of victory.
And, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone:
p Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

ALSTONE. L.M. C. E. WILLING.



713

"Even a child is known by his doings."—Prov. xx. 11.
"For My sake."—Matt. v. 11.

mf 1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

mf 2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
mp A death to die for Jesus' sake;
A weary war to wage with sin.

mf 3 When, deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
f When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

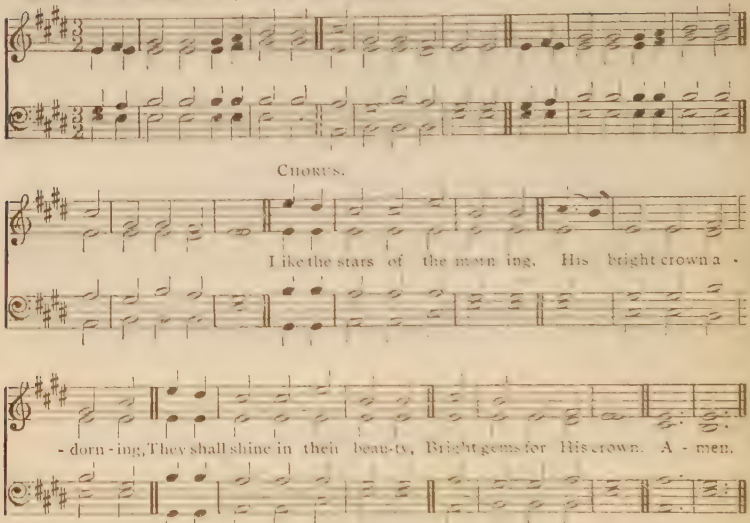
mf 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
cr. And fight a battle for our Lord.

mf 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
cr. Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

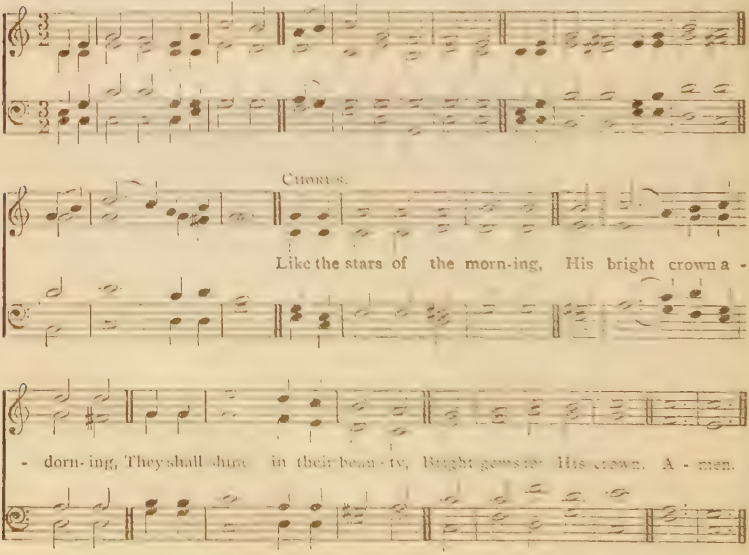
mf 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise,
cr. That he may do for Jesus' sake. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

CHRIST'S CROWN (*1st Tune*). 8.6.8.5., with Chorus. G. F. ROOT.



NESTA (*2nd Tune*). 8.6.8.5., with Chorus. L. J. ROBERTS.



714

"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."—Mal. iii. 17.

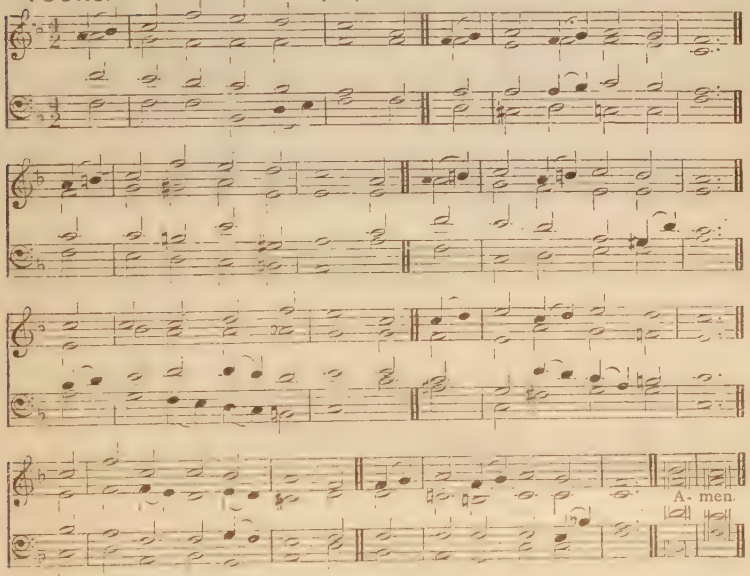
mf 1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,
f Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

mf 2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

p 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. Amen.

W. O. CUSHING.

TOURS. 7.6.7.6. D. B. TOURS.



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See also "Grafenberg," No. 308, and "Ellacombe," No. 557.

715

"The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."—Matt. xxi. 15.

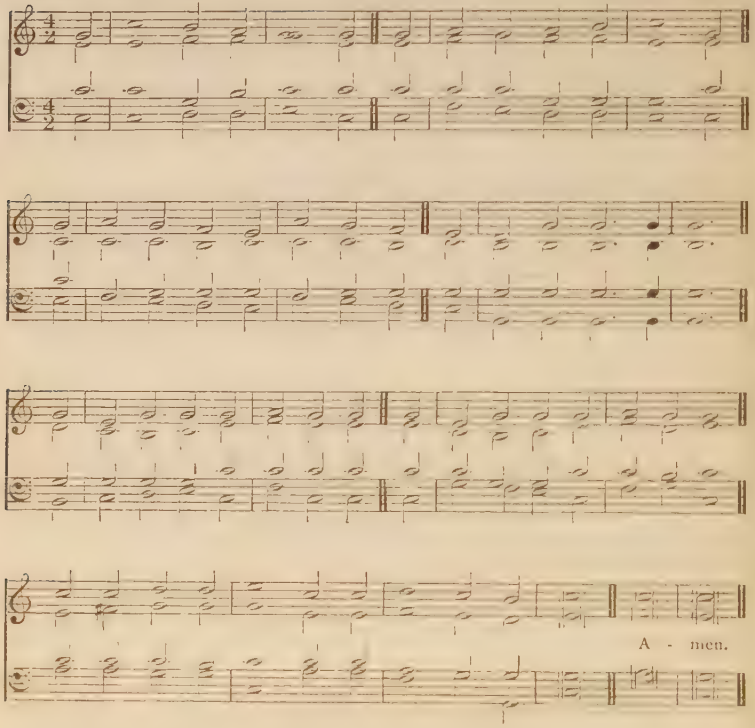
mf 1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
"Hosanna," to His Name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

p 2 Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
cr. We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
f And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

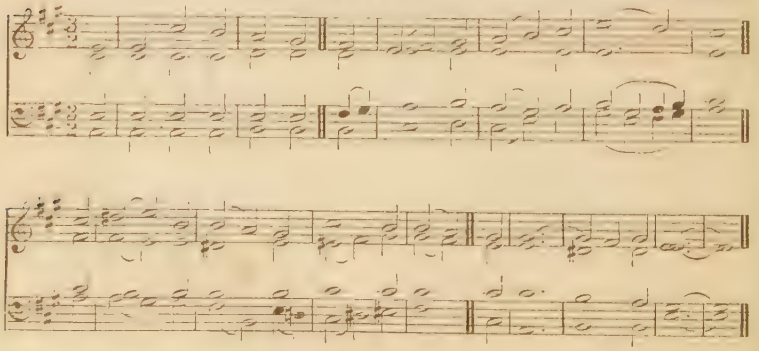
mf 3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
dim. But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
mf No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.
Amen.

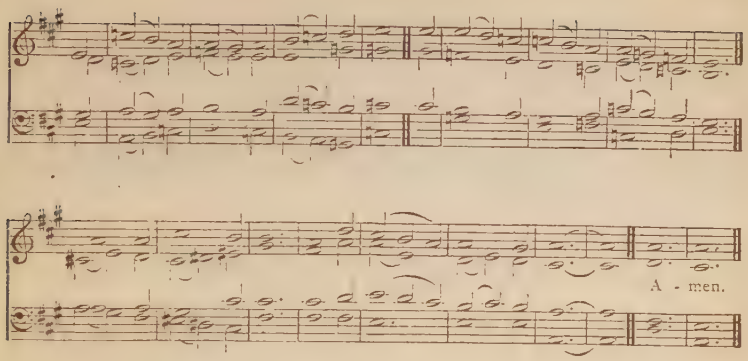
J. KING.

SALEM (*1st Tune*). 6.7.8.6.8 8.11. Arr. by A. RHODES.



LINCOLN (*2nd Tune*). 6.7.8.6.8.8.11. W. DAVIES.





716 *"And they brought young children to Him that He should touch them."*—Mark x. 13.

mf 1 WHEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back
And bade them depart;
p But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled and kindly said,
cr. "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

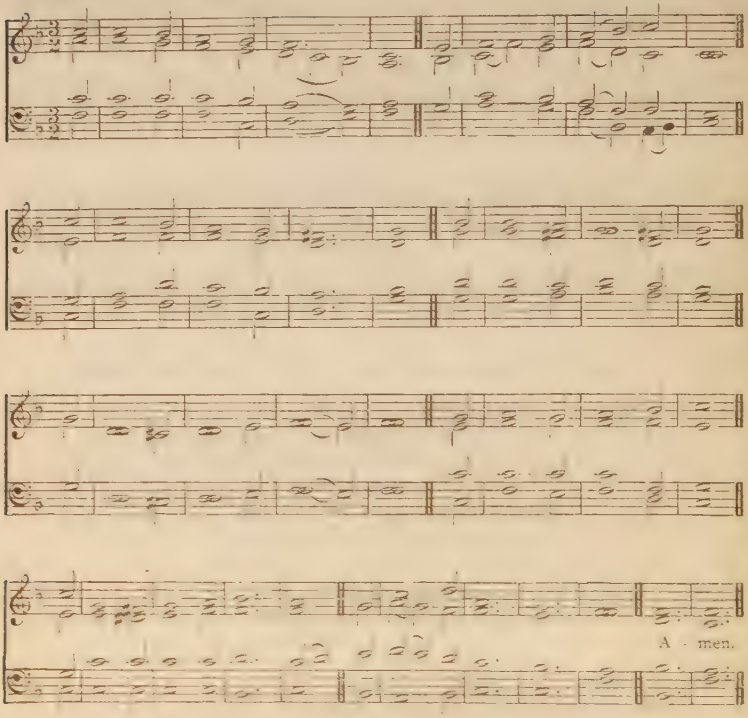
mf 2 "For I will receive them
And fold them in My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
Oh, drive them not away!
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children to come unto Me."

mf 3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid those children welcome!
p But there are many thousands who
Have never heard His Name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
f "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

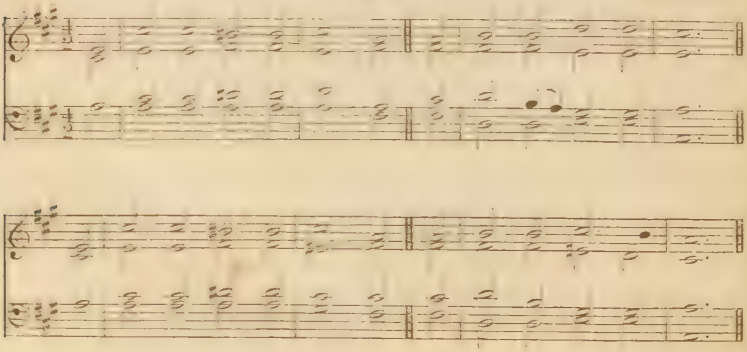
mf 4 Oh, soon may the heathen
Of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast
Their idols all away;
cr. Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children to come unto Thee. Amen.

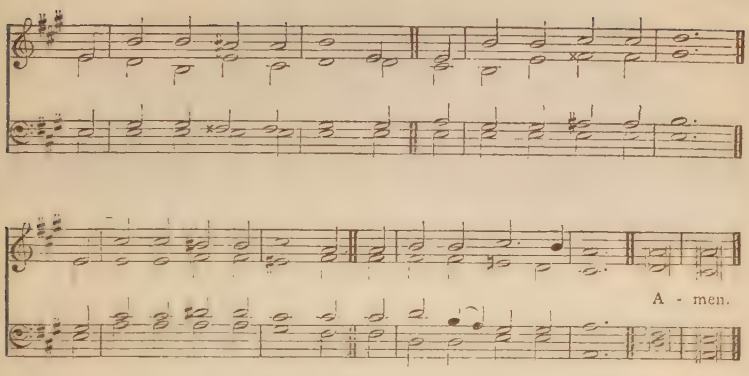
W. HUTCHINGS.

MESSIAH (*1st Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. G. F. HANDEL.



FAIRFORD (*2nd Tune*). 7.6.7.6. D. SCHUBERT.





[AN ANNIVERSARY HYMN.]

717 "*Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.*" Ps. cxlix. 2.

f 1 WITH cheerful hearts and voices,
To Thee, O Lord, we pay
Our tribute of thanksgiving
On this our festal day;
A day of joy and gladness,
A day of pure delight,
A day which shall prepare us
For that which knows no night.

mf 2 We praise Thee for our mercies
Of this another year,
For every earthly blessing,
For all Thy guardian care;
f And, above all, we thank Thee,
That in our youthful days,
We're taught to love and serve Thee—
Are led to seek Thy face.

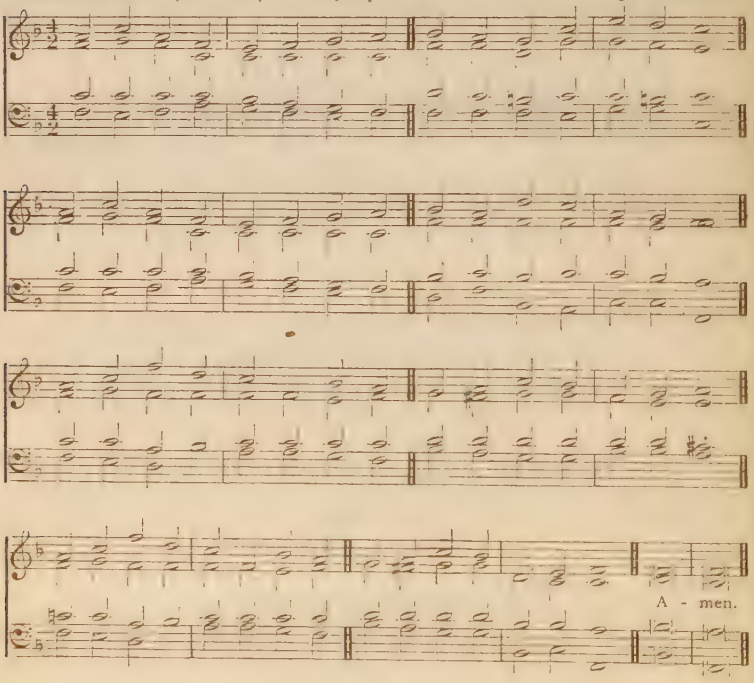
mf 3 O lead us, heavenly Father,
To that celestial place,
cr. Where we shall praise Thee ever,
And rapt behold Thy face:
f There shall we swell the anthem
The saints for ever sing,
And cast our crowns before Thee,
Our gracious Lord and King. Amen.

R. B.

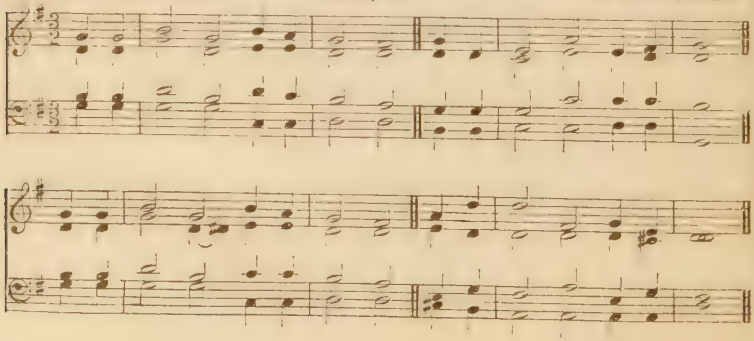
XI.—TIMES AND SEASONS.

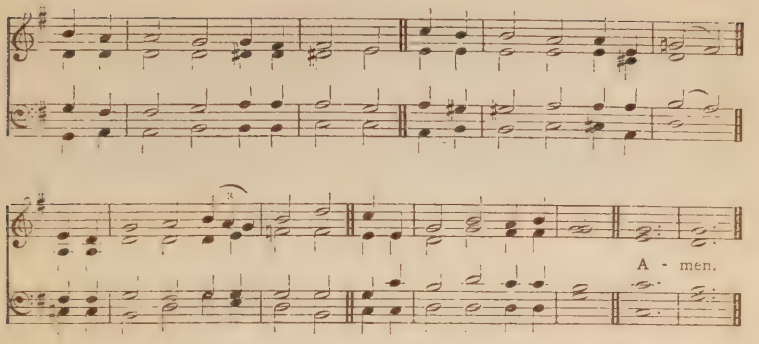
BEGINNING AND END OF A YEAR.

DEERHURST (*1st Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. J. LANGRAN.



ST. CYR (*2nd Tune*). 8.7.8.7. D. R. S. HUGHES.





718 *"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."*—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

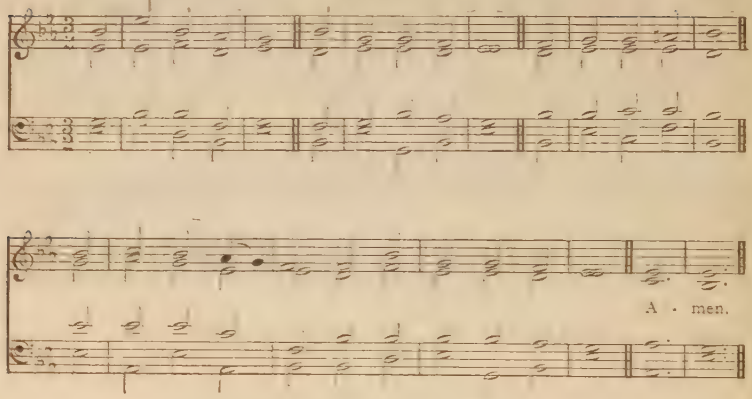
mp 1 AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
cr. We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise;
f Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

mf 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
On the Cross for sinners shown,
cr. We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
f With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

mf 3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
mp Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
f Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate. Amen.

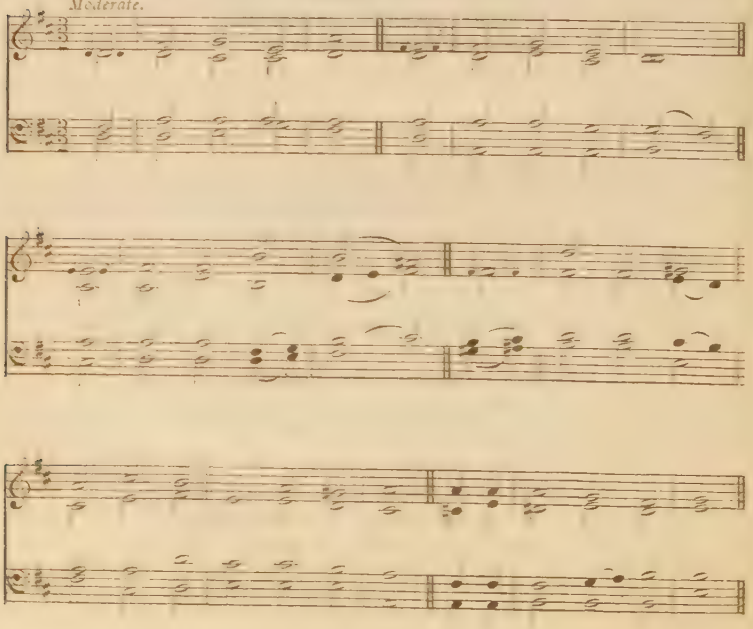
J. D. BURNS.

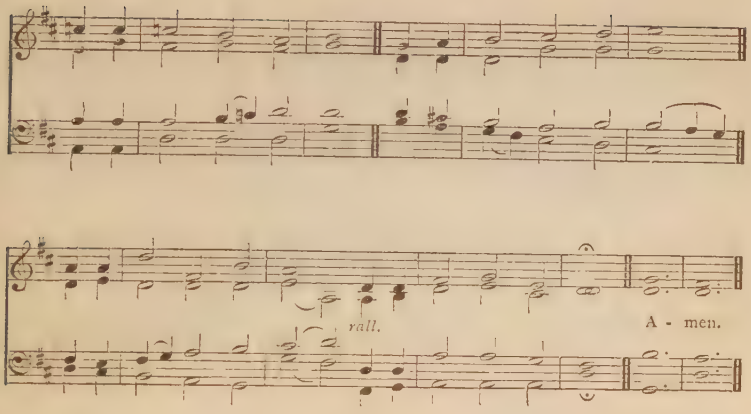
NEW YEAR HYMN (*1st Tune*). 5.5.5.11. Anon.



MIZPAH (*2nd Tune*). 5.5.5.11.D. J. B. DYKES.

Moderate.





719 *"And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord."*—Luke xii. 36.

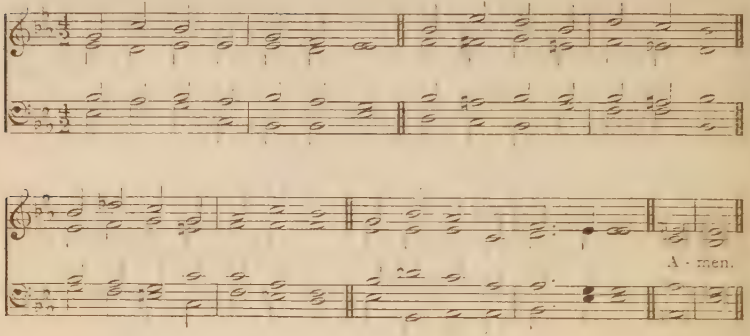
mf 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
f His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

mp 2 Our life is a dream,
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here!

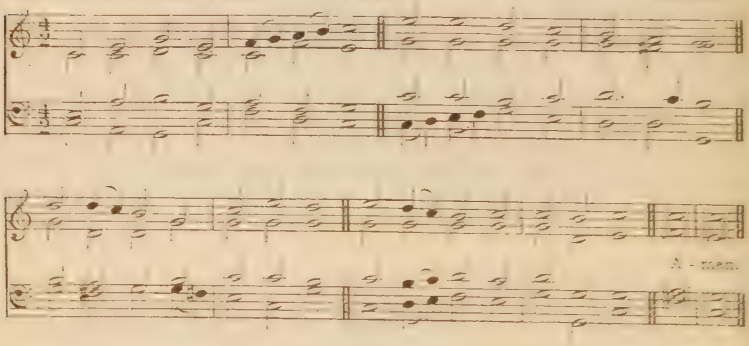
mf 3 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
cr. "I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!"
mf O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word—
f "Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy and sit down on My throne." Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ALCESTER (*1st Tune*). 7·7·7·7. C. H. Lloyd.



MONKLAND (*2nd Tune*). 7·7·7·7. German.



720

"For this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death." Ps. xlviii. 14.

mf 1 FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace
Faithful through another year.
cr. Hear our song of thankfulness:
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

mp 2 In our weakness and distress,
cr. Rock of Strength! be Thou our Stay!
mp In the pathless wilderness
cr. Be our true and living way!

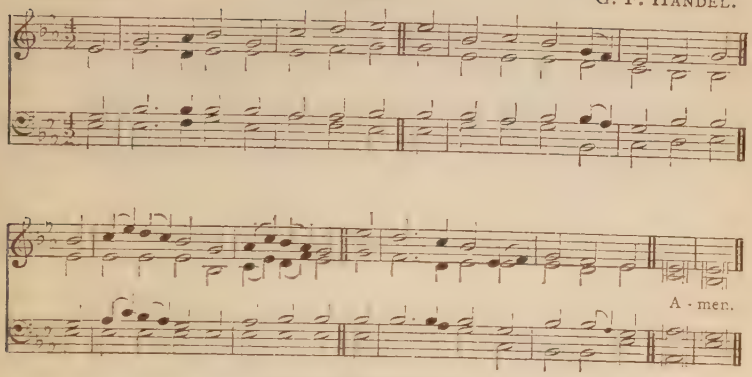
f 3 Who of us death's solemn road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

mp 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
cr. Help, O help us to endure
Fit us for the promised crown.

f 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

H. DOWNTON.

SAMSON. L.M. G. F. HANDEL.



See also "Angelus," No. 370.

721

"*Thy right hand hath holden me up.*"—Ps. xviii. 35.

f 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till its close.

f 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
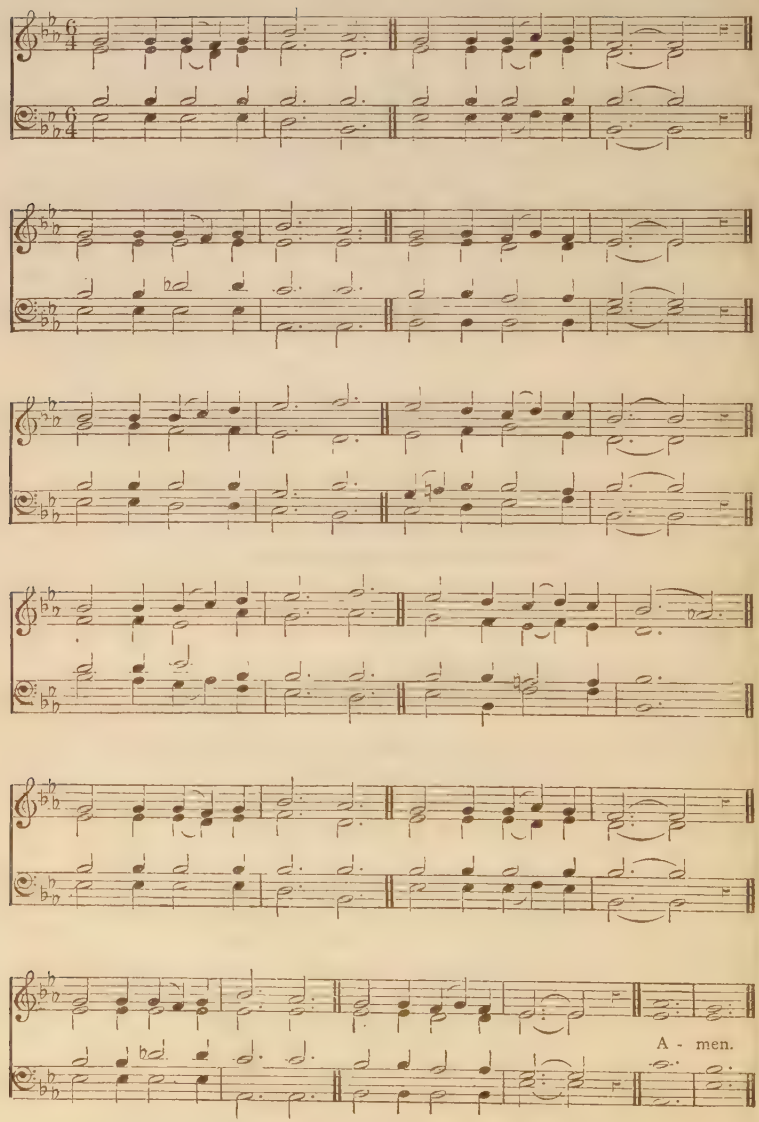
mf 3 With grateful hearts the past we own
mp The future, all to us unknown,
cr. We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

mf 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest:
cr. Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.

mp 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cr. Our Helper, God, in Whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

FLEURY. 6.5.6.5. (12 lines.) G. A. ROSSINI.



See also "Armageddon," No. 394, and "Ambleside," No. 701.

722

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory."—Jude 25.

f 1 JESUS, blessèd Saviour,
Help us now to raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving,
Songs of holy praise.
Oh, how kind and gracious
Thou hast always been!
Oh, how many blessings
Every day has seen!
ff Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

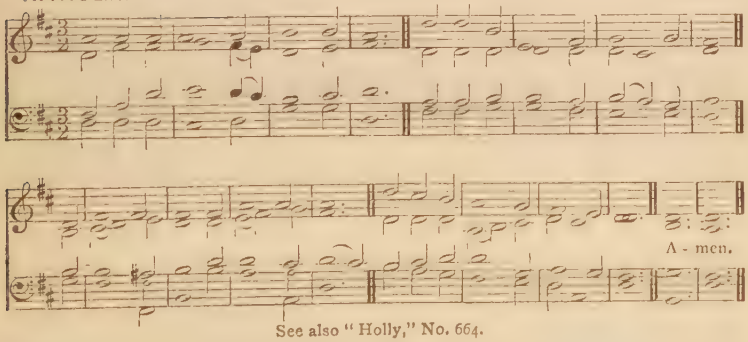
mp 2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!
All our sins (so many!),
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
p Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

mf 3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go;
mp So, we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
cr. Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.
mf Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

mp 4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.
cr. Let each day, each moment
Of this glad New Year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
f Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear;
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year.
Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Holly," No. 664.

723

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 12.

mf 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless His Name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of Whose gracious care
Open and crown and close the year.

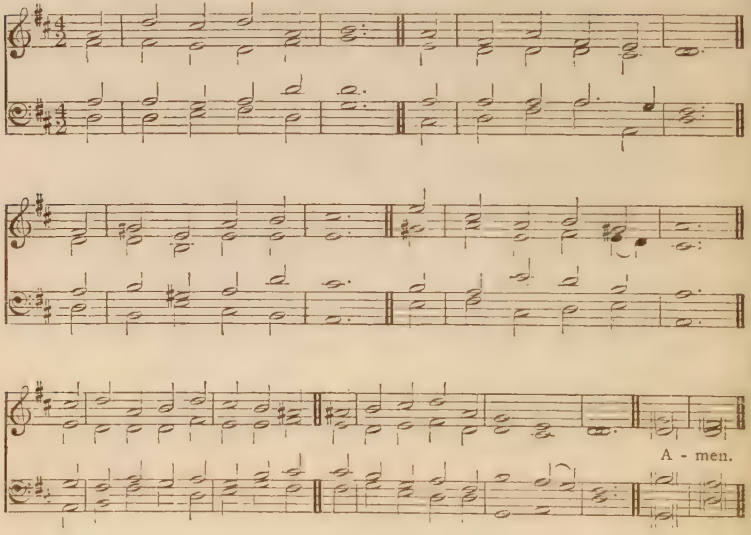
mp 2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
cr. Supported by His guardian hand:
And see, when we review our ways,
f Ten thousand monuments of praise.

mf 3 Thus far His arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make His mercy known:
mp And while we tread this desert land,
cr. New mercies shall new songs demand.

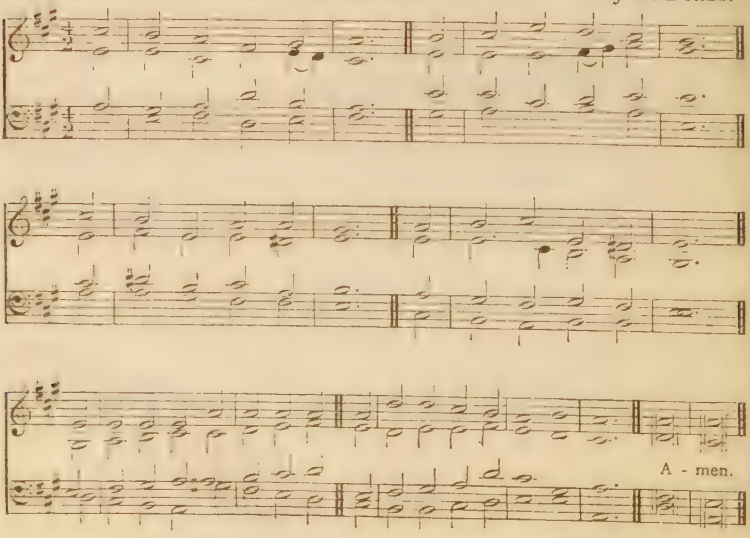
f 4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in His bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

P. DODDRIDGE.

CROFT'S 148TH (*1st Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. W. CROFT.



ST. GODRIC (*2nd Tune*). 6.6.6.6.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



724

"*Lord, let it alone this year also.*"—Luke xiii. 8.

f 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days:
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

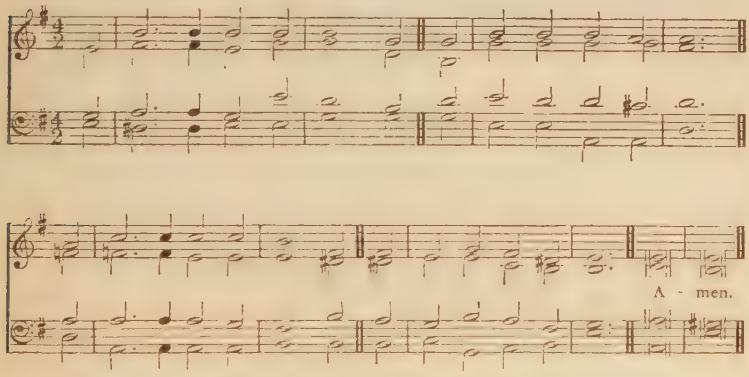
mp 2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground:
No fruits of holiness
On our dead souls were found.
cr. Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

mf 3 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace:
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year.

mf 4 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To Thy great praise abound:
f O let us all Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

ST. MARGARET. 7.6.7.6. W. STATHAM.



See also "Pisa," and "St. Alphege,".No. 471.

725

"*He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons.*"—Acts xiv. 17.

mp 1 THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
p The end is nearing fast.

mp 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
cr. But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

mf 3 Oh! pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

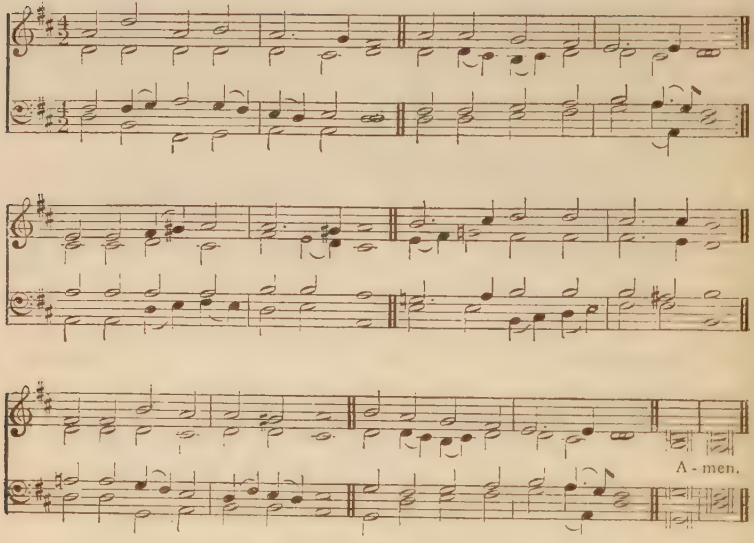
mf 4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
cr. Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

mp 5 Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
cr. By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—

mf 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
cr. That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face. Amen.

W. W. HOW.

GOTTINGEN. 7·7·7·7. D. J. S. BACH.



See also "Hollingside," No. 428.

726

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."—Ps. xc. 5.

mf 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
mp Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
mf Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
mp We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.

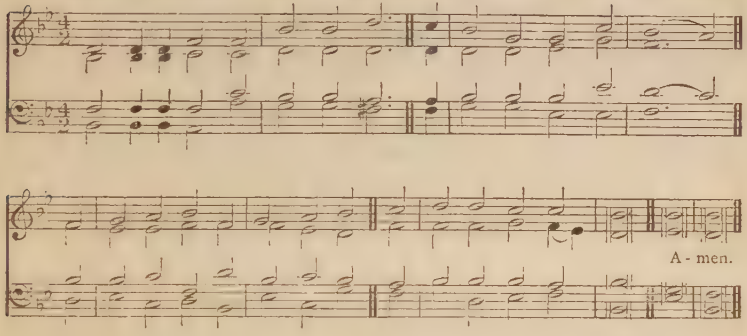
mf 2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
cr. Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
p All below is but a dream.

mp 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
p Pardon of our sins renew;
cr. Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
f Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above. Amen.

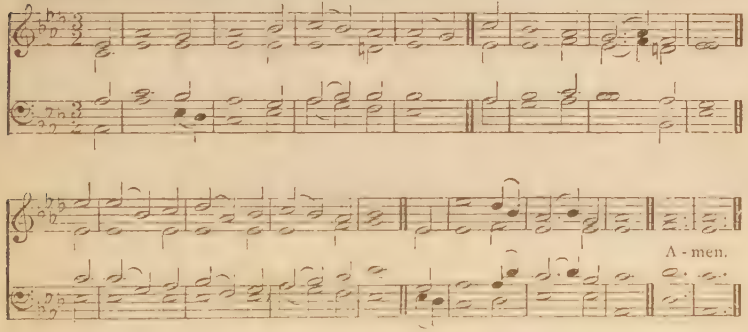
J. NEWTON.

XII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

NATIVITY (*1st Tune*). C.M. H. LAHEE.



ENGEDI (*2nd Tune*). C.M. L. BEETHOVEN.



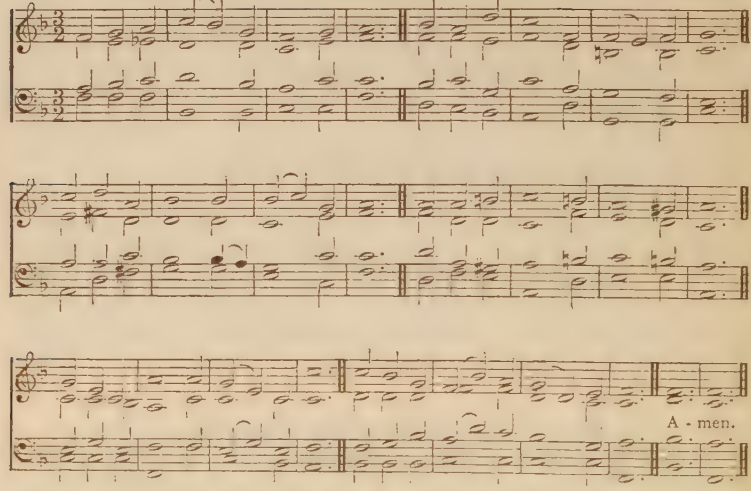
727 "*Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*"—2 Tim. ii. 3.
"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

mf 1 ARE we the soldiers of the Cross?
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

f 2 No, we must fight, if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord!
To bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. Amen.

I. WATTS.

PATER OMNIUM. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



728

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. xiv. 7.

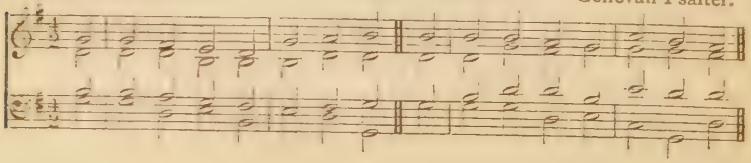
mp 1 AT evening time—when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose:
cr. To crown my faith before the night,—
At evening time let there be light.

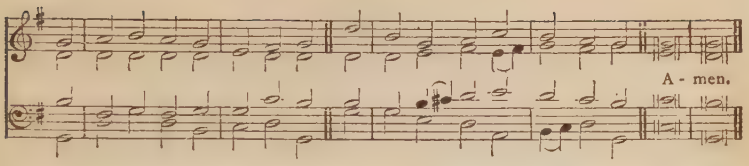
mp 2 At evening time—when labour's past,
Though storms and toils have marred my day,
cr. Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright,—
At evening time let there be light.

mf 3 God doth send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee,
cr. I trust His promises sublime!
His glory now is risen on me!
f His full salvation is in sight,—
At evening time there now is light. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. Genevan Psalter.





729 *"And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to the disciples."*—John vi. 11.

BEFORE MEAT.

mf BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
cr. These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

---

mf Our Father, bless the bounteous store
Wherewith Thou hast our table spread;
cr. With grateful songs we all adore,
And bless the hand by which we're fed. Amen.

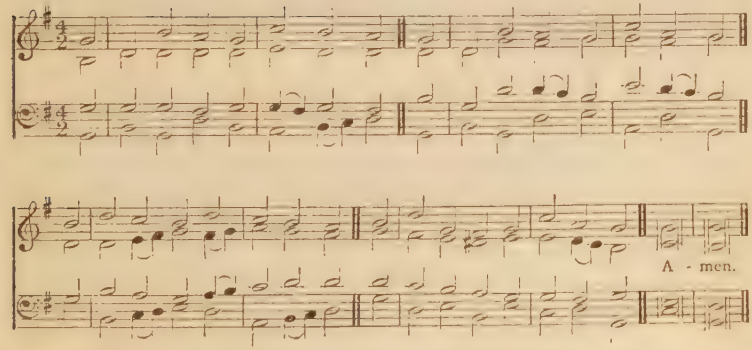
J. CENNICK.

AFTER MEAT.

mf We thank Thee, Lord, for all our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
May Manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven. Amen.

J. CENNICK.

MAMRE. L.M. G. F. HANDEL.

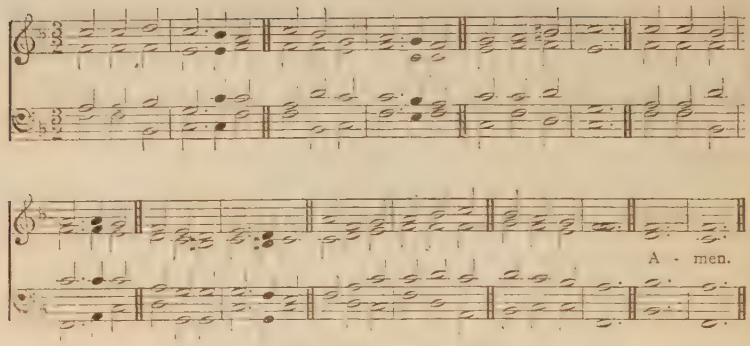


730 *"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."*—Col. iii. 2.

mf DESCEND from heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
cr The reach of all terrestrial things. Amen.

I. WATTS.

PHILIPPI. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. J. G. EBELING.



See also "The National Anthem," No. 732.

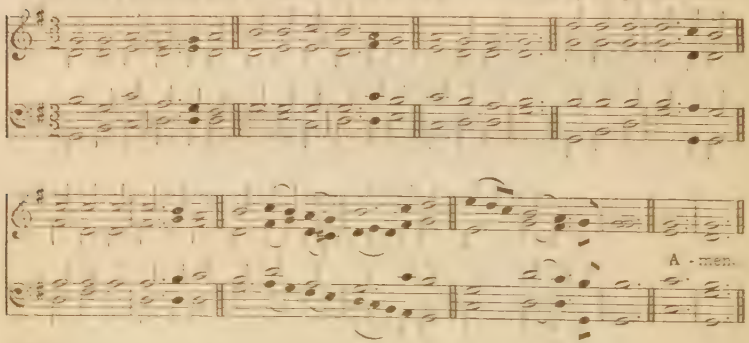
731

"The Lord thy God hath blessed thee."—Deut. ii. 7.

mf GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
f When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might. Amen.

J. S. DWIGHT.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6.6.4.6.6.4. Harm. by E. J. HOPKINS.



732

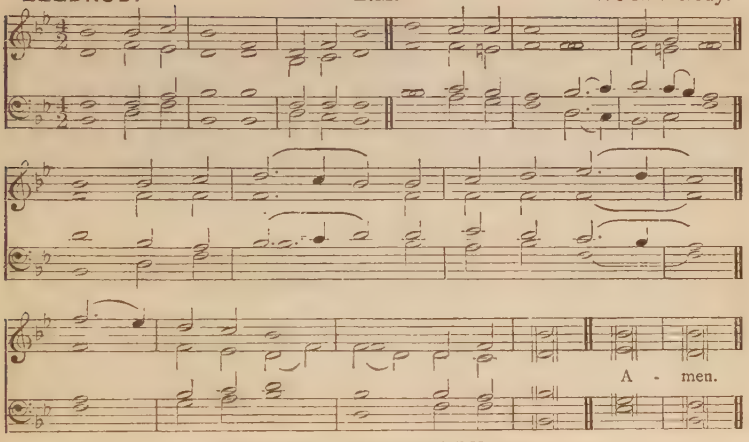
"For all that are in authority."—1 Tim. ii. 2.

mf 1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
f Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
cr. May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
f To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen. Amen.

H. CAREY.

LLEDROD. L.M. Welsh Melody.



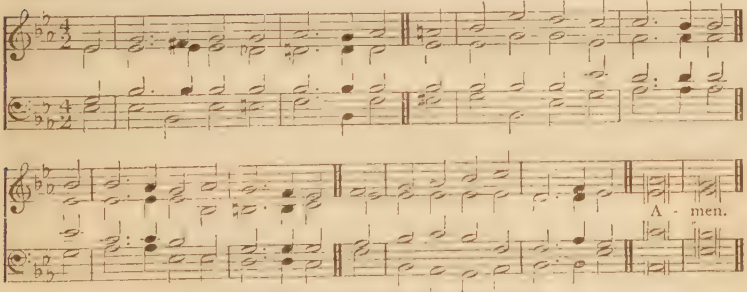
See also the "Old Hundredth," No. 729.

733 "*But unto you that fear My Name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.*"—Mal. iv. 2.

f GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right. Amen.

I. WATTS.

WALTHAM. L.M. J. B. CALKIN.



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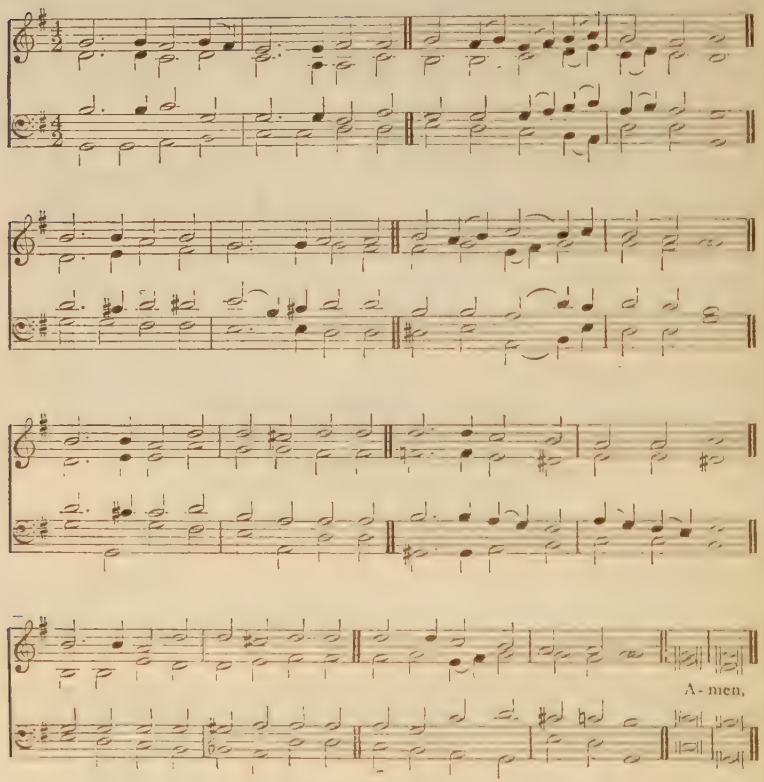
734 "*And call the Sabbath a delight.*"—Isa. lviii. 13.

mf 1 HOW welcome to the saints, when pressed
With six days' noise and care and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

f 2 We thank Thee for Thy day, O Lord;
Here we Thy promised presence seek;
Open Thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

FLORENCE. 8.7.8.7. D. Italian Melody.



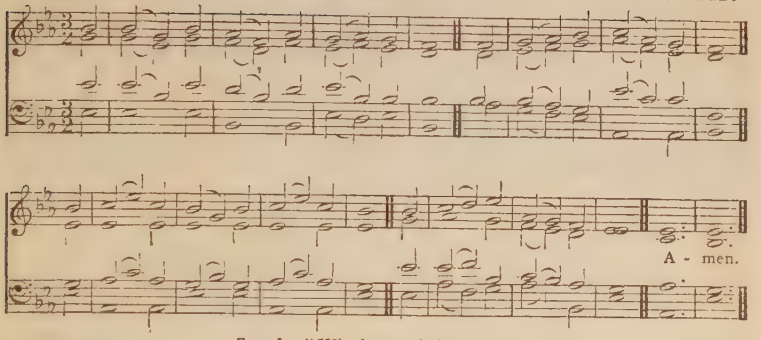
See also "St. Cyr," No. 718.

735 "*I will come again and will receive you unto Myself.*"—John xiv. 3.

mf I AM waiting for the coming
Of the Lord Who died for me;
Oh, His words have thrilled my spirit,
"I will come again for thee."
cr. I can almost hear His foot-fall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him evermore. Amen.

ANON.

ARNOLD'S. C.M. S. ARNOLD.



See also "Winchester Old," No. 417.

736

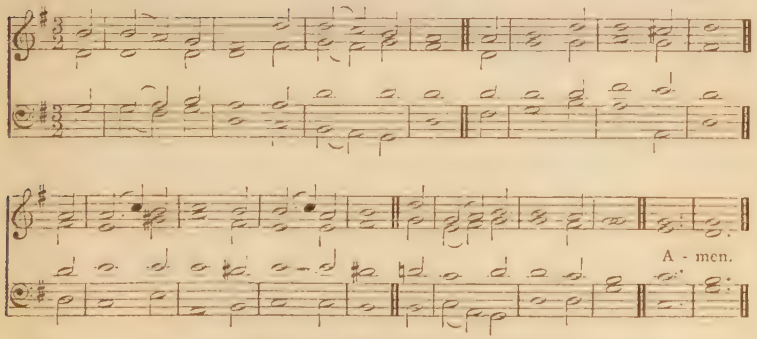
"*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*"—Ps. ciii. 2.

mf 1 MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
cr. For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy Name be blest.

mf 2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
cr. That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

COMPTON. C.M. W. CROFT.



See also "Martyrdom," No. 610.

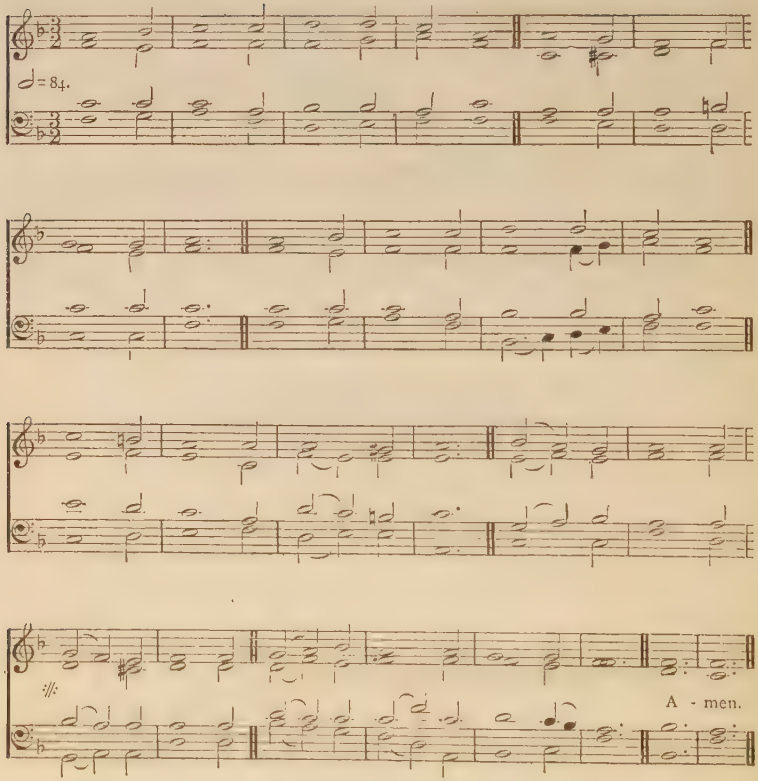
737

"*Lord, teach us to pray.*"—Luke xi. 1.

mf 1 O THOU by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
mp Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

BRYNTIRION. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. ROTH.



See also "Heber," No. 513.

738

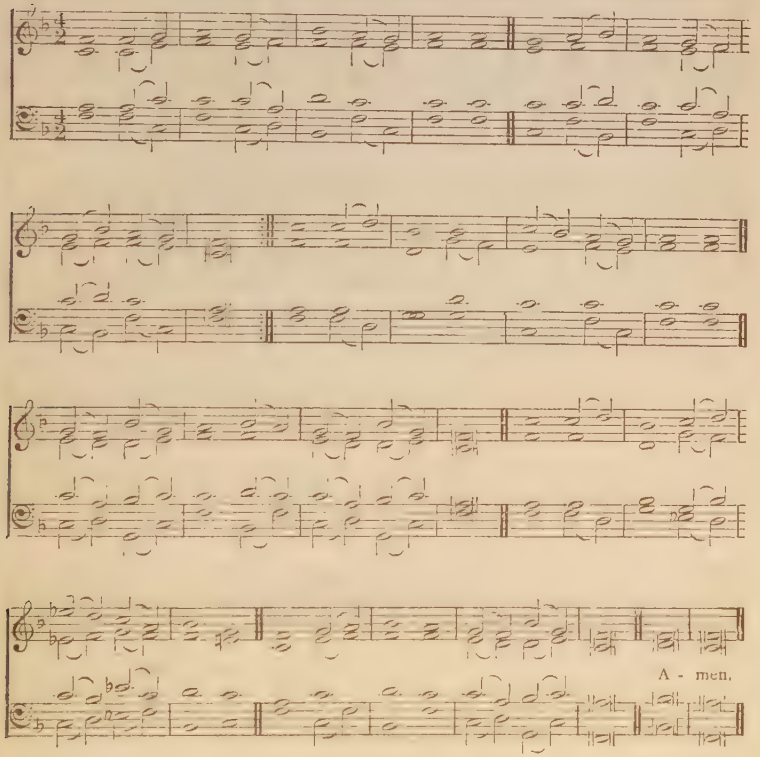
"*The Lord is my light and my salvation.*"—Ps. xxvii. 1.

mf 1 THOU Who art Thy people's guardian,
Condescend my guide to be;
By Thy Spirit's light unerring,
Let me Thy salvation see;
cr. May I never
Miss the way that leads to Thee. Amen.

BEDDOME.

XIII.—DOXOLOGIES.

ALLA TRINITA BEATA (CHRYSOSTOM). 8.7.8.7. D. "Laudi Spirituali."



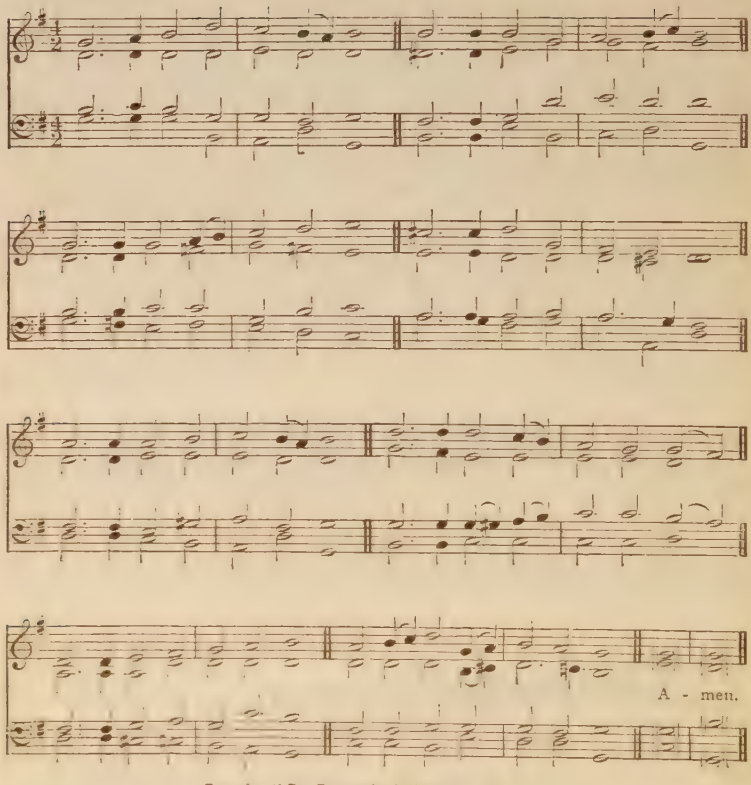
739 "*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.*"—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

mf MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

cr. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford. Amen.

J. NEWTON.

ASCENSION. 7·7·7·7. D. H. Boys.



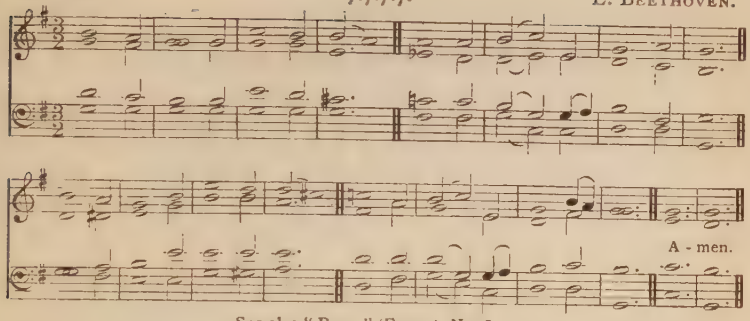
See also "St. George's, Windsor," No. 624.

740 *"Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart."*—Ps. cxi. 1.

f HALLELUJAH! joyful raise,
Heart and voice our God to praise!
Praise the Father! praise the Son!
Praise the Spirit! Three in One!
One in wisdom and in grace,
One to save our sinful race:
ff Triune God! To Thee be given
Praise on earth, and praise in heaven. Amen.

N. HALL.

MIZPAH. 7·7·7·7· L. BEETHOVEN.



See also "Bonn" (Festus), No. 627.

741

"*Now the God of peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do His will.*"—Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

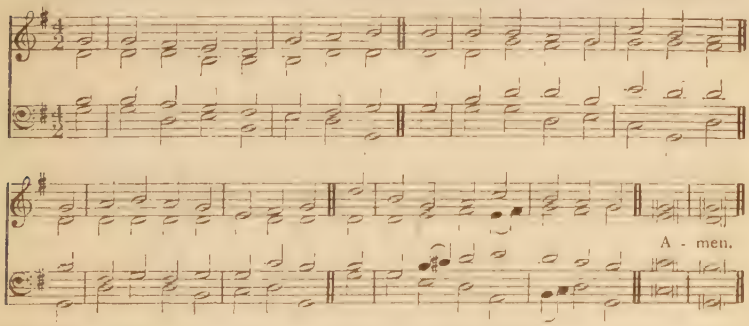
mf 1 NOW may He, Who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

mf 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

cr. 3 To our great Redeemer's praise,
p Who the covenant sealed with blood,
cr. Let our hearts and voices raise
ff Loud thanksgivings to our God! Amen.

J. NEWTON.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. Genevan Psalter.



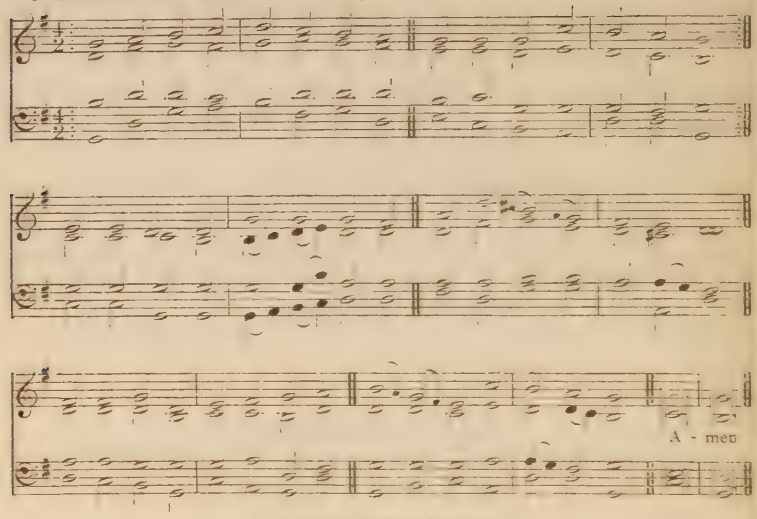
742

"*Praise ye the Lord.*"—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

f PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
ff Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

T. KEN.

BENEDICTION (CORINTH). 8.7.8.7. D. S. WEBBE.



See also "Faben," No. 49

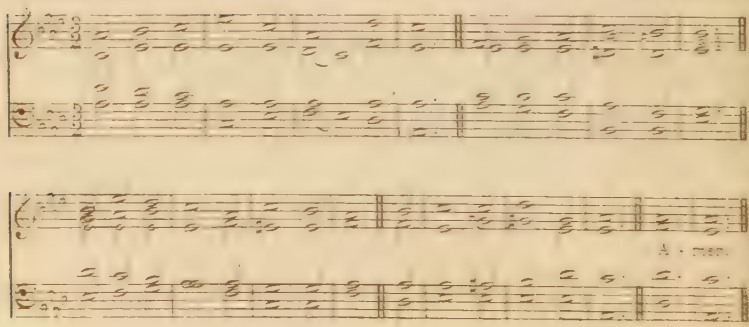
743

"God blessèd for ever."—Rom. ix. 5

f PRAISE the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love:
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above.
Praise the Fountain of salvation,—
Him by Whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give. Amen.

J. CONDER.

BEATITUDO. C.M. J. B. DYKES.



744

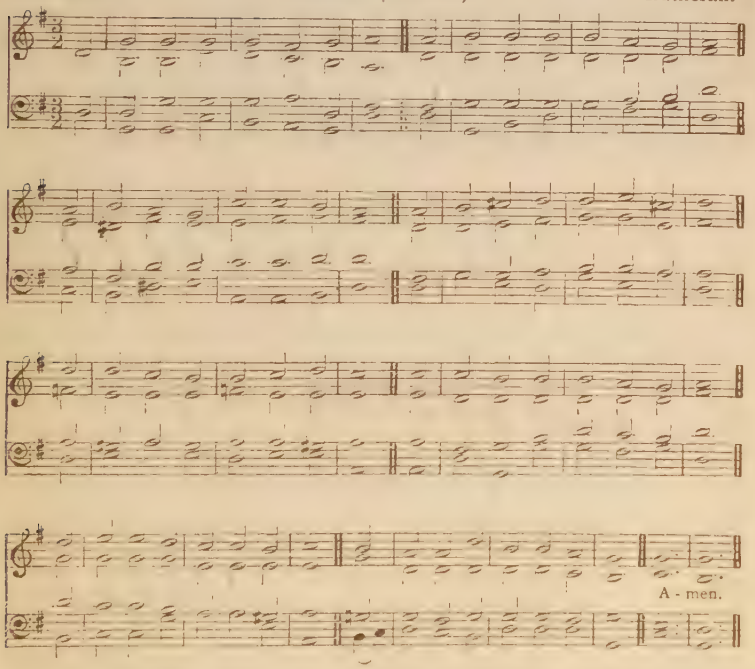
Worthy is the Lamb."—Rev. v. 12.

f 1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

mf 2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free:
f Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee. Amen.

I. WATTS.

SAXONY. 8.8.8.8. D. (Peculiar). Lutheran.



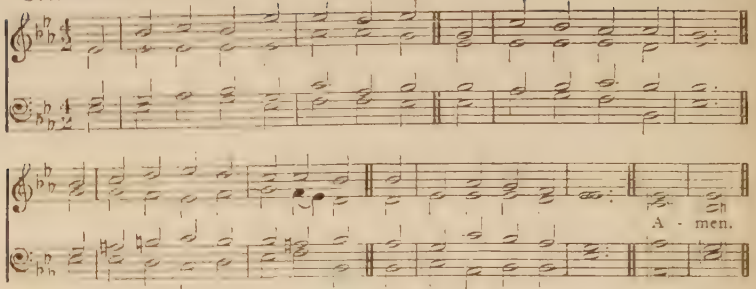
745

"*Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*"—Heb. xiii. 8.

f THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
cr. We'll praise Him for all that is past
And trust Him for all that's to come. Amen.

J. HART.

CHRISTCHURCH. C.M. Anon.



See also "St. Ann," No. 656, and "St. Magnus," No. 252.

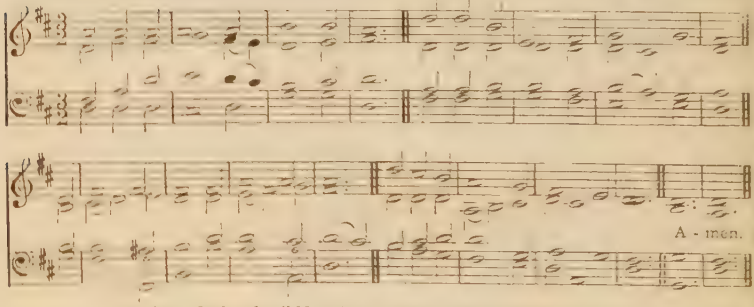
746

"*And blessed be His glorious Name for ever.*"—Ps. lxxii. 19.

f TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more. Amen.

N. BRADY.

RIVAULX. L.M. J. B. DYKES.



See also "Ombersley," No. 580, and the "Old Hundredth," No. 742.
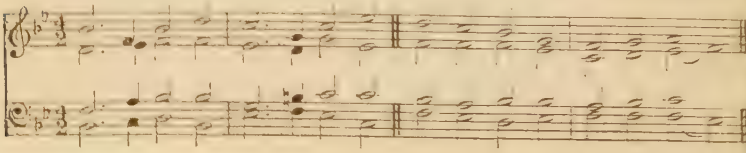
747

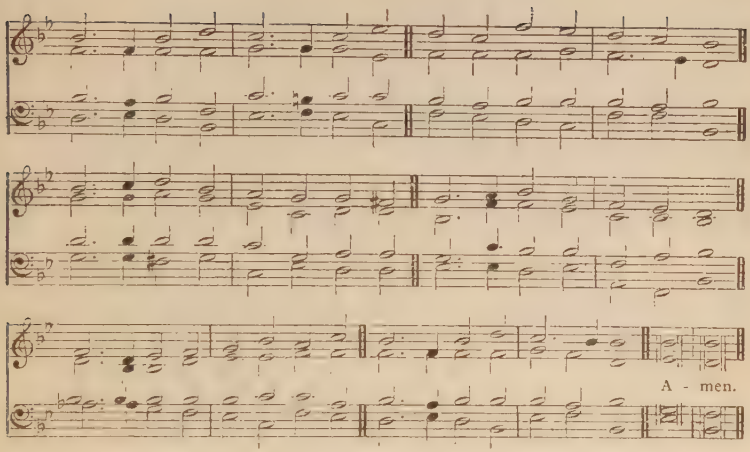
For there are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these Three are One.—1 John v. 7.

f TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

I. WATTS.

ST. NICHOLAS. 8.7.8.7. D. J. F. BRIDGE.





See also "Benediction" (Corinth), No. 743.

748
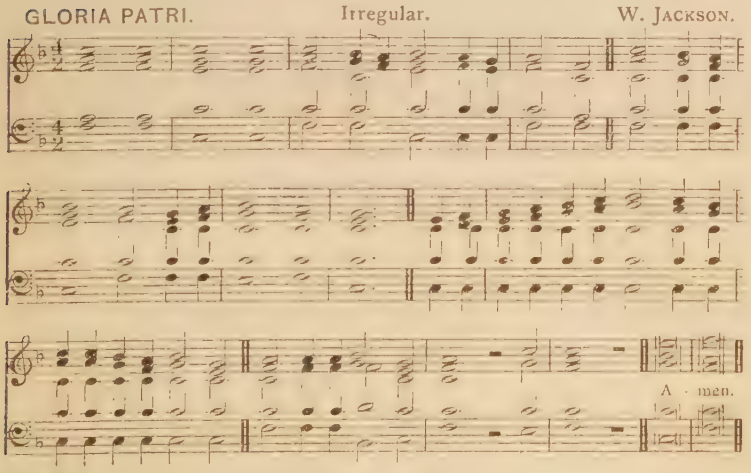
"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name together."—Ps. xxxiv. 3.

f 1 WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name:
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.

2 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done! Amen.

E. OSLER.

GLORIA PATRI. Irregular. W. JACKSON.



749

"Glory to God in the highest."—Luke ii. 14.

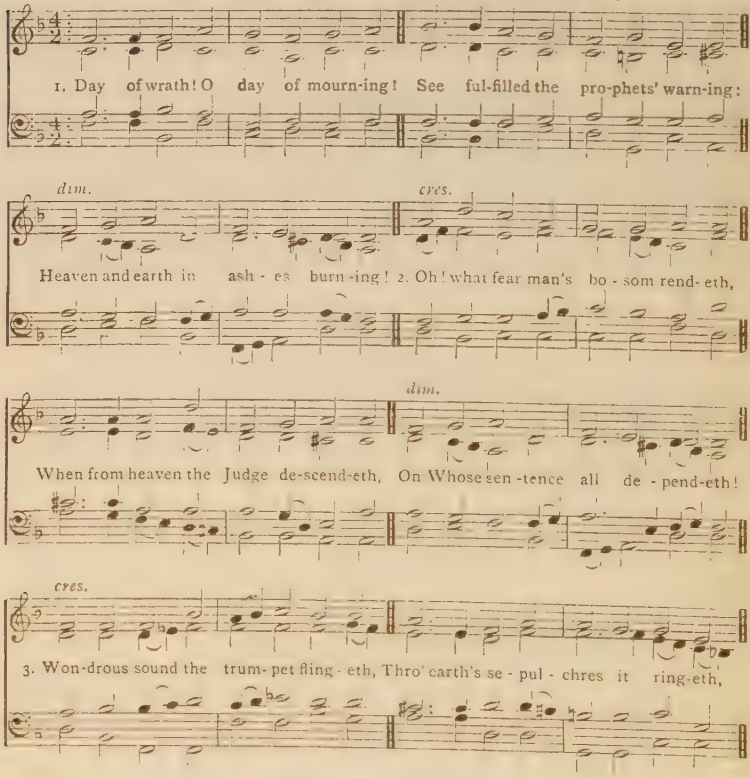
f GLORY, glory, glory be to the Father,
And to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be
World without end! Amen, Amen, Amen.

ANCIENT HYMNS AND CANTICLES.

750

"*But who may abide the day of His coming.*"—Mal. iii. 2.

DIES IRÆ (*1st Tune*). 8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



mf 4 Lo! the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

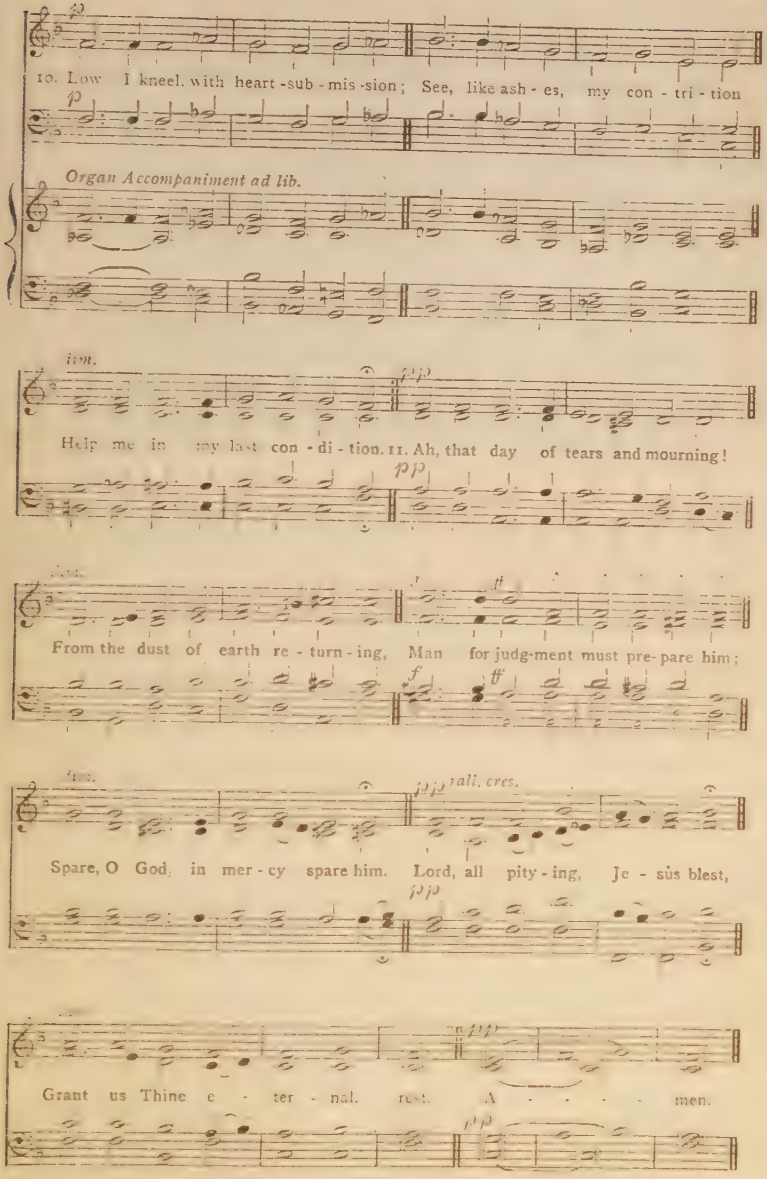
mf 5 When the Judge His seat attaineth
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

p 6 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

f 7 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
dim Fount of pity, then befriend us!

p 8 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

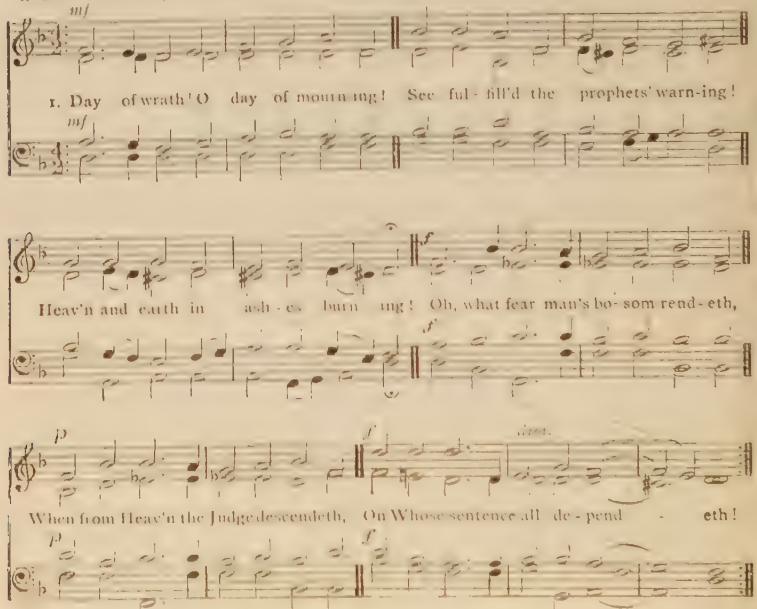
p 9 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning


10. Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion; See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion
Organ Accompaniment ad lib.
Help me in my last con-di-tion. 11. Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth re-turn-ing, Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him;
Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him. Lord, all pity-ing, Je-sùs blest,
Grant us Thine e-ter-nal rest. A-men.

750

"*But who may abide the day of His coming.*"—Mal. iii. 2.

✻ DIES IRÆ (*2nd Tune*). 8.8.8. J. B. DYKES.



ff 2 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.
Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

mf 3 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

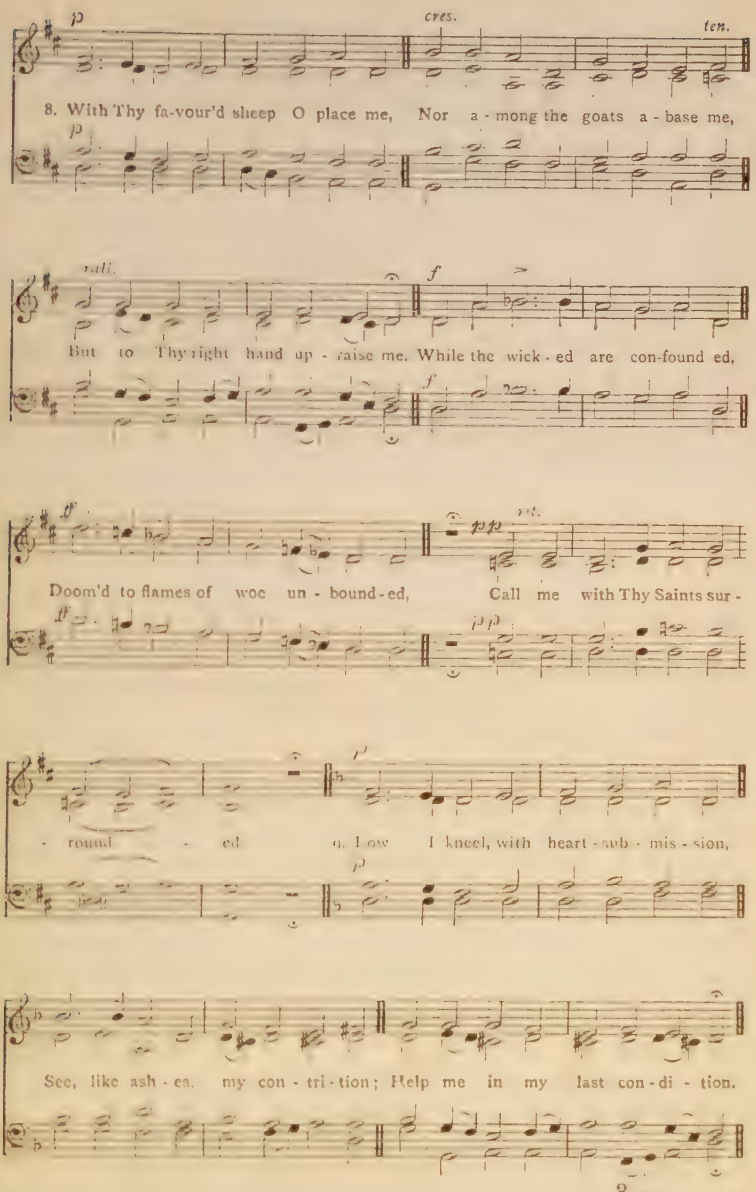
p 4 What shall I, frail man, be pleading;
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
ff King of Majesty tremendous,
mf Who doth free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, (*p*) then befriend us!

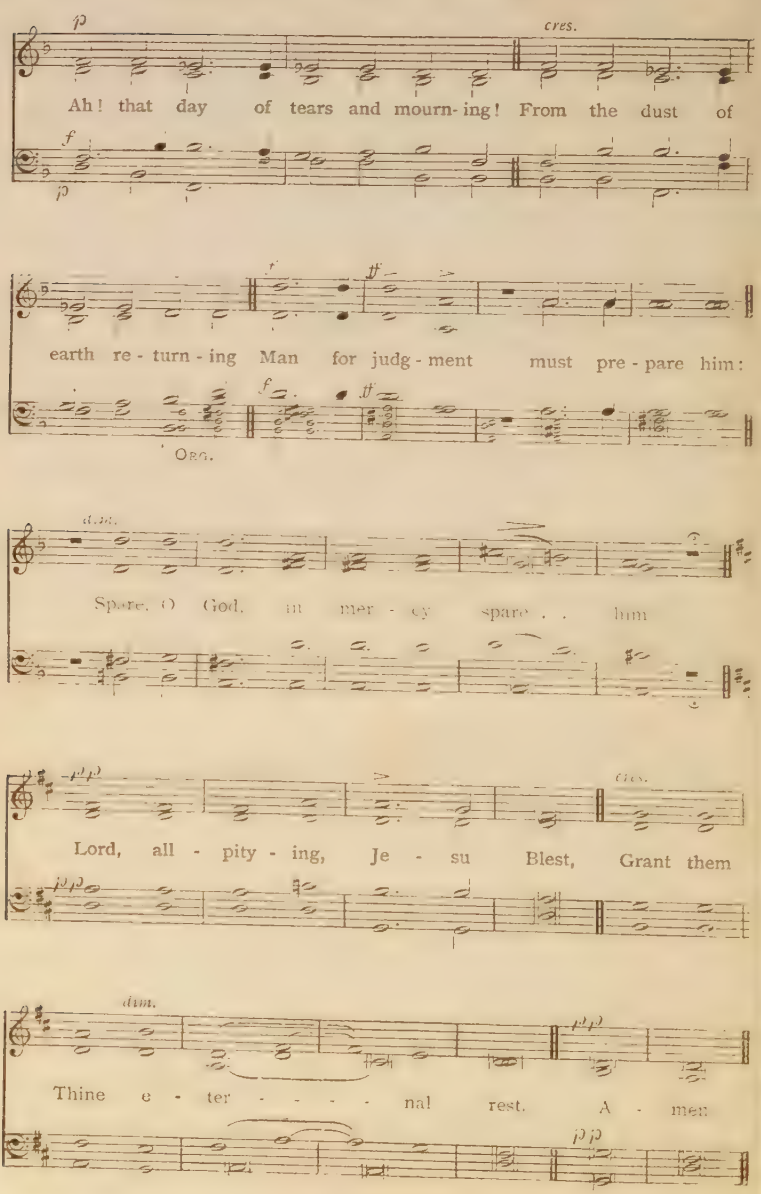
5 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me;
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

mf 6 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

7 Thou the sinful woman savedst,
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
cr. And to me a hope vouchsafest.
p Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

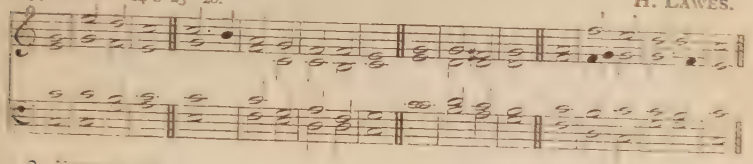
✻ *N.B.* The Hymn as found with this Tune is not printed in the Book of Words only.


p
cres.
ten.
8. With Thy fa-vour'd sheep O place me, Nor a - mong the goats a - base me,
rall.
f
But to Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con-found ed,
ff
pp
rit.
Doom'd to flames of woe un - bound-ed, Call me with Thy Saints sur -
- round - ed. O. Low I kneel, with heart - sub - mis - sion,
See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion; Help me in my last con - di - tion.

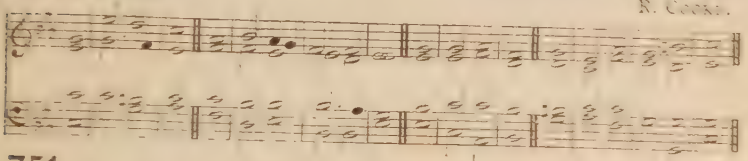

p
cres.
Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing! From the dust of
f
p
earth re-turn-ing Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him:
Org.
dim.
Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare . . him
cres.
Lord, all-pity-ing, Je-su Blest, Grant them
dim.
Thine e-ter-nal rest. A-men

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

1. *Verses* 1—14 & 23—28. H. LAWES.



2 *Verses* 15—22 R. COCKS.



751

"Praise ye the Lord."—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

1 We | Thee O God : | we acknowledge Thee to | be the | Lord
2 All the earth doth | worship | Thee : | the | Father | ever
3 To Thee | angels | cry a- | loud : | the heavens and all the pow-
there- | in.
4 To Thee cherubin, and | sera- | phin : || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
5 Holy, | holy, | holy : || Lord | God of | Saba- | oth ;
6 Heaven and earth are full of the | majes- | ty | of | Thy
7 The glorious company of the | apostles | praise | Thee.
8 The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise | Thee.
9 The noble | army of | martyrs : || praise | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy | Church | throughout all the | world | doth | ac-
Thee :
11 Father of | infinite | majesty | — | Thine | honourable, | true, and
Son :
12 Also the | Holy | Ghost : || the | — — | Comfor- | ter.
13 Thou art the | King of | glory : || O | — — | — — | Christ.
14 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son : || of | — | the | Fa- | ther
Verses 15—22.
15 When | Thou tookest upon | Thee to de- | liver | man | Thou | didst
hor the | Virgin's | womb.
16 When | Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death | Thou | didst open
the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
17 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God | in the | glory | of
18 We believe that | Thou shalt | come : || to | be | our | Judge.
19 We | therefore | pray | Thee | help Thy | servants : | whom
with Thy | precious | blood.
20 Make them to be numbered with Thy | saints | in | glory | ever | lasting.
21 O | Lord | save Thy | people : | and | bless Thine | heri- | tage.
22 Go- | vern | them : || and | lift them | up for | ever.
Verses 23—28.
23 Day | by | day : || we | magni- | fy | Thee ;
24 And we | worship Thy | Name | ever | world with- | out | end.
25 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord : || to keep us this | day with- | out | sin.
26 O Lord, have | mercy up- | on us : || have | mercy up- | on | us.
27 O Lord, let Thy mercy | lighten | on us | as our | trust is | in | Thee
28 O Lord, in | Thee have I | trusted : | let me | never | be con-

11 Y annex.